

have it, upon the authority of the most authentic historians of the Roman Republic, that one of the Sybils sold to Tarquin the second *three* books, (having previously destroyed other six because refused) which were carefully preserved by a college of priests appointed for the purpose; and which were consulted with reverence when the State was in danger. The history of the *Sybil* is clouded in deep obscurity, and is of remote antiquity; as she was consulted by Æneas respecting his father Anchises, and was then reputed to be some 700 years old. The truth appears to be, that this phenomenon of prophetic character consisted not of one person, but of many, living at different times and in different places, the spirit of prophecy being supposed to pass from one to another. The name *Sybil* seems to favour this idea, being probably derived from *σῶν*, the Æolic for *Διός*, of Jove—and *βουλή*, counsel; and so corresponding to "the Holy prophets, which have been since the world began." The inspired writings, carefully guarded by the Jewish religion, became broadly diffused and superstitiously corrupted among the Gentile nations, a light in a dark place until the day star should arise, and whose prophetic parts would awaken the ingenious researches of many from time to time, and be dealt out, in a cabalistic manner, to the superstitious for gain or veneration, as opportunity offered. This was, beyond refutation, the true source from whose deep mysteries the sublime Eclogue of Virgil came forth, and is standing evidence of the truth and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures accorded by all mankind.

## ALEPH BETH.

## MAUDE MERAUDE.

## I.

There,—look me full in the eyes,  
Fair Maude Meraude!  
Discover the cunning device,  
Proud Maude Meraude!  
That you make so bold to say,  
You so womanly fair and wise,  
So womanly wise this summer day,  
Lurks in glance of our eyes,  
Fair Maude Meraude,  
In a glance of our eyes!

## II.

Well,—and you find them as pure,  
Fair Maude Meraude!  
As the souls that feel and endure,  
Proud Maude Meraude!  
The pangs your follies can make,—  
Fearless and guileless and truer,

Than the eyes that would question the flake  
Which falls from Heaven so pure,  
Fair Maude Meraude,  
From Heaven so pure!

## III.

Oh, take your snares from my eyes,  
Fair Maude Meraude!  
Untangle your cunning device,  
Proud Maude Meraude!  
There's that in my heart would say,  
You so womanly wise and fair,  
So womanly wise this summer day,  
Would drown my soul in your treacherous eyes,  
Would strangle my soul in a mesh of  
your yellow hair,  
Fair Maude Meraude,  
In a mesh of your golden hair.

VYVYAN JOYEUSE.