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LITERATURE.

POETRY.

ALBERT THE GOOD.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

[A new edition of the "Idyls of the King," just published in London, contains this admirably appropriate Dedication.]

These to his memory—since he held them dear,
Perchance as finding there unconsciously
Some image of himself—I dedicate;
I dedicate, I consecrate with tears—
These Idyls.

And, indeed, he seems to me
Scarce other than my own ideal knight.
"Who revered his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong,
Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it,
Who loved one only, and who gave to her"—
Her—over all her realms to their last isle,
Commingled with the gloom of imminent war,
The shadow of his loss moved like eclipse,
Darkening the world. We have lost him; he is gone,
We know him now: all narrow jealousies
Are silent; and we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all accomplished, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly,
Not swaying to this fiction or to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure; but thro' all this tract of years
Wearing the white flowers of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,

And blackens every blot: for where is he
Who dares foreshadow for an only son
A lovelier life, a more unstain'd than his?
Or how should England, dreaming of his sons,
Hope more for these than some inheritance
Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,
Thou noble Father of her Kings to be,
Laborious for her people and her poor—
Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day—
Far-sighted summoner of war and waste
To fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace—
Sweet nature glided by the gracious gleam
Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art,
Dear to thy land and ours—a Prince indeed,
Beyond all titles, and a household name,
Hereafter, through all times, Albert the Good.

Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside thee, that ye made
One light together, but has past and left
The Crown a lonely splendour.

May all love—
His love, unseen but felt—o'ershadow thee;
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee,
Till God's love set thee at his side again.

THE TRANSIT OF THE MOON OVER THE PLANET VENUS OBSERVED ON A VERY CLEAR NIGHT.

The mourners of the darkness come. But gloriously bright
The sky's first patriarchs shine out upon the solemn night.
The clustering groups which met the gaze of Egypt's wondering seers,
And the softly beaming planets baptized in later years,
Those century numbered orbs looked down upon the twilight sleep.
From which our wave wept world arose, cloud mantled from the deep.
Those Heavenly dials trace the path of many a saddening change,
Since their Evening birth light first illumed the arch of measured range.
How many a towering height has been storm levelled to the plain.
Or death winged throbs, beneath the brow of mountain silence lain.
Until the avalanche of fire crushed down purpling vines,
And the Palace guarded cities with their wealth of golden elucides.
The marble colonnades are sought amid the desert sands
Their broken fragments oft defiled by rudely scattering hands.
The plummy palmes unclothe their leaves o'er temple hallowed mould
And the Lightning wreathed Volcano gleams where ocean billows rolled
Where o'er the coral veining waves, the sun its splendour pours,
A sister isle has vanished from the Summer grouped Azores.
The Delta of the widening stream is now a flowery vale
Where gorgeous blossoms in the blaze of tropic noontides pale.
The Arctic rainbows glitter o'er the iceberg shrouded seas
But our Country's cross is blazoned on the glacier sweeping breeze.
And where the long Pacific swells dash on the surf bound shore,