

'Twas done—she trod her native glen,  
Kiss'd the old Altarstone again—  
Bent o'er her island mother's grave—  
Then bade farewell to vale and wave.  
Fresh blew the joyous breeze for home ;  
The galley cleft the Ægean foam,  
And o'er the wave at evening close  
On Sunium's steep white columns rose ;  
The autumn sun in lurid light  
Sank o'er Ægina's distant height.  
From Parnes' crest a cloudy plume  
Stream'd stern and threatening through the gloom ;  
Down from Cithæron's far off caves  
A wild blast lash'd the rising waves.  
Next morn the landsmen throng the shore,  
The Delian galley was no more !  
Down the sharp crags they search and found  
A form half senseless on the ground—  
Safe in his arms an infant smiled ;  
'Twas Mæon and his rescued child.  
Though home's sweet voice its welcome gave,  
His heart was 'neath the cruel wave.  
He lived to watch each summer ope  
The lonely blossom of his hope ;  
Life's joys and fears her lot befel—  
The rest—the star-lit shrine may tell.

Who the fair youth ? Young Eucles' name ;  
Yet noteless in the roll of Fame.  
His sword yet kept its maiden blade  
Twin'd in the peaceful myrtle shade ;  
Yet sprung the youth from noble race  
Of martial fame and lofty place ;  
Brave deeds and well won honors mark  
His stately sire, the Polemarch.\*  
High dreams were his—aspirings bold—  
Child of the old Athenian mould.  
The thoughtful brain, the high puls'd heart,  
The slave of beauty's dazzling art—

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\* The War Archon.