

warriors, Thracians ! If we must fight, let us fight for ourselves ! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors ! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle !”

E. KELLOGG.

GUALBERTO'S VICTORY.

A MOUNTAIN pass so narrow that a man
Riding that way to Florence, stooping, can
Touch with his hand the rock, on either side,
And pluck the flowers that in the crannies hide
Here, on Good Friday, centuries ago,
Mounted and armed, John Gualberto met his foe.
Mounted and armed as well, but riding down
To the fair city from the woodland brown,
This way and that swinging his jewelled whip,
A gay old love-song on his careless lip,
And on his charger's neck the reins loose thrown.

An accidental meeting ; but the sun
Burned on their brows, as if it had been one
Of deep design, so deadly was the look
Of mutual hate their olive faces took,
As (knightly courtesy forgot in wrath)
Neither would yield his enemy the path.
“ Back !” cried Gualberto. “ Never !” yelled his foe ;
And on the instant, sword in hand, they throw