

High mitred priests arraigned a miscreant maid :
Proud barons bowed to laws a Tudor swayed :
And queens, imprisoned this, and that enthroned,
Vied both in guilt, which one in blood atoned.
Priests in procession through the minster marched ;
And knights through gates a barbican o'erarched.

Lo, Rome from ruins re-asserts her reign,
Recalls her idols, and rebuilds their fane.
The senate meets ; the Ides of March are there :
White robes, red-edged, press round the ivory chair :
Prone Cæsar muffles up his mortal pangs :
Antonius arms ; and Cicero harangues.
What words ! What thoughts ! Through every age
and elime

Their voice still echoes o'er the gulf of time :
Pleads the great cause of liberty and worth :
Dooms their assassin to the scorn of earth :
And lights the gloom of fate with patriot fire,
As burns and shines his country's funeral pyre.

Next, Spain's fair courts and colonnades were seen :
Where the son's spouse becomes the father's queen.