

## GRAVE AND GAY.

### THE MARTYR'S VISION.

MORNING dawns on fair Italia,  
From the blue-robed, Adrian deep  
Climbs the golden car of Phæbus  
Up Albano's glittering steep.  
Far above the gray Campagna  
Gleets the sun one mighty dome,  
Gleaming in colossal splendor,—  
Coronet of Papal Rome.

Hark ! what sounds within the city  
On the matin breezes swell,  
Chilling with their slow vibrations ?—  
'Tis a martyr's funeral knell !  
While on Nature's glowing canvas  
Morning's loveliest colors vie,  
From his cell, by priests attended,  
Comes a hero forth to die.

Firmly, and with brow uplifted,  
Walks the victim through the throng ;  
In a smile his lips are parted,  
As by notes of voiceless song ;  
All unmindful of the tumult,  
With self-poised, majestic mien,  
Wrapt in Thought's sublime abstraction,  
Bruno contemplates the scene.

They have reached the broad Piazza,  
Bound him to the fatal pyre,  
And th' unfeeling crowd watch breathless  
For the cruel tongues of fire.  
Yet the peaceful smile still lingers  
On the lips of him they slay,  
And a light illumines his features  
Like the deep'ning flush of day.

" See, he moves his lips blaspheming !"  
Shout th' attendants standing near ;  
But the whispers of the martyr  
Fall upon no mortal ear !  
None can catch the wondrous vision  
Which the dying hero sees ;  
None can trace his spirit's triumph  
As he murmurs thoughts like these :

" Church of Rome ! Truth's worst oppo-  
nent !  
You may crush me by your might,  
But you will not thus extinguish  
Heaven's advancing waves of light !

Can you quench the dawn, whose glory  
Crowns Frascas's silvered crest ?  
Just as little can you smother  
Truths which glow within this breast !

" Though no ' martyr's crown ' awaits me  
In a world beyond the grave,  
Consciousness of Right elates me ;  
'Tis enough ! No more I crave !  
All your curses do not reach me,  
For I walk with Truth sublime,  
And my perfect vindication  
I with calmness leave to Time.

" For as your bright day is breaking  
O'er this gloom-enshrouded earth,  
So the age of Truth is destined  
Here ere long to find its birth.  
Resting on a sure foundation,  
Based on proven facts alone,  
Freed from trammels of tradition,  
Reason then shall rear its throne !

" Burn, then, Giordano Bruno !  
Give his ashes to the wind !  
You can never crush the freedom  
Of a Truth-inspired mind !  
While my body writhes in anguish  
Shall my soul with rapture swell  
At its vision of the future !  
Age of darkness—priests—farewell !"

Lighted is the ghastly pyre ;  
Lurid are the flames that rise ;  
Loud the Church's exultation,  
As the man of science dies.

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Ah ! but from those hallowed ashes  
Springs a power which ne'er can die ;  
For the dawn of Bruno's vision  
Gilds the portals of the sky !

J. L. STODDARD.

—*Radical Review.*

Tommy—Paw, what does the paper  
mean by " Practical Christianity ? "

Paw—Practical Christianity, Tommy, is  
the sort that does not interfere with a  
man's business.