

A beautifully engraved frontispiece illustrates this stanza :

"He comes not back : O breaking heart be still !
While time endures woman shall endure
The grief that knows no anodyne until
Death's soothing fingers work the perfect cure.
Unhappy Dido ! in that white-cliffed isle,

Whereto thy subjects ply the laboring oar,
A fairer Helen than the one whose smile
Beguiled the faithless Dardan shall deplore

In coming years the cruel fate that leaves the rustic free
To live and love while princes bear a burthen none may see."

Which is succeeded by these beautiful lines, forming the only break in the measure of the "song":

"CARMEN MORTALE.

"Warrior ! sheathe thy dinted sword,
Lay thy buckler down.
'Gainst the fierce invading horde
Thou thy blood hast freely poured,—
Claim the victor's crown !
Cross thy hands upon thy breast,
Shut thine eyes and take thy rest !

"Pilot ! strike thy tattered sail,
Make thy moorings fast.
Nor rocks to lee nor gulf nor gale
Shall cause thy rugged cheek to pale,
Now thy voyage is past.
Safe upon the eternal shore,
Time and tide shall vex no more !

"Mother ! lay that golden head
Gently on its bier.
Could thy grief recall the dead,
Would'st thou venture then to shed
One disturbing tear ?
Weep not for the lambs that dwell
In the meads of asphodel !

"Maiden ! twine thy wreath anew :
Lo ! the orange bloom
Wilting frost hath fingered, rue,
Cypress, and the poisoned yew
Best besem the tomb.
Dream not of thy lover's vows,
Death hath claimed thee for his spouse !"

Among the miscellaneous poems which fill up the volume, we are pleased to see one in memory of the late R. A. Proctor. We are glad to know that nearly the whole of the first edition of Mr. O'Byrne's book has been sold out ; and we hope a second edition may be issued, in which some printer's blemishes may be removed, as well as those we have referred to.