

On the high cliff from which he sprang—now deemed
a sacred place—
The prints left by the horse's hoofs are plain for all to
trace ;
And still the stone where he alighted, whoever likes may
view,
And see the signs and tokens there that prove the story
true ;
May feel and count each notch and line, may measure
if he please,
The dint made by the horse's head, the grooves sunk
by his knees,
And place his fingers in the holes—for there they are
to-day—
Made by the fingers of the priest who leaped across
the bay.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS.

IT had been a day of triumph at Capua. Lentulus,
returning with victorious eagles, had amused the
populace with the sports of the amphitheatre to an ex-
tent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city.
The shouts of revelry had died away ; the roar of the
lion had ceased ; the last loiterers had retired from the
banquet ; and the lights in the palace of the victor were
extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy
clouds, silvered the dew-drops on the corslet of the
Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of Vul-
turnus with a wavy, tremulous light. No sound was
heard save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling