

Our errors, the anatomists of schools
Can make our memory hideous!

I have wrought

Great uses out of evil tools—and they
In the time to come may bask beneath the light
Which I have stolen from the angry gods,
And warn their sons against the glorious theft,
Forgetful of the darkness which it broke.
I have shed blood—but I have had no foes
Save those the State had—if my wrath was deadly,
'Tis that I felt my country in my veins,
And smote her sons as Brutus smote his own.
And yet I am not happy—blanch'd and sear'd
Before my time—breathing an air of hate,
And seeing daggers in the eyes of men,
And wasting powers that shake the thrones of earth
In contest with the insects—bearding kings
And braved by lackies—murder at my bed;
And lone amidst the multitudinous web,
With the dread Three—that are the Fates who hold
The woof and shears—the Monk, the Spy, the
Headsmen,
And this is Power! Alas! I am not happy.

We close our imperfect notice of this beautiful
play with the following specimens of glowing fan-
cies, which are woven, like threads of gold, through
the loftier current of the tale:—

The thoughts of lovers stir with poetry,
As leaves with summer-wind. The heart that loves
Dwells in an Eden, hearing angel-lutes,
As Eve in the First Garden. Hast thou seen
My Julie, and not felt it henceforth dull
To live in the common world—and talk in words
That clothe the feelings of the frigid herd?—
Upon the perfumed pillow of her lips—
As on his native bed of roses flush'd
With Paphian skies—Love smiling sleeps:—Her
voice
The blest interpreter of thoughts as pure
As Virgin wells where Dian takes delight,
Or Fairies dip their changelings!—In the maze
Of her harmonious beauties—Modesty,
(Like some severer Grace that leads the choir
Of her sweet sisters) every airy motion
Attunes to such chaste charm, that Passion holds
His burning breath, and will not with a sigh
Dissolve the spell that binds him!—Oh those eyes
That woo the earth—shadowing more soul than lurks
Under the lids of Psyche!—Go!—thy lip
Curls at the purled phrases of a lover—
Love thou, and if thy love be deep as mine,
Thou wilt not laugh at poets.

By the review to which we have above alluded,
we find that several odes are appended to the pub-
lished play. The specimens of these given are truly
grand, displaying a command, as well of rhythm as
of ideas, well fitted to embalm the glories which they
celebrate. This will be apparent from a single
glance at the following, from an ode on "The last
days of Elizabeth:"

Call back the gorgeous Past!
Where, bright and broadening to the main,
Rolls on the scornful River.
Stout hearts beat high on Tilbury's plain,—
Our Marathon for ever!
No breeze above, but on the mast
The pennon shook as with the blast.
Forth from the cloud the day-god strode,

O'er bristling helms the splendour glow'd,—
Leapt the loud joy from Earth to Heaven,
As, thro' the ranks asunder riven,
The Warrior-Woman rode!

Hark, thrilling through the armed line
The martial accents ring,
"Though mine the Woman's form—yet mine,
The Heart of England's King!"
Woe to the Island and the maid!
The Pope has preach'd the New Crusade
His sons have caught the fiery zeal;—
The Monks are merry in Castile;
Bold Parma on the Main;
And through the deep exulting sweep
The Thunder-Steeds of Spain.
What meteor rides the sulphurous gale?
The flames have caught the giant sail!
Fierce Drake is grappling prow to prow;
God and St. George for Victory now!
Death in the Battle and the wind—
Carnage before and Storm behind—
Wild shrieks are heard above the hurtling roar
By Orkney's rugged strands, and Erin's ruthless
shore.

Joy to the Island and the Maid!
Pope Sextus wept the last crusade!
His sons consum'd before his zeal—
The Monks are woeful in Castile!—
Your Monument the Main,
The glaive and gale record your tale,
Ye Thunder-Steeds of Spain!

We have, however, already gone beyond our pro-
per limits, and conclude with the expression of our
conviction, that no writer of the present day, in
prose or verse, can compete with Sir E. L. Bulwer.

THE DELUGE.

THE Scripture is filled with breathing poetry, and
the narratives which it embodies, are told with a
simplicity and beauty unequalled in any work of
truth or fiction, penned since the prophets listened
to the voice of inspiration; and there is no event in
sacred history which strikes the reader with greater
awe than the mighty deluge which swept every living
thing from the face of the offending earth. We
contemplate with wonder, the infinite and incalcul-
able power of Him, at whose bidding the fountains
of the deep were opened, and the whole world was
encompassed with rushing waves. It is a mighty
theme, and the painter's pencil, and poet's pen, have
in turn exhausted their choicest skill, to place it in
vivid colouring before the eye; but the simple lan-
guage of the "Book of Books" surpasseth all the
chronicles of that fearful time.

Nevertheless, the drama before us is of a very
high order, and contains many poetic flights equal
to any which its subject, magnificent as it is, has
ever before produced. Mr. Reade, the author, seems
well qualified to clothe the "loves of the angels" for
the fair daughters of earth, in language fitting for
the tale; and although, in restricting the action of
the drama to the devotion of two daughters of
Adam, to two of the Immortals, he has rendered
imperative an unhappy issue to their loves, our
author has succeeded in weaving a story, equalling