

" The lustrés of Arezzo, proud to own
 " In this great family—her flag-bearer,
 " Guide of her steps and guardian
 against foe,—
 " As in the first beginning, so to-day ! "
 There, would you disbelieve stern His-
 tory,
 Trust rather to the babble of a bard ?
 I thought, Arezzo, thou hadst fitter
 souls,
 Petrarch,—nay, Buonarroti at a pinch,
 To do thee credit as *vexillifer* !
 Was it mere mirth the Patavinian
 meant,
 Making thee out, in his veracious page,
 Founded by Janus of the Double Face ?

Well, proving of such perfect parentage,
 Our Gaetano, born of love and hate,
 Did the babe live or die ?—one fain
 would find !
 What were his fancies if he grew a man ?
 Was he proud,—a true scion of the
 stock,—
 Of bearing blazon, shall make bright
 my Book—
 Shield, Azure, on a Triple Mountain, Or,
 A Palm-tree, Proper, whereunto is
 tied
 A Greyhound, Rampant, striving in
 the slips ?
 Or did he love his mother, the base-
 born,
 And fight i' the ranks, unnoticed by
 the world ?

Such then, the final state o' the story.
 So
 Did the Star Wormwood in a blazing
 fall
 Frighten awhile the waters and lie lost :
 So did this old woe fade from memory,
 Till after, in the fulness of the days,
 I needs must find an ember yet un-
 quenched,
 And, breathing, blow the spark to
 flame. It lives,
 If precious be the soul of man to man.
 So, British Public, who may like me yet,
 (Marry and amen !) learn one lesson
 hence
 Of many which whatever lives should
 teach :
 This lesson, that our human speech is
 naught,
 Our human testimony false, our fame
 And human estimation words and wind.

Why take the artistic way to prove
 much ?
 Because, it is the glory and good of
 That Art remains the one way poss-
 Of speaking truth, to mouths—
 mine, at least.
 How look a brother in the face and
 " Thy right is wrong, eyes hast thou
 yet art blind,
 " Thine ears are stuffed and stop
 despite their length,
 " And, on, the foolishness thou com-
 est faith ! "
 Say this as silverly as tongue can tro-
 The anger of the man may be endur-
 The shrug, the disappointed eye—
 him [pla-
 Are not so bad to bear—but here's
 That all this trouble comes of tell-
 truth,
 Which truth, by when it reaches
 looks false,
 Seems to be just the thing it would
 plant,
 Nor recognisable by whom it left—
 While falsehood would have done
 work of truth.
 But Art,—wherein man nowise spe-
 to men, [tu-
 Only to mankind,—Art may te-
 Obliquely, do the thing shall breed
 thought,
 Nor wrong the thought, missing the
 diate word.
 So may you paint your picture, to
 show truth,
 Beyond mere imagery on the wall
 So, note by note, bring music from y-
 mind,
 Deeper than ever the Andante dives
 So write a book shall mean, beyond
 facts,
 Suffice the eye and save the soul
 side.
 And save the soul ! If this intent
 mine,—
 If the rough ore be rounded to a
 Render all duty which good ring sh-
 do,
 And, failing grace, succeed in guard-
 ship,—
 Might mine but lie outside thine, L-
 Love,
 Thy rare gold ring of verse (the p-
 praised)
 Linking our England to his Italy !