

in the ordinary cant of the minions of tyranny, "that he is one who loves alike the senate and the people—the friend of both," retorts in the following terms—

The friend of neither—

The senate's tool!—a traitor to the people!

A man who seems to side with neither party,

Will now bend this way, and then make it up

By leaning feebly to the other side

Talk moderation—patience—with one foot

Step out, and with the other back again—

With one eye glance his pity on the crowd,

And with the other crouch to the nobility;

At any public grievance raise his voice,

And like a harmless tempest calm away;

Idle and noted only for his noise.

Such men are the best instruments of tyranny:

The simple slave is easily avoided.

By his external badge, your order bears

The infamy within.

The people, as Cornelia foresaw, desert Gracchus; and he loses his office of Tribune. It is clear now, that his ruin is intended; for the Senate openly proposes to abrogate his laws. As he is about to confront them; and while his partisans are waiting his arrival, Cornelia seeks him, and begs him not to expose his life for those who forsook him in a state where "the heart of public virtue has not the blood to make it beat again." He replies by the following passionate and picturesque argument:—

Remember you, Messina, mother?

Once from its promontory we beheld

A galley in a storm; and as the bark

Approach'd the fatal shore, could well discern

The features of the crew with horror all

Aghast save one! Alone he strove to guide

The prow, erect amidst the horrid war,

Of winds and waters raging.—With one hand

He raled the hopeless helm—the other strain'd

The fragment of a shiver'd sail—his brow

The while bent proudly on the scowling surge,

At which he scowl'd again. The vessel struck

One man alone bestrode the wave, and rode

The foaming courser safe;—'twas he; the same

You clasp'd your Caius in your arms and cried

Look, look, my son, the brave man ne'er despairs,

But lives where cowards die! I would but make

Due profit of your lesson.

At last he seems to yield to her entreaties, and sits down; but still dwells on the infamy of breaking his word. When his mother asks, "What will be left to her if she should lose him?" he replies simply—
"My Monument;" she feels the full force of that figure by which everlasting fame and honour seem embodied; and bids him to go. He joins his friends; they are insulted by Opimius; as he passes to sacrifice; and against his will, retaliate and kill one of the lictors. He receives the news with agony; he feels that blood has been shed, and must be wash-