

ture, identical with that sung by the poet, to the odoriferous amber forests of the Tertiary. The hot sun is riding high over the recesses of one of these deep woods, never yet trodden by human foot, and lighting up the waved lines of delicate green with which spring, just passing into early summer, has befringed the dark pines, and the yet unwithered catkins of the poplar and plane, and the white blossoms of the buckthorn. The cave-bear and hyena repose in silence in their dens, and not a wandering breeze rustles among the young leafage.

‘ But hark ! how through the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows ;
 The insect youth are on the wing,
 Eager to taste the honeyed spring,
 And float amid the liquid noon :
 Some lightly o’er the current skim,
 Some show their gaily gilded trim
 Quick glaring to the sun.’

And lo ! where the forest glade terminates in a brown primeval wilderness, the sunbeams fall with dazzling brightness on the trunk of a tall stately tree, just a little touched with decay ; and it reflects the light far and wide, and gleams in strong contrast with the gloom of the bosky recesses beyond, like the pillar of fire in the wilderness relieved against the cloud of night. ’Tis a decaying pine of stateliest size, bleeding amber. The insects of the hour flutter around it ; and when, beguiled by the grateful perfume, they touch its deceitful surface, they fare as the lords of creation did in a long posterior age, in that

‘ Serbonian bog,
 Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
 Where armies whole have sunk.’

But, as happened to so many of the heroes of classic history, death is fame here, and by dying they became immortal ; for it is from the individuals who thus perish that future