

Again his stooping forehead was besprent
 With dew drops from the skirting ferns. Then wide
 Opened the great morass, shot every side
 With flashing water through and through ; ashine,
 Thick-steaming, all alive. Whose shape divine,
 Quivered i' the farthest rainbow-vapour, glanced
 Athwart the flying herons ? He advanced,
 But warily ; though Mincio leaped no more,
 Each footfall burst up in the marish floor
 A diamond jet ; and if he stopped to pick
 Rose-lichen, or molest the leeches quick,
 And circling blood-worms, minnow, newt or loach,
 A sudden pond would silently encroach
 This way and that.

Or a description of the same marsh turned by an earthquake
 into a lake :—*

A presage shuddered through the welkin ; harsh
 The earth's remonstrance followed. 'Twas the marsh
 Gone of a sudden. Mincio, in its place,
 Laughed, a broad water, in next morning's face,
 And, where the mists broke up immense and white
 I' the steady wind, burned like a spilth of light
 Out of the crashing of a myriad stars.

Or the picture of his Daphne drawn by the imagination of
 Sordello in his youthful "Apollo" days :—

How the tresses curled
 Into a sumptuous swell of gold and wound
 About her like a glory ! even the ground
 Was bright with spilt sunbeams ; breathe not, breathe
 Not !—poised, see, one leg doubled underneath,
 Its small foot buried in the dimpling snow,
 Rests, but the other, listlessly below,
 O'er the couch side swings feeling for cool air,
 The vein streaks swoln a richer violet when
 The languid blood lies heavily ; yet calm
 On her slight prop, each flat and outspread palm
 As but suspended in the act to rise
 By consciousness of beauty, whence her eyes
 Turns with so frank a triumph, for she meets
 Apollo's gaze in the pene-glooms.

* An historical fact.

W. J. ALEXANDER.