

Cold, love-proof maid, serene, omnipotent
 In arms, who never snatch'd from human fields
 A mortal youth, to dare the perils of
 Immortal charms, nor ever shed a tear,
 No, not when battle fields were heaped with slain,
 And widows tore their hair and screamed, and with
 Their woe-compelling rainy grief the couch
 A river made; her followed, glorious throng,
 The singers, statesmen, sages, heroes old,
 All that made Athens what she was, "the eye
 Of Greece;" while far from Thebes Memnonian strains
 Were borne thro' many a flowery-scented vale.
 The mind of Eos turned to him she bare
 Tithonus, his ripe beauty and his fate
 Unripe, by fierce Achilles sent to death.
 Her large blue eyes filled up with tears, such tears
 As rosy childhood sheds, and swift, all blades
 Of grass, all leaves, all flowers were gemm'd with dew;
 And oh! her beauty as she dash'd aside
 Those drops from her young cheeks and held her way!

We paus'd a moment o'er Imperial Rome,
 Her tale—the Milky Way of mighty deeds,
 Her streets a wilderness of momuments,
 Her very dust made of the bones of saints;
 The Column, Forum, Coliseum, Arch
 Passed like the shadow of a bird, and while
 Cæsar and Cicero and their compeers