

"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 glōry will be mine!

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

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 Grogin-hole, can't³ 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 verry 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 (trō).—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 (brō' er).

Keep your interest for young Lord Cipher—a most valuable candidate. This is an awful moment—the constitution depends on his return!¹ Vote for Cipher!

Stout. Popkins is your man.

Evelyn [*musings*]. Cipher and Popkins—Popkins and Cipher. Enlightenment and Popkins—Cipher and the Constitution! I am puzzled! *Stout*, I am not known at Groginhole!

Stout. Your property's known there!²

Evelyn. But purity of election—independence of voters.

Stout. To be sure:³ Cipher bribes abominably. Frustrate his schemes—preserve⁴ the liberties of the borough—turn every man out of his house who votes against⁵ enlightenment and Popkins.

Evelyn. Right! down with those who take the liberty to admire any liberty except our liberty! That is liberty!

Gloss. Cipher has a stake in the country—will have fifty thousand a-year: Cipher will never give a vote without considering beforehand how people of fifty thousand a-year will be affected by the motion.

Evelyn. Right; for as without law there would be no property, so to be the law for property is the only proper property of law! That is law!

Stout. Popkins is all for economy: there's a sad waste of the public money—they give the Speaker five thousand a-year, when I've a brother-in-law who takes the chair⁶ at the vestry,⁷ and who assures⁸ me confidentially he'd consent to be Speaker for half⁹ the money.

Gloss. Enough, Mr. Stout. Mr. Evelyn has too much at stake for a leveler.

Stout. And too much sense for a bigot.

Gloss. A bigot, sir!

Stout. Yes, a bigot! [*Puts his hat on, and with his hands in his pockets looks fiercely at Glossmore.*]

¹ Return (re tĕrn').—² There (thĕr).—³ Sure (shĕr).—⁴ Pre sĕrve'.—⁵ Against (a gĕnst').—⁶ Chĕr.—⁷ Vĕs' try, a room for extra meetings; in the *Episcopal Church*, a committee which manages the worldly concerns of the parish.—⁸ Assure (ash shĕr'), to tell positively; declare.—⁹ Hĕlf.

Evelyn [*laughing*]. Mr. Evelyn has no politics at all. Did you ever play at battledore?

Both. Battledore!

Evelyn. Battledore—that is, a contest between two parties: both parties knock about something with singular skill: something is kept up—high—low—here—there—everywhere—nowhere! How grave are the players! how anxious the bystanders! how noisy the battledores! But, when this something falls to the ground, only fancy—it's nothing! but cork and feathers!—Go and play by yourselves—I'm no hand at it.

Stout [*aside*]. Sad ignorance! Ar'istocrat!¹

Gloss [*aside*]. Heartless principles! Parvenu!²

Stout. Then you don't go against us! I'll bring Popkins to-morrōw.

Gloss. Keep yourself free till I present Cipher to you.

Stout. I must go to inquire after Hopkins. The return of Popkins will be an era³ in history. [*Goes out.*]

Gloss. I must go to the club: the eyes of the country are upon Groginhole. If Cipher fail, the constitution is gone.

[*Goes out.*]

Evelyn. All parties alike! nothing but money! Money versus⁴ Man!—Sharp, come here!—let me look at you. [*Sharp rises from the desk.*] You are my agent, my lawyer, my man of business. I believe you honest;—but what is honesty?—where does it exist?—in what part of us?

Sharp. In the heart, I suppose, sir.

Evelyn. Mr. Sharp, it exists in the breeches⁵ pocket! Observe,⁶ I lay this piece of yellow earth⁷ on the table—I contemplate you both;—the man there—the gold here. Now, there is many a man in those streets as honest as you are, who moves, thinks, feels, and reasons as well as we do; excellent in form, impishable in soul; who, if his pockets were three days empty, would sell thought, reason, body, and soul too, for that

¹ Nothing (nŭth'ing).—² Aristocrat (ĕr' is to krat), one who favors a form of government whose power is vested in the principal persons of a state; a haughty or overbearing person.—³ Pĕr've nu, an upstart; one lately come into notice.—⁴ E' ra, a fixed point of time from which any number of years is begun to be counted.—⁵ Vĕr'sus, against.—⁶ Breeches (brĕch'ez).—⁷ Observe (ob zĕrv).—⁸ Earth (ĕrth).

little coin Is that the fault of the man? No! it is the fault of mankind. Gōd made man; behold what mankind has made a god! By the by, Sharp, send a hundred pounds to the poor bricklayer whose house was burnt¹ down yēsterday.

Sharp. Yēs, sir.

Evelyn. Well, man, don't stand gaping² there: have you no bowels? Go and see to it immediately. [*They go out at opposite sides*]

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

178. THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS-SHAY."

A LOGICAL STORY.

1. **H**AVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss-shay,
That was built in such a logical³ way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happen'd, without delay—
Scaring⁴ the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?
2. Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
*Georgius Secundus*⁵ was then alive—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive!
That was the year when Lisbon⁶ town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's⁷ army was done so brown,
Left without a scālp to its crown.

¹ Burnt (bēnt).—² Gāp' ing.—³ Logical (lōj' ik al), according to the rules of correct thinking and reasoning; discriminating.—⁴ Scār' ing.—⁵ *Georgius Secundus*, King George II. of England, born in 1683, and died October 25, 1760.—⁶ Lisbon (līz' bon), a city of Western Europe, capital of the kingdom of Portugal, situated on the right bank of the Tagus, near its mouth in the Atlantic Ocean. The earthquake here alluded to threw down a considerable portion of the city, and destroyed about 60,000 of its inhabitants.—⁷ EDWARD BRADDOCK, Major-General and Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in America, conducted an expedition against Fort Duquesne (du kân'), now Pittsburgh. On the 9th of July, 1755, while attempting to invest the fort, he fell into an ambush, prepared by the Indians and the French, in which he lost nearly one-half of his troops, and himself received a mortal wound.

- It was on the terrible earthquake-day
That the Deacon finish'd the one-hoss-shay.
3. Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always, *somewhere*, a weakest spot—
In hub, tire, fellōe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crōssbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will—
Above or below, or within or without—
And that's the reason, beyōnd a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.
 4. But the Deacon swore—(as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*")—
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it couldn' break daown:
—"Fur," said the Deacon, "'tis mighty plain
That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
To make that place uz strōng uz the rest."
 5. So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strōngest oak,
That couldn't be split, nor bent, nor broke—
That was for spokes, and floor, and sills;
He sent for lancewood, to make the thills;
The crōssbars were ash, from the straightest trees!
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs from lōgs from the "Settler's Ellum"—
Last of its timber—they couldn't sell 'em—
Never an ax had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;

- Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide,
Found in the pit where the tanner died
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"
6. Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, bēards turn'd gray
Deacon and deaconess dropp'd away,
Children and grandchildren—where are they
But there stood the stout old one-hoss-shay,
As fresh as on Lisbon earthquake-day!
7. EIGHTEEN HUNDRED came, and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strōng and sound.
Eighteen hundred, increased by ten—
"Hahnsum kērridge" they call'd it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;
Running as usual—much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive;
And then came fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.
- 8 Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without bōth feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a mōral that runs at large;
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)
9. FIRST OF NOVEMBER—the earthquake-day.
There are traces of age in the one-hoss-shay,
A general flavor of mild decay—
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part,
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strōng as the thills
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree nēither less nor more,

- And the back crōssbar as strong as the fore,
And spring, and axle, and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whōle*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*
10. First of November, Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss-shay,
Drawn by a rat-tail'd, ewe-neck'd bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.
11. The parson was working his Sunday text—
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplex'd
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
—First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill—
And the parson was sitting on a rock,
And half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock—
Just the hour of the earthquake shock!
12. What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once—
All at once, and nothing first—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.—
End of the wonderful one-hoss-shay.
Logic is logic.—That's all I say.

O. W. HOLMES.

179. SCENE FROM "THE POOR GENTLEMAN."

Characters: SIR CHARLES CROPLAND—WARNER, *his steward*—OLIAPOD.

War. Your honor is right welcome into Kent. I am proud to see Sir Charles Cropland on his estate again. I hope you mean to stay on the spot for some time, Sir Charles?

Sir C. A very tedious time—three days, Mr. Warner.

War. Ah, good sir! things would prosper better if you honored us with your presence a little more. I wish you lived entirely upon the estate, Sir Charles.

Sir C. Thank you, Warner; but modern men of fashion find it very difficult to live upon their estates.

War. The country about you so charming!

Sir C. Look ye, Warner: I must hunt in Leicestershire¹—for that's the thing. In the frosts, and the spring months, I must be in town, at the clubs—for that's the thing. In summer, I must be at the watering-places—for that's the thing. Now, Warner, under these circumstances, how is it possible for me to reside upon my estate? For my estate being in Kent—

War. The most beautiful part of the country!

Sir C. Hang beauty! We don't mind that in Leicestershire. My estate, I say, being in Kent—

War. A land of milk and honey!

Sir C. I hate milk and honey!

War. A land of fat!

Sir C. Melt your fat! Listen to me: my estates being in Kent—

War. So woody!

Sir C. Burn the wood! No, that's wrong; for it's convenient—I am come on purpose to cut it.

War. Ah! I was afraid so! Dice on the table, and then, the ax to the root!² Money lost at play, and then, good lack! the forest groans for it.

Sir C. But you are not the forest, and why the deuce do you groan for it?

War. I heartily wish, Sir Charles, you may not encumber³ the goodly estate. Your worthy ancestors had views for their posterity.

Sir C. And I shall have views for my posterity: I shall take especial care the trees sha'n't intercept their prospect. In short, Mr. Warner, I must have three thousand pounds in three days. Fell timber to that amount, immediately. 'Tis my per'emptory⁴ order, sir.

¹ Leicestershire (lēs' ter sher), an inland county of England, near its center.—² Root.—³ En cūm' ber, embarrass; to load with debt.—⁴ Pēr'emp to ry, that puts an end to all debate; positive.

War. I shall obey you, Sir Charles; but 'tis with a heavy heart. Forgive an old servant of the family, if he grieves to see you forget some of the duties for which society has a claim upon you.

Sir C. What do you mean by duties?

War. Duties, Sir Charles, which the extravagant man of property can never fulfill: such as to support the dignity of an English landholder, for the honor of old England; to promote the welfare of his honest tenants; and to succor the industrious poor, who naturally look up to him for assistance. But I shall obey you, Sir Charles. [Exit.]

Sir C. A tiresome old blockhead!—But where is this Ollapod? His jumble of physic and shooting may enliven me; and to a man of gallantry, in the country, his intelligence is by no means uninteresting, nor his services inconvenient. [Enter Ollapod.] Ah! Ollapod!

Oll. Sir Charles, I have the honor to be your slave! Hope your health is good. Been a hard winter here—sore throats were plenty—so were woodcocks. Flushed four couple one morning, in a half-mile walk from our town, to cure Mrs. Quarles of a quinsy. May coming on soon, Sir Charles—season of delight, love, and campaigning! Hope you come to sojourn, Sir Charles. Shouldn't be always on the wing—that's being too flighty. [Laughing.] He! he! he! Do you take, good sir? do you take?

Sir C. Oh, yes, I take. But, by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it seems, to your avocations.

Oll. He! he! Yes, Sir Charles. I have now the honor to be cornet in the volunteer association corps¹ of our town. It fell out unexpected—pop, on a sudden; like the going off of a field-piece, or an alderman in an apoplexy.

Sir C. Explain.

Oll. Happening to be at home—rainy day—no going out to sport, blister, shoot, nor bleed—was busy behind the counter. You know my shop, Sir Charles—Galen's² Head over the door—new gilt him last week, by the by—looks as fresh as a pill.

¹ Corps (kòr), a body of troops.—² GALEN, or in Latin CLAUDIUS GALE'NUS, a celebrated physician and most prolific and able writer, was born about 131 A. D. At the age of thirty-four he settled at Rome, where, soon after, he became physician to the Emperor MARCUS AURELIUS.

Sir C. Well, no more on that head now. Proceed.

Oll. On that head! [*Laughing.*] He! he! he! That's vëry well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one! Churchwarden Posh, of our town, being ill of an indigestion, from eating three pounds of measly pork at a vestry dinner, I was making up a cathartic for the patient; when who should strut into the shop but *Lieütën'ant* Grains, the brewer, sleek as a dray-horse—in a smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-colored lapel! I confess his figure struck me. I looked at him, as I was thumping the mortar, and felt instantly inoculated with a military ardor.

Sir C. Inoculated! I hope your ardor was of a favorable sort.

Oll. Ha! ha! That's vëry well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one! We first talked of shooting—he knew my celebrity that way, Sir Charles. I told him, the day before I had killed six brace of birds. I thumped on at the mortar. We then talked of physic; I told him, the day before I had killed—löst, I mean, six brace of patients. I thumped on at the mortar, eying him all the while; for he looked very flashy, to be sure; and I felt an itching to belong to the cörps. The medical and military bõth deal in death, you know—so, 'twas natural. He! he!—do you take, good sir? do you take?

Sir C. Take! Oh, nobody can miss.

Oll. He then talked of the cörps itself; said it was sickly; and if a professional person would administer to the health of the association, dose the men, and drench the horses, he could, perhaps, procure him a cornetcy.

Sir C. Well, you jumped at the offer?

Oll. Jumped! I jumped over the counter; kicked down Churchwarden Posh's cathartic into the pocket of *Lieütën'ant* Grains' smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-colored lapel; embraced him and his offer; and I am now Cornet Ollapod, apothecary, at the Galen's Head, of the Association Cörps of Cavalry, at your service!

Medicine and every science allied to it are under great obligations to *GALEN*. He was a man skilled in all philosophy, a profound reasoner, an ardent admirer of truth, and a worthy member of society.

Sir C. I wish you joy of your appointment. You may now distill water for the shop from the laurels you gather in the field.

Oll. Water for—Oh! laurel-water. He! he! Come, that's vëry well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one! Why, I fancy fame will follow, when the poison of a small mistake I made has ceased to operate.

Sir C. A mistake!

Oll. Having to attend Lady Kitty Carbuncle, on a grand field-day, I clapped a pint bottle of her ladyship's diet-drink into one of my holsters, intending to proceed to the patient, after the exercise was over. I reached the martial ground, and jalaped—galloped, I mean—wheeled, and flourished, with great *éclat*;¹ but when the word "Fire!" was given, meaning to pull out my pistol, in a deuce of a hurry, I presented, neck foremost, the diet-drink of Lady Kitty Carbuncle; and the medicine being, unfortunately, fermented by the jolting of my horse, it forced out the cork, with a prodigious pop, full in the face of my gallant commander.

Sir C. Ha! ha! ha! A mistake, indeed.

Oll. Rather awkward!—But, Sir Charles, excuse me—your servant! I must march—patients impatient. You take?

Sir C. Oh, yës; and so will they, I fancy, before you've done with them.

Oll. Ha! physic—certainly! Salts, rhubarb, senna, coloquin'tida, scammony, gamböge.² Good, good! thank you, good sir; I owe you one! [*They go out at opposite sides.*]

COLMAN.

180. APOSTROPHE TO SLEEP.³

1. **H**OW many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O Sleep, O gentle Sleep,
Nature's söft nurse,⁴ how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgëtfulness!

¹ *Eclat* (á klá'), applause; striking effect.—² Gamböge (gam böj').—
³ The following is an apostrophe of King Henry IV.—⁴ Nurse (nërs).

- Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
 In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
 A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?
2. Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude,² imperious surge,³
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian⁴ billows by the top,
 Curling⁵ their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deafning clamors in the slippery clouds,
 That, with the hurly,⁶ death itself awakes;—
 Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
 And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears⁷ a crown.

SHAKESPEARE.

181. A POET'S PARTING THOUGHT.

1. **W**HEN I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
 Life's fever o'er,
 Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
 That I'm no more?
 Will there be any heart still memory keeping
 Of heretofore?
2. When the great winds, through leafless forests rushing,
 Sad music make;—

¹ Mast.—² Rude (rôd).—³ Surge (sêrj).—⁴ Ruffian (rûf' yan).—⁵ Curling (kêrl'ing).—⁶ Hurly (hêr'ly), a tumult.—⁷ Wears (wârz).

- When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,
 Like full hearts break,—
 Will there then one, whose heart despair is crushing,
 Mourn for my sake?
3. When the bright sun upon that spot is shining,
 With purest ray,
 And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms twining,
 Burst through that clay,—
 Will there be one still on that spot repining
 Lost hopes all day?
4. When no star twinkles with its eye of glory
 On that low mound,
 And wintry storms have, with their ruins hoary
 Its loneliness crown'd,
 Will there be then one, versed in misery's story,
 Pacing it round?—
5. It may be so; but this is selfish sorrow
 To ask such meed,—
 A weakness and a wickedness to borrow,
 From hearts that bleed,
 The wailings of to-day for what to-morrow
 Shall never need.
6. Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,
 Thou gentle heart;
 And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
 Let no tear start:
 It were in vain,—for time has long been knelling—
 SAD ONE, DEPART!

MOTHERWELL.

182. THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

1. **T**READ softly,—bow the head,—
 In reverent silence bow;
 No passing-bell doth toll,—
 Yet an immortal soul
 Is passing now.

2. Stränger, however great,
With holy reverence bow ;—
There's one in that poor shed,—
One by that paltry bed,—
Greater than thou.
3. Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo ! death doth keep his state ;
Enter,—no crowds attend ;
Enter,—no guards defend
This palace gate.
4. That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread ;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting, with meager hands,
A dying head.
5. No mingling voices sound,—
An infant wail alone ;
A sob suppress'd,—again
That short, deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.
6. Oh, change !—oh, wondrous change !—
Burst are the prison bars,—
This moment, there, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars !
7. Oh, change !—stupendous change !
There lies the soulless clod ;
The Sun eternal breaks,—
The new immortal wakes,—
Wakes with his God !

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

183. WARREN'S ADDRESS.

1. **S**TAND ! the ground's your own, my braves—
Will ye give it up to slaves ?
Will ye look for greener graves ?
Hope ye mercy still ?

- What's the mercy despots feel ?
Hear it in that battle peal !
Read it on yon bristling steel !
Ask it, ye who will.
2. Fear ye foes who kill for hire ?
Will ye to your homes retire ?
Look behind you ! they're a-fire !
And before you, see
Who have done it ! From the vale
On they come ! and will ye quail ?—
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be !
 3. In the God of battles trust !
Die we may—and die we must ;
But, oh, where can dust to dust
Be consign'd so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyr'd patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell ?

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

184. SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS AT CAPUA.

IT had been a day of triumph in Capua.¹ Len'tulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheater to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious² city. The shouts of revelry had died away ; the roar of the lion had ceased ; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet ; and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished.

2. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered

¹ Cap'ua, a fortified city of Naples. It was built out of the ruins of ancient Capua, the city here referred to, the remains of which, about two miles E., include a gate, and portions of a large amphitheater.—² Luxurious (lug zù're ùs), delighting in the pleasures of the table ; devoted to pleasure.