

The heart's affections round the land they till,
 Their mother then, no nursing substitute
 For one long leagues away. They have the force,
 They have the genius of a mighty race;
 Poets and thinkers, statesmen eloquent;
 Their peasants gentle, virtuous folk; but lost
 Are many winning graces of the Gaul
 At home. Old wine is pent in bottles new;
 You see the same thing farther west in those
 Blind egotists who damn in others what
 They do themselves —the merest slaves of cant,
 Of what has been—incapable of deeds
 Strong-limbed and bold, such as are born of thought
 And will. But there shall come a race in which
 This Gallic stream will play a noble part,
 A race which, gathering strength from diverse founts,
 Will—a majestic river—onward flow
 Full-volum'd, vast, its guide its proper bent,
 And take its character and hues from all
 That makes the present great—rolling along
 A crowded avenue of wealth and power."

She shook the reins which gleam'd like lightning bands,
 The horses toss'd their meteor heads, the clouds
 Flew round their feet in darting flames, the mist
 Rose up illuminated round our wake,
 Which blazed a diamond track for many a league.
 Upon my brow the wind was cold; I heard