cafe the mountain-tops, the lofty seats of illustrious
statesmen, who attained that place of distinction
in the days when Rome was torn by internal feuds
or when England tottered under the bootstep of
invaders. Again his eye is turned and he sees, as
it were an oasis in a barren, trackless desert, a
beautiful summit where reed in ease and luxury
the world's wise-men, doctores, lawyer, editors. The
still his eye traces the ladder and still further
in the distance he sees it resting upon the
pinnacle that supports it. Here is the "Temple of
Fate." Here mingle a higher order of beings
the Poets and their satellites, beings too good for
earth. Here they find a genial shade, and here
the eagle in his lofty flight stops.
The young man, filled with love of what he has
seen, and buoyed up by hope, grasps another
world and another. Till his form vanishes
from my sight. This is the life when the eagle soars,
to leave our world of ignorance, to trust our
full grown, but unused wings and mount as
dare its going to higher regions of which our
nature is capable. Go forth and throw away
this is good advice to an older. Learn of the eagle
is a word of consolation to the wise.