

THE  
HESPERIAN STUDENT.

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Qui non Profcit, Deficit.  
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TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

[This beautiful little sonnet was written by Colonel Richard Lovelace while confined in the gate-house Westminster, to which he was committed by the House of Commons, in April 1642.]

When love with unconfin'd wings  
Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at my grates:  
When I lye tangled in her haire;  
And fetter'd with her eye,  
The birds that wanton in the aire,  
Know no such libertie.

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
With no aliaing Thames,  
Our carelesse heads with roses crown'd,  
Our hearts with loyal flames;  
When thirsty grieffe in wine we steep,  
When healths and draughts goe free,  
Fishes, that tippie in the deepe,  
Know no such libertie.

When, linnet-like, confin'd I  
With shriller note shall sing  
The mercye, sweetness, majesty,  
And glories of my king;  
When I shall voyce aloud how good  
He is, how great should be,  
Th' enlarged windes, the curle the flood,  
Know no such libertie.

Stone walls doe not a prison make,  
Nor Iron barres a cage,  
Mindes, innocent, and quiet, take  
That for an hermitage;  
If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soule am free,  
Angels alone, that soare above,  
Enjoy such libertie.

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MODERN ANCIENTS.

There is no need to explain the meaning of these words, for they are sufficiently expressive of themselves. The term is equally applicable in all ages and among all nations. The poor man who places his grain in one end of the bag and a stone in the other, in order to balance it across his horse, because his father did so, is stormed at from every side; but still he holds out with a degree of grit which I cannot but admire. For this reason I propose to take his part and attempt to assign him some place of usefulness in the onward rush of civilization. I consider him far wiser for thus sending his wheat to mill than I should, if he were to entrust his sackfull with an insane Darius Greene, who attempts, from his kitchen roof, to soar on high, but ignominiously falls a mass of tangled ruins in the yard below.

Probably many of us can recall the sport we used to have in playing at seesaw when we lived where fences are more plenty than here. We have noticed too, when anyone at either extreme jumped off and destroyed the equilibrium, that those at the other were unceremoniously precipitated to the ground, and that those were less disturbed who were nearer the