

No ladders I need, when besieging a fort—
To shiver the chains of a drawbridge is sport—
Like a catapult formed of invincible brass
I crumble high towers in one ruinous mass,
And I wrestle, as 'twere, with the walls of a town,
Till its moats are filled up with the ramparts pulled
down.

But, Warriors! the day will arrive, when at length
I must follow my victims, despoiled of my strength,
Oh! leave not my corpse as a banquet for crows,
Let my sepulchre be the Alps' loftiest snows,
That strangers, who gaze on each far-soaring peak,
What mountain my tomb is may wondering seek!

FOR AYE.

(From an Elegy by Sully Prudhomme.)

Here, lilacs wilt beneath the blast
And short-lived song-birds cease their lay;
I dream of summers that will last
For aye.

Here, lips to velvet lips cling fast,
But the shared rapture dies away;
I dream of kisses that will last
For aye.

Here mortals weep o'er friendships past,
And fitful loves that had their day;
I dream of unions that will last
For aye.