DIRGE.

I.
I saw the pine trees on the shore
Stand solemn in the dark green shroud,
I heard the winds thy loss deplore,
Whose beauty worlds had fleetly bowed.

Thy beauty! God's own hand did press
Thy rich curls round thy Grecian brow,
And wound thee in like loveliness:—
I see thee standing by me now.

I hear thy solemn anthem fall
Of richest song upon my ear,
That clothes thee in thy richest pall,
As this wide sun flows on the mere.

Away—'t is autumn in the land,
Though summer decks the green pine's bough,
Its spires are plucked by thy white hand,
I see thee standing by me now.

II.
I dress thee in the withered leaves,
Like forests when their day is done,
I bear thee, as the wain its sheaves,
Which crisply rustle in the sun.

Thou trackest me as blood-hounds scent
The wanderer's feet all down the glen:
Thy memory is the monument
That dies not out my heart again.

So swift the circling years run round
Their dizzy course, I hope to hide;
But till they lay me 'neath the ground,
My resting day shall be denied.

III.
A thousand flowers enchant the gate
With perfume sweet as love's first kiss,
And odours in the landscape sail,
That charm the sense with sudden bliss.

But fate, who metes a different way
To me, since I was falsely sold,
Hath grey-haired turned the sunny day,
Bent its high form and made it old.

Age freezes me on every side,
Since thy sweet beauty died to me,
And I had better youthful died,
Than broke such loving truth to thee.

I see the hills where heaven stoops
To seize the shadows off their brow,
But there my nature downward droops,—
I see thee standing by me now.

IV.
Come time—come death, and blot my doom
With feller woes, if they be thine,
Clang back thy gates, sepulchral tomb,
And match thy barrenness with mine.

O! moaning wind along the shore,
How faint thy sobbing accents come!
Strike on my heart with maddest roar,
Thou meet'st no discord in this home.

Thou, summer sun, wilt pity me,
Thy beams once gladly sought my brow,
My love, I wandered then with thee,—
I see thee standing by me now.
Sear, blistering sun, these temple veins,  
Blind, icy moon, these coldest eyes,  
And drench me through, you winter rains, —  
Swell, if ye can, my miseries.

Those dark, deep orbs are meeting mine,  
That white hand presses on my brow,  
That soft, sweet smile I know, 'tis thine, —  
I see thee standing by me now.

THOUGH we grant Oliver to have been but a patching tailor at constitution-mending, we must claim for him a larger fraction of humanity than the ninth, which tradition awards to that useful, man-making class of artisans. Manhood,—real, soul-inspired manhood—must have abounded more than ordinary under the buff jerkin of that sturdy yeoman. Else how should he, in times when manliness was far from rare, have stood out in bold relief beyond all other figures carved in that panell of England's history? That portion too, be it remarked, which is of all the most soul-stirring in the perusal. Place the record before the mind of generous youth or aspiring man, and whether coinciding with the Commonwealth doctrines, or not, he shall not fail to be touched by the recital of those twenty years' events.

Great action speaks to all. The universal perception of heroism in Cromwell's character grants him the stamp of true greatness. Great was he in the outward, for in political rank none stood above him; great must he have been in the inward, for of exterior advantages to raise him to outward eminence he had none. His years of education dissipated, his fortune mean, his dress slovenly, his speech disagreeable, his person coarse, how happened it that to the topmost round of ambition's ladder he was enabled to climb?

Never can it be permitted, that we may conclude the whole English nation at any period to have been so besotted, as to be deceived by pretensions for a longer time than is usually given to a nine-days' wonder. At this era, moreover, there was too much acuteness, intelligence, and determination in activity, to allow a hollow usurper to defraud us of our good opinions. If impartiality will not aid Englishmen to see this, nationality must. The cosmopolitan asserts it; the patriot admits it.

Destiny is the sternest master, the blandest friend, the most puzzling guide which men can have. His scholars, at times the most active, are anon the most inert of the human race. He accepts neither assistance nor resistance from his pupils; and when one appears most to be instructing his fellows, the great teacher is most instructing and constructing him. Kings and republicans are equally pupils of a power which, now through external circumstances, now through central life, influences human action to some great event.

Great were they not suffer the embarkation of that moneyless, rough, active, zealous puritan to the more congenial shores of New England? He stood on the wharf, the ship was about to sail, happy society in perspective is beheld on the other side of the ocean, warm and wealthy friends will accompany him. He may thus escape from a country in which it is difficult to earn one's bread, offensive to express one's thoughts, almost impossible to live a pure life, to one where the outward burdens are lighter, and the new conception, if not the new birth of freedom is realized. He will cease longer to be oppressed by royalty and episcopacy in their strongholds. He aims at a land and a brotherhood where long prayers may consist with long purses, and he may wait duly on the Lord without neglecting his crops.

But no; the sharp, gray-eyed fanatic, humble as he is, must be detained. They issue that royal order in council, sad council for royalism, and he must remain. Thus goes on the work of Destiny. The ball then passes to the other side, and Cromwell becomes the player. Earnestness is a thing not to be annihilated by order in council; and if you will not allow its activity to be manifested in emigration, which is its quiet, natural course in this man, it takes another, and for you more troublesome, form. He is now member of Parliament for the town of Cambridge. Just