

Then he, "I'm doubtful which to do,
 Shall I give up my suit, or you?"
 "Me, by all means."—"Not so indeed,"
 Said he, and took at once the lead;
 While I, the vanquished must obey
 Their victors,—followed on the way.
 "Mæcenas," he commenced anew,
 "How is it now with him and you?"
 "A man of shrewd sagacious mind,
 His equal you will rarely find."
 "Ah! none could make a better use
 Of his good luck, but introduce
 Your humble servant there some day,
 So cleverly you'll find me play
 Into your hand, that one by one,
 You'll oust them, every mother's son;
 My life upon it."—"Sir, you make
 In this," said I, "a great mistake,
 No house is purer, none more free
 From every petty jealousy.
 To meet with men more learned, there,
 Or richer, gives me little care: