

From Virgil's¹ tomb he longs to pluck one flower
 By Avon's² stream to live one moonlight hour;
 To pause where England "garners up" her great,
 And drop a patriot's tear to Milton's³ fate;
 Fame's living masters, too, he must behold,
 Whose deeds shall blazon with the best of old;
 Nations compare, their laws and customs scan,
 And read, wherever spread, the book of Man:
 For these he goes, self-banish'd from his hearth,
 And wrings the hearts of all he loves on earth.

4. Yet say, shall not new joy those hearts inspire,
 When, grouping round the future winter fire,
 To hear the wonders of the world they burn,
 And lose his absence in his glad return?—
 Return?—alas! he shall return no more,
 To bless his own sweet home, his own proud shore,
 Look once again—cold in his cabin now,
 Death's finger-mark is on his pallid brow;
 No wife stood by, her patient watch to keep,
 To smile on him, then turn away to weep;
 Kind woman's place rough mariners supplied,
 And shared the wanderer's blessing when he died.
5. Wrapp'd in the raiment that it long must wear,
 His body to the deck they slowly bear;
 Even there the spirit that I sing is true,
 The crew look on with sad, but curious view;
 The setting sun flings round his farewell rays,
 O'er the broad ocean not a ripple plays;
 How eloquent, how awful, in its power,
 The silent lecture of death's sabbath hour!

¹ Virgil, the most distinguished of the Roman poets, was born at Andes, a small village of Mantua, on the 15th of October, B. C. 70. He died on the 22d of September, B. C. 19, before completing his fifty-first year. His body lies buried at the distance of two miles from the city of Naples.—² Avon, a river in England, on the bank of which Shakespeare was born.—³ John Milton, the most illustrious English poet, was born in London, on the 9th of December, 1608. He died on Sunday, the 8th of November, 1675.

One voice that silence breaks—the prayer is said,
 And the last rite man pays to man is paid;
 The plashing waters mark his resting-place,
 And fold him round in one long, cold embrace;
 Bright bubbles for a moment sparkle o'er,
 Then break, to be, like him, beheld no more;
 Down, countless fathoms down, he sinks to sleep,
 With all the nameless shapes that haunt the deep.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

170. DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

THE discovery itself of the American continent may, I think, fairly be considered the most extraordinary event in the history of the world. In this, as in other cases, familiarity blunts the edge of our perceptions; but much as I have meditated, and often as I have treated this theme, its magnitude grows upon me with each successive contemplation.

2. That a continent nearly as large as Europe and Africa united, spread out on both sides of the equator, lying between the western shores of Europe and Africa and the eastern shore of Asia,¹ with groups of islands in either ocean, as it were stopping-places on the march of discovery,—a continent, not inhabited indeed by civilized races, but still occupied by one of the families of rational man,—that this great hemisphere, I say, should have lain undiscovered for five thousand years upon the bosom of the deep,—a mystery so vast, within so short a distance, and yet not found out,—is indeed a marvel.

3. Mute nature, if I may so express myself, had made the discovery to the philosopher, for the preponderance² of land in the eastern hemisphere demanded a counterpoise³ in the west. Dark-wooded trees, unknown to the European naturalist, had from age to age drifted over the sea and told of the tropical forests where they grew. Stupendous ocean currents, driven

¹ Asia (á'she a).—² Pre pón' der ance, greater weight.—³ Coun' ter poise, a weight to balance another; a force or power sufficient to balance another.

westward by the ever-breathing trade-winds,¹ had wheeled their mighty flexures² along the Amërican coast, and returned to Europe with tidings of the everlasting breakwater³ which had stopped their way.

4. But the fullness of time had not yet come. Egypt and Assyria, and Tyre and Carthage, and Greece and Rome, must flourish and fall, before the seals are broken. They must show what they can do for humanity before the veil which hides its last hope is lifted up. The ancient civilization must be weighed in a balance and found wanting.

5. Yes, and more. Nature must unlock her rarest mysteries; the quivering steel⁴ must learn to tremble to the pole; the as-trolabe⁵ must climb the arch of heaven, and bring down the sun to the horizon; science must demônstrate⁶ the sphericity⁷ of the earth, which the ancients suspected, but could not prove; the press must scatter the flying rear of mediæval⁸ darkness; the creative instincts of a new political, intellectual, and social life, must begin to kindle into action; and then the Discoverer may go forth.

EDWARD EVERETT.

171. THE FLIGHT OF YEARS.

1. **G**ONE! gone forever!—like a rushing wave
Another year has burst upon the shore
Of earthly being—and its last low tones,

¹Trade-wind, a wind in or near the tropical countries, which constantly blows in the same direction. Vessels engaged in trade avail themselves of these winds, and hence their name. In north latitudes, they blow from northeast to southwest; and in south latitudes, from southeast to northwest.—²Flexures (flëks' yerz), bendings or windings.—³Break' wâ ter, any mole, mound, or wall, raised in a river or harbor to break the force of the waves and protect shipping; any thing that stops or changes the current of water.—⁴The magnetic needle, or mariner's compass.—⁵As' tro labe, an instrument formerly used for measuring the height of the sun or stars at sea.—⁶Dë môn' strâte, to prove to a certainty, or with great clearness.—⁷Sphericity (sfë rîs' i ty), roundness in every direction; the shape of a ball.—⁸Medi æ' val, relating to the Middle Ages, that is, from the latter part of the fifth to the fifteenth century. This period, consisting of a thousand years, is sometimes called the *dark ages*, on account of the ignorance and want of learning which then existed.

Wandering in broken accents on the air,
Are dying to an echo.

2. The gay spring,
With its young charms, has gone—gone with its leaves—
Its atmosphere of roses—its white clouds
Slumbering like seraphs¹ in the air—its birds
Telling their loves in music—and its streams
Leaping and shouting from the up-piled rocks
To make earth echo with the joy of waves.

3. And summer, with its dews and showers, has gone—
Its rainbows glowing on the distant cloud
Like Spirits of the Storm—its peaceful lakes
Smiling in their sweet sleep, as if their dreams
Were of the opening flowers, and budding trees.
And overhanging sky—and its bright mists
Resting upon the mountain tops, as crowns
Upon the heads of giants.

4. Autumn too
Has gone, with all its deeper glories—gone
With its green hills like altars of the world
Lifting their rich fruit-offerings to their God—
Its cool winds straying mid the forest aisles²
To wake their thousand wind-harps—its serene
And holy sunsets hanging o'er the west
Like banners from the battlements³ of Heaven—
And its still evenings, when the moonlit sea
Was ever throbbing, like the living heart
Of the great Universe. Ay⁴—these are now
But sounds and visions of the past—their deep,
Wild beauty has departed from the earth;
And they are gâther'd to the embrace of Death,
Their solemn herald to Eternity.

5. Nor have they gone alone. High human hearts
Of passion have gone with them. The fresh dust

¹Sër'aph, an angel of the highest order.—²Aisles (îlz), passages; alleys.—³Bât' tle ments, walls of defense, with openings, raised on buildings.—⁴Ay (â'), yes; certainly.

Is chill on many a breast, that burn'd erewhile
 With fires that seem'd immortal Joys, that leap'd
 Like angels from the heart, and wander'd free
 In life's young morn to look upon the flowers.
 The poetry of nature, and to list
 The woven sounds of breeze, and bird, and stream,
 Upon the night air, have been stricken down
 In silence to the dust.

6 Exultant¹ Hope,
 That roved forever on the buoyant² winds
 Like the bright, starry bird of Paradise,
 And chanted to the ever-listening heart
 In the wild music of a thousand tongues,
 Or soar'd into the open sky, until
 Night's burning gems seem'd jewel'd on her brow,
 Has shut her drooping wing, and made her home
 Within the voiceless sepulchre. And Love,
 That knelt at Passion's holiest shrine, and gazed
 On his heart's idol as on some sweet star,
 Whose purity and distance make it dear,
 And dream'd of ecstasies,³ until his soul
 Seem'd but a lyre, that waken'd in the glance
 Of the beloved one—he too has gone
 To his eternal resting-place.

7. And where
 Is stern Ambition—he who madly grasp'd
 At Glory's fleeting phantom⁴—he who sought
 His fame upon the battle-field, and long'd
 To make his throne a pyramid of bones
 Amid a sea of blood? He too has gone!
 His stormy voice is mute—his mighty arm
 Is nerveless⁵ on its clod—his very name
 Is but a meteor⁶ of the night of years

Exultant (egz'ult'ant), rejoicing greatly.—²Buoyant (b'wã't'ant) bearing up; light.—³Ecstasy, extreme joy or pleasure; overpowering emotion.—⁴Phan'tom, something that appears; something imagined to be seen, but not real.—⁵Nerveless, destitute of strength; powerless.—⁶Meteor, a luminous body passing in the air; any thing that dazzles and strikes with wonder.

Whose gleams flash'd out a moment o'er the earth
 And faded into nothingness. The dream
 Of high devotion—beauty's bright array—
 And life's deep idol memories—all have pass'd
 Like the cloud-shadows on a starlight stream,
 Or a soft strain of music, when the winds
 Are slumbering on the billow.

172. THE FLIGHT OF YEARS—CONCLUDED.

1. YET, why muse
 Upon the past with sorrow? Though the year
 Has gone to blend with the mysterious tide
 Of old Eternity, and borne along
 Upon its heaving breast a thousand wrecks
 Of glory and of beauty—yet, why mourn
 That such is destiny?
2. Another year
 Succedeth to the past—in their bright round
 The seasons come and go—the same blue arch,
 That hath hung o'er us, will hang o'er us yet—
 The same pure stars that we have loved to watch,
 Will blossom still at twilight's gentle hour,
 Like lilies on the tomb of day—and still
 Man will remain, to dream as he hath dream'd,
 And mark the air with passion.
3. Love will spring
 From the lone tomb of old Affections—Hope,
 And Joy, and great Ambition will rise up
 As they have risen—and their deeds will be
 Brighter than those engraven on the scroll
 Of parted centuries. Even now the sea
 Of coming years, beneath whose mighty waves
 Life's great events are heaving into birth,
 Is tossing to and fro, as if the winds
 Of heaven were prison'd in its soundless depths,
 And struggling to be free.

4. Weep not, that Time
Is passing on—it will ere long reveal
A brighter era¹ to the nations. Hark!
Along the vales and mountains of the earth
There is a deep, portentous² murmuring,
Like the swift rush of subterranean³ streams,
Or like the mingled sounds of earth and air,
When the fierce Tempest, with sonorous⁴ wing,
Heaves his deep folds upon the rushing winds,
And hurries onward with his night of clouds
Against the eternal mountains.
5. 'Tis the voice
Of infant Freedom—and her stirring call
Is heard and answer'd in a thousand tones
From every hill-top of her western home—
And lo! it breaks across old Ocean's flood—
And "Freedom! Freedom!" is the answering shout
Of nations starting from the spell of years.
6. The day-spring!—see!—'tis brightening in the heavens!
The watchmen of the night have caught the sign—
From tower to tower the signal-fires flash free—
And the deep watch-word, like the rush of seas
That heralds the volcano's bursting flame,
Is sounding o'er the earth.
7. Bright years of hope
And life are on the wing!—Yon glorious bow
Of Freedom, bended by the hand of God,
Is spanning⁵ Time's dark surges.⁶ Its high Arch,
A type of Love and Mercy on the cloud,

¹ Era, a fixed point of time from which any number of years is begun to be counted; a number of years, following each other in order, commencing at a fixed time, or contained between two fixed points of time.—² Por tent'ous, foretoking ill; wonderful; threatening.—³ Sub ter-rá'nean, being under the surface of the earth.—⁴ So nó'rous, giving a full sound; loud-sounding.—⁵ Spán'ning, measuring or reaching from one side to the other.—⁶ Surges (sér'j'ez), rising billows; great waves rolling above the general surface of the water.

Telis, that the many storms of human life
Will pass in silence, and the sinking waves,
Gathering the forms of glory and of peace,
Reflect the undimm'd brightness of the Heavens.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

173. THE DECAY OF NATURE AND OF MAN.

THERE is an eventide in the day—an hour when the sun retires, and the shadows fall, and when nature assumes the appearances of soberness and silence. It is an hour from which everywhere the thoughtless fly, as peopled only in their imagination with images of gloom; it is the hour, on the other hand, which, in every age, the wise have loved, as bringing with it sentiments and affections more valuable than all the splendors of the day.

2. Its first impression is to still all the turbulence¹ of thought or passion which the day may have brought forth. We follow, with our eye, the descending sun; we listen to the decaying sounds of labor and of toil; and when all the fields are silent around us, we feel a kindred stillness breathe upon our souls, and calm them from the agitations of society.

3. From this first impression, there is a second, which naturally follows it. In the day we are living with men; in the eventide we begin to live with nature; we see the world withdrawn from us, the shades of night darken over the habitations of men, and we feel ourselves alone. It is an hour, fitted, as it would seem, by Him who made us, to still, but with gentle hand, the throb of every unruly passion, and the ardor of every impure desire, and, while it vails for a time the world that misleads us, to awaken in our hearts those legitimate² affections which the heat of the day may have dissolved.

4. There is yet a further scene it presents to us. While the world withdraws from us, and while the shades of the evening darken upon our dwellings, the splendors of the firmament³ come

¹ Turbulence (têr'bu lèns), confusion; commotion; troubled state.—

² Le gít'i máte, lawful; true; belonging to their nature.—³ Firm'a-ment, the heavens.

forward to our view. In the moments when earth is overshadowed, heaven opens to our eyes the radiance¹ of a sublimer being, our hearts follow the successive splendors of the scene; and while we forget, for a time, the obscurity of earthly concerns, we feel that there are "yet greater things than these," and that we "have a Father who dwelleth in the heavens, and who yet deigneth to consider the things that are upon earth."

5. There is, in the second place, an "eventide" in the year—a season, as we now witness, when the sun withdraws his propitious² light—when the winds arise, and the leaves fall, and nature around us seems to sink into decay. It is said, in general, to be the season of melancholy; and if, by this word, be meant that it is the time of solemn and of serious thought, it is undoubtedly the season of melancholy; yet it is a melancholy so soothing, so gentle in its approach, and so prophetic³ in its influence, that they who have known it feel, instinctively, that it is the doing of God, and that the heart of man is not thus finely touched but to fine issues.⁴

6. It is a season, in the first place, which tends to wean us from the passions of the world. Every passion, however base or unworthy, is yet eloquent. It speaks to us of present enjoyment; it tells us of what men have done and what men may do, and it supports us everywhere by the example of many around us. When we go out into the fields in the evening of the year, a different voice approaches us. We regard, even in spite of ourselves, the still, but steady advances of time.

7. A few days ago, and the summer of the year was grateful, and every element was filled with life, and the sun of heaven seemed to glory in his ascendant.⁵ He is now enfeebled in his power; the desert no more "blossoms like the rose;" the song of joy is no more heard among the branches; and the earth is strewn with that foliage which once bespoke the magnificence⁶ of summer. Whatever may be the passions which society has awakened, we pause amid this apparent desolation of nature

¹ Rá'di ánce, vivid brightness; splendor.—² Propitious (pro plsh' us), highly favorable.—³ Pro phét' ic, containing a previous assertion of a future event.—⁴ Issue (ish' shú), effect; result.—⁵ As cend' ant, superior influence; elevation.—⁶ Mag níf' icence, grandeur of appearance; splendor of show or state.

We sit down in the lodge "of the wayfaring man in the wilderness," and we feel that all we witness is the emblem of our own fate.

8. Such, also, in a few years, will be our own condition. The blossoms of our spring, the pride of our summer, will also fade into decay; and the pulse that now beats high with virtuous or with vicious desire, will gradually sink, and then must stop forever. We rise from our meditations with hearts softened and subdued, and we return into life as into a shadowy scene, where we have "disquieted ourselves in vain."

174. THE DECAY OF NATURE AND OF MAN—CONCLUDED.

IT is the peculiar character of the melancholy which such seasons excite, that it is general. It is not an individual remonstrance; it is not the harsh language of human wisdom, which too often insults while it instructs us. When the winds of autumn sigh around us, their voice speaks not to us only, but to our kind; and the lesson they teach us is not that we alone decay, but that such also is the fate of all the generations of man. "They are the green leaves of the tree of the desert, which perish and are renewed."

2. In such a sentiment there is a kind of sublimity mingled with its melancholy: our tears fall, but they fall not for ourselves; and, although the train of our thoughts may have begun with the selfishness of our own concerns, we feel that, by the ministry of some mysterious power, they end in awakening our concern for every being that lives.

3. Yet a few years, we think, and all that now bless, or all that now convulse, humanity, will also have perished. The mightiest pageantry¹ of life will pass; the loudest notes of triumph or of conquest will be silent in the grave; the wicked, wherever active, "will cease from troubling," and the weary, wherever suffering, "will be at rest." Under an impression so profound, we feel our own hearts better. The cares, the animos-

¹ Pá' geant ry something by way of ostentation or show; pompous exhibition.

ities, the hatreds, which society may have engendered,² sink unperceived from our bosoms.

4. In the general desolation of nature, we feel the littleness of our own passions; we look forward to that kindred evening which time must bring to all; we anticipate the graves of those we hate, as of those we love. Every unkind passion falls, with the leaves that fall around us; and we return slowly to our homes, and to the society which surrounds us, with the wish only to enlighten or to bless them.

5. There is an eventide in human life, a season when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays, and when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snow. It is the season of life to which the present is most analogous;³ and much it becomes, and much it would profit you, my elder brethren, to mark the instructions which the season brings.

6. The spring and the summer of your days are gone, and with them, not only the joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being, and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm intemperance of your summer, there is yet a season of stillness and of solitude, which the beneficence⁴ of Heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and the future, and prepare yourselves for the mighty change which you are then to undergo.

7. If it be thus, my elder brethren, you have the wisdom to use the decaying season of nature, it brings with it consolations more valuable than all the enjoyments of former days. In the long retrospect⁵ of your journey, you have seen every day the shades of the evening fall, and every year the clouds of winter gather. But you have seen also, every succeeding day, the morning arise in its brightness, and in every succeeding year the spring return to renovate⁶ the winter of nature.

8. It is now you may understand the magnificent⁷ language

¹ Animós'ity, extreme hatred.—² Engên'dered, given birth to; caused or produced.—³ Anál'o gous, bearing some proportion or resemblance.—⁴ Benêf'icence, active goodness, kindness, or charity.—⁵ Rêtr'ospect, contemplation or view of something past; review.—⁶ Rên'o-vate, to restore to a good state; to make new, fresh, or vigorous.—⁷ Mag nif'icent, brilliant; splendid.

of Heaven: it mingles its voice with that of revelation; it summons you, in these hours when the leaves fall, and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of Heaven has provided in the book of salvation; and while the shadowy valley opens which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that hand which can comfort and can save, and which can conduct to those "green pastures and those still waters," where there is an eternal spring for the children of God. ARCHIBALD ALISON.

175. THE DEATH OF ADAM.

1. **T**HE sun, in summer majesty on high,
Darted his fierce effulgence¹ down the sky;
Yet dimm'd and blunted were the dazzling rays,
His orb expanded through a dreary haze,
And, circled with a red, portentous² zone,
He look'd in sickly horror from his throne:
The vital air was still; the torrid heat
Oppress'd our hearts, that labor'd hard to beat.
When higher noon had shrunk the lessening shade,
Thence to his home our father we convey'd;
And stretch'd him, pillow'd with his latest sheaves,
On a fresh couch of green and fragrant leaves.
Here, though his sufferings through the glen were known,
We chose to watch his dying-bed alone,
Eve, Seth, and I.³

2. In vain he sigh'd for rest,
And oft his meek complainings thus express'd:
"Blow on me, Wind! I faint with heat! Oh, bring
Delicious water from the deepest spring;
Your sunless shadows o'er my limbs diffuse,⁴
Ye Cedars! wash me cold with midnight dews;
Cheer me, my friends! with looks of kindness cheer;
Whisper a word of comfort in mine ear;

¹ Ef fül' gence, a flood of light; splendor.—² Por têt'ous, ominous; foreboding ill.—³ ENOCH is here supposed to relate the circumstances of the death of ADAM.—⁴ Diffuse (dlf füz'), pour out; spread; extend in all directions.

Those sorrowing faces fill my soul with gloom—
This silence is the silence of the tomb”

3. The sun went down amid an angry glare
Of flushing clouds, that crimson'd all the air;
The winds brake loose; the forest boughs were tern,
And dark aloof the eddying foliage borne;
Cattle to shelter scudded in affright;
The florid Evening vanish'd into night:
Then burst the hurricane upon the vale,
In peals of thunder, and thick-volley'd hail;
Prone rushing rains with torrents whelm'd the land;
Our cot amid a river seem'd to stand;
Around its base, the foamy-crested streams
Flash'd through the darkness to the lightning's gleams;
With monstrous throes an earthquake heaved the ground;
The rocks were rent, the mountains trembled round:
Never, since Nature into being came,
Had such mysterious motion shook her frame:
We thought, engulf'd in floods, or wrapt in fire,
The world itself would perish with our sire.
4. Amid this war of elements, within
More dreadful grew the sacrifice of sin,
Whose victim on his bed of torture lay,
Breathing the slow remains of life away.
Erewhile, victorious faith sublimer rose
Beneath the pressure of collected woes;
But now his spirit waver'd, went and came,
Like the loose vapor of departing flame,
Till at the point, when comfort seem'd to die
Forever in his fix'd unclosing eye,
Bright through the smoldering ashes of the man,
The saint brake forth, and Adam thus began:—
5. “Oh, ye who shudder at this awful strife,
This wrestling agony of Death and Life,
Think not that He, on whom my soul is cast,
Will leave me thus forsaken to the last:
Nature's infirmity alone you see;

My chains are breaking, I shall soon be free.
Though firm in God the spirit holds her trust,
The flesh is frail, and trembles into dust.
Thou, of my faith the Author and the End!
Mine early, late, and everlasting Friend!
The joy, that once thy presence gave, restore,
Ere I am summon'd hence, and seen no more.
Down to the dust returns this earthly frame—
Receive my spirit, Lord! from whom it came;
Rebuke the Tempter, show thy power to save;
Oh, let thy glory light me to the grave,
That these, who witness my departing breath,
May learn to triumph in the grasp of death.”

6. He closed his eyelids with a tranquil smile,
And seem'd to rest in silent prayer awhile.
Around his couch with filial awe we kneel'd,
When suddenly a light from heaven reveal'd
A spirit, that stood within the unopen'd door:
The sword of God in his right hand he bore;
His countenance was lightning, and his vest
Like snow at sunrise on the mountain's crest;
Yet so benignly¹ beautiful his form,
His presence still'd the fury of the storm;
At once the winds retire, the waters cease:
His look was love, his salutation “PEACE!”
7. Our mother first beheld him, sore amazed,
But terror grew to transport, while she gazed.
“’Tis he, the Prince of Seraphim!² who drove
Our banish'd feet from Eden's happy grove.
Adam, my life, my spouse, awake!” she cried;
“Return to Paradise; behold thy Guide!
Oh, let me follow in this dear embrace!”
She sunk, and on his bosom hid her face.
8. Adam look'd up; his visage chang'd its hue,
Transform'd into an angel's at the view.

¹ Be nign'ly, kindly; graciously.—² Sér' a phim, angels of the highest order.

"I come!" he cried, with faith's full triumph fired,
 And in a sigh of ecstasy¹ expired.
 The light was vanish'd, and the vision fled:
 We stood alone, the living with the dead:
 The ruddy embers, glimmering round the room,
 Display'd the corpse amid the solemn gloom;
 But o'er the scene a holy calm reposed,
 The gate of heaven had open'd there, and closed.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

176. THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

- 1 KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
 And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
 The nobles fill'd the benches round, the ladies by their side,
 And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for
 whom he sigh'd:
 And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
 Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal hearts below
2. Ramp'd and roar'd the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
 They bit, they glared,² gave blows like beams, a wind went
 with their paws:
 With wallowing might and stifled roar, they roll'd on one
 another,
 Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thund'rous
 smother;
 The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing thro' the air:
 Said Francis then, "Faith! gentlemen, we're better here than
 there!"
3. De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous lively dame,
 With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seem'd
 the same;
 She thought,—The Count my lover is brave as brave can be;
 He sure y would do wondrous things to show his love of me—
 Kings, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine!
 I'll drop my glove, to prove his love: great glory will be mine!

¹ Ec' sta sy, literally, a being out of one's self; hence, rapture; overpowering emotion —² Gl'ared.

4. She dropp'd her glove, to prove his love, then look'd at him
 and smiled;
 He bow'd, and in a moment leāp'd among the lions wild.
 The leap was quick, return was quick—he has regain'd the
 place,—
 Then threw the glove—but not with love—right in the lady's
 face.
 "By heaven!" cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose
 from where he sat:
 "No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that!"

LEIGH HUNT.

177. SCENES FROM THE COMEDY OF "MONEY."¹

EVELYN, a rich man of fashion—STOUT and GLOSSMORE, violent politicians of opposite parties—SHARP, a lawyer.

Enter Evelyn, meeting Stout, who comes in out of breath, with haste—Sharp is seated at a desk.

Evelyn. Stout, you look heated!

Stout [with great eagerness, but pompously]. I hear you've just bought the great Groginhole property.

Evelyn. It is true.² Sharp says it's a bargain.

Stout. Well, my dear friend Hopkins, member for Groginhole, can't live another month—excellent creature, the dearest friend I have in the world⁴—but the interests of mankind forbid regret for individuals! Popkins intends to start for the borough⁵ the instant Hopkins is dead!—your interest will secure his election. Now is your time! put yourself forward in the march of enlightenment!—By all that's bigoted,⁶ here comes Glossmore!

Enter Glossmore.

Gloss. [eagerly]. So lucky to find you at home! Hopkins, of Groginhole, is not long for this world. Popkins, the brewer,⁷ is already canvassing underhand (so very ungentleman-like!)

¹ In the following dialogue, which is supposed to be a copy of the conversation of ordinary life, the style of the reader should be spirited, unrestrained, and free from effort and declamation.—² True (trū).—³ Can't.—⁴ World (wērl'd).—⁵ Borough (būr' rō), a town incorporated with certain privileges; in *England*, a town that sends members to parliament.—⁶ Big'oted, full of blind zeal; prejudiced.—⁷ Brewer (brū' er).