

# The Sword of Cæsar Borgia

By Richard Garnett, LL.D., C.B.

“Aut Cæsar aut nihil”

WELL hath the graver traced thee, sword of mine !  
Here Cæsar by the Rubicon's slow deeps  
Ponders ; here resolute to empire leaps,  
And far and near the smitten waters shine.

The vanquished train's interminable line  
Wends at his wheels up Capitolian steps ;  
And round the interlacing legend creeps,  
*Cæsar or nothing ! saith Duke Valentine*

And did I bare thee to the sun, my blade,  
Fired at the flash all Italy should thrill,  
And many a city quake and province bow.  
Yet is a drop within this vial stayed  
That should the might of marching armies still,  
And stainless sheathe ten thousand such as thou.