Daily Appeal.

SELECTIONS FROM NORMAN MAURICE, AN AMERICAN DRAMA.

Sheer is no poverty.
While the free engine, and the bold endeavor,
The honest purpose, the enduring heart,
Crowned with a love that honors wealth in fortune,
May not defy to make land as sure!
We'll have half our wants having one another!
And for those wants, some dawning smiles of fortune
A lovely hope prepared me. Trust me, Clifford,
I will not take their love in worse condition,
In one whose character shall never pay!
The affections there should notice!

ORGOND.—His argumentes have made a great impression;
Their activity and closeness, and the power
Of clear and forcible development,
Which seems most native to his faculty!
He was born an orator! With such a person—
A voice to glide from chamber into music,
A form and face so full of intellect,
Yet, with such fearless and simplicity,—
Nature's nobleman and no one else.

WARREN.—Prime!—
Too praise as do the newspapers, with a rapture
Of wonrous commendation, lavished with phrases,
That, weighed against his habitual coldness,
Would seem of less force and significance.
We'll spoil his fortune!

What swell of sorrow, ever? Could earth speak,
Proceeding from the Omnipotent Power,
That still smiles rich to water, we should hear,
The universal voice of nature that cry out,
Thou cause for man! Humanity from troubles
Which make proud spirits groan and sigh. Who should persuade
His hopes to sighing? or the tone
That follow from his tears? What school, or teacher,
Would seek to teach that thinking man
To fix and harden the flinting drops
To brilliant jewels? Philosophy! Philosophy!
In Europe might affect? One thole so secure,
Sovereign over the chance which blows the chaff
From all the mountains that o'ersnow the heart,
Yet will be very, though unstrung. He who stands,
Winning upon the scaffold for the sight
That drops him down the abyss, still holds such minute
This hopes to endure of the time