Conteins Goberidge e trans-
Lation of "Hendecasyllab.

Text evaluation failed.
POEMS:

BY

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MEMBER OF TRINITY-COLLEGE,

CAMBRIDGE.

(Tweddele. Prolis. vili.)

LONDON:

(1795.)

Sold by J. Mawman, 22, Poultry.
SE questa materia non è degna,
Per esser più leggeri,
D'un huom che voglia parer saggiro e grave,
Scusatelo con questo; che f' ingegna
Con questi van pensieri
Fare il suo tristo tempo più soave:
Perché altrove non ave
Dove voltare il viso;
Che gli è stato interciso
Mostrar con altre imprese altra virtù,
Non fendo premio alle fatiche fue.

(Machiav. Mandrag. Prol.)

ON these light strains should rigid Wisdom frown,
And scorn a page not lustrous as her own;
Ah! let her think the Muse with toys like these
Sooth'd cheated care, and taught dull life to please:
Think that the Bard, by fortune's hand confined,
Play'd in a narrow circle of the mind;
Ran all the course assign'd his powers by fate,
And seiz'd the little—when denied the great.

Charles Symmoni.
EMENDANDA.

p. 15. l. 10. for informs read instructs

20. dele ———— And, if it so delight
   The great Restorer, rear their long-fall'n shrine
   To loftier height:—

34. dele the two last lines, and

35. — the six first

37. — the seventh and eighth lines

— l. 17. read
   And call'd her Cyrus to unsheath his blade

93. 7. for acris read alma

97. In the motto dele sennis
   — last line, read Quoque cremes

99. 4. read, And you approved
   — 11. — with dull cold smile

102. 3. — How fast his shadow

105. 7. for rigidis read frigidis.
WITH regard to the following collection of Poems, I have little to premise. The greatest part of them were printed in the latter end of the year 1795, on which account that date is adopted in the title-page; but other, and (it is trusted) better employments have suspended their publication. The first, entitled "The Restoration of the Jews," obtained the Seaton-prize in the University of Cambridge in 1794: the next, "The Destruction of Babylon," was an unsuccessful candidate for it in the ensuing year.

As implying the possession of some invaluable friendships, I feel a pride in stating that the Latin elegiacs p. 71. are by Geo. Caldwell, M.A., and the English lines p. 79., with the three stanzas subjoined in a note p. 83., by S. T. Coleridge (both of Jesus College, Cambridge, and both having done but too much honour to the original verses by their very elegant translations); and that to the Rev. Dr. Symmons, whom no panegyric can praise too highly, I am indebted as well for the translation of the prefixed Italian motto, as for many judicious corrections pervading the whole work.

That there are two transgressions of Terentianus' canon, "De elemento ἀρχὴν Σ," in the translation of the
Prologue to Cato (p. 89. ll. 11, 14.) I am not ignorant; nor do I fully know, whether I may adopt in their defence the apology made by Dawes in behalf of those writings of Horace, "quae sermoni propiora ipse est professus." To the charge likewise, of the "infinitivum poeticum ier in versu elegiaco," p. 91. l. 5. (censured, as "non absolutæ prorsus Latinitatis," by the Editor of the last Musæ Etonenses) I plead guilty.

Of the smaller English compositions several, I fear, contain in themselves evidence, superceding my own confession, that they were written at an early age, and under the strong impulse of youthful feelings; feelings, which "in life's rosy prime" find admission into every bosom, except such as are closed against them by less venial propensities.

\[ E\] certo ogni mio studio in quel temp' era,
\[ Pur di sfogare il doloroso core \]
\[ In qualche modo, non d'acquistar fama. \]

I might say with Menace, Amatorios versus, pudicos licet, hic excusarem, si meum esset exemplum. Sic scripsit, quicumque versus scripsit: et procecid fane Venere frigent carmina. Sed cui non sit venia post Cardinalem Perronium, Bertaldum Sagiensem Episcopum, Portæum Tironensem Abbatem; qui amatoria, quæ juvenes fecerant, etiam in amplissimo gradu dignitatum constituti, etiam seniores, publicare non dubitarunt?

(Poem. Præf.)
It remains only to add that, as a Preface to this Volume, I had long ago prepared a short "Account of my Academical Life," in order to obviate any unfavourable inferences, which might otherwise be deduced from my silence upon the subject of my rejection at Trinity-Hall. Such inferences, I am aware, would but too readily obtrude themselves, even upon many not naturally uncandid, who knew that my moral conduct (in a college, not remarkable for its regularity) had been unexceptionable; and that, upon taking my bachelor's degree in 1790, I had obtained the third Wranglership, the second Mathematical Prize, and the first Classical Medal. But this would probably be deemed querulous; and the circumstance of my exclusion, whatever were its cause, has too long appeared to me in the light of a blessing, to demand or to justify complaint. It has not much, I would hope, diminished my utility; while it has certainly very much promoted my happiness. Without any oppressive sense of obligation, therefore, to its human contrivers, I feel deeply grateful for its accomplishment to that Providence, whose judgments are far above out of their sight; and willingly dismiss the subject—perhaps for ever.

F. W.
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THE

RESTORATION

OF THE

Jews.

THE SECOND EDITION.

—Nec numina sedem
Desituant.—

TO

BASIL MONTAGU, ESQUIRE,
A TRUE FRIEND
(FOR HE HAS BEEN TRIED IN ADVERSITY)
AND
AN HONEST MAN;
THE FOLLOWING POETICAL ATTEMPT
IS INSCRIBED,
WITH SENTIMENTS
OF THE
MOST SINCERE GRATITUDE.
AND
RESPECT,
BY

THE AUTHOR.
ARGUMENT.

Invocation:—History of the JEWS from the Exodus, under Moses;—and Joshua:—Their general depravation—followed by the Babylonish;—and the Crucifixion, —by the Roman Invasion:—Their sufferings during,—and after the siege of Jerusalem (by Titus);—and present condition.—Their fate different from that of Egypt,—Babylon,—Tyre,—and the four succesive Monarchies—Assyrian, Persian, Greek, and Roman.—The question examined—whether the prophecies, relating to their Restoration, are to be figuratively,—or literally understood;—and reasons assigned for adopting the strict interpretation.—Their return:—The distinction of tribes superseded by the coming of the MESSIAH.—Conclusion.
To that great day—when, link'd in holy bond
Fratal, Idumæa's favour'd tribes
Their Salem shall revisit; from the dust
In prouder state to rear the fallen dome,
And bid th' aspiring pinnacle o'ertop
Its antient elevation—I attune
Th' ambitious string. Thou, Moses (as of yore
Through Egypt's parting waves with heaven-lent power
Thou bor'ft the chosen multitude, what time
His cumber'd wheel along the faithless track
Busiris urg'd; while round his troubled hoft,
Keen was the sword, and more than mortal proof,
That Joshua wielded when from their huge cliffs
He swept the Anakim: The Sun stood still,
His punctual course remitting in mid sky;
And night's pale Sovereign check'd her rapid orb;
To aid the mighty task. Before him funk
Devoted Canaan, with unhallow'd gore
Moistening the ground: Not infancy its years,
Nor kings their purple rescued; undiscern'd,
Amid the common carnage, they expir'd
By hostile hands—unsung, unwept, unknown.

As some tall vine, whose blushing fruitage glows
Beneath the luflre of the noon-tide ray,
Long Israel flourish'd; 'till, by gradual shade
Darken'd to deepest crimson, guilt provok'd
Th' Omniscient's accumulated ire,
And urg'd his bolt. Upon the double throne
Sat rash Rebellion, ever prompt to burst
From duty's guidance: Sin's dames were fair,
But frail as fair; such, Albion, thine (if thine
Rightly the bard hath noted) mirror-taught
To roll th' obedient eye, and court the glance
Of ftaggering triflers, or with zoneless waist
Rouse the lascivious fire: There Avarice ground

2 The following Sonnet was written soon after the poem made
its first appearance; and, notwithstanding the terrible denunciation
of a friend (viz. "that it might perhaps make my peace with one of
"the sex, at the expense of irretrievably offending all the rest") I
am unwilling to omit this opportunity of introducing it.

To MYRA.

What! Though of Albion's dames the Poet sung
That, frail as fair, with artificial glance
They roll'd th' obedient eye; and 'mid the dance
Guileful upon the ftaggering trifter hung:
He then nor knew, fond bard! the modest grace
Of Myra's frame; nor haply then divin'd
That Nature e'er had link'd so fair a face,
In bond harmonious, with so pure a mind.

Ah! Had he still in error persever'd!
Still cherish'd his mistake! Now doom'd to pine,
By viewing in that angel form of thine
A more than angel's chastity inspier'd,
Fatal discovery! from thy bright eyes
And brighter soul he learns his guilt—and dies.
The face of Indigence; the Slanderer there
Wove the false tale; and rob’d Devotion paid
The homage of the lip, intent with prayer
To mask or hallow crimes. Then GOD’s wak’d wrath,
Gigantic and impatient of delay,
Sped its vast vengeance from the eastern sky:
Onward by Jordan’s stream in mournful line
The exiles move, with oft-reverted look
Sadly solicitous once more to view
Deserted Salem; ere her lessening hills
With dubious image cheat their earnest fight:
The haughty Babylonian stalks around,
And in proud mockery taunts the patriot tear.

But happier They, who on the bending tree
Hung ’mid the victor’s spoils the silent harp,
Than Those who stoop’d beneath the arm of Rome!
When seventy suns had fill’d their annual course,
Chaldaean vassals saw the righteous shrine
Flame with its wonted incense: On their sons, Mark’d out for heavier woe, more fiercely rose The Flavian Star, and glar’d with redder fires.

Oh! Might the Muse attempt the lofty theme Of Glory’s King on Calvary for man Offering Himself (nor less than He could make Th’ accepted sacrifice) while Nature mourn’d The monstrous guilt; and Earth in wild alarm Receiv’d within her agitated breast Its transient Inmate!—Hopeless wish! Dismay’d From the bold flight she turns, nor dares advance Her pinion to the sun: Else would she sing Th’ offence, with all the sorrows which ensued; Sorrows so merited, that even the Youth Of proverb’d 3 mercy steel’d his gentle breast.

3 Titus, for his humanity denominated Deliciae humani generis. Suet, in Tit. 1.
Swift as the eagle, 4 minister of Heaven,  
He comes; with meagre Famine 5 in his train,  
And fire-rob'd Desolation. Faint and pale,  
In his poor boy th' unnatural father sheaths  
His frantic blade: And, deed of father note!  
She, whose proud foot disdain'd the vulgar ground, 6  
Grappling her infant (with far other joy

4 The circumstantial agreement of the Mosaic prophecies (particularly Deut. xxviii. 49, 57.) with the events, as detailed by Josephus in his narrative of the sufferings sustained by the Jews during the siege, has not escaped the observation of Bishop Newton; who remarks, in his Dissertations on the Prophecies, vol. i. p. 102, &c. that, though a great part of those predictions was accomplished at the time of the Babylonish captivity, they were all more amply fulfilled under the Roman invasion. Of the famine indeed of the latter period, the Jewish Historian has left us a very dreadful account; and, from its exact concurrence with prophecy, we know to how much faith it is entitled.

5 Γυναικες γυν. ανδρων, και ξαίδες θατρευον, και (το εικτεστατον) ματησεισ νυκτων εξηπταζον εξ αυτων των ερματων τας τροφας. Joseph. Bell. Jud. v. 10, 3. Τον δ' ιπτο τω λιμαν φθειρομενων κατα τεν πολιν απειρον μεν επιπτε το πλυσος. vi. 3. 3.

6 Deut. xxviii. 56, 57. — Τοια γενος και πλευτον επεσημος — εστησασα, το μεν θειαν κατησθειν το δε λυπον κατακαλυψα εφυ- λαττεν. Id. ib. vi. 3. 4.
Than other days bestow'd) in its young heart
Plunges the murderous knife, and glows afresh
With guilty health. Twice fifty myriads fell—7
Happy 8 to lose in death the maddening sense
Of Hebrew ignominy! They nor saw
The Latian spoiler revel on the wealth
Of their sack'd fane (as from the holy gold
For his own Deities with curious zeal
He cull'd the votive gift) nor, 'mid the crush
Of sinking palaces, with anguish heard
The shriek of female frenzy: Who surviv'd,

7 Των δὲ απολεμηνων κατὰ πασαν την πολιοσκιαν (αρετηκος) μυριαδες
εκατων και δεκα. Id. ib. vi.
This account is confirmed by ZONARAS and JORNANDES, who agree in relating that 110000 (men, women, and children) perished during the siege by famine, disease, and the sword. Omnes (says LIPSius in his notes to TACITUS, Hist. V. 13.) undecies centena millia periisse obsidione illà clarè tradunt, fame, morbo, ferro.

8 Αλλ' εἰδε παντες ετεθυμες, πρὶν την ἵζεαν εκεινην πολιν
χεισιν ἵδειν κατασκαπτομενη πολεμιων, πρὶν τον ναος τον ἁγιον ἐτως
ανασις εξεφανημενον. JOSPEH. vi. 3. 4. and vii. 8. 7.
Doom'd to transmit beneath another sun
Hereditary servitude, beheld
In long succession rising to the view
Unpitied millions destin'd to bewail
Paternal crime and errors not their own.

Still as the lucid harbinger of day
Gives to their anxious eye his courted beam,
They sigh for evening; with the eve's wan star
Comes its peculiar sorrow. Numerous still
As sands, which pillow Ocean's hoary head,
They thrive by grief and grow beneath the sword.

9 The attachment of the Jews to their country, so pathetically described in the hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm, is confirmed by Tacitus (Hist. V. 13.)—ac, si transferre sedes cogerentur, major vitae metus quam mortis.

10 Of their present numbers Basnage (who has written a history of the Jews, as a supplement and continuation of the history of Josephus) observes—"that it is impossible indeed to fix it; but "that we have reason to believe there are still near 300000 of "people who profess this religion, and (as their phrase is) are "witnesses of the unity of God in all the nations of the world."
Past is the fame of Egypt: whose pale son
Erst by the midnight lamp, with learned toil
Skilful to wind the hieroglyphic maze,
Por'd on the treasur'd page by double fate 11
Denied to future times. With prone descent
Great Babylon is fallen; amid the dust,
Vainly inquisitive, the traveller pries
In fruitless search where Syrian Belus rear'd
His idol form: No human trace around 12
Informs his doubtful step; no friendly tone

11 The library of Alexandria was founded by the first Ptole- 
mies, and gradually enlarged to 700,000 volumes; 400,000 of which 
were lodged in that quarter of the city called Bruchion, and the 
remaining 300,000 within the Serapeum. The first part was casually 
destroyed by fire, when Julius Cæsar was making war upon the 
place; but restored in number by Antony's munificent present, 
of the Pergamean library, to Cleopatra: the whole were after-
wards burnt by the command of Omar the Caliph.

12 Bishop Newton proves (vol. i. pp. 174. 177. &c.) by 
copious extracts from six or seven modern writers of eminence that 
the present desolate state of Babylon, Egypt, Tyre, &c. fulfils, with 
a melancholy degree of exactness, the prophecies of the Old Testa-
ment relative to their ultimate condition.
Breaks the disastrous silence. At the hiss
Of serpents haply rustling through the brake,
As parch'd by tropic fire and wild with thirst
Their fanguine eye-balls flash, his sinking heart
Beats with thick fear: Meanwhile the bittern moans
In hollow-sounding note; and the lone owl,
Dusky and slow, with inauspicious scream
Adds horror to the gloom. Beneath the waves
Old Tyre is whelm'd, and all her revelry:
Those hosts, who barter'd Israel's sons for gold
(The Traffickers of blood) no more renew
Th' abhorred merchandize; no more with glance
Of keen remark compute the sinew's force,
Or weigh the muscles of their fellow-man.

13 Porsequam exufla palus terræque ardore dehiscunt,
Exsilit in ficcum; et flammantia lumina torquens
Sævit agris, asperque fìti atque exterritus èflu.
Virg. Georg. III. 432, &c.
Meσυμβείναις ἔλαφας ὦς δημον.
Æschyl. Sept. contra Theb. 383.
And thou bethink thee, Albion, ere too late,
Queen of the isles and mart of distant worlds,
That thou like Tyre (with hands as deep in blood,
Warm from the veins of Africa, and wealth
By arts more vile and darker guilt acquir’d)
Shalt meet an equal doom. The day will rise,
If Justice slumber not, when those proud ships—
The grace at once and bulwark of thy coast,
That now ’mid baffled tempests range the globe—
Unequal to a foe so oft engag’d,
So oft subdued, shall through their yawning sides
Receive the victor main; and in th’ abyss
Thy cliffs shall sink, their chalky tops alone
Extant above the brine: While, as from far
Across the wintry waste the seaman views
The humid net outspread, his piteous heart
(Piteous, though rugged) sorrows o’er thy fate. 14

14 This traffic is however still patronized by the British Senate; and
its continuance was voted, March 16, 1796, by a majority of—four!!!
With angry beam the conquerors of mankind,
Like woe-denouncing comets, blaz'd awhile
In evanescent glory. He, whose foot
Trampled upon Affyria's subject neck,
Fled from the Greek: To Rome's imperious race
Greece bent the suppliant knee: The Roman bow'd
Before the Goth: On rude Germania's brow
Shines Cæsar's diadem; and priests preside

The following lines, by an anonymous writer, upon that event (transcribed from the Cambridge Intelligencer, March 19,) possess very considerable merit:

Did then the bold Slave rear at last the sword
Of vengeance? Drench'd he deep its thirsty blade
In the soul bosom of his tyrant Lord?
Oh! Who shall blame him? Through the midnight shade
Still on his tortur'd memory rush'd the thought
Of every past delight—his native grove,
Friendship's best joys, and liberty, and love:
All lost—for ever! Then remembrance wrought
His soul to madness: 'round his restless bed
Freedom's pale sceptre stalk'd, with a stern smile
Pointing the wounds of slavery; the while
She shook her clanking chains, and hung her head.
No more he pours to heaven his suppliant breath,
But sweetens with revenge the draught of death.
Where war's stern child, his limbs in steel encas'd,
Frown'd fierce defiance on th' embattled world.

Nor Thou with sceptic arrogance enquire
Where Israel's relics rest; or how, recall'd
To repose'ssion of their native seat,
His dissipate tribes the glad behest
Shall hear, and how obey: So may'ft thou dare
To question God's omnipotence, and ask
How wake the dead. The same Almighty Word,
Which summon'd into being and dissolv'd
The hallow'd polity, in pri'tine form
(At his appointed time) shall re-unite

15 When the times of the Gentiles shall be fulfilled (Luke xxi. 24.)
or—as St. Paul expresses it—when the fulness of the Gentiles shall be
come in, the fulness of the Jews also shall come in, and all Israel
shall be saved (Rom. xi. 12. 25. 26.) that is, says Newton, II. 70.
when the times of the four great kingdoms of the Gentiles, according
to Daniel's prophecies, shall be expired, and the fifth kingdom
(or the kingdom of Christ) shall be set up in their place; and the
Saints of the Most High shall take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom
for ever, even for ever and ever (Dan. vii. 18.)
Its scatter'd parts; and, if it so delight  
The great Restorer, rear their long-fallen shrine  
To loftier height: No feebler power may raise  
The ruin'd pile. This hapless Julian knew;

But these prophecies have not yet received their full and entire completion; our SAVIOUR hath not yet had the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession (Psalms xi. 8.) All the ends of the world have not yet turned unto the Lord (xxii. 27.) All people, nations, and languages, have not yet served him (Dan. vii. 14.) neither are the Jews yet made an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations (Isai. lx. 15.) The time is not yet come, when violence shall no more be heard in their land, wasting and destruction within their borders (18.) GOD's promises (Ezek. xxxviii. 21. 25. xxxix. 28, 29.) are not yet made good in their full extent; however, what hath been already accomplished is a sufficient pledge and earnest of what is yet to come. We have seen the prediction of Hosea, who prophesied before the captivity of the ten tribes of Israel (iii. 4. 5) fulfilled in part, and why should not we believe that it will be fulfilled in the whole? I. 137, 138.

This event will take place (Newton afterwards observes, II. 395, &c.) about the time of the fall of the Othman empire (denoted by Ezekiel's Gog and Magog) and of the Christian Antichrist (referred to Dan. xi. 46. and xii. 7.) Then, in the full sense of the words, shall the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever (Rev. xi. 15.—See also xx. 4. &c. and Dan. vii. 26, 27.)

About the particulars of that kingdom our prudence and modesty are equally concerned to forbear inquiry; as they are points which the HOLY SPIRIT hath not thought fit to explain, and of which the perfect comprehension may perhaps constitute a part of the happiness of that period.
When urg'd by pride the rash Apostate toil'd,
With puny effort, so perchance to thwart
MESSIAH's plan: Him hurl'd from central depths
By arm divine the conglobated fire
Repell'd 16, as oft his daring hand resum'd
Th' abortive work. Whether (as some suppose
In light conjecture) the prophetic song,
Glittering with eastern metaphor, expect
Its certain end in New JERUSALEM—
Holiest of cities; or (as others frame
The surer inference, with scripture's voice
Combining circumstance) shall in the Old
Meet strict accomplishment: For still 17 they lack

16 Vid. JULIAN. Epist. xxv. Ιωναου την κοινη.
Ambitiosum quoddam apud Hierosolymam templum, quod post multa et
interneciva certamina obsidiente VESPASIANO posseaque TITO agrè est
expugnatum, instaurare sumptibus cogitabat immodicis:—Metuendi glori
flammariun propè fundamenta crebris assultibus erumpentes seère locum,
exustis aliquoties operantibus, inaccessum; hocque modo elemento definal-
tius repellente, cessavit inceptum. AMM. MARCELL. xxiii. i.

clxxxii. where, besides these two arguments in favour of the RESTO-
RATION OF THE JEWS TO PALESTINE, viz.
Completion; Shalmaneser's captives still,

Haply in Arfareth with frequent prayer

I. That the predictions have never yet been adequately fulfilled of any Jews; and

II. That the ten Tribes or Israelites, carried away captive by Shalmaneser (II Kings xviii. 2.) have never yet been restored at all, he alleges

III. That a double return seems to be foretold in several prophecies;

IV. That the prophets, who lived since the return from Babylon, have predicted a return in terms similar to those who went before; whence it follows that both classes must refer to some Restoration yet future; and,

V. That the Restoration of the Jews to their own land seems to be foretold also in the New Testament.

To these arguments, drawn from prophecy, he adds some concurrent evidences suggested by their existing circumstances:

1. That they are yet distinct from all the nations amongst which they reside;

2. That they are to be found dispersed in all the countries of the known world;

3. That, having no inheritance of land in any country, their property (money and jewels, &c.) admits of being easily transferred to Palestine;

4. That they are treated with contempt and cruelty everywhere;

5. That they correspond with one another throughout the world;

6. That most of them, by the Rabbinical Hebrew, have an universal medium of communication; and,

7. That they still hope and expect themselves to be restored.

This Restoration (he subjoins) may alarm mankind, and open their eyes; while, by affording an opportunity of a careful survey of Palestine, it may prove the genuineness and divine authority of the Scriptures.
Solicit Heaven to guide their wandering foot
To human haunt 18: Still, though dispers'd, distant—
So GOD pronounc'd—by no mild offices
Of Gentile courtesy attach'd abroad,
With wealth unfasten'd to an alien soil,
They still articulate Judæa's tones;
Still pant in patriot sympathy; and still
The hope of Restoration gilds the gloom
Of present banishment: With brighter hues
Glows the gay vision 'mid their long dark night,
And borrows brilliance from surrounding shade.

Pistorius, a Norwegian (in his notes and additions to Hart-ley, i. p. 706. &c.) after expressing his doubts of the destruction of all the present powers of the earth "by a fifth Monarchy or Millen-nium," &c. proceeds to vindicate the expectation of a future general Conversion and gathering of the Jews into the Church of CHRIST; proving, by many incontestable arguments, that Rom. xi. 26. cannot be understood of a spiritual Israel, or as having happened long ago: About their Restoration to Palestine he is lefs certain.

18 II Esdr. xiii. 40, 41, 45. &c.
And see! They come! Survey yon sweeping bands;
Countless as Persian bowmen, who beset
Freedom exulting on her Attic rock;
When Asia rous'd her millions to the war,
And sunk in all her pomp before the foe
Her vengeance fondly doom'd. With ranks as full,
But with more prosperous fates and purer joys
Than swell the warrior's breast, their destin'd march
The Hebrews bend, from where Hydaspes rolls
His storied tide; or cleave with holy prow
Th' Atlantic main, whose conscious surge reveres
Its buoyant load. No Spaniard plunderers they,
Allur'd by gold (whom will not gold allure?)
With dauntless foot to traverse new-found realms,
And plunge the wondering savage in the mine,
Where—guiltless then—the unfunn'd mischief slept:
No mad crusaders, by the Roman priest
Baptiz'd Invincible, with impious zeal
To combat Hali's turban'd race; and wade
A second time to *Palestine* through blood:
But call’d by *GOD* or from the western stream
Of *Plata*, or where *Ganges* pours his urn,
In love-knit league they throng. With guardian hand
*MESSIAH*, erst their nation’s deadliest hate,
Guides the returning host; and high in air
Waves the bright ensign of the Cross, that once
Led on th’ Imperial Christian to the fight,
And to his shrinking legions gave the field.

Separate no more their tribes: His scepter’d pride
*JUDAH* resigns; and *LEVI*’s hallow’d sons
Renounce the ephod, prompt in earlier times
To purge the public stain: For now they own
Their *SHILOH* come; nor longer, idly vain,
Assert the useless privilege of birth.

Then shall some patriot bard, to cheer their way,
With magic touch explore the trembling strings,
And breathe the sacred harmony around;
While, with past solitude contrasting still
Present society (so sweeter deem'd)
He cheats the summer day of half its hours:
Oft, to the harp in tuneful concert join'd,
Swells the glad voice; and oft, as on the ear
The music falls, they move in measur'd step
Responsive; while the joyous sounds deceive
Their lifted foot, and steal it from its toil.

Then too, as bursts upon his age-worn sight
The dazzling blaze of prophecy fulfill'd,
Shall some rapt Simeon raise the grateful song
And hail th'accomplishment: "LORD, now dismiss'd
"In peace thy servant sleeps; his eyes have seen
"ISRAEL RESTOR'D, and all thy people bless'd."
THE

DESTRUCTION

OF

BABYLON.

---

Savior armis

Luxuria incubuit.

Juv. Sat. vi. 292.
TO

GEORGE SMITH, ESQUIRE,

AS A TOKEN

OF

GRATITUDE FOR FAVOURS

(AT ONCE GREAT AND SEASONABLE)

WHICH

THE AUTHOR FEARS

HE MAY NEVER BE ABLE TO ACKNOWLEDGE

IN ANY MORE EFFECTUAL MANNER,

THE

FOLLOWING POETICAL ATTEMPT

IS RESPECTFULLY

INScribed.
ARGUMENT.

Exordium.—Time of the Destruction of BABYLON (seventy years after "the carrying away of the Jews")—CYRUS conquers Sardis; —and diverts the Euphrates.—BELSHAZZAR's Feast.—The army of Medes and Persians, under the conduct of two Babylonians (GORYAS and GADATAS) enters the city, along the channel of the river.—The capture—and present state of BABYLON.—Address to Rome, and London.—Conclusion.
AND art Thou then for ever set! Thy ray
No more to rise and gild the front of day,
Far-beaming Babylon? Those massive gates,
Through which to battle rush'd a hundred states;

1 The classical reader will not be sorry to find a conjecture of the learned Gilbert Wakefield, on the passage (Isai. xiv. 12.) whence this metaphor is taken, transcribed from his notes on Virg. Georg. ii. 97. which reflects great credit upon his ingenuity and erudition.

"—Thou that didst subdue the nations!"

—Quâ proprietate de stellâ matutinâ prædicari poteft, illam subjicere nationes: Nos sanè—quibus Hebraei textûs (præsertim in Prophetis et Hagiographiâ) penè infinitas corruptiones, veterum versiones tráctantibus, notare contiguit—minimè dubitamus errorem sublatere, ab inverso literarum ordine (ut solet) profuentem; quod minus illi
That cloud-topt wall, along whose giddy height
Cars strove with rival cars in fearless flight—
What! Could not all protect thee? Ah! In vain
Thy bulwarks frown'd defiance o'er the plain:
Fondly in antient majesty elate
Thou fat'ft, unconscious of impending fate:
Nor brazen gates, nor adamantine wall,
Could save a guilty people from their fall.

Was it for this those wondrous turrets rose,
Which taught thy feebled youth a scorn of foes?

mirabuntur, qui L. Capelli de his rebus librum evolverunt. Pro-
voce שולש, quæ nihilī est, substituimus שלוש vel שלוש, mittens, quœ mittebas; aut etiam שלוש, mittebaris. Tuœ & emendationis
nostœ fœtore tibi exhibemus, qui habent δοποζηλλον εις πισπια τα
אמוה: Hi igitur in exemplaribus suis legisse videntur על נל גוים
שלוש, qui mittebas per omnes gentes. Ad hunc demum
modum totam clausulam libentissimè refingeremus (et harum rerum
æquos æstimatores fortiter appellamus; cæteros enim, in Hebrais
literis planè hospites, nihil moramur nec nucis vitiosæ facimus)

השלוח מפרים על נל גוים
qui LUCEM MITTEBAS per omnes gentes.

Nihil elegantius, aut quod Hebraicæ poësis concinnitatem plenius
fapiat: nihil denique Propheta maxime sublimi dignius, &c.
For this that earth her mineral stores resign'd;
And the wan artist, child of sorrow, pin'd:
Destin'd, as Death crept on with mortal stealth,
And the flush'd hectic mimick'd rosy health;
'Mid gasping crowds to ply th' incessant loom,
While morbid vapours linger'd in the gloom?

Silent for seventy years, its frame unstrung,
On Syrian bough Judæa's harp had hung:
Deaf to their despots' voice, her tribes no more
Wak'd Sion's music on a foreign shore;
But oft, his tide where broad Euphrates rolls,
Felt the keen insult pierce their patriot souls:
And still, as homeward turn'd the longing eye,
Gush'd many a tear and issued many a sigh.
Yet not for ever flows the fruitless grief!
Cyrus and Vengeance fly to their relief.
Mark where He comes, th' Anointed of the Lord!
And wields with mighty arm his hallow'd sword.
Reluctant realms their fullen homage pay,
As on the heaven-led hero bends his way:
Opposing myriads press the fatal plain,
And Sardis bars her two-leav'd bras in vain;
Her secret hoards the hostile bands unfold,
And grasp with greedy joy the cavern'd gold.

Then to new fields they urge their rapid course,
And rebel states augment the swelling force:
Firm to their end 'mid scenes of rural love,
Unsoften'd by those scenes, the victors move:
And, as in lengthening line their ranks expand,
Spread wider ruin through the ravag'd land.

The azure day thus gathering clouds deform,
And gradual darkness speaks the coming storm:
Onward with deepen’d hue the tempest rolls,
With deepen’d burst the thunder rends the poles;
Near and more near the forky lightnings gleam,
While sudden torrents pour their turbid stream:
So its vast files the thickening phalanx joins,
And troop with troop in gloomier bond combines.

But Babylon th’ approaching war derides,
And shakes the harmless battle from her sides.
In vain the ram its vigorous shock applies;
The mines descend, th’ affailing towers arise:
Till Treason comes the baffled chief to aid,
And briefer arts succeed the long blockade.

With hardy sinew Persia’s labouring host
Wrest the huge river from his native coast;
And bid his flood its wonted track forego,
Twixt other banks through lands unknown to flow.
The task is done; and with obsequious tides

_Euphrates_ follows, as a mortal guides:

His surgeless channel, now a pervious vale,
Invites the foot where navies spread the sail;
And soon no barrier, but the eastern main,
Shall bound the conqueror's progress or his reign.

Thus, when from heaving _Ætna's_ restless caves
Impetuous Fire precipitates his waves,
The flaming ruin rushes on the plain;
And art and nature rear their mounds in vain.
Should some high-rampir'd town obstruct his course,
The red invader rises in his force:
Swells with dread increase o'er the adverse towers,
Then furious on the prostrate city pours;
And scornful of the check, and proudly free,
Extends his blazing triumph to the sea:
With refulent stream the straiten'd billows flow,
And yield new regions to th' insatiate foe.
Yet naught devoted Babylon alarms;
Domestic treason, or a world in arms.
'Mid her gay palaces and festal bowers
Flutter'd in sportive maze the rose-crown'd hours:
Loud burst the roar of merriment around,
While wanton dance light tripp'd it o'er the ground;
Echoed the song, and with voluptuous lay
The warbling lute beguil'd the soul away:
When, bent the long-drawn revelry to spy,
Hush'd in grim midnight Vengeance hover'd nigh.
Nor vain her care; by wine's soft power subdued
The courtly troop with gladden'd eye she view'd:
The frantic mob in drunken tumult lost,
The drowsy soldier nodding at his post,
The gate unclos'd, the desert wall survey'd;
And livid smiles her inward breast betray'd.

Quaff then, Belshazzar—quaff, Imperial Boy,
The luscious draught and drain the maddening joy;
To equal riot rouse thy languid board,
And bid the Satrap emulate his Lord.
With pencil'd lids 2, the scandal of their race,
Thy crowded halls a thousand princes grace:
Ill on such legs the warrior greaves appear,
Ill by such hands is grasp'd the deathful spear;
Fitter 'mid Syria's harlot train to move,
And wage in safer fields the wars of love.
Alternate rang'd (with faces not more fair,
Nor hearts more soft) that harlot train is there:
The virgin's wish her half-clos'd eyes impart,
And blushless matrons boast th' adulterous heart;

2 —κενοσμημενον και φθαλμουν σπουγραφ και χρωματος ευρισει
κ. τ. λ. ΧΕΝΟΡΦ. Κ. Π. α

Ambitiofam hanc ornatus rationem gentes Orientales, in luxum
effusiores, excogitarunt. Ita olim JEZEBELM, ut regiam præ se
ferret gravitatem, oculos suco ornâsse legitimus, II Reg. ix. 30. Ad
quem locum LXXII. habent εξιμισιατο τος φθαλμες, i. e. flibio
depinxit: Hoc enim lapide ideò in pingendis oculis homines decoris
nimium studiosi utebantur, quòd eos non nigravit tantum sed etiam
dilatavit: &c. (HUTCHINSON. ad loc.) —“Ob vim nempè astraris-
gendi (σφυλακ) contrahebat palpebras, et adeò oculos ipsos dilatati-
bat.” ZEUN.
On ardent wing the rank contagion flies,
Sigh heaves to sigh and glance to glance replies.
Let these th’ achievements of thy Gods rehearse,
Raise the lewd hymn and pour th’ unholy verse;
Proceed! With sacrilege enhance thy wine!
Let the vase circle, torn from Salem’s shrine.
Empire and wealth for thee unite their charms;
For thee bright beauty spreads her willing arms:
Who shall control thy raptures, or destroy?
Give then the night, the poignant night, to joy.

Ha! Why that start! Those horror-gleaming eyes!
That frozen cheek, whence life’s warm crimson flies!
That lip, on which th’ unfinish’d accents break!
Those hairs, erect with life! Those joints, that shake!
The wondrous hand, which stamps yon wall with flame,
Speaks the fear just that labours in thy frame;
As round it sheds self-mov’d the living ray,
Which mocks the luftre of thy mimic day.
Haste! Call thy seers; or, if their skill be vain,
Let Daniel's art the threatful lines explain:
Haste! For the prophet bring the scarlet vest;
If so, seduc'd, his words may soothe thy breast.
Ah! no: That phantom with the style of fate
Inscribes the doom of thee, thy race, thy state.
In curses then, rash Youth, the hour upbraided;
When first, by pleasure's meteor beam betray'd,
From virtue's path thy heedless foot declin'd,
And whelm'd in fordid sense the devious mind.
In vain! Even now is wrought the deed of death:
This moment ends thy glories and thy breath!
Above, beneath thee feasts th' infatiate worm;
Completes the murderer's rage, and dissipates thy form.

See where, twin sons of Vengeance and Despair,
March Gobryas and Gadatas: Hold, rash pair;
'Tis parricide! Can nothing then atone
Your private wrongs, save Babylon undone?
As monarchs smile or frown, shall patriot fire
With docile fervour flourish or expire?
No: When th' insulting Mede is at your gates,
And your pale country shakes through all her states;
For her your cherish'd enmity forego,
To wreak its fury on the public foe:
Renounce the hoarded malice of your breast,
And only struggle—who shall serve her best.

Hark! 'Tis the cry of conquest! Full and clear
Her giant voice invades the startled ear;
With death's deep groans the shouts of triumph rise:
The mingled clamour mounts the reddening skies.
From street to street the flames infuriate pour,
Climb the tall fane and gild the tottering tower:
In cumbrous ruin sink patrician piles,
And strew amid the dust their massive spoils;
While, with stern forms dilating in the blaze,
Danger and Terror swell the dire amaze.
Now yield those Gods, whom prostrate realms ador'd:
Though Gods, unequal to a mortal sword!
In awless state th' unworshipp'd idols stand,
And tempt with sacred gold the plunderer's hand.

Now bend those groves, whose floping bowers among
The Attic warbler trill'd her changeful song:
Their varied green where penfile gardens spread,
And Median foliage lent its grateful shade:
There oft, of courts and courtly splendour tir'd,
The fragrant gale Assyria's Queen respir'd;
With blameless foot through glades exotic rov'd,
And hail'd the scenes her happier prime had lov'd.

3 "Amyitis, the wife of Nebuchadnezzar, having been
bred in Media (for she was the daughter of Astyages, king
of that country) had been much taken with its mountainous and
woody parts, and therefore desired to have something like it at
Babylon; and, to gratify her herein, was the reason of erecting
this monstrous piece of vanity."

(Prideaux's Conn. of Hist. of O. and N. Teft. I. p. 102.
For an account of these hanging gardens, the walls, tower, &c. of
Babylon, see Id. ib. pp. 94—105.)
OF BABYLON.

Now floops that tower, from whose broad top the eye
Of infant Science pierc'd the midnight sky;
First dar'd 'mid worlds before unknown to stray,
Scann'd the bright wonders of the milky way;
And, as in endless round they whirl'd along,
In groups arrang'd and nam'd the lucid throng:
Nay, in their glittering aspects seem'd to spy
The hidden page of human destiny!
Vain all her study! In that comet's glare,
Which shook destruction from its horrid hair,
Of her sage train deep-vers'd in stellar law
Not one his country's haples fate foresaw;
No heaven-read priest beheld the deepening gloom,
Or with prophetic tongue foretold her doom.

Vocal no more with pleasure's sprightly lay
Her fretted roofs shall BABYLON display;
No more her nymphs in graceful band shall join,
Or trace with flitting step the mazy line:
But here shall Fancy heave the pensive sigh,
And moral drops shall gather in her eye;
As 'mid her day-dreams distant ages rise,
Glowing with nature's many-colour'd dies:
Resound the rattling car, th' innumerous feet,
And all the tumult of the breathing street;
The murmur of the busy, idle throng;
The flow of converse, and the charm of song 4:
Starting she wakes, and weeps as naught she sees
Save trackless marshes and entangled trees:
As naught she hears, save where the deathful brake
Rustling betrays the terrors of the snake;
Save, of the casual traveller afraid,
Where the owl screaming seeks a dunter shade;

4 Sir Brook Boothby in his Answer to Burke, speaking of the reflections that will suggest themselves upon the view of Versailles in its present condition, has the following fine passage: "The silence will be disturbed by sounds, that are no longer heard; and the solitude peopled by the brilliant forms, that shall no longer glide over its polished floors."
OF BABYLON.

Save where, as o'er th' unsteadfast fen the roves,
The hollow bittern shakes th' encircling groves.

Hear then, proud Rome, and tremble at thy fate!
The hour will come, nor distant is its date
(If right was caught the prophet's mystic strain,
Which aw-struck Patmos echoed o'er the main)
The hour, which holy arts in vain would slay,
That prone on earth thy gorgeous spires shall lay;
And, with their vain magnificence, destroy
Thy long illusion of imperial joy.

And thou, Augusta, hear "in this thy day;"
For once, like thee, loft Babylon was gay:
With thee wealth's taint has seiz'd the vital part,
As once with her, and gangrenes at the heart.
Profusion, Avarice, flying hand in hand,
Scatter prolific poisons o'er the land;
The teeming land with noxious life grows warm,
And reptile mischiefs on its surface swarm:
Like hers, or deaf or faithless to the vow
Of honest passion are thy daughters now:
With well-feign'd flame th' obedient maidens wed,
If wealth or birth adorn the venal bed.

5—"I understand that in this island of Great Britain, at the time
"I am now writing, Birth is the first virtue and Money the
"second: Some indeed may dispute the precedence; but all will
"allow that one or both are *fine quâ nons*, without which virtue is
"not." Hermsprong, II. p. 205.

The novel whence this description of female interestedness is
taken, exhibiting *Man as he is not*, proceeds from the same pen
which about four years ago produced *Man as he is*: They are both
works of extraordinary merit. In this character even their "twenty
thousand fair readers" (notwithstanding the above extract) will, I
doubt not, feel themselves disposed by the innocent bribery of a
more conciliating quotation to concur very cordially:

—"We are, like unhallowed satirists, involving in one promiscuous
"cenzure all the fair daughters of men. Let us be more just. They
"are our equals in understanding, our superiors in virtue: They
"have foibles, where men have faults; and faults, where men have
"crimes: In the gaiety of conversation it may be allowed (and—
"the author might have added—*in the fervour of poetry*, of which
"Synecdoche is a principal figure) at least it will be assumed, to put
"the whole for a part, perhaps a small part; but it would be wise in
"man, when he makes the errors of woman his contemplation, not
"to forget his own." II. p. 175.
Then—ere a second moon, more fix'd than they,
With changing beam the jointur'd brides survey—
Madly they fly where appetite inspires,
Dart the unhallow'd glance and burn with real fires.

Thy sons like hers, a fickle fluttering train,
Th' illustrious honours of their name profane;
Stake half a province on the doubtful die,
And mark the fatal cast without a sigh:

For the subjoined sonnet on The Corruption of Manners, which seems not inapposite to this place, I am indebted to the friendship of C. Marsh, Esq. of the Temple.

TYRANT of pomp, and pride! Chill'd by whose sway
Youth's blossoms fade; and all that fancy wrought—
The towering fabric of exalted thought;
And human mind, that cleaves to heaven its way:

Thou smil'st, that Britain's nervous race decay;
Tho' once in virtue's brightest fields they fought,
Tho' once their blood a nation's blessings bought:
Now, the frail insects of a summer day,

They fly regardless of the coming storms;
Those storms shall come! Nurs'd in your lurid sky
Soon shall they sweep away the sickly forms,
That now dissolv'd in perfum'd slumbers lie:

Heedless alas! that, while the sun-beam warms,
The blast that chills their little lives is nigh.
Their heavier hours th' intemperate bowl beguiles,
Wakes the dull blood and lights lascivious smiles;
Then in the stews they court th' impure embrace,
Drink deep disease and mar the future race.

Far other Britons antient Gallia view'd,
When her dead chiefs the plains of Crecy strew'd;
Proud of such heroes, and by such rever'd,
In that blest age far other dames appear'd:
Blest age, return; thy sternness soften'd down,
Charm with our better features and thine own!
Come; but resign those glories of the field,
The gleaming falchion and the storied shield:
Renounce the towery menace of thy brow,
Which frown'd despair on vassal crowds below;
And true to order, and of all the friend,
To varied rank unvarying law extend,
Ah! In the snowy robe of Peace array'd,
Led by the Virtues of the rural shade,
Return, and let advancing Time behold
Regenerate man, and other years of gold.

Then shall no feuds our triple realm divide,
No traitor point the dagger at its side;
But each with patriot toils his hours shall crown,
And in his country's welfare find his own.
SMALLER POEMS, &c.
Tempore quo primùm vestis mihi tradita pura est,
Jucundum cùm ëtas florïda ver agëret,
Multù satis lúsi: non est Dea nescìa nostri,
Quæ dulcem curìs miscet amaritiem.

Catull. lxvi. 15.
"Much on my early youth I love to dwell,"
When by my father's side, a stripling boy,
I paced with steps unequal; fain to tell
Of some new-practised game, some new-bought toy.

How oft with bliss, which later days deny,
My Prattling tongue its story would repeat!
Bounding beneath his tender smile, how high
With blameless pride my filial heart would beat!

O for those hours of ecstasy again,
Which thus on life's sweet prime their lustre shed!
The radiant season I invite in vain,
With second beam to gild this orphan head:

It comes not twice. Nor boots it to repine;
I with his ashes soon may mingle mine.
FATHER of All! in every age,
   In every clime adored;
By saint, by savage, and by sage;
   JEHOVAH, JOVE, or LORD!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood!
   Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
   And that myself am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
   To know the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
   Left free the human will.
IMITATED.

Pater Universi, sæculis in omnibus
O culte, et omnes per plagas;
Sanctisque dīste, barbaris, sapientibus
Jehova, Jupiter, Deus!

Te, Prima rerum Causa, mente consequi
Est neminis, sedum meum;
Solūm, in tenebris ipse vix viam regens
Cæcusque, Te agnosco bonum:

Pravoque quod dederis probum dignoscere;
Fatoque naturam ligans
Nunquam soluto, liberum simul homini
Arbitrium permiseris.
What conscience dictates to be done,

Or warns me not to do;

This teach me more than hell to shun,

That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,

Let me not cast away;

For God is paid, when man receives:

'T enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span

Thy goodness let me bound:

Or think Thee Lord alone of man,

When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand

Presume thy bolts to throw;

And deal damnation round the land,

On each I judge thy foe.
Quod suaerit mihi, quod et diffusaerit
Præfaga conscientia;
Hoc vel gehennâ fac, Deus, fugiam magis,
Illud màgis cælo sequar.

Quotquot benignitas Tua ingerat, precor,
Des gratus ut capiam bona:
Solvit Deo quicunque enim dignè accipit;
Obsequitur is, qui scit frui.

Nec Te tamen telluris, ah! pusillimæ,
Solius adfirim Patrem:
Neve hominibus folis datum Tibi obsequi,
Tot millia inter orbium.

Manus hæc suas cohìbeat imbellis minas;
Neu jaëtët impar fulmina
In omnium capita, Tui quos duxerim
Hostes, ferox atque insciens.
If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to slay:
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,

Or impious discontent
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others shew,
That mercy shew to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath:
O lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.
Si recta quam dudum tero, Pater, via est,
   Tu quæso eandem fac.teram:
Erraticus sin divager, recta meos
   Tu quæso dirigas pedes.

Quicquid negâtit vel Tua sapientia,
   Vel caritas indulserit;
Hoc ne datum leveh excitet superbiam,
   Illud negatum murmura.

Aliena fac ut usque defleam mala,
   Aliena peccata ut tegam;
Quamque ipse cæteris adhibuerim, mihi
   Redhibeto misericordiam.

Vilis licet sim, non tamen vilissimus,
   Cùm spiritus me alat Tuus:
Greffus meos, five hora detur longior,
   Sive ultima adsit, O regas!
This day be bread and peace my lot;
    All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestowed, or not;
    And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
    Whose altar earth, sea, skies;
One chorus let all beings raise,
    All nature's incense rise!

POPE.
Panem mihi pacemque lux hæc afferat;
De cæteris securior,
Permitto Tibi quid conveniat expendere,
Tua ut voluntas deñinet.

Te, Summe, cui templum omnis æther quà patet,
Cui terra mareque ara, et polus;
Quò pollet ore quisque certatim canat,
Natura cuncta concinat!
Sic te Diva potens Cypri,
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat pater,
ObfritÆdis aliis præter Japyga;
Navis, quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium, finibus Atticis
Reddas incolumem precor,
Et Æræ animæ dimidium meæ.
Illi robur et Æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago rātem
Primus, nec timuit præcipitem Africum
Decertantem Aquilonibus,
Nec tristes Hyadas, nec rabiem Noti:
Quo non arbiter Adriæ
Major, tollere ceu ponere vult freta.
Quem mortis timuit gradum,
Qui ficcis oculis monstrá natantia,
Qui vidit mare turgidum, et
Infames scopulos Acroceràunia?
Nequicquam Deus abscecidit
Prudens Oceano disociabili
TO THE POST-CHARIOT OF A FRIEND,
GOING ABROAD.

O MAY Auriga's* lucid star,
Direct thee, Chariot, on thy way;
Whose whirling wheels from England far
To southern climes my friend convey:
And may no shock his ease invade
From snapping spring, or linch-pin lost;
No crack, save those by post-boys made,
Till Bernard's ice-crown'd cliff be crost.

Steel were his nerves, his sinews bras,
Who first with vaulting footstep rose
Sublime; and from the virgin-pas
Look'd down upon eternal snows:
Who, by the raving storm unscared,
'Mid Alpine precipices strode;
The thundering mass unflinching heard,
And dauntless traced the desperate road.
In vain, to chariot-wheels denied,
The crags their glittering horrors raise;

* A considerable star in this constellation, called Capella, is designed (one would suppose) for the guidance of those, who traverse mountains chiefly known to the goat.
Terras, si tamen impiae
Non tangenda rates transfliunt vada.
Audax omnia perpeti
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas:
Audax Iapeti genus
Ignem fraude malâ gentibus intulit.
Post ignem ætheriâ domo
Subduéturn, macies et nova febrium
Terris incubuit cohors;
Semotique prius tarda necessitas
Leti corripuit gradum.
Expertus vacuum Dædalus aëra
Pennis non homini datis:
Perrupit Acheronta Herculeus labor.
Nil mortalibus arduum est:
Cœlum ipsum petimus Æultitiâ; neque
Per nostrum patimur scelus
Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina.
If skittish mules may climb their side,
   And plod secure the air-hung ways.
But man forbidden paths will tread:
   Columbus thus, of Japheth sprung,
From virtue's simple sons convey'd
   The fire, whose name would taint my song.
Hence the shrunk shank, and carious bone,
   Accelerate Nature's slow decay;
And Death, no longer hobbling on,
   His ancient crutches slings away.
Montgolfier thus thro' vacant air,
   Elate on buoyant pinion soar'd;
And Spalding thus, too prompt to dare,
   Old ocean's wreck-strew'd bed explored.
To wildest flights wild man aspires:
   Here Paine would scale th' eternal walls;
And there, as Franklin points his wires,
   Disarm'd th' indignant lightning falls.
WITH rapid wing our fairest years move on:

I sigh, my Myra, as again I sing—

Our fairest years move on with rapid wing,

Till all the loveliness of life is gone.

Few are our joys, and fleeting; ere they fly,

Seize their brief grace! Not distant is the date

(Trust me, dear maid) when even thy bloom shall die,

Or scathed by chance, or chased by hurrying fate:

Too soon that "eye's blue languish" will expire;

And mute too soon will sleep that tuneful tongue,

On whose soft sounds entranced attention hung,

As with its melody it shamed the lyre.

Then, ah! my Myra, ere those charms decay,

Give them to love: Even now they haste away!
SMALLER POEMS.

SONG.

I.

SAY, fond lover, is thy mind

By the gentle Muse refin'd?

Haft thou skill to strike the lyre

With thine own Apollo's fire?

Think not so the maid to move;

Hopeless is a Poet's love:

Rich and high-born dotards tear

From thine arms the venal fair.

II.

Haply health's unborrow'd hues

O'er thy cheek their bloom diffuse;

And thy graceful limbs outvie

Phidian forms in symmetry:

Ah! To Albion's fordid train

Youth and beauty sue in vain:

Rich and high-born dotards tear

From thine arms the venal fair.
Though the Muse inspire thy breast;
On thy face though wonder rest,
Wildly gazing; and thy frame
Rival Gracia's proudest fame;—
Sigh unheard, unpitied pine,
If nor rank nor wealth be thine:
Rich and high-born dotards tear
From thine arms the venal fair.
SMALLER POEMS.

EPIGRAMS.

Ou to μεγά ευ εςι, το δε ευ μεγα.

I.

Ἀν μεν "ἐπὶ νυφαδεσσίν εοικοτα χαίμερηιν;"  
ΜΑΚΡΟΦΙΛΕΣ, ζοὶ ἀδεὶ, ἐν ἐπιγραμμαθ' ἀδεὶ;  
"Παῦξα γαρ ἄλλα μαλα λυγεως;" ἐπιγραμμαθ' ἐπιε,  
Και μεγαλ' ἀδια λιαν τυλθα πει οντ' ελαζεν;  
Εἰθ' ειναι Μενελαος εγα, ζυ δε δεις Οδυσσεις;  
'Ως αν εμοι Γαβατη χενσεα δωξα φεσοι.

* Hom. II. Ῥ. 222.
† Id. ib. 214.

II.

Perlegit Eutrapelus libros malē sedulus omnes, 
Nec grave sopito corpore cessat opus;  
Scilicet in somnis sibi nocte videtur eisdem  
Volvere, quos longā volverat antē die:  
Definat infelix, magnis neu perfet in ausis;  
Et, multa ut possit discere, pauca legat.

CANTABRIGIÆ, in Comitiis Maximis,  
Jul. 1787.
WHEN first the siren Beauty's face
My wandering eye survey'd;
Unmov'd I saw each fraudful grace,
That 'round th' enchantress play'd:

And still, with careless mien elate,
Defied the Paphian's wile;
As ambush'd in a look he sate,
Or couch'd beneath a smile:

And still to rove I madly vow'd
Along the dangerous way,
Secure—where other boasters bow'd
Before the tyrant's sway.
LUMINA cût primûm (memini) juvenilia strinxit
Virgineo quicquid ludit in ore decus,
Tutus ab illecebris veneres mirabar inermes:
A nobis famam nulla puella tulit.

Hinc animo audaci nimiûm vultuque superbo
Spernebam Paphii mollia tela Dei;
Seu roseo insídiás struxit malè fidus in ore,
Seu risus inter retia texit Amor.

Sæpè quidem dixi, fallacis nescius auræ,
Me tutò angustam posse tenere viam:
Imprudens nimiûm! qui me tam sæpè negavi,
Cætera qui vincit, vincere posse Deum.
Nor learn'd my breast to heave the sigh,
   Or pour the secret heart;
'Till Myra from her beamy eye
   Dispatch'd th' unerring dart:

"Fly, fatal shaft" (with cruel zeal
   The conscious murderer's cried)
"And teach yon haughty boy to feel
   "The anguish due to pride.'"

To soothe the soul-subduing pain
   Awhile I fondly strove;
But combated, alas! in vain,
   Th' omnipotence of love.

Then ah! at length, stern power, forbear;
   Thy wrath at length forego:
Enough my youth has felt of care,
   Enough has tasted woe;
SMALLER POEMS.

Nam neque adhuc nôram trîtes profundere quêtus,

Nec nôram querulæ tangere fila lyræ;

Cûm Mîra ex oculis, Phæbei fulgûris instar,

Mîsit vindictæ tela ministra suæ:

"I, fuge (fatalis clamavit conscia plagæ)

"I, pete (ait) durum, fida sagitta, latus.

"Hinc tandem, hinc discat nostrî contemptor oportet

"Quæ sint fœmineâ vulnera missâ manu."

Pectoris ut fævos possem sanare dolores,

Tentavi medicâ quicquid in arte fuit;

Sed frustrâ petii duro me opponere morbo,

Ah! medicâ non est arte fugandus Amor.

Improve, parce, puer, pennato sternere ferro;

In me fatales define ferre minas:

Præteritos egi non tam feliciter annos;

Expertâ est varias nostra juventa vices.
Or if, ordain'd by stubborn fate,

I drag th' eternal chain;

Doom'd, as I bend beneath its weight,

To court relief in vain:

To Myra equal toil impart,

On her thy pang bestow;

Thrill with love's agony her heart,

And bid her suffer too.
Sin, quæ dispensant mortalia filæ, forores

Imposito prohibent solvere colla jugo;

Si me fata jubes æternam ferre catenam,

Nec prodest votis sollicitasse Deos—

Tu saltèm Miræ parilem, puer, incute plagam;

Languescat, quæso, vulnere nympha pari:

Hæc quoque cognoscat quid sit succumbere amori,

Transadigatque animas una fagitta duas.
Quaeritis, unde mihi toties scribantur amores?  
Unde meus veniat mollis in ora liber?  
Non mi Calliope, non haec mihi cantat Apollo;  
Ingenium nobis ipsa puella facit.

Propert. II. i. i.

By many sorrows pierc'd before,

In early youth I bow'd;

Nor least the pang my bosom bore,

When love's first fury glow'd:

'Till her harsh medicine Despair,

Severely kind, apply'd;

Tugg'd at the shaft with friendly care,

And wrung it from my side:

Stern is her art, but sure to heal

Love's woes (those woes abound!)

If memory with officious zeal

Vex not the closing wound.
And shall again insidious Hope
   With siren voice beguile?
Twice must I with the terrors cope,
   That throng a woman's smile?

Upon that fair and faithless main,
   Where my young heart was tost,
Shall I embark—to be again
   In second ruinlost?

Oyes. I reck not, let it come;
   Love's tempest I defy:
With conscious rashness court my doom,
   And dare—although I die.
SMALLER POEMS.

HENDECASYLLABI.

AD BRUNTONAM

et Grantâ exituram.

NOSTRI præsidium et decus theatri,
O tu Melpomenes feverioris
Certè filia! Quam decore formæ
Donavit Cytherea; quam Minerva
Duxit per dubiae vias juventæ,
Per plausus populi periculosos,
Nec lapsam—precor Æ nec in futurum
Lapsuram:—fatis at Camœna dignis
Quae te commemoret modis? Acerbos
Seu proferre MONIMIAE dolores,
Frater cum vetitos (nefas!) ruebat
In fratris thalamos parùmque caflo
Vexabat pede; sive JULIETTÆ
Luftantes odio paterno amores
MAID of unboastful charms! whom white-rob'd Truth
Right onward guiding through the maze of youth,
Forbade the Circe Praise to witch thy soul;
And dash'd to earth th' intoxicating bowl:
Thee meek-ey'd Pity, eloquently fair,
Clasp'd to her bosom with a mother's care;
And, as she lov'd thy kindred form to trace,
The slow smile wander'd o'er her pallid face.

For never yet did mortal voice impart
Tones more congenial to the sadden'd heart:
Whether, to rouse the sympathetic glow,
Thou pourest lone Monimia's tale of woe;
Or haply cloathest with funereal vest
The bridal loves that wept in Juliet's breast.
Mavis fingere: te sequuntur Horror,
Arrectusque comas Pavor; vicissim
In fletum populus jubetur ire,
Et suspiria perfonant theatrum.

Mox divinior enitefcis, altrix
Altoris vigil et parens parentis:
At non Gracia sola vindicabit
Paternae columnae decusque vitae
Natam; restat item patri Britanno
Et par EUPHRASIAE puella*, quamque
Ad scenam pietas tulit paternam.

O BRUNTONA, citò exitura virgo
Et visu citò subtrahenda nostro,
Breves deliciae dolorque longus!

* Quippe quae (clausis in urbe, ob Ducis Cumbrensis mortem, theatris) in arenam municipalem, ubi pater tunc temporis ludos scenicos edebat, descendere non erubuerit.
O'er our chill limbs the thrilling Terrors creep,
Th' entranced Passions their still vigil keep;
While the deep sighs, responsive to the song,
Sound through the silence of the trembling throng.

But purer raptures lighten'd from thy face,
And spread o'er all thy form an holier grace;
When from the daughter's breasts the father drew
The life he gave, and mix'd the big tear's dew.

Nor was it thine th' heroic strain to roll
With mimic feelings foreign from the soul:
Bright in thy parent's eye we mark'd the tear;
Methought he said, "Thou art no Actress here!
"A semblance of thyself the Grecian dame,
"And Brunton and Euphrasia still the same!"
Gressum fístē parumper, oro; teque
Virtutesque tuas lyrâ lōnandas
Tradet Granta fuis vicissim alumnis.

Cantabrigiae, iii. Cal. Oct. MDCCXC.
O soon to seek the city's busier scene,
Pause thee awhile, thou chaste-ey'd maid serene!
'Till Granta's sons from all her sacred bowers
With grateful hand shall weave *Pierian* flowers
To twine a fragrant chaplet round thy brow,
Enchanting ministrress of virtuous woe! *

* This translation was sent to Miss Bruntorn, sister of the lady (Mrs. Merry) who is the subject of the original verses, with the following lines, which I shall be excused for inserting:

That darling of the Tragic Muse—
When Wrangham sung her praise,
*Thalia* lost her rosy hues
And sicken'd at his lays:

But transient was th' unwonted sigh;
For soon the Goddes spied
A sister form of mirthful eye,
And danc'd for joy and cried:

"Meek Pity's sweetest child, proud dame,
"The fates have given to you!
"Still bid your Poet boast her name;
"I have my Bruntorn too."
PROLOGUE to CATO.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene and be what they behold;—
For this the tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age:
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.

Our Author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love we but our weakness shew,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
PROLOGUS.

Ut sensus tragicâ excitaret arte,
Mores fingeret, ingenîque venam
Ditaret; foret unde, quod videbat,
Gens humana; fibique sìa virtus
Scenas conscia permearet omnes;—
Primùm fuðtinuit gravi cothurno
Suras Melpomene indui, et ciere
Cunctorum lacrymas: trucem tyrannus
Adspectum posuit, genasque furtim
Non suo obstupuit madere fletu.

Vulgari refugit Poeta plestro
Heroum canere arma (quippe trïlis
Vices ambitio suas meretur)
Imbelli neque plorat usque queðtu
Amores juvenumque virginumque;
Hic fons nobilior: CATO ipse quales
He bids your breasts with antient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws;
What PLATO thought, and godlike CATO was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys;
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state!
While CATO gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him aft, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Even when proud CÆSAR 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain and impotently great,
Shew'd Rome her CATO's figure drawn in state;
As her dead father's reverend image pass'd,
The pomp was darken'd and the day o'ercast;
Fudit pro patriâ ruente, Nofter
Educit lacrymas; furore prisco
Accenditque animos, genamque guttis
*Romanis* docet imbui *Britannam*.
Virtus scilicet híc videnda formâ
Humanâ! Híc *PLATO* mente quod creavit,
*CATO* quod fuit! En, quod ipse Divûm
Rex spectaculum amaverit, procellis
Luœstantem patriæ virum; cadentemque,
Hæc cum concideret! Suis *CATONEM*
Dantem jura, quis haud amore flagrat,
Ut vidit, patriæ? quis haud agenti
Plaudit? quis simul et mori, gementem
Quicunque audìt, haud avet? Triumphat
Dum *CÆSAR* spolia inter, atque victos
Ostentat populo duces (superbæ
Heu! mentis nimiùm impoten‡que faustûs)
Turba ut fortè sui *CATONIS* ire
The triumph ceas'd: Tears gush'd from every eye;
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by:
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend: Be worth like this approv'd,
And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued;
Our scene precariously subsists too long.
On French translation and Italian song:
Dare to have sense yourselves. Assert the stage;
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

Pope.
Cernunt effigiem, dies tenebris
Vifa horrescere publicisque pompa
Desleri lacrymis: canente nullâ
Io voce Triumpe, victor orbis
Solus secum ovat: ultimum suorum
Mavult Roma dolere; CAESARIique
Minor gloria quam fuit CATONI.

Hunc tu foveris: hic tuos, Britanni
Quisquis nomine gaudeas, moveto
Plaufus. Non potuit CATO ille Major
Urbem ferre scientiâ inquinatam
Græcâ: Gallica nos satis theatra,
Fractæque ex Italo ore cantilenæ
Ceperunt; fapiat fibi, atque scena
Æstü jam patrio fremat: Britannis
Isthæc fabula convenit, severus
Quam non ipse CATO audiens ruberet.
COME here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be
That boost'lt to love as well as me;
And, if thy breast have felt so wide a wound,
Come hither and thy flame approve:
I'll teach thee what it is to love,
And by what marks true passion may be found.

It is to be all bath'd in tears,
To live upon a smile for years,*
To lie whole ages at a beauty's feet;
To kneel, to languish, to implore,
And still—though she disdain—adore:
It is to do all this, and think thy sufferings sweet.

*Shakspeare has given us similar characteristics of this passion:
It is to be made all of sighs and tears;
It is to be all made of faith and service;
It is to be made all of fancy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty and observance;
SMALLER POEMS.

IMITATED.

I.

FERRE parem nostris qui te, puer, ignibus ignem
Jaētas—si caleat quis tamen igne pari;
Infelix, tua vota refer: referam ipse vicissim,
Quid sit Amor; pateat qualibus ille notis.

II.

Est—unum in toto risum depascier annos;
Est—volvi in lacrymas; fundere vota, preces:
Ante pedes semper volvi et languere puellæ;
Si fugit illa, sequi—sic cupere usque sequi.

All humbleness, all patience and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all observance.

As you like it, act v. sc. 2.

In a French writer we find a parallel description:

Par son respect l'Amour vrai se declare;
C'est lui qui craint, qui se fait, qui s'égare;
Qui d'un regard fait son suprême bien,
Défere tout, prétend peu, n'use rien.

† Brama affai, poco spera, nulla chiede.

Le Tasse.
It is to gaze upon her eyes
With eager joy and fond surprise—
Yet temper'd with such chaste and awful fear,
As wretches feel who wait their doom;
Nor must one ruder thought presume,
Though but in whispers breath'd, to meet her ear.

It is to hope, though hope were lost,
Though Heaven and earth thy wishes cross'd;
Though she were bright as sainted queens above,
And thou the least and meanest swain
That folds his flock upon the plain,
Yet—if thou dar'st not hope—thou dost not love.

It is to quench thy joy in tears,
To nurse strange thoughts and groundless fears;
If pangs of jealousy thou hast not prov'd,
Though she were fonder and more true
Than any nymph old poets drew,
O never dream again that thou hast lov'd.
III.

Eft—in virgineo defixum haerere obtutu;

Pectora dum cohibet (ceu peritura) timor,

Ne quà fortè procax vel ab imo corde susurrus

Auriculas stringat commaculetque genas.

IV.

Eft—spe dimissà, non desperare; resistant

Si votis homines, si Deus ipse, tuis:

Illà licèt Venerem superet, tuque infimus, acris

Ni te spes foveat—non tibi notus Amor.

V.

Eft—lacrymas inter gaudere, et gaudia luctu

Miserè; est paètâ contremere usque fide:

Namque licèt castâ sit castior illa Dianà,

Ni fic horrueris—non tibi notus Amor.
If, when the darling maid is gone,
Thou dost not seek to be alone
Wrapt in a pleasing trance of tender woe;
And muse and fold thy languid arms,
Feeding thy fancy on her charms,
Thou dost not love—for love is nourish'd so.

If any hopes thy bosom share,
But those which love has planted there,
Or any cares but his thy breast enthrall;
Thou never yet his power hast known:
Love sits on a despotic throne,
And reigns a tyrant*—if he reigns at all.

Now, if thou art so lost a thing,
Hither thy tender sorrows bring;
And prove, whose patience longest can endure:
We'll strive whose fancy shall be toss'd
In dreams of fondest passion most;
For, if thou thus hast lov'd, oh! never hope a cure.

Mrs. Barbauld.

* "The divine right of beauty is the only one an Englishman ought to acknowledge, and a pretty woman the only tyrant he is not authorised to resist." Jun.
vi.

Dumque absit—ni percupias tecum esse, viaisque
Sæpiús ambiguis incomitatus eas—
Nescio quid tenerum meditans et totus in illud,
Quicquid id est, raptus—non tibi notus Amor.

vii.

Sique tuum pectus contingat speve metusve,
Quæ tibi non dederit blandus et asper Amor ;
Hinc procul, erro levis! nondum urere: cuncta tyrannus
Nam regit imperio, cùm regit, iste fero.

viii.

Atqui si fueris, puer, ah! tam perditus, adīs ;
Ut, quid uterque gemit, discere uterque queat :
Quisquis enim quancunque ita perditè amaveris, unquam
(Crede) medela mali non erit ulla tui.
IMPRONPTU;
Spoken between the third and fourth acts of Mrs. Cowley's Tragedy, entitled THE FALL OF SPARTA.

So great thy art—that, while we view'd
Of Sparta's sons the lot severe,
We caught the Spartan fortitude;
And saw their woes—without a tear.

Parsons.

LINES
Addressed to Lady Miller, on the Urn at Bath-Easton.

Miller, the Urn in antient times ('tis said)
Held the collected ashes of the dead;
So thine, the wonder of these modern days,
Stands open night and day for lifeless lays:
Leave not unfinish'd then the well-form'd plan,
Complete the work thy classic taste began;
And oh! in future, ere thou dost inurn 'em,
Remember first to raise a pile—and burn 'em.

Jekyll.
IMITATED.

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta;
Quale sopor —

VIRG. Ecl. v. 45.

DURA nimis SPARTE pingis dum fata ruentis,
Stratosque ostendis, corpora magna, duces;
Virtutem nosmet spectando haurimus et ipsi
Spartanam,—inque genas lacryma nulla cadit.

IMITATED.

OSSA prius veterum, sic dicitur, Urna recept;
Verfus exsangues nunc eadem Urna capit:
Adde, operi solum id restat quod deficit, ignem;
Quoque cremes versus, fit (precor) antè rogus.

H
Ils ne sont plus ces jours délicieux,
Où mon amour respectueux et tendre
A votre cœur savoit se faire entendre;
Où vous m’aimiez, où nous étions heureux!

Vous adorer, vous le dire et vous plaire,
Sur vos désirs régler tous mes désirs—
C’était mon sort, j’y bornois mes plaisirs;
Aimé de vous, quels vœux pouvois-je faire?

Tout est changé : quand je suis près de vous,
Triste et sans voix vous n’avez rien à dire;
Si quelquefois je tombe à vos genoux,
Vous m’arrêtez avec un froid fourrière,
Et dans vos yeux s’allume le courroux.

Il fut un temps (vous l’oubliez peut-être !)
Où j’y trouvois cette molle langueur,
Ce tendre feu que le désir fait naître,
Et qui survit au moment de bonheur.

Tout est changé, tout—excepté mon cœur!
TRANSLATED.

FLÉD is that season of delight,
In which my heart from morn 'till night
Its simple story joy'd to tell;
And you approv'd, and—all was well.

To love, and in your offer'd ear
Breathe (not unheard) the hope-mix'd fear—
Such was my happy lot of yore;
Such lot, alas! is mine no more.

Now all is chang'd; if at your feet
My tender passion I repeat,
With dull cold smile you bid me rise;
While anger flashes from your eyes.

Those eyes once Love and young Desire
With softer radiance could inspire:
Mild luftre once their orbs could dart;
Now all is chang'd—except my heart!
ON LEAVING A FAVOURITE RESIDENCE.

farewell! And with thee too adieu,
Joys left as soon as tasted! They are gone,
Even like some pleasant dream by hafted dawn
Scar'd from the lover's pillow: Fast they flew,

And long will they be absent. I meanwhile
(Sooth'd by the memory of the white-arm'd maid,
With whom among thy moonlight scenes I stray'd)
With melancholy minstrelsy beguile

The lonely hour. But me whate'er betide,
Whether on life's tempestuous ocean toft
Hopeless I view the still-retiring coast,
Or my frail bark propitious Tritons guide

Through smiling seas—on Her may prosperous fate,
With its long train of changeless raptures, wait!
SMALLER POEMS.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

GROVES, that of late I lov'd so well, adieu!

Dear to my soul, accept its parting sigh:
Yet oft shall Memory your lost shades review,
Still shall you flourish to her faithful eye.

There was a time when through your bowers to rove,
And with untutor'd fingers touch the lyre;
My breast unvisited of other love,
Than such as Phœbus and his train inspire,

Delighted me. Ah! Time of bliss, return
With healing on thy wings!—In vain I cry:
Destin'd in hopeless misery to mourn,
In vain I roam beneath another sky;

And 'mid new scenes the fugitive explore:
For joy shall solace this sad heart no more.
MATLOCK, as through thy cliff-sprung woods I rove
(Still pausing, while I muse on Youth's brief day:
How fast his shadowy raptures fleet away;
How oft his heart, that seat of faithful love,
Is doom'd to love in vain) my anguish'd mind
Sighs to behold in spiral eddies round
Thy foliage, scatter'd by the wild Northwind,
With faded verdure strew the fallow ground.

—But 'tis the season's wreck: Not unforeseen,
The deepening tempest howls in Autumn's ear;
Me the storm blasted, ere I learn'd to fear
Its fatal rage, while yet my leaf was green:

Scarce had my May begun her soft career,
When stern December clos'd the hafty year:
IN times so long past (though I still am but young)

That I scarcely their transports can trace,
Enraptur'd I caught the soft lisp of thy tongue;
And totter'd—for then I but totter'd—along,

To clasp thee in childish embrace.

As we grew up together, each day I beheld,

With feelings unkindled before,
Thy yesterday's beauties by new ones excell'd;
Nor, boy as I was, from those beauties withheld
My heart:—Could I offer thee more?

Even now, when the fever of youth is gone by,

And I glow with more temperate fire,
Delighted I dwell on thy foul-beaming eye;
And, heaving perhaps still too ardent a sigh,

Survey thee with chasten'd desire.

Oh! come then and give me, dear Maiden, thy charms;

For life is alas! on the wing:
Our summer ere long will be fled; in these arms
Let me shield thee, my Fair One, from winter's alarms:

Oh! listen to love, while 'tis spring.
ADDRESS TO A LADY,
WITH A PRINT OF CORNELIA.

WHEN Rome was yet in antient virtue great,
Ere tyrant Cæsars had unnerv'd the state;
Proud of her toilette's wealth, a modish Fair
The costly hoard to fam'd Cornelia bare:
And, having press'd it on her cold survey,
With conscious triumph claim'd a like display.
Soon as from school her boys, the Gracchi, came;
"Behold my jewels (cried the happy Dame)
These are the gems a mother most should prize,
These glitter brightest to maternal eyes."
Her inmost soul confounded at the view,
The self-admonish'd visitant withdrew.

Such were the matrons virtuous Rome admir'd:
From such sprang patriots who, by toils untir'd,
Even to the last despotic sway defied;
And, vanquish'd in the noble conflict—died.

One such I could, but may not name (for she,
Blind to herself, would deem it flattery)
One who, Cornelia-like, each hour employs
Sweet labour! 'mid the sphere of filial joys:
To courtiers leaves exhausted India's store;
And, rich in living diamonds, asks no more.
EXPERTA nondum CÆSARUM tyrannidem,
Romana stabat res; eratque adhuc sui
Urbs domina, cunctas quae subegerat manu;
Matrona cum gemmas, superba ostendere
Quas habuit ipsa quippè opes, CORNELIA
Tulit videndas: Has at illa paululum
Oculo irretorto frigidisque laudibus
Dignata, filios ut è ludo domum
Cernit reverbos—"En mihi caros (ait)
" Solum lapillos! Nulla matrem tam juvat
" Conspecta gemma, quam sibi quas ipsamet
" Parit." Reprænsa his vocibus matrona abit.

Talesque Roma, dum manebat libera,
Suscepit usque fœminas; quæ filios
Peperère GRACCHOS, strenuos ob patriam
Pugnare pro patriaque item fortæ mori.

Talemque ego hodiè nominare fœminam
Possem (sed illa fors vetaret) quæ suis
Impendit omnes, præsa ceu CORNELIA,
Natis labores; gemmulisquæ cæteræ
Turbae reliquis, ipsa opes vivas habet.
QUAND l'Amour nacquit à Cythere,
On intrigua dans le pays ;
Vénus dit, "Je suis bonne mere ;
" C'est moi, qui nourrirai mon fils."

Mais l'Amour malgré son jeune age,
Trop attentif à tant d'appas,
Préférerait le vase au breuvage ;
Et l'enfant ne profitoit pas.

" Ne faut pas pourtant qu'il pâtitse ;"
Dit Vénus, parlant à sa cour ;
" Que la plus sage le nourrisse :
" Songez toutes, que c'est l'Amour."
WHEN Love was born of heavenly line,

What dire intrigues disturb'd Cythera's joy!

Till Venus cried, "A mother's heart is mine;

"None but myself shall nurse my boy."

But, infant as he was, the child

In that divine embrace enchanted lay;

And, by the beauty of the vase beguil'd,

Forgot the beverage—and pin'd away.

"And must my offspring languish in my sight?

(Alive to all a mother's pain,

The Queen of Beauty thus her court address'd)

"No: Let the most discreet of all my train

"Receive him to her breast:

"Think all, he is the God of young delight."
Alors la Candeur, la Tendresse,
La Gaîté vinrent s’offrir ;
Et même la Delicatesse :
Nulle n’avait de quoi le nourrir.

On penchoit pour la Complaisance,
Mais l’enfant eût été gâté :
On avait trop d’expérience,
Pour songer à la Volupté.

Enfin de ce choix d’importance
Cette cour ne decida rien :
Quelqu’une proposa l’Esperance,
Et l’enfant s’en trouva fort bien.

On pretend que la Jouissance,
Qui croyoit devoir le nourrir,
Jalousé de la preference,
Guettoit l’enfant pour s’en saifir.
Then Tenderness, with Candour join'd,
And Gaiety the charming office fought;
Nor even Delicacy stay'd behind:
But none of those fair Graces brought
Wherewith to nurse the child—and still he pin'd.
Some fond hearts to Compliance seem'd inclin'd;
But she had surely spoil'd the boy:
And sad experience forbade a thought
On the wild Goddess of Voluptuous Joy.

Long undecided lay th' important choice,
Till of the beauteous court, at length, a voice
Pronounc'd the name of Hope:—The conscious child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.

'Tis said, Enjoyment (who averr'd
The charge belong'd to her alone)
Jealous that Hope had been preferr'd,
Laid snares to make the babe her own.
Prenant les traits de l'Innocence,
   Pour berceuse elle vint s'offrir;
Et la trop credule Esperance
   Eut le malheur d'y consentir.

Un jour advint que l'Esperance,
   Voulant se livrer au sommeil,
Remit à la fausse Innocence
   L'enfant jusqu'à son reveil.

Alors la trompeuse Déesse
   Donna bonbons à pleines mains;
L'enfant d'abord fut dans l'ivresse,
   Et mourut bientot sur son sein.

Anon.
Of Innocence the garb she took,
The blushing mien, and downcast look;
   And came her services to proffer:
And Hope (what has not Hope believ'd!)
By that seducing air deceiv'd,
   Accepted of the offer.

It happen'd that, to sleep inclin'd,
   Deluded Hope for one short hour
To that false Innocence's power
Her little charge consign'd.

The Goddess then her lap with sweetmeats fill'd;
   And gave, in handfuls gave, the treacherous store:
A wild delirium first the infant thrill'd;
   But soon upon her breast he sunk—to wake no more.

Wordsworth.

Finis.
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BY

THE SAME AUTHOR,

ROME IS FALLEN!

A
SERMON.