

To brood in the trees' thick branches,  
Till the shadow of sleep was gone.  
Then I roused and roared in answer,  
And unsheathed from my cushioned feet  
My curving claws, and stretched me,  
And wandered my mate to greet.  
Then like a storm he seized me  
With a wild triumphant cry,  
And we met as two clouds in heaven,  
When the thunders before them fly ;

I will not shrink or cower,  
Come, as you came in the desert,  
Ere we were women and men,  
When the tiger passions were in us,  
And love as you loved me then."

But this second Cleopatra of Mr. Story's is, to my taste, not equal to her predecessor, the one which Nathaniel Hawthorne describes, in "Transfiguration."



LAST COMMUNION OF ST. JEROME.

We grappled and struggled together,  
For his love, like his rage, was rude ;  
And his teeth in the swelling folds of my  
neck,  
At times in our play drew blood.

\* \* \* \* \*

Come to my arms, my Antony ;  
The shadows of twilight grow,  
And the tiger's ancient fierceness  
In my veins begins to flow.  
Come not cringing to sue me ;  
Take me with triumph and power,  
As a warrior storms a fortress ;

"The sitting figure of a woman draped from head to foot in a costume minutely studied from that of ancient Egypt. . . . The face a miraculous success. . . . The sculptor had not shunned to give the full Nubian lips and other characteristics of the Egyptian physiognomy ; yet Cleopatra's beauty shone out richer, warmer, more triumphantly beyond comparison, than if, timidly shrinking from the truth, he had chosen the tame Grecian type. The expression was of profound, gloomy, heavily revolving thought. In one view there was a certain softness and tenderness. Catching another glimpse, you behold her hard as a stone, and cruel as fire. In a word—all Cleopatra,—fierce voluptuous, passionate, tender, wicked, terrible, and full of poisonous and rapturous enchantment."

This one reminds me too much of Canova's statue of Pauline Buonaparte (Princess Borghese) as *Venus Vincitrix*, which is one of the attractions of the Borghese

Collection.

And, *apropos* thereof, I heard a rather good story the other day. It is said that when the statue was finished, the Princess herself was exhibiting it to some of her Roman friends. One of them asked, "Did you not mind sitting to a sculptor *like that*?" referring to the fact that she was what, since "Trilby," we now "call a model for the altogether !" "No," replied the