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A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION.

The conqueror came home
On car of state by breathless crowds begirt,
Whose one thought was of him—his high record
Of victories illustrious—his rare merit;
Proud they had been to hail him Leader—Lord—
The while his bright sword flamed, and at his word
Fair Freedom smiled on Barbarism's gloom.

The conqueror came home.
The nation greeted him with gratitude
And love, no less that it was mute with awe,
And sad with tears: around him flowers were strewed
And banners waved; but sorrow was the law:
The ice of wintry natures broke in thaw
Of pity over that fair hero's doom.

The conqueror came home;
Peace in his breast and on his lips a smile;
For he had vanquished evil; he had fought
For good: high hymns saluted him the while
He passed beneath the arch for triumph wrought.
Fame's temple with his memory is graught.
His spirit dwells 'neath Glory's fairest dome.

CAMEO.