

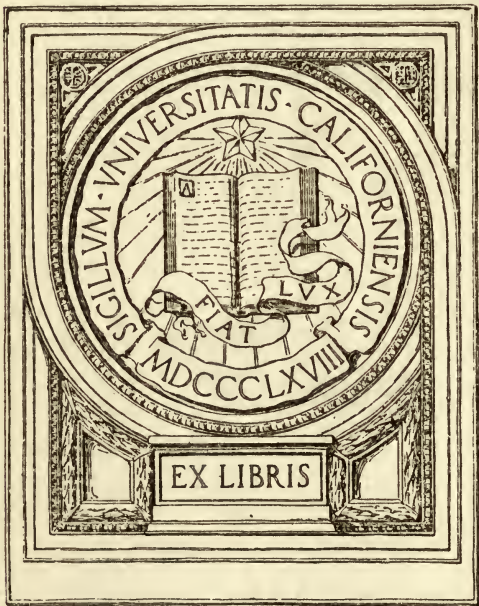
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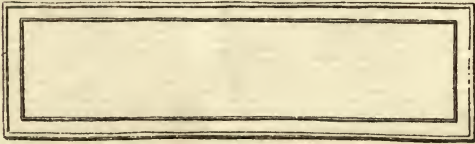
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IN MEMORIAM
HENRY U. BRANDENSTEIN



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By J. Allen

THIRD SATIRE

OF

JUVENAL.



A
NEW TRANSLATION
WITH NOTES,
OF
THE THIRD SATIRE
OF
JUVENAL.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

NEW-YORK :—PRINTED FOR E. SARCEANT, NO. 39 WALL-
STRET, OPPOSITE THE UNITED-STATES BANK.

1806.

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IN MEMORIAM

Henry U. Brandenstein

TO THE
ADMINISTRATOR

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LETTER FROM A FRIEND.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

When you imparted to me your design of publishing a volume of poems, it occurred to my mind that the style of your poetry would not be conformable to the poetical taste which appears to be now prevalent. In consequence of this thought, I suggested to you the expediency of prefixing to your book a few preliminary reflections upon the condition of American poetry; by which it might appear that you were conscious of your departure from the usual track of your poetical brethren; and that although you transgressed the American laws of verse, your conduct did not proceed from a contempt for all positive regulations, but for such only as contravene the everlasting laws of reason. Although you were sensible of the propriety of such an introduction to your miscellany, you complained that a want of leisure prevented you from executing the design, and requested me to undertake the per-

formance in your stead. It would be affectation to detain you with protestations of the unwillingness and diffidence with which I at length entered upon the task. With regard to inclination; I was prompted to comply with your request, not only by the desire of serving a friend, but by the hope of lending some assistance towards checking an increasing evil. And as to my want of ability to perform the task enjoined; I was encouraged to hope that the feebleness of my powers would be in some measure compensated by the goodness of my cause.

I originally intended to notice in a cursory manner the principal productions of our American muse, and to point out the leading features in each. But when I was preparing to execute my plan, two considerations arose to prevent me from proceeding in the manner proposed; the first was, that almost all the productions which composed our body poetic, bore so strong a family likeness to one another, that it would be an unprofitable waste of time to enter into a particular description of each individual. The second preventing consideration was, that many of the most respectable productions had long since been dead, and that it would bear the appearance of irreverent malignity to call up from their rest those who had so long been buried in oblivion. The conquest of Canaan, Greenfield-Hill, M'Fingal, The Vision of

Columbus, The Progress of Genius, and others which might be cited, lived very harmlessly, and suffered little injury; they offended no one, and no person felt disposed to offer violence to them; and as they lived peaceably, so they died quietly. Let us not therefore presume to trouble their repose. One general character appears to be stamped upon almost all American poetical productions, they seem to be the offspring of minds faintly glowing with the fire of genius, and unprovided with large stores of wisdom acquired by literary research or extensive observation of mankind.

Nor should it be a subject of any surprise, that our country has risen to no great eminence in poetry; the vast field for productive industry which is open to the great body of the community, prevents much attention even to the most useful learning; no wonder therefore that the ornamental parts of literature are neglected. The grandeur of all the natural objects which meet the eye in our country is certainly favourable to the poetic emotions of an ardent mind; and no doubt, had the indications of poetic genius, which must have appeared on various occasions among us, met with as generous encouragement as has been bestowed upon the genius for painting which some of our countrymen have displayed, America would have been as much distinguished by the eminence of her poets as of her painters.

But though I feel so much deference for the *Fathers* of American poetry; far different are the emotions which are excited in my breast by a modern set of minstrels who are now thrumming their ill-tuned harps, and pouring forth their unmeaning strains among us, with increasing applause. The taste of our city in particular appears to be growing every day more vitiated with regard to poetry; those verses are here most likely to gain admiration which approach nearest to the style of Della Crusca and Anna Matilda, if we except those which some occasional circumstance renders interesting to the public. There is a difficulty attending every attempt to criticise these late productions, of the same nature with that which prevents the demonstration of an axiom; they are so self-evidently bad that one is at a loss for more evident data by the aid of which their badness may be proved. Yet effusions of this kind, of various lengths, are daily heard and publicly applauded. To illustrate what has been asserted, I will adduce two or three examples of the poetry in question, which have received the highest encomiums; and notwithstanding the difficulty of preventing them from eluding, like water, the critical grasp, I will endeavour to examine their boasted beauties, and set forth their true merits.

There appeared a poem some time ago, called "The Power of Solitude," which has passed through two edi-

tions, which was highly extolled in one of our public prints, for several days successively; and which had a tolerably extensive sale in our city. The first part begins in this strain:

“ O'er the dim glen when autumn's dewy ray
Sheds the mild lustres of retiring day,
While scarce the breeze with whispering murmur
flows
To hymn its dirge at evening's placid close:
When awful silence holds her fullen reign,
And moonlight sparkles on the dimpled main;
Or thro' some ancient, solitary tower
Disport loose shadows at the midnight hour:
Whence flows the charm these hallowed scenes
impart,
To warm the fancy, and affect the heart?
Why swells the breast, alive at every pore,
With throbs unknown, and pains unfelt before?
Why turns the restless glance on every side
In grateful gloom, or melancholy pride?
'Touched by quick SYMPATHY'S mysterious spring,
'Thought's airy sprites in mazy circles wing,
On the fine nerves impress a trembling thrill,
And move obedient to the wakeful will,
'Till memory's trains in swift succession rise,
And round RETIREMENT blend harmonic dyes.”

There are many readers of poetry who, if the verses

be well tuned, and the expressions glowing, pay no regard whatever to the general scope of the poem; if they can understand a sentence, or half a sentence, here and there, they deem this as much as is commonly necessary in order to relish the beauties of verse. For persons who thus enjoy the harmony of numbers, it may be questioned whether a more exquisite morsel than this which I have selected could be chosen from the whole compass of English poetry. We have here "Autumn's dewy ray"; "The breeze with whispering murmur flowing to *hymn its dirge*"; "Moonlight sparkling on the dimpled main"; and other poetic ornaments in profusion; and all running into each other with the greatest harmony of versification. But there are some who pretend to a taste for poetry, who have heard that no composition, whether prose or verse, can be good which is devoid of meaning; these persons, though they judge, very frequently, in the same manner with those mentioned before, would be much offended if they were suspected of not comprehending what they admire. To such admirers of "The Power of Solitude" the following remarks upon the passage here quoted are addressed.

The Poet begins by asking some questions, to which he prudently gives an answer himself; for I am certain it would have puzzled Apollo and the nine Muses to have hit upon an answer resembling it. He

demands why, when autumn's dewy ray sheds the mild lustre of retiring day ; when awful silence holds her fullen reign ; when loose shadows disport at the midnight hour ; why, when these scenes are present, the breast swells alive at every pore, with throbs unknown, and pains unfelt before ? The answer is,

“ Touched by quick SYMPATHY'S mysterious spring,
Thought's airy sprites in mazy circles wing,

On the fine nerves impress a trembling thrill,”

In other words, it is sympathy which causes thought's airy sprites to fly in mazy circles, and to impress the nerves with a trembling thrill. Now let us ask in turn, with what these sprites of thought sympathize ? There must either be something which the poet has not revealed with which they sympathize ; or it must be with some of the objects or scenes which are described as warming the fancy and swelling the breast. That is, the sprites of thought sympathize with a “ dewy ray,” or a “ whispering murmur,” or with “ moonlight sparkling on the dimpled stream ;” a rational mind sympathizes with the appearances of inanimate nature. This sympathy must indeed be produced by a “ mysterious spring,” which I believe the penetration of no mortal, before our poet, ever discovered. But these thoughts after being set in motion by sympathy,—“ move obedient to the wakeful will ;” sympathy, therefore, has no more to do than to give the first spring to these

thoughts, and then they are left to the control of the will. The thoughts of the human mind are not very obedient to the will at any time, as the generality of mankind can with sorrow testify; it is certainly strange then that the thoughts of a person in such a situation as our poet describes can be obedient to his will, while the breast is swelling, and alive at every pore, with throbs unknown and pains unfelt before. This scene of mental disorder continues,

“Till memory’s trains in swift succession rise,
And round RETIREMENT blend harmonic dyes.”

It would seem from these two last lines, that our author does not consider the trains of memory as belonging to the airy and giddy sprites of thought; since they blend their dyes round retirement in so harmonious and orderly a manner. This remark, however, may be hypercritical.

The meaning which our author intended to convey was probably this; at the presence of such scenes as are described in the beginning of the poem, the heart is moved with unusual sensations; confused ideas arise, which agitate the mind; and lastly the surrounding objects call to remembrance some former circumstances connected with them, upon which the mind reposes in placid reflection. The obscurity of a passage may arise from the very nature of its subject, or from the length and involution of its periods; both which

causes of obscurity should in poetry be avoided as much as possible; but if a passage, whether the expressions be understood in their literal acceptation, or in the utmost latitude which figurative language will permit, be utterly inexplicable by any other method than conjecture, it certainly does not deserve the name of poetry; unless, as some people imagine, sense is not a necessary ingredient in the compositions of a poet. As the chief object in reviewing the above quotation was to point out its obscurity, many inferior criticisms have been neglected. We ought not however to pass over without animadversion the crowds of epithets; the affected expressions, such as "To hymn its dirge", the restless glance which turns on every side "with melancholy pride," and others; and the licentious exuberance of ornament with which the passage upon which we have been commenting, and all the remainder of the poem abound. But these are the beauties which charm the prevailing taste, and without which a new production is in great hazard of meeting with public disapprobation or neglect. The above passage has been chosen as the subject of remark, because upon it the author appears to have bestowed the utmost efforts of his genius. I will close these observations upon the "Power of Solitude," by requesting, that some one of those who admire and understand this poem, will gratify the less discerning part of the com-

munity, with an explanation of the subjoined "Invocation to the Spirits of the lighter Gothic Mythology."

"Aërial Elves, who fondly hovering round,
 On silver sandals print historic ground,
 Who oft with witching music charmed his ears,
 Danced in his smiles, and ambushed in his tears,
 As grief or joy their tints alternate spread,
 In floating visions round your Darwin's head;
 Aërial Elves, at Oberon's golden lance,
 Who form in mystic ring the fairy dance,
 Or, carred on meteors, thro the mazy night
 In frolic circles wheel your amorous flight,
 O'er the soft lips of artless beauty creep,
 And paint strange fancies on the lover's sleep;
 Wind sweet your bugle horns, and swiftly call
 Memory's wild spirits from the wizard's hall,
 Bid them the scenes of ancient worth restore,
 Chant glory's deathless deeds in epic lore,
 With sportive fingers trill the harp of time,
 And wake reflection by their powers sublime,
 Till raptured wisdom hear the sacred lay,
 And own meek SOLITUDE's impressive sway."

But light fugitive poems are those which at present engage the generality of readers. From the multitude of these insect products of genius with which our presses swarm, I will select one which I believe has excited more admiration than most of the ephem-

eral tribe. It was introduced to the public in Philadelphia, accompanied with the following encomiums ; “The very elegant verses of “Lodinus” to the fair “invalid, display the most soothing tendernefs, and many a poetical beauty. They are entitled to the attention not only of the lady, who is fo highly greeted, “but of men of taste and fenfibility.” These verses were reprinted in New-York, and their praises publicly re-echoed. The following are the verses alluded to.

“ On a beautiful young lady, whose health was impaired by the ague and fever.

“ Dark minister of many woes !
 That lov’st the sad vicissitude of pain ;
 Now shiv’ring mid antarctic snows,
 Now a faint pilgrim on Medina’s plain—
 Say can no form, less fair, thy view engage ?
 Must feeble loveliness exhaust thy rage ?
 Oh ! mark the falt’ring step the languid eye,
 And all the anguish of her burning sigh.
 See the faintly struggling smile ;
 See resignation’s tear, the while !
 So to the axe the martyr bends his form ;
 So bends the lovely lily to the storm.
 Still, though, sweet maid ! thy yielding bloom decays,
 And faint, the waning tide of rapture strays ;
 Oh may’st thou scape Grief’s more envenom’d smart,
 Nor ever know the ague of the heart !

This "ague of the heart," by what follows, must be a disorder by which the heart is apt to be broken ;

" For, rising from the sun-bright plain,

The *bended* lily blooms again ;

But ah ! what life-imparting power

Can 'eer revive the *broken* flower ?"

It is common to hear of warm hearts, and of cold hearts ; and we have heard of hearts burst with anguish ; but, I believe, it was never before discovered that a heart might perish in a fit of the ague ; on the contrary, it is usually supposed that these cold hearts are least liable to suffer violence.

Such are the productions which are held up for admiration ; in which scarcely a sentence can be found which does not contain an absurdity. But " antarctic snows," and " burning sighs," and " struggling smiles," and " tides of rapture," and " sun-bright plains," and " life-imparting powers," are charms too powerful to permit an ordinary reader to perceive the greatest defects. The metaphysical poets, as they are called, who flourished in England at the beginning of the seventeenth century, continually violated the dictates of nature, and neglected the harmony of their versification, in the eagerness of their search after strange turns of thought, and subtle distinctions. These writers, though they could not claim the merit of soothing the ear, of pleasing the imagination,

or of affecting the heart, at least exercised the understanding. But the fashionable rhymers of the present day in America, seem to bestow no thought upon any thing besides the mere dress of their verses; if they can procure from the wardrobe of poesy a sufficient supply of dazzling ornaments, wherewith to deck their intellectual offspring, they are utterly regardless whether the body of sense which these decorations are properly designed to render attractive, be worthy of attention; or whether it be mean and distorted, and in danger of being overwhelmed by the profusion of its ornaments. There are fashionable verses of another kind which deserve notice, for faults of greater importance than foppery of decoration, or want of meaning. The verses of this species allure, not by the gaudiness, but by the lasciviousness of their dress. To the admirers and imitators of Moore, the Translator of Anacreon, who treat so contemptuously all who presume to censure their indelicacy, I would recommend the following passage from an ingenious writer, on the rise and progress of poetry.* “To return, therefore, to the decaying state of the poetic and musical arts in ancient Rome:—As manners and principles grew more profligate, along with the inordinate growing power and luxury of the empire; so

* *Dr. Brown.*

the genius of the *poetic* and *musical* arts kept pace with them. We hear little of their being applied to the *education* of *youth*, in any period of ancient Rome. On the contrary; *poem*, which in the days of ancient Greece had been the *handmaid* of *virtue*, was now declared to be the *bawd* of *licentiousness*; and to write immodest verses was held a *blameless* practice. Thus the art sunk so low, that the name of poet was held unworthy a man of *age* or *dignity*."

But, after all, it may be said, why think so seriously of the influence which nonsensical and immodest verses may have upon the community, while there are already subjects of censure so much more important, and so much farther extended than any which can ever be produced by a depraved taste in poetry? I might offer an abstruse argument to prove the advantages which would perhaps result from the prevalence of a taste too pure to bear poetry, which tends, not to moral, but merely to intellectual depravity. It might be said, that as some logicians imagine all truths capable of being deduced by a circuitous operation from any one truth, so the mind by acquiring any one virtue, be it merely a rational excellence, becomes better fitted to receive all other virtues. There is however too much subtilty in such reasoning, where practical inferences are to be deduced. With regard to the moral impurity of the verses in question, their imme-

diate as well as their remote effects being injurious, and the smallest evil being capable of becoming great in extent at least, it is manifest that these verses are not unworthy of animadversion.

But to speak less abstractly, it is certainly as reasonable for those who feel an interest in literature, to be desirous of the mental improvement of their countrymen, as it is for the politician to be proud of the constitution of this country, and for the merchant to exult in her extensive commerce. And while we are making advances towards perfection in all exterior accomplishments, and encouraging a taste for the fine arts; we should be careful not to incur the imputation of cultivating these external graces at the expense of that care which would have been more profitably bestowed upon the improvement of our intellectual powers.

Another reason which should induce every true lover of poetry to oppose the prevailing corruption of taste, which, from what I can learn, is continually encreasing, is the contempt which such productions as those under consideration, eventually excite in the minds of men for the whole race of poets.

In the early ages of society, the characters of poet and musician were united; and the bard enjoyed honors nearly as great as those conferred on the supreme magistrate. In process of time, the poet and the musician became separate characters. The musician was

be addressed, the feeling intended to be excited be one of which human nature is susceptible; that if an image be presented to the imagination, its form be distinguishable; and that if reason be called upon, something be expressed which the mind can comprehend.

THE THIRD SATIRE

OF

JUVENAL.

ARGUMENT.

Umbritius, an Aruspex, and a friend of our author, disgusted at the prevalence of vice, and the total disregard of needy and unassuming virtue, is introduced on the point of quitting Rome. The poet accompanies him some little way from the city, when the honest exile, no longer able to suppress his indignation, stops short, and in a strain of animated invective, acquaints him with the causes of his retirement.

This satire is managed with wonderful ingenuity, the way by which Juvenal conducts his friend out of the city, is calculated to raise a thousand tender images in his mind; and when after lingering a moment at the gate, Umbritius stops to look at it for the last time, in a spot endeared by religion, covered with the venerable relics of antiquity, and in itself eminently beautiful; we are tempted to listen with uncommon attention to the farewell of the solitary fugitive.

ARGUMENT:

What he says may be arranged under the following heads, that flattery and vice are the only thriving arts at Rome; that in these, particularly the first, foreigners have a manifest superiority over the natives, and consequently engross all favor; that the poor are universally exposed to scorn and insult; that the general habits of extravagance render it difficult for them to subsist, and that a crowded capital subjects them to numberless inconveniences unknown in the country (on the tranquility and security of which he feelingly dictates); he then adverts again to the peculiar sufferings of the poorer citizens, from the want of a well regulated police; these he illustrates by a variety of examples, and concludes in a strain of pathos and beauty, which winds up the whole with singular effect.

Gifford.

D. J. JUVENALIS

SATYRA III. v. 1—8.

QUAMVIS digressu veteris confusus amici,

Laudo tamen vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis

Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.

Janua Baiarum est, et gratum littus, amæni

Secessus : ego vel Prochytam præpono Saburræ.

Nam quid tam miserum, et tam solum vidimus, ut non

Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus

Tectorum affidos, ac mille pericula sævæ

THE THIRD SATIRE

OF JUVENAL. v. 1—12.

THO' griev'd to lose my firm and ancient friend,
I praise his purpose and his choice commend,
At lonely Cumæ, fix'd to place his feat,
And with one citizen the Sybil greet.*
To Baiæ Cumæ leads ; her slighted coast
Of many a sweet and cool recess can boast ;
Tho', sooner would I make some rock my home,
Than dwell amidst the crowds and noise of Rome.
Can gloom or desert more alarm the mind,
Than all the terrors of the town combin'd ?
When flames wide-wasting burst and blaze around,
And houses, ceaseless falling, shake the ground ?

* *There was a temple at Cumæ, dedicated to the Sybil.*

Urbis, et Augusto recitanteis mense poëtas ?
 Sed dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,
 Substitit ad veteres arcus, madidamque Capenam,
 Hic, ubi nocturnae Numa constituebat amicae.
 Nunc sacri fontis nemus, et delubra locantur
 Judaeis, quorum cophinus faenumque suppellex.
 Omnis enim populo mercedem pendere iussa est
 Arbor, et ejectis mendicat sylva Camaenis.
 In vallem Egeriae descendimus, et speluncas
 Dissimiles veris ; quanto praestantius esset
 Numen aquae, viridi si margine clauderet undas
 Herba, nec ingenium violarent marmora tophum ?

And, while the dog-star glows with baleful light,
Where raving poets seize you and recite ?
Now stopt my friend, when just without the wall,
To wait the cart that brought his little all,
Where ancient trees diffuse a sacred shade,
And Numa nightly met th' Egerian maid ;
But now a miserable wand'ring train
Possess the fount, and consecrated fane ;
And since the grove is let to fordid hire,
The muses all indignantly retire.
Next, to Egeria's vale we slow descend,
And mark the grotts which art has strove to mend ;
How vain her efforts — sure the nymph would seem
Far, far more present, if her gurgling stream
The fresh and verdant turf confin'd alone,
Nor marble dar'd pollute the native stone.

Hic tunc Umbricius quando artibus inquit honestis
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
Res hodie minor est herē quā fuit, atque eadem cras
Deteret exiguis aliquid: proponimus illuc
Ire, fatigatas ubi Dædalus exiit alas;
Dum nova canities, dum prima, et recta senectus,
Dum superest Lachesi quod torqueat, et pedibus me
Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.
Cedamus patriā: vivant Arturius istic

Umbricius then (while sorrow swell'd my breast)

His rage and grief in manly strain express—

Since then my friend within this city's bound,

No room for honorable arts is found ;

Since still I labour on without reward,

And none my merits or my toil regard ;

Whilst all my pittance gradual melts away,

Tomorrow less'ning what remains today ;

From vice and Rome I fly to that lone shore,

Where wearied Dædalus his flight gave o'er.

While age not yet has silver'd o'er my head,

Not yet all traces of my youth are fled ;

While health and vigour still my veins supply,

And on no staff my steady steps rely ;

Farewell to Rome—let those at Rome remain,

That vile, deceitful, mercenary train

Et Catulus : maneant qui nigrum in candida vertunt,

Queis facile est ædem conducere flumina, portus,

Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad busta cadaver,

Et prabere caput dominâ venale sub hastâ.

Quondam hi cornicines, et municipalis arenae

Perpetui comites, notaeque per oppida buccae,

Munera nunc edunt, et verso pollice vulgi

Quemlibet occidunt populariter : inde reversi

Conducunt foricas : et cur non omnia ? cùm sint

Quales ex humili magna ad fastigia rerum

Extollit, quoties voluit fortuna, jocari.

Who praise or slander, flatter or attack,
 And change the black to white, the white to black,
 With equal ease—Arturius thou remain ;
 And ye who bear the dead, the kennels drain,
 Farm rivers, ports, build temples, auctions hold,
 Fame, honor, conscience, throw away for gold.
 These once were trumpeters, and gain'd renown
 For strength of lungs, thro' ev'ry county town—
 But now grown rich, the populace they court
 By giving shews, and murd'ring men for sport ;
 From these return'd, again their av'rice wakes,
 Again the kennel drains, or farms again the jakes.
 “*And why not every thing ? since these are they”,
 Whom fortune visits with her brightest ray ;
 Are such, as in her wild and sportive mood,
 She joys to raise above the wise and good.

*Gifford.

Quid Romae faciam? mentiri nescio: librum
 Si malus est nequeo laudare, et poscere: motus
 Astrorum ignoro: funus promittere patris
 Nec volo, nec possum: ranarum viscera nunquam
 Inspexi: ferre ad nuptam quae mittit adulter,
 Quae mandat, nōrunt alii: me nemo ministro
 Fur erit, atque ideò nulli comes exeo, tanquam
 Mancus, et extinctae corpus non utile dextrae.

What should I do at Rome? I cannot lie,
 Nor laugh with folly, nor with vice comply;
 I cannot, if a book be bad, admire,
 And, while I nod, extol the poet's fire;
 I ne'er have learnt the virtues of the toad;
 Nor know I what the rolling stars forbode;
 Tho' others may, I neither can nor will
 Predict a father's death, nor boast the skill,
 Th' adult'ers notes or presents to convey,
 “* And bribe a matron's innocence away.”
 (And tho' the world may deem my scruples vain,)
 No thief thro' me flagitious wealth shall gain;
 And hence I pass my life in friendless gloom,
 And walk unmark'd the crowded streets of Rome;
 But whilst the great my zeal and service scorn,
 What virtues, say, the chosen friend adorn,
 To whom they dare the secret soul reveal?
 The holy league, by mutual guilt, they seal;

“* *And bribe a virgin's innocence away*”. JOHNSON.

Quis nunc diligitur nisi conscius, et cui fervens
Æstuat occultis animus, semperque tacendis ?
Nil tibi se debere putat, nil conferet unquam,
Participem qui tē secreti fecit honesti.
Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,
Accusare potest : tanti tibi non sit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
Ut somno careas, ponendaque præmia fumas
Tristis, et à magno semper timearis amico,
Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris,
Et quos præcipuè fugiam, properabo fateri,
Nec pudor obstabit. Non possum ferre Quirites,

He shares the heart, in these polluted times,
 Whose conscience pants, with secret, nameless, crimes.
 He owes you nothing, nor will e'er bestow
 Who trusts a secret 'tis no crime to know.
 Him, who arraigns, when Verres self thinks fit,
 Will grateful Verres to his heart admit.
 Not all the gold, that rests on Tagus' shores,
 Not all the gold, his stream in Ocean pours,
 Should tempt thee to forego thy nightly rest,
 (That boon unvalued of the guiltless breast)
 And, whilst thy patron fears thee, trust thy fate
 To that feign'd love, which soon must change to hate.
 Mark now the wretches by the rich carest,
 And whom, I freely own, I chief detest ;
 I cannot bear (ye nobles spare the frown)
 Rome chang'd and sunk into a Grecian town ;

Græcam urbem, quamvis quota portio fa cis Achææ ?
Jam pridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes,
Et linguam, et mores et cum tibicine chordas
Obliquas, nec non gentilia tympana secum
Vexit, et ad Circum jussas prostare puellas.
Ite, quibus grata est picta lupa barbara mitra,
Rusticus ille tuus fumit trechedipna, Quirine,
Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.
Hic altâ Sicyonê, ast hic Amydonê relictâ,
Hic Andrô, ille Samo, hic Trallibus, aut Alabandis.
Esquillas, dictumque petunt a vimine collem,
Viscera magnarum domuum, dominique futuri.
Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo
Promptus, et Isæo torrentior : ede quid illum

Yet small the portion is by Greece supplied :
 Orontes pours his vast and black'ning tide,
 And whelms the Tiber, with his foreign waves :
 His language, manners, minstrels, strumpets, slaves
 He bears along. O Romulus behold ;
 See foreign robes thy rustic now infold ;
 See ! on his naked neck, which oil besmears
 The Circus prize, he now exulting wears.
 From every Grecian town and Grecian shore
 In countless swarms, the famish'd natives pour ;
 Rome, Rome, is fought by all the mingled band,
 Who thick as locusts overspread the land ;
 Quick into palaces they work their way,
 The minions first, where soon as lords they sway,
 Prompt, fluent, artful, treacherous and bold,
 * No dangers daunt them and no ties can hold.

* *No dangers daunt him, and no labors tire.*

JOHNSON'S Var. of Hu. wishes.

Esse putes? quemvis hominem fecum attulit ad nos,
Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,
Augur, sphaenobates, medicus, magus; omnia novit:
Græculus efuriens, in cælum, jufferis, ibit.

Ad fummam, non Maurus erat, nec Sarmata, nec Thrax,
Qui sumpsit pennas, mediis sed natus Athenis.

Horum ego non fugiam conchilia? me prior ille
Signabit, fultus thoro meliore recumbet,

Advectus Romam, quo pruna et coctona, vento?
Usque adeo nihil est, quod nostra infantia cælum

You see this Greek ; speak, what shall he become ?

Whoe'er you please, is brought in him to Rome ;

Grammarian, Rhetor, Painter or Physician,

Carver, Cook, Astronomer, Magician,

Hunger all arts and sciences bestows,

“ *And bid him go to heav'n, to heav'n he goes !”

Nor Moor, nor Gaul, nor Thracian was the wight,

Who thro' the skies pursued his daring flight.

A Greek he was, in midst of Athens born.

What shall I bear their state ? my honest scorn

Must I subdue ? shall they who hither came

With prunes and rotten figs, now boast their claim

To sign before me ; at the festive board

Usurp the couch that's nearest to the lord ?

And is it nothing, that my infant eye

First ope'd its lids upon a Roman sky ?

* *Dryden.*

Haufit Aventini, baccâ nutrita Sabinâ ?
Quid, quod adulandi gens prudentissima laudat.
Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici,
Et longum invalidi collum cervicibus æquat
Herculis, Antæum procul à tellure tenentis ?
Miratur vocem augustam, quâ deterius nec
Ille fonat, quo mordetur gallina marito.
Hæc eadem licet et nobis laudare : sed illis
Creditur : an melior cum Thaida sustinet, aut cum
Uxorem comædus agit, vel Dorida nullo
Cultam palliolo ? mulier nempe ipsa videtur,
Non persona loqui : vacua et plana omnia dicas
Infra ventriculum, et tenui distantia rimâ:

And nothing, that beneath the Sabine shade,
 My childhood flourish'd and exulting play'd ?
 Profoundly skill'd in flattery's potent art,
 By well turn'd praise, they gain and keep the heart :
 Extol the learning of the unlearn'd friend ;
 The beauties of the gorgon face commend ;
 The narrow neck and chest, unblushing dare,
 To all the strength of Hercules compare ;
 And at the squeaking voice enraptur'd seem,
 Whose piercing tones surpass the peacock's scream.
 We too can flatter : True ; but who believes ?
 What fool so stupid, that our praise deceives ?
 Whilst they, with ease, assume each various part,
 And, all they say, seems instant from the heart.
 The wife, the mistress or the undress'd fair,
 Behold they personate ; deceiv'd you swear }
 No actor, but the woman's self is there.

Nec tamen Antiochus, nec erit mirabilis illic
Aut Stratocles, aut cum molli Demetrius Hamo.
Natio comæda est : rides ? majore cachinno
Concutitur : flet, si lacrymas adspexit amici.
Nec dolet : igniculum brumæ si tempore poscas,
Accipit endromidem : si dixeris, æstuo, fudat.
Non fumus ergo pares : melior qui semper et omni
Nocte dieque potest alienum fumere vultum ;
A facie jactare manus, laudare paratus,
Si bene ructavit si rectum minxit amicus :
Si trulla inverfo crepitum dedit aurea fundo.
Præterea sanctum nihil est, et ab inguine tutum :
Non matrona Laris, non filia virgo, neque ipse
Sponsus levis adhuc, non filius antè pudicus.

Yet here no mimes of note your wonder raise,

And not a Greek but equal art displays.

The patron laughs—a louder laugh replies :

He weeps—a torrent rushes from their eyes :

Complains of heat—they sweat—demands a fire,

They shiver, and their shaggy cloaks require.

We quit the field : superior these we own,

Whose hearts can never, by the face, be known,

Which shifts at will, its well assum'd disguise,

And still to suit another's visage, lies.

With these, we own, t'were madness to contend,

Who praise the coughing, or the belching friend,

At Folly's whims, their hands applauding raise,

Or on the freaks of Vice, with transport gaze.

Add, none are safe from their insatiate lust,

Nor wife, nor son, nor daughter can you trust ;

Horum si nihil est, aviam refupinat amici.
Scire volunt secreta domus, atque inde timeri.
Et quoniam coepit Græcorum mentio, transi
Gymnasia, atque audi facinus majoris abollæ.
Stoicus occidit Baram, delator amicum,
Discipulumque fenex, ripâ nutritus in illâ,
Ad quam Gorgonei delapsa est pinna caballi.
Non est Romano cuiquam locus hic, ubi regnat
Protogenes aliquis, vel Diphilus, aut Erimanthus :
Qui gentis vitio nunquam partitur amicum,
Solutus habet : nam, cum facilem stillavit in aurem
Exiguum de naturæ patriæque veneno,

None, none are sacred ; and if these should lack,
 Your grandame's self undaunted they attack—
 Your secrets next, with silent art, explore,
 And soon are fear'd, altho' despis'd before.
 And since of Greeks we speak; next view their schools;
 Thence virtue issues arm'd with all her rules—
 Yon Stoic mark, in coarsest garb array'd ;
 His dearest friend that hoary wretch betray'd
 And slew—a Greek, transported from that shore,
 When the wing'd hack a pinion dropt of yore—
 No place for Romans here, where Grecians sway,
 And drive the Patron's ancient friends away ;
 And bear no rivals near their jealous throne,
 But claim and govern all the friend alone.
 Their pois'nous hints into his ear they pour,
 And lo, I'm spurn'd with insult from the door ;

Limine summoveor : perierunt tempora longi

Servitii : nusquam minor est jactura clientis.

Quod porro officium (ne nobis blandiar) aut quod

Pauperis hic meritum : si curet nocte togatus

Currere, cum praetor lictorem impellat, et ire

Præcipitem jubeat dudum vigilantibus orbis,

Ne prior Albinam, aut Modiam, collega salutet ?

Divitis hic servi cludit latus ingenuorum

Filius : alter enim, quantum in legione tribuni

Accipiunt, donat Calvinæ, vel Catiænæ,

Ut femel atque iterum super illam palpitet : at tu,

My tedious flav'ry left without reward,
Since none a clients trifling los's regard.
Trifling indeed ; for why the truth deny ?
What merits have we that we rate so high ?
Scarce rous'd, you seize your cloak before the dawn,
But find your patron is already gone.
Long since awake, the childless matrons wait
The venal tribe, who crowd their early state.
The prætor hurries on, in anxious speed,
And bids his guards with brisker pace proceed :
Haste lest my colleague gain the first salute ;
And they my slowness to neglect impute—
Mark the rich slave with nobles in his train ;
Why they so humble, or why he so vain ?
The lavish slave, undoubting, throws away
For one embrace, a tribune's ample pay ;

Cum tibi vestiti facies scorti placet, hæres,
Et dubitas altâ Chionem deducere fellâ
Da testem Romæ tam sanctum, quam fuit hospes
Numinis Idæi : procedat vel Numa, vel qui
Servavit trepidam flagranti ex æde Minervam :
Protinus ad censum, de moribus ultima fiet
Quæstio : quot pascit servos, quot possidet agri
Jugera, quam multâ magnaue paropside cœnat.
Quantum quisque suâ nummorum servat in arcâ,
Tantum habet et fidei. Jures licet et Samothracum,
Et nostrorum aras ; contemnere fulmina pauper
Creditur atque deos, dis ignoscentibus ipsis.

Whilst they, confounded by the price, retreat ;
Nor dare to hand the wanton from her feat—
Pure in his thoughts, unblemish'd in his life,
Your witness comes—his voice must end the strife ;
Nor Numa's self more holy, not the host
Of Cybele could brighter virtue boast ;
Nor he who rush'd intrepid through the fire,
And fav'd Minerva's self ; what more require ?
What's his estate, the judges first demand ;
Say, what his slaves, his equipage, his land ?
If rich, believe him ; but if poor, he lies ;
The wrath of heav'n, we know, the poor despise.
What tho' he dare the angry bolts of Jove,
And all the gods attest, his words to prove ?
Heed, heed him not, they cry, the wretch must live,
And e'en the gods his perjuries forgive—

Quid, quod materiam præbet causasque jocosum
Omnibus hic idem? si fœda ac sciffa lacerna,
Si toga fordidula, et ruptâ calceus alter
Pelle patet: vel si, confuto vulnere, crassum
Atque receus linum ostendit non una cicatrix.
Nil habit infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit. Exeat, inquit,
Si pudor est, et de pulvino furgat equestri,
Cujus res legi non sufficit, et sedeant hic
Lenonum pueri quocunq̃ue in fornice natī.
Hic plaudat nitidi præconis filius, inter

Add, that the poor continual taunts provoke ;
No fool so dull, but points at them his joke.
If foil'd the garment, or if somewhat worn,
Or aukward patches show where lately torn,
Or thro' the op'ning shoe the foot appear,
They gather round, and circulate the sneer.
O poverty ! of all thy num'rous ills,
This chief the soul with bitter anguish fills ;
Contempt must still, with struggling heart, be borne,
And laughing fools, with safety, show their scorn.
Quit, quit those benches, angry Lectius cries,
Those benches are the Knights', nay, quick arise.
'Tis well, I yield, with rev'rence, I retreat,
That pander's sons may hold the vacant seat,
No matter from what stews first spawn'd abroad ;
Here let the wealthy crier's heir applaud.

Pinnirapi cultos juvenes, juvenesque lanistæ
Sic libitum vano, qui nos distinxit, Othoni.
Quis gener hic placuit censu minor, atque puellæ
Sarcinulis impar? quis pauper scribitur hæres?
Quando in concilio est ædilibus? agmine facto
Debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites.
Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi. Sed Romæ durior illis

Let fencers here, and effenc'd beaux be plac'd ;
 Fit arbiters to rule the public taste !
 'Tis thus vain Otho's pleasure is obey'd,
 Whose wisdom first, the just distinction made—
 Who e'er his daughter to a poor man gave,
 Tho' wise, accomplish'd, honest, learn'd, and brave ?
 When were the poor e'er mention'd in a will,
 Or call'd to aid the Ædile with their skill ?
 Long since, should they have fought some distant shore,
 And borne these insults and this scorn no more.
 *Throughout the world the mournful truth's confess ;
 Virtue, by poverty's thick gloom oppress,
 Hardly breaks forth into her native day ;
 But here, more darkling still, she gropes her way.
 Life's necessary means here all are high,
 The strictest care will scarce the charge supply.

**The mournful truth is every where confess.*

Conatus : magno hospitium miserabile ; magno
Servorum ventres ; et frugi cœnula magno.
Fictilibus cœnare pudet, quod turpe negarît
Translatus subito ad Marfos menfamque Sabellam,
Contentusque illic Veneto duroque cucullo.
Pars magna Italiæ est, si verum admittimus, in quâ
Nemo togam sumit, nisi mortuus : ipsa dierum
Festorum herbofo colitur si quando theatro
Majestas, tandemque redit ad pulpita notum
Exodium, cum personæ pallentis hiatum
In gremio matris formidat rusticus infans ;
Æquales habitus illic, fimilesque videbis
Orchestra et populum : clari velamen honoris,

A frugal supper, wretched lodgings hire,
And servants' board, enormous sums require.
Here earthen-ware we scorn, but change the place,
And at the Sabine board, 'tis no disgrace ;
What e'er the dish, we relish well the fare,
And coarsest hoods, without a scruple, wear.
Great part of Italy (the truth confess)
Gives only to the dead the Roman dress,
The splendid gown—nay e'en on festal days,
When theatres of turf again they raise ;
When the known farce again the rustics choose,
That still their laughter, and loud mirth renews ;
While clings the infant to his mother's side,
Scar'd at the mask that opens the mouth so wide ;
E'en then both rich and poor are cloth'd alike ;
Save that, the crowd with proper awe to strike,

Sufficiunt tunicæ fummis ædilibus albæ.

Hic ultra vires habitus nitor ; hic aliquid plus,

Quam fatis est : interdum alienâ fumitur arcâ.

Commune id vitium est : hic vivimus ambitiosâ

Paupertate omnes : quid te moror ? Omnia Romæ

Cum pretio : quid das, ut Cossum aliquando salutes ?

Ut te respiciat clauso Veiento labello ?

Ille metit barbam, crinem hic deponit amati :

Pena domus libis venalibus : accipe, et istud

Fermentum tibi habe : præstare tributa clientes

Cogimur, et cultis augere peculia fervis.

And prove their rank, the Ædiles drefs in white.
But here one glare of splendor meets the fight ;
Splendor that few fupport ; but if oppreff,
We plunge our hands into a neighbors chest.
This, this, the common vice we juftly call,
Ambitious poverty destroys us all.
But why detain you ? All at Rome is bought,
And all we feek, muft with a bribe be fought.
A paffing nod fhall haughty Coffus deign ?
Produce the bribe, or not a fmile you gain ;
The blackeft crimes Veiento dares impute,
But fhew the bribe, and lo, the wretch is mute.
This minion fhaves his beard, this lops his hair,
The clients run, and all their presents bear.
'Tis thus the fav'rite fwells his growing ftore
Receiving ftill, and asking ftill for more—

Quis timet, aut timuit gelida Præneſte ruinam,
Aut poſitis nemoroſa inter juga Volſiniis, aut
Simplicibus Gabiis, aut proni Tiburis arce ?
Nos urbem colimus tenui tibicine fultam
Magna parte fui : nam ſic labentibus obſtat
Vilicus, et veteris rimæ contextit hiatus ;
Securos pendente jubet dormire ruinâ
Vivendum eſt illic, ubi nulla incendia, nulli

For since these slaves alone, the patron sway,
This is a tax we all are forc'd to pay.
Lest some old building by a sudden fall
Should crush his frame, beneath the pond'rous wall,
What peasant fears at Tiber's lofty seat,
At Gabii or Præneste's cool retreat ?
But 'midst continual dread, we still remain,
Where feeble props the trembling vaults sustain.
For thus, so wise, so provident their care,
The sinking walls our master-stewards repair ;
Then bid us rest and all our terrors end,
Whilst death and ruin o'er our heads impend.
Quick, let us seek, my friend some quiet shade,
Where no rude fears the midnight couch invade.
No terrors hover round the throbbing head,
And drive you trembling from a restless bed ;

Nocte metus. Jam poscit aquam, jam frivola transfert,

Ucalegon : tabulata tibi jam tertia fumant :

'Tu nescis : nam si gradibus trepidatur ab imis,

Ultimus ardebit, quem tegula sola tuetur

A pluvîâ, molles ubi reddunt ova columbæ.

Lectus erat Codro Proculâ minor, urceoli fex,

Ornamentum abaci ; nec non et parvulus infra

Cantharus, et recubans sub eodem marmore Chiron ;

Jamque vetus Græcos servabat cista libellos,

Et divina opici rodebant carmina mures.

Nil habuit Codrus : quis enim negat ? et tamen illud

Perdidit infelix totum nil : ultimus autem

No sudden flames dispel the gloom of night,
And pour their horrors on th' astonish'd sight.
From the next house the bursting flames arise,
And mount in blazing volumes to the skies ;
The tenants fly with all their haste can take—
The floors beneath you smoke—nor still you wake ;
For since its ravages begin below,
Your garret last the raging pest will know.
The wretched Codrus own'd but one short bed ;
Six little pitchers grac'd the cupboard head ;
Next these a jug, for use designed, not show ;
A marble Chiron spread his leangth below ;
In an old chest the Grecian bards were laid,
Where mice, barbarian-like, securely prey'd.
Codrus had nothing ; thus the world would say :
Yet all that nothing, soon was torn away—

Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum et frustra rogantem
Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, tectoque, juvabit.
Si magna Asturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,
Pullati proceres, differt vadimonia praetor :
Tunc gemimus casus urbis, tunc odimus ignem.
Ardet adhuc, et jam accurrit qui marmora donet,
Conferat impensas : hic nuda et candida signa ;
Hic aliquid præclarum Euphranoris et Polycleti ;
Hic Afianorum vetera ornamenta deorum.
Hic libros dabit, et forulas, mediamque Minervam ;
Hic modium argenti : meliora ac plura reponit

And still the wretch's woes are not compleat ;
Cold, hungry, bare, behold he roams the street,
Whilst all, the mercy that he asks, deny,
And none a bed, or clothes, or food supply—
But should Asturius' lofty palace fall ;
Grief spreads around, and horror seizes all ;
Justice is staid, the matron rends her hair,
And Knights and Peers their blackest garments wear—
The chances of the town then all bewail,
Then all at fires with double hatred rail.
Still flames the pile—when lo the flatterers haste,
And pour their riches to supply the waste ;
A nobler dome, with eager zeal, they raise,
One brings materials, one the workmen pays,
Statues, the boast of Greece, that dome adorn,
And ornaments, from Asian temples torn,
In gifts of use or luxury they vie,
And book and vases, plate and gold supply ;

Perficus orborum lautissimus, et meritò jam
Suspectus, tanquam ipse suas incenderit ædes.
Si potes avelli Ciircensibus, optima Soræ,
Aut Fabrateriæ, domus, aut Frusinone, paratur.
Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum !
Hortulus hic, puteusque brevis, nec recte movendus,
In tenues plantas facili diffunditur haustu.
Vive bidentis amans, et culti villicus horti,
Unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoreis.

Thus by his loss Asturius swell'd his store,
Tho' known as richest of the rich before.
And all suspect him author of the fire,
* "That burnt his palace, but to build it higher."
To leave the Circus sports, could'st thou endure,
In some neglected burgh thou might'st procure
A sweet retreat, at smaller cost, than here
Thou hir'st a dungeon for a single year—
There streams gush forth, spontaneous, from the ground,
And pour their rills with easy lapse around,
And cheer the plants, and freshen all the green ;
There live enamour'd of the peaceful scene,
There seize the plough, and learn the rustic's skill ;
And there, well pleas'd, thy little garden till ;
Whose fresh and wholesome herbs, I dare engage,
Shall feast an hundred like the Samian sage.

* *Dryden*

Est aliquid quocunque loco, quocunque recessu,
Unius sese dominum fecisse lacertae.
Plurimus hic æger moritur vigilando : sed illum
Languorem peperit cibus imperfectus et hærens
Ardenti stomacho : nam quae meritoria fomnum
Admittunt ? magnis opibus dormitur in urbe.
Inde caput morbi : rhedarum transitus arcto
Vicorum inflexu et stantis convicia mandrae
Eripiunt fomnum Drufo vitulisque marinis.
Si vocat officium, turbâ cedente, vehetur
Dives, et ingenti curret super ora Liburno,
Atque obiter leget, aut scribet, vel dormiet intus :
Namque facit fomnum clausâ lectica fenestrâ.

However rude and distant the recess,
'Tis something e'en one lizard to possess—
Here rack'd with fumes by indigestion bred,
The sick man lingers on a restless bed ;
In silent anguish rolls his sleepless eyes,
That still glare round, when he exhausted, dies.
Our rented houses no repose allow ;
The balm of sleep the rich alone can know ;
And this the source whence fell diseases flow. }
Hark the loud waggons thund'ring thro' the street,
The brawls and curses when their drivers meet.
Tumult like this the torpid Seal would wake ;
Nay stupid Drusus from his slumbers shake.
Behold the rich man to the levee haste,
By footmen borne, and in a litter plac'd,
Whilst as he moves the servile crowd gives way ;
He reads or writes ; perchance excludes the day

Ante tamen veniet : nobis properantibus obstat
Unda prior : magno populus premit agmine lumbos
Qui sequitur ; ferit hic cubito, ferit assere duro
Alter ; at hic tignum capiti incutit, ille metretam :
Pinguia crura luto, planâ mox undique magnâ
Calcor, et in digito clavus mihi militis hæret.
Nonne vides, quanto celebretur sportula fumo ?
Centum convivæ ; sequitur sua quemque culina.
Corbulo vix ferret tot vasa ingentia, tot res
Impositas capiti, quot recto vertice portat
Servulus infelix, et cursu ventilat ignem.

And takes his nap—yet reaches first the door ;
While we, impeded by the crowd before,
And urg'd behind, with painful efforts strive,
And bruis'd and torn, beyond the time arrive.
Tho' prest, nay almost trampled by the throng,
Up to the knees in mud I wade along ;
Sharp elbows gore, my head's assail'd with blows
And foldiers' hob-nail'd shoes indent my toes.
See from the dole, what clouds of smoke arise ;
Each to receive his stated portion flies ;
Each with his slave, an hundred guests attend.
With head on high, and neck that fears to bend,
Dishes on dishes pil'd the slave must bear,
(A weight that Corbulo could scarce uprear,)
Nor bear alone ; but run beneath his load,
Left all the dainties cool upon the road.

Scinduntur tunicæ fartæ ; modò longa coruscant,
Sarraco veniente, abies, atque altera pinum
Plaustra vehunt, nutant altè, populoque minantur.
Nam si procubuit, qui faxa Ligustica portat,
Axis, et everfum fudit super agmina montem,
Quid superest de corporibus ? quis membra, quis ossa,
Invenit ? obtritum vulgi perit omne cadaver,
More animæ : domus interea secura patellas
Jam lavat, et buccâ foculum excitat, et fonat unctis
Strigilibus ; et pleno componit lintea gutto.
Hæc inter pueros variè properantur : at ille
Jam sedet in ripâ, tetrumque novitius horret

Opprest beneath the weight of elm or pine,
The pond'rous waggons move in dreadful line,
The beams immense with tott'ring motion go,
And threaten death on all who pass below.
Behold that carriage heap'd with massy stones ;
The buildings tremble and the pavement groans ;
Ye Gods ! the axle fails, and all beneath
Are crush'd, and perish in promiscuous death—
Not e'en their mangled carcases remain,
No member, joint, nor atom of the slain.
The body, like the soul, amaz'd you find,
Has fled, nor left a single trace behind.
His fellow slaves, meanwhile, exempt from care,
With fruitless haste, their sev'ral tasks prepare ;
While *he poor wretch, abruptly hurried down,
Aw'd by the terrors of grim Charon's frown,

* *The slave who was carrying the sportula. Some Commentators suppose the master to be here intended, and indeed the obscurity of the original leaves sufficient room for various conjectures.*

Porthmea, nec sperat cœnofi gurgitus alnum
Infelix, nec habet, quem porrigat, ore trientem.
Respice nunc alia, ac diverfa pericula noctis :
Quod spatium tectis fublimibus, unde cerebrum
Tefta ferit, quoties rimofa et curta feneftris
Vafa cadunt, quanto percuffum pondere fignent
Et lædant filicem. Poffis ignavus haberi,
Et fubiti cafus improvidus, ad cœnam fi
Inteftatus eas ; adeo tot fata, quot illâ
Nocte patent vigiles, te prætereunte, feneftræ.
Ergo optes, votumque feras miferabile tecum,
Ut fint contentæ patulas effundere pelves.
Ebrius ac petulans, qui nullum fortè cecidit,

Now sits dejected, on the gloomy shore,
Without a farthing to get ferried o'er.
Nor these the only dangers of the night ;
Behold our houses—what a fearful height,
For pots to fall upon the passing head.
Now broken jars, in garret windows spread,
With mighty weight and force, descending rush,
Break the firm stone, and all the pavement crush.
He's madly thoughtless of impending ill,
Who leaves his home before he signs his will ;
Since death in ambush lies, and marks his prey,
From ev'ry casement, that o'erlooks the way.
Move slowly on, and breathe a wretched vow
That pans alone may pour their streams below.
The drunken bully, strives to sleep in vain,
Who seeks his couch, before his man is slain.

Dat pœnas ; noctem patitur lugentis amicum
Pelidæ, cubat in faciem, mox deinde supinus ;
Ergo non aliter poterit dormire : quibusdam
Somnum rixa facit : sed, quamvis improbus annis,
Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina læna
Vitari jubet, et comitum longissimus ordo,
Multum præterea flammaram, et ænea lampas.
Me quem luna solet deducere, vel breve lumen
Candelæ, cujus dispenso et tempero filum,

Feels all the tortures that Pelides knew,
When raging Hector his Patroclus slew ;
When “ * now supine now prone the hero lay,
“ And shifts his sides impatient for the day.”
But should a brawl his thirst of blood appease,
He shuts his eyes and drops asleep with ease.
Yet e'en this madman runs no risks for fame,
Tho' youth encourage, and tho' wine inflame.
The purple cloak, the num'rous train, the light
Of brazen lamps that dissipate the night,
And pour a splendor thro' the darken'd streets,
He marks afar and prudently retreats ;
But I who wander by the lunar ray,
Or with a farthing candle grope my way ;
Whose quiv'ring flame I tend with anxious care,
And strive to guard it from the rushing air,

* *Pope's Iliad*, B. 24.

Contemnit. Miserae cognosce procemia rixae,
Si rixa est, ubi tu pulfas, ego vapulo tantum.
Stat contra, starique jubet; parere necesse est:
Nam quid agas, cum te furiosus cogat, et idem
Fortior? unde venis? exclamat: cujus aceto,
Cujus conche, tumes? quis tecum sectile porrum
Sutor et elixi vervecis labra comedit?
Nil mihi respondes? aut dic, aut accipe calcem:
Ede ubi consistas? in qua te quaero profeucha?
Dicere si tentes aliquid, tacitusve recedas,
Tantundem est: feriunt pariter: vadimonia deinde
Irati faciunt: libertas pauperis haec est,

I suffer; as the coward ruffian knows,
His rage, I neither can nor dare oppose—
The contest thus begins; if contest call'd,
Where he deals blows, and I alone am maul'd
Stand villain, stand, he cries, and blocks my way;
He's drunk and stronger and I must obey,
Speak, where have you been drinking musty lees?
What cobbler strove your lordship's taste to please,
With sheep's head and with onions pounded small?
Say, in what beggar's nook for alms you bawl?
In what dark cell or cave at night you lie?
Nay quick, or take this kick or give reply.
Whether in silent fear you seek retreat,
Or try to speak, 'tis just the same, they beat,
And justice then in mighty wrath demand,
And swear by you the whole affair was plann'd.
Such, such the freedom that we wretches know,
And such the mercy our superiors show;

Pulfatus rogat, et pugnīs concisus adorat,
Ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti.
Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas : nam qui spoliet te
Non deerit, clausis domibus, postquam omnis ubique
Fixa catenatæ filuit compago tabernæ.
Interdum et ferro subitus grassator agit rem,
Armato quoties tutæ custode tenentur
Et Pontina palus et Gallinaria pinus.
Sic inde huc omnes, tanquam ad vivaria, currunt.
Quâ fornace graves, quâ non incude, catenæ ?

Forgiveness we, when injur'd must implore,
Must pray when menac'd, and when struck adore ;
And when the tyrant's wrath fatigu'd we find,
Must thank him, that he leaves a tooth behind.
Nor, e'en if treated thus you scape at last,
Dismiss all fears and think all dangers past.
When noisy shops their midnight labors close,
And all exhausted seek a short repose,
Then secret robbers steal upon your rest,
Pick ev'ry lock and rifle ev'ry chest ;
Perhaps, determin'd to secure the prize,
Plunge the swift dagger and prevent your cries.
Chac'd from their haunts the ruffians hither fly
Convinc'd that Rome will work and food supply—
So vast the number of these nightly foes,
With bolts and shackles ev'ry furnace glows—

Maximus in vinclis ferri modus, ut timeas, ne
Vomer deficiat, ne marræ et farcula defint.
Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
Sæcula, quæ quondam sub regibus atque tribunis
Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.
His alias poteram et plures subnectere causas :
Sed jumenta vocant et sol inclinat ; eundum est ;
Nam mihi commotâ jam dudum mulio virgâ
Adnuit : ergo vale nostri memor ; et quoties te
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,

The mines are wasted, and there's cause to fear
A want of rakes and shares will soon appear.
How blest our ancestors; how blest the times
That fear'd no tyrants, and that knew no crimes.
When Rome, beneath her kings and tribunes reign,
Saw one small jail her criminals contain.
Much could I add, more reasons could I cite,
To justify my hate, and urge my flight—
But now the wasted time forbids delay,
The sun declining shoots a feebler ray,
The driver cracks his whip and summons me away.
Farewell, my friend, farewell; yet ere we part,
I charge you bear me mindful in your heart;
And oft as you from hated Rome repair,
To breath your own Aquinum's purer air,

Me quoque ad Helvinam Cererem vestramque Dianam
Convella a Cumis: fatyrarum ego, ni pudet illas,
Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.

From Cumæ, in my rustic garb array'd,
I'll seek your bleak abode ; and if my aid
Your muse allow, assist your virtuous rage,
And rouse just horror at an impious age.

1870
The following is a list of the
names of the persons who
were present at the
meeting of the
Board of Directors
of the
Company held on
the
10th day of
January 1870.

NOTES, &c.

From the copious and learned observations of Mr. Gifford, I have extracted a few notes, which seemed necessary to render the poem intelligible, to the mere English reader. A few passages, which that gentleman has translated, I have omitted; and there are also a few to which I have ventured to give an interpretation different from that which he has adopted. I trust the reader will not do me the injustice to suppose that I wish to be considered as the opponent or rival of that celebrated writer. His translation of Juvenal is doubtless unequal, and in some places perhaps erroneous; yet, notwithstanding the malignant strictures of the Critical Reviewers and their absurd preference of the very inferior version of Mr. Marsh, it certainly deserves to be considered a masterly performance; a performance to which, of all living writers he alone was probably equal. The

versification, tho' sometimes harsh or licentious, is generally speaking, free, varied, and harmonious; yet, in contradiction to the taste of most readers, partaking more of the energy and flow of Dryden, than the melody and conciseness of Pope. English readers will no longer be referred to the admirable imitations of Dr. Johnson, as the only sources whence they can derive a just idea of the manner and spirit of the Roman Satirist; the peculiar characteristics of the poet, his dignity, his vehemence, his profound horror of vice, his bursts of uncontrollable indignation are happily and almost uniformly preserved in the translation of Mr. Gifford; the figures are so well defined, the colors so vivid, and the expression so strongly marked, that without injustice we cannot apply to this translation the celebrated and happy metaphor of Cervantes; we cannot call it "the wrong side of the tapestry"—I should indeed possess an abundant portion of that vanity with which we are reproached as a national vice, should I dare for a moment to think of entering the lists with such a poet as Mr. Gifford. I had no such thought, the present translation was written merely as an exercise in the art of versification. Were I in England it should not be published, but as an American production and issuing from an American press, I was willing to believe that it was entitled to some in-

dulgence. I was also desirous to prove that it was possible for an American to write poetry at least with simplicity and purity; without recurring to the aid of barbarous and unauthorized terms, unmeaning or extravagant epithets, harsh or inconsistent metaphors.

Ver. 4th. "And with one citizen, &c." I have in this line adopted the explication of Mr. Gifford, the sense of the original seems to have been strangely mistaken by former translators.

Ver. 5th "To Baiæ Cumæ leads, &c." The introduction of this circumstance would probably appear to most readers impertinent; but Mr. Gifford has happily explained the allusion. The commentators not conceiving that the epithet "vacuæ" could with propriety be applied to a place which the poet afterwards describes as the thoroughfare to Baiæ, and desirous to save the veracity of their author, chose to divert the word from its proper meaning, and explain it by "otiosæ, quietæ, non tam plenæ hominum quam est Roma, &c." but of these Mr. Gifford observes there is no need, "a place may be uninhabited though numbers pass through it daily, and this in truth, is what the author satirically hints at; that Baiæ, which Seneca calls "diversorium vitiorum," should have such attractions for the Romans, as to draw

“ them all to it, in despite of the many delightful
 “ spots in its vicinity, through which they were obli-
 “ ged to pass, and of whose charms, therefore, they
 “ could not be ignorant.”

Ver. 14. “ When *raving poets seize you and recite.*”
 The following passage may perhaps occur to the reader :

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
 They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

POPE'S PRO. to the Sab.

And the still more humorous lines with which Horace
 concludes the “ *Epistola ad Pisones.*”

Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus
 Quem vero adripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo.

I am inclined to think that both passages must have been present to my mind, when I wrote the above line, though at the time, however strange it may seem, I was unconscious of the fact—Indeed I am convinced, that many of the imitations pointed out by bishop Hurd, in his admirable essay, on the “ Marks of imitation in Poetry,” were of this nature—That the authors were secretly influenced in the choice of sentiment or expression, by an indistinct recollection of the passages, which he supposes them designedly to have

copied. Martial has addressed to one of these "recitantes poetæ," a very humorous epigram: after having perused it, the reader will not be surprised that Juvenal has placed them in the climax of the evils with which Rome was infested.

Occurrit tibi nemo quòd libenter :

Quòd quacunq; venis fuga est, et ingens

Circa te, Ligurine, solitudo :

Quid sit scire cupis ? nimis poëta es.

Nam tantos, rogo, quis ferat labores ?

Et stanti legis, et legis sedenti :

Currenti legis, et legis canenti.

In thermas fugio : sonas ad aurent.

Piscinam peto : non licet natare.

Ad cœnam propero : tenes euntem.

Ah cœnam venio : fugas sedentem.

Lassus dormio : suscitatus jacentem.

Vis, quantum facias mali, videre ?

Vir justus, probus, innocens timeris.

You're anxious then, my worthy friend, to know

Why, when you enter, all prepare to go ?

Why, when you walk, all classes shun to meet,

And solitude usurps the crowded street ?

You are, and all who once have met you know it,

You are, my worthy friend, too much a poet.

A dang'rous fault, which, trust me, you should cure;
 For who, the toils you ask, could e'er endure?
 Howe'er engag'd I seem, by day or night,
 Heedless of time and place, you still recite.
 I seek the baths, but follow'd still by you;
 I fly to Tibur, and you still pursue;
 If I to supper haste, my course you stay;
 If I at supper sit, you drive away;
 Wearied to death, I sink, with sleep oppress'd;
 You raise your voice, nor give a moment's rest.
 Your hands, we own, are pure, your conscience clear;
 We all respect you, but alas, we fear.

Ver. 18. "And Numa nightly, &c." Livy tells us, that, just without the walls of Rome, there was a little grove, watered by a perennial spring, which rose in the middle of it. To this, Numa, who had probably contracted, in the privacy of his former life, a love of solitude, which followed him to the throne, used frequently to retire: and here he seems, soon after his accession, to have conceived the design of turning his darling propensity to the advantage of his new subjects. For this purpose, he gave out, that, in this lonely recess, he met the goddess Egeria, who furnished him from time to time, with the statutes to be observed by the city. A rude, and uninformed race of warriors listened with awe to the dictates of Heaven:

and Numa had the satisfaction of seeing his institutions not merely received, but revered. Livy's description is so pleasing, that I cannot withhold it from the classical reader.

“Lucus erat, quem medium ex opaco specu fons perenni rigabat aqua, quo quia se persæpe Numa, sine arbitris, velut ad congressum Deæ, inferebat; Camœnis eum lucum sacrauit quod earum ibi con-filia cum conjuge sua Egeria essent.”

Verse 25. ———“Sure the nymph would seem Far, far more present if her gurgling stream,” &c.

Mr. Mason in a note to his “English Garden” quotes these lines as an honorable proof, that Juvenal was uninfected by the corrupt taste of the age in which he lived. The lines which Mr. Gifford has quoted from Ovid, show that he is entitled to a similar praise. It is a circumstance worthy of remark that both Cicero and Pliny were great admirers of the factitious and unnatural taste which the two poets so warmly reprobate (See a note on the first book of the E. Garden).

The following is the “exquisite description” of Ovid which Juvenal has so happily copied. The translation is by a friend.

“——In extremo est antrum nemorale recessu,
Arte laboratum nullâ; simulaverat artem

“ Ingenio natura suo : nam pumice vivo,
 “ Et levibus topis nativum duxerat arcum.
 “ Fons fonat à dextrâ tenui perlucidus undâ,
 “ Margine gramineo patulos fuccinctus hiatus.

Deep in the vale a shady grot there lies,
 Where nature's charms, untouch'd by art, surprize ;
 For there, the Genius of the place alone
 The pebbles rang'd and arch'd the living stone ;
 There, on the right, a bubbling fount is seen,
 Of lucid wave, and bank of freshest green.

Verse 61. “ What should I do at Rome I cannot
 lie, &c.” One of Martial's best epigrams bears a
 strong resemblance to this passage of our author. My
 friend has again obliged me with a translation. The
 classical reader will find a still better epigram on the
 same subject. Lib. 3, 28.

Ad Fabianum.

Vir bonus et pauper, linguaque et pectore verus,
 Quid tibi vis, urbem qui Fabiane petis ?
 Qui nec leno potes nec commissator haberi,
 Nec pavidos, tristi voce, citare reos :
 Nec potes uxorem cari corrumpere amici :
 Nec potes argentes arrigare ad vetulas
 Vendere nec vanos circa Palatia fumos :
 Plaudere nec Cano, plaudere nec Glaphyro,

Unde miser vives ; homo fid is, certus amicus,
 Hoc nihil est ; nunquam sic * Philomelus eris.

Honest and poor, in word and thought sincere,
 What business tell me, hast thou Fabian, here ?
 The pimp or flatt'ers trade thou canst not ply,
 Nor on thy pow'rs can aged dames rely.
 Canst thou to mean and sordid gain descend ?
 Corrupt the wife of him who calls thee friend ?
 'The gaping crowd with empty hopes deceive ?
 Or low buffoons accomplish'd players believe ?
 If not how live at Rome ? What thou art just,
 Wilt not desert thy friend, and break thy trust ?
 Fly, if thou wouldst not starve, the walls of Rome,
 And seek again thy quiet rustic home ;
 To virtues such as these we show no grace,
 They ne'er will give you bread, or gain you place.

Ver. 65. " I ne'er have learnt the virtues of the toad, &c." Frequent allusions are found in ancient authors to the poisonous qualities of the toad : but " either our toad is not the rana rubeta of the ancients, or it has lost its destructive qualities in this country ; where it is generally understood to be al-

* *Philomelus was a celebrated player on the harp who had amassed an immense fortune.*

together innoxious. It is frequently alluded to by Pliny, and once in strong terms, as extremely hostile to life. The compounders of these doses, (and, as Rabelais says, there was a world of people at Rome then, as well as now, that got an honest livelihood by poisoning) might probably give out such a report, to conceal the real fact; but I should imagine the substances they used were either vegetable, or mineral, and of a much more subtle, and deleterious nature than any thing the genus of toads could supply. It is no great reflection, however, on our author, that he was ignorant of the secret."

GIFFORD.

Ver. 83. "Him who arraigns when Verres self thinks fit, &c."

Q. Cæcilius who had been Verres' quaestor in Sicily, and the accomplice of his crimes, demanded, for very obvious reasons, to be preferred, as his accuser, to Cicero—Hortensius, who defended Verres, was at that time Consul elect; and M. Metellus, who was also strangely attached to his interest, had been designated Praetor. Had Cæcilius been chosen the accuser, it was intended that the trial of Verres should be deferred until these magistrates had entered on the execution of their duties; and in this case the acquittal of the criminal was considered as certain. (Vide in Q. Cæ-

cilium Div. et in Verrem Actio Pri. cap. 8.—) which contains an account of a very curious negotiation (as the phrase is) the object of which was to defeat the election of Cicero as *Ædile*. Some persons pretend that in all countries and in all ages elections have been conducted in very nearly a similar manner; but in this country it seems we have found the secret of enjoying all the advantages of a popular government, unalloyed by any portion of the evils. Who shall dare to say, that in this *virtuous* and enlightened country the freedom of elections has ever been impaired, or their purity polluted?

Ver. 99.———“ O Romulus behold,

See foreign robes thy rustic now infold.”

In this apostrophe to Romulus the poet observes that while the Greeks, &c. were worming themselves into all places of power and profit, the Romans once so renowned for their rough and manly virtues, were wholly taken up with the idle amusements of the Circus. *Niceteria* are prizes which the victors, in the contests of the Circus, ostentatiously were round their necks. And *Ceroma* is a mixture of oil, clay, and bees-wax, with which the wrestlers smeared their neck and breasts.

Ver. 116. "And bid him go to heav'n, to heav'n
he goes."

The poet here alludes to the flight of Dædalus; and presently after explains himself more fully, by observing that it was no barbarian who mad'y attempted a flight through the air; but a Greek mediis natus Athenis. He artfully adduces this instance to prove, that the presumption and avarice of the Greeks would lead them to any, the most extravagant undertakings.

Ver. 131. "Extol the learning of the unlearn'd friend." Great indeed must have been the skill of the Greeks, if they could succeed by this method of flattery—A very opposite course is recommended by a modern master of the art.

Would you by flatt'ry seek the road to wealth?
Push not too hard; but slide it in by stealth.
Mark well your cully's temper and pursuit,
And fit to ev'ry leg the pliant boot.
Tell not the spendthrift that he hoards with sense,
Tell not the miser that he scorns expence.
Nor praise the learning of a dunce profess,
Nor swear a floven's elegantly drest.

— — — — —
— — — — —

Still let your lies to truth near neighbors be,
And still with probability agree.

“Ars mentiendi,” of Lord H. Spencer.

Ver. 141. “The wife, the mistress, and the undrest fair,” &c.

The characters of women in ancient times, were always represented by men. It was not until the reign of Charles the second, if I am not mistaken, that women were introduced on the English stage.

Ver. 144. “The patron laughs—a louder laugh replies.”

The character of the flatterer is touched with great force in these lines, which are however, exceeded, at least in humour, by the following :

Hamlet. Your bonnet to its right use : 'tis for the head.

Ofrick. I thank your lordship 'tis very hot.

Hamlet. No, believe me, 'tis very cold, the wind is northerly.

Ofrick. It is indifferently cold, my lord, indeed.

Hamlet. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

Ofrick. Exceedingly, my lord, it is very fultry as it were, I can't tell how.

GIFFORD.

Ver. 149. " They shiver and their shaggy cloaks require." *Accipit endromidem*. The *endromis* or *endromida* was a thick, shaggy cloak, chiefly used in the *Gymnasia*, and put on by the wrestlers, runners, &c. after the performance of their violent exercises to prevent the effects of a sudden chill. *Martial* has an epigram, (*Lib. 4, ep. 19*) in which he describes its origin and various uses; he concludes with saying :

" Ridebis ventos hoc munere tectus et imbres."

In this involv'd the winds and rain defy.

Ver. 166. " You stoic mark, &c."

This is meant for *P. Ægnatius* who appeared against his patron and friend *Bareas Soranus* accused of a conspiracy against *Nero*. *Tacitus* (who describes the whole transaction) after a very pathetic account of the accusation of *Soranus* and his daughter by *Ostorius Sabinus*, proceeds to describe in his strong and impressive language the indignation caused by the treachery of *Ægnatius*; "*Mox datus testibus locus et quantum miserecordiæ servitia accusationis permoverat, tantum ira P. Ægnatius testis concivit. Cliens hic Sorani, et tunc emptus ad opprimendum amicum, auctorita-*

tem Stoicæ sectæ præferebat, habitu et ore ad exprimendum imaginem honesti exercitus, ceterum animo perfidiosus, subdulus, avaritiam ac libidinem occultans. Quæ postquam pecuniâ reclusa sunt, dedit exemplum præcavendi, quomodo fraudibus involutos, aut flagitiis commaculatos, sic specie bonarum artium falsos, et amicitiae fallaces.

Tac. Ann. Lib. 16, 32.

Ver. 169. "Where the wing'd hack," &c.

Tarfus in Cilicia, where Pegasus was said to have stumbled, and dropt a feather from his fetlock. He terms Pegasus a hack not (as Casaubon observes) from a contempt of him whom the ancients had placed in heaven; but because he mortally hated the Greeks.

GIFFORD.

Ver. 178. "Trifling indeed; for why the truth deny, &c."

This (Mr. Gifford observes) is touched with great force by Martial. The following is the epigram (perhaps the best in Martial) to which Mr. Gifford refers. It will not, I am confident, be said that the spirit of the original has evaporated in the translation of my friend.

In Paulum.

Consulem et Salutatorem.

Cum tu laurigeris annum qui fascibus in.ras,

Manê salutator limina mille teras :
 Hic ego quid faciam ? quid nobis Paulle relinquis,
 Qui de plebe Num. , densaque turba fumus ?
 Qui me respiciat, dominum regemque vocabo ?
 Hoc tu, sed quanto blandiùs, ipse facis.
 Lecticam, sel amque sequar ? nec ferre recuso ;
 Per medium pugnas sed prior ire lutum.
 S. pius assurgam recitanti carmina ? tu stas,
 Et pariter geminas tendis in ora manus.
 Quid faciat pauper, cui non licet esse clienti ?
 Dimisit nostras purpura vestra togas.

When you, whom riches birth and rank adorn,
 Salute a thousand portals in a morn ;
 What must I do ? Say Paulus what remains
 'To us, the wretched crowd, whom this sustains ?
 To gain the patron's smile, or gracious nod,
 I'll call him, if he please, a king or god ;
 But then you praise, with such superior art,
 He frowns on me and gives to you his heart ;
 Shall I on foot attend the patron's chair ?
 It nought avails ; for still I find you there.
 You rush the foremost of the servile train,
 Dash thro' the mud, nor heed the beating rain.
 What should the patron choose his verse recite ?
 I rise, and lift my hands, and feign delight ;

But you ne'er fit, your hands perpetual raise,
 And show your extasy a thousand ways.
 Our coarse and humble gowns no longer dare
 Contend, ye nobles, with the purple's glare ;
 At length, the poor have lost their last resource,
 Dismiss'd as clients, we must starve of course.

Ver. 196. —————“ Not the host
 Of Cybele could brighter virtue boast.”

In the 54th year of Rome the Sibylline books, being consulted concerning the expiation of certain prodigies, directed that the goddess Cybele should be brought to Rome, from Pessinus in Phrygia. Ambassadors were accordingly sent to king Attalus to procure the sacred stone, which was dignified with the name of “ Mother of the Gods.” The ambassadors, in their way to Asia, consulted the Delphic oracle, and were commanded to lodge the goddess, on their return to Rome, with the most virtuous man in the city ; and this “ most virtuous man” was determined by the Senate to be Scipio Nasica. Speaking of this judgment of the Senate, Livy, with his usual eloquence, observes, “ *Haud parvæ rei judicium Senatum tenebat, qui vir optimus in civitate esset. Veram certè victoriam ejus rei quisque sibi mallet, quam ulla imperia honoresve, suffragio seu Patrum seu plebis delatos.*

P. Scipionem, Cn. filium, ejus qui in Hispania ceciderat, adolescentem nondum quaestorium, judicaverunt in tota civitate virum bonorum optimum esse.

Lib. 27. c. 14.

Ver. 198. "Nor he who rush'd intrepid thro' the fire," &c.

This was L. Metellus, Pontifex Maximus, who, in a dreadful conflagration which happened at Rome a few years before the last mentioned event, when the fire had seized the temple of Vesta, and the virgins deserted it, ventured his life to save the Palladium. One of his arms was disabled in the attempt, and his sight totally destroyed, yet he effected his purpose. Ovid has some pretty lines on the subject. *Fast.* 6, 444.

GIFFORD.

The following are the lines to which Mr. Gifford alludes, and surely they are something more than pretty. The annexed translation is by no means literal, indeed the last eight lines are more properly an imitation.

Heu, quantum timere Patres quo tempore Vesta
 Arsit, et est adytis obruta penè suis;
 Flagrabant sancti sceleratis ignibus ignes
 Mixtaque erat flammae flamma profana pia.
 Attonitae siebant demisso crine ministrae;

Abstulerat vires corporis ipse timor.

Provolat in medium, et magna, "succurrite," voce,

"Non est auxilium flere," Metellus ait,

"Pignora virginæis fatalia tollite palmis ;

"Non ea sunt voto, sed rapienda manu.

"Me misere dubitatis ?" ait, dubitare videbat,

Et pavidas posito procubuisse genu.

Haurit aquas : tollensque manus, "ignoscite," dixit,

"Sacra : vir intrabo non adeunda viro.

"Si scelus est, in me commissi pœna redundet ;

"Sit capitis damno Roma soluta mei."

Dixit et irrupit : factum Dea rapta probavit :

Pontificisque sui munere tecta fuit.

Fast. lib. 6. v. 437, 455.

What boding fears the chiefs of Rome dismay'd,
 What time the flames on Vesta's temple prey'd,
 And sought the goddess' shrine, and dread abode ;
 And midst pure fires with fires unholy glow'd.
 Opprest by woe, and seiz'd with horrid dread,
 The virgins feel their strength and courage fled :
 When Rome's high-priest in voice of thunder cries,
 "To weep is not to save, ye virgins rise,
 "Quick let the fatal pledge be hence convey'd ;
 "Your hands alone, and not your pray'rs can aid.
 "What still unmov'd ?" Unmov'd he sees them still ;
 Depriv'd by fear, or motion, voice, and will.

“ If, goddess, in thy shrine I dare intrude,
 “ Thy sacred shrine, which man ne'er yet has view'd,
 “ And thou shouldst deem the generous zeal profane,
 “ On me alone, thy gather'd vengeance rain ;
 “ Let Rome be sav'd ; is all my vows require.”

He said, and rushing thro' the circling fire,
 The pledge from flames and Rome from ruin freed,
 And gods and men approv'd th' heroic deed.

Ver. 206. “ Add that the poor continual taunts provoke,” &c.

Dr. Johnson, in his imitation of this passage, has surpassed even the spirit and energy of the original. Often as the reader may have perused these lines, I am sure he will not object to my transcription of them.

By numbers here, from shame and censure free,
 All crimes are safe but hated poverty ;
 This, this alone, the rigid law pursues,
 This, this alone, provokes the snarling muse ;
 The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak
 Wakes from his dreams, and labors for a joke ;
 With brisker air, the silken courtiers gaze,
 And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
 Of all the ills that harass the distress,
 Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest ;
 Fate never wounds so deep a generous heart
 As when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

Ver. 214. "O poverty of all thy numerous ills," &c. Mr. Gifford has quoted a passage from Crates, one of the writers of the old comedy, which contains a thought very similar to this of our author ; not having found a translation of this fragment in the very entertaining collection, with which Mr. Cumberland has embellished the pages of the Observer, the reader will excuse the following attempt.

Of all the ills that wretched man afflict,
 The ills of poverty sure gall the most ;
 Let nature form you awful, wise, severe,
 Yet poverty shall change you to a fool,
And make the butt of ridicule and scorn.

Or in rhyme thus :

Of all the ills we wretched mortals know,
 Sure poverty is charg'd the most with woe ;
 Tho' nature with her noblest gifts adorn,
 If poor you're doom'd to ridicule and scorn.

Notwithstanding this sentiment has been adopted by Juvenal and improved by Johnson, I must be allowed to question its justness. In the breast of him who possesses a proper consciousness of his own merit, and a true sense of his own dignity, the laugh of fools can excite no emotions but those of pity and contempt.

Ver. 218. Quit, quit those benches, angry Lectius cries, &c.

In the 685th year of the city, L. Otho procured a law, by which separate seats in the theatres, were assigned to the knights. This distinction, which was exceedingly odious to the poorer classes at Rome, had been lately revived by Domitian and overseers appointed to enforce its observance. Martial gives us the name of one of these officers.

“ Quadringenta tibi non sunt, Chærestrate, ferge,
“ LECTIUS ecce venit : sta, fuge, curre, late.”

Lib. 5, 26.

Ver. 249. “ When theatres of turf again they raise, &c.” The Romans had, for a long time, no other than temporary theatres, so constructed that the people were obliged to stand; lest, as Tacitus observes, the convenience of sitting should induce them idly to spend whole days at the spectacle. They were afterwards contrived more conveniently; but continued to be built of light materials, and merely for the occasion, until Pompey erected a superb one of hewn stone. It seems, however that these temporary structures were sometimes used even in the time of Juvenal.

“ Ovid has a charming picture of the simplicity of past times, in those edifices; which he artfully contrasts

with the luxury and magnificence of the present."

"Tunc neque marmoreo pendebant vela theatro." &c.
Ars Amandi, lib. 1. v. 103.

" Then, from the marble theatres, no veils
" Wav'd lightly in the sun ; no saffron showers
" Bedrench'd the stage with odours. Oaken boughs,
" Lopt on the spot, and rudely rang'd around
" By the glad swains, a leafy bower compos'd—
" Here 'midst the simple scenery, they sat,
" Or on the green-sward, or the flowing turf,
" Artlessly piled ; while their rough brows were
crown'd
" With garlands, such as the next tree supplied."

GIFFORD.

Of these beautiful lines of Ovid, my friend, for the sake of the lovers of rhyme, has given me the following translation.

No veils were then o'er marble structures spread ;
No liquid odors shower'd round the head ;
The nearest grove supplied its choicest green,
And clust'ring branches form'd the artless scene ;
Rude seats of turf, in order rose around ;
Where fate the swains, with many a garland crown'd.

Ver. "E'en then both rich and poor are cloth'd
alike."

“———Similemque videbis
Orchestram, et populum,”———

In the divisions of the Roman Theatre (for those of the Greeks were different,) orchestra signified the place where the dances were performed: it was next the pulpitum or stage, but not on a level with it; and, as affording a good view of the actors, was usually frequented by the senators, who had chairs placed for them there. In his seventh satire, Juvenal makes his poet borrow those chairs to accommodate his audience at a private house:

“Quæque reportandis posita est orchestra cathedris.”

Our rustic theatre had no such orchestra of course; and Umbritius here uses the word figuratively for the space nearest the actors, where the wealthier villagers sat.

In the next line the poet pursues the contrast between the luxury and extravagance of Rome, and the frugality of the country: there the meanest of the people assisted at the theatre dressed in white; here the *Ædiles* only, under whom the plays were acted, and whose importance is, according to custom, ironically magnified.

It is singular that this should have escaped Dryden;

“_____clari velamen honoris,
 “ Sufficiunt tunicæ fummis Ædilibus albæ.”

He renders

“ In his white cloak the magistrate appears,
 “ The country bumpkin the same livery wears.”

Which is directly contrary, not only to the intent, but to the words of his author.

GIFFORD.

Ver. 264. “ A passing nod shall haughty Cossus
 deign.”

The original is infinitely more humorous; *Quid das ut Cossum aliquando salutes?* What will you give that Cossus may sometimes permit you to salute him? In defence of my own inaccuracy, I can only plead the example of former translators. It has been suggested to me that “salutes” refers to the attendance of the client at the levee; for which *salutare* is the appropriate word; this may possibly be the case, but in no translation, that I have seen, is the passage thus interpreted.

Ver. 268. “ This minion shaves his head, this
 lops his hair.”

It was custom of the wealthier Romans to dedicate the first shavings of their beard, and pollings of their

hair, after they arrived at a state of manhood to some deity. Thus Suetonius and Dio tell us, among a variety of other instances, that Nero inclosed his in a golden pix, adorned with pearls, and offered it with great state to the Capitoline Jove. The day this was done by the rich, was kept as a festival, and presents were expected from relations, friends, and clients, as on their birth days, &c. This, however, is not what provoked the spleen of Umbricius: he complains, and justly too, that these presents should be exacted from the poor dependant, not only when his patron, but when his patron's minions, first polled and shaved! He is indignant, that it should be necessary to pay them tribute, as he calls it; since, possessing the ear of the lord, no means of access were left the client, but through the good pleasure of these proud slaves, which could only be purchased by presents.

GIFFORD.

Ver. 295. "For thus, so wise so provident their care,
The inking walls our master stewards repair."

— — — ——"nam sic labentibus obstat
Villicus, et veteris rimæ contextit hiatum."

This seems to me, the most obscure and difficult passage in the whole poem; it is thus rendered by Mr. Gifford.

“ For thus the stewards patch the river wall,
 “ Thus prop the mansion, tottering to its fall.”

But what stewards? If this translation be correct I must own myself unable to comprehend the allusion. By “villicus” I suppose, that Juvenal means the præfect of the city, whom in the following satire he designates by the same term.

“————attonitæ modo positus villicus urbi.”

By this interpretation the strict connexion of the passage with what precedes becomes evident.

Ver. 308. — — — — —“ nor still you wake,
 For, since its ravages begin below,
 Your garret last the raging pest will know.”

“ Tu nescis ; nam si gradibus trepidatur ab imis,
 Ultimus ardebit,” &c.

The passage is given thus by Mr. Gifford :

“ — — — — — up, ho ! and know
 That when th’ impetuous pest begins below,
 The topmost story soon becomes its prey,” &c.

But this is certainly wrong, the meaning of Juvenal is, that the height of the houses was so great, that the unfortunate tenant of the garret might be wrapt in sleep,

while the stories below were in flames. The words "nam si gradibus trepidatur ab imis," &c. are explanatory of "tu nescis." The conjunction "nam", which (as it is always causative) clearly proves this to be the case, is omitted in the translation of Mr. Gifford.

Ver. 310. "Justice is staid, the matron rends her hair,"

We have here a very accurate description of a public mourning for any signal calamity. The women laid aside their ornaments; the senate put on black; the courts of justice deferred all business, &c. That all this would be done on such an occasion as the present, may be reasonably doubted;—and yet if we duly attend to the state of Rome in our authors time, we shall not be inclined to suspect him of much exaggeration; for to be rich and childless gave the person so circumstanced the utmost consequence.

GIFFORD.

Ver. 324. "And all suspect him author of the fire."

Martial has the same thought on a similar event, expressed with no less elegance and brevity.

"Empta domus fuerat tibi, Tongiliane, ducentis:
"Abstulit hanc nimium casus in urbe frequens.

“ Collatum est decies. Rogo, non potes ipse videri
 “ Incendisse tuam, Tongiliane, domum ?”

The singular art with which the poet contrasts the different fates of Codrus and Asturius, has not, I trust, escaped the notice of the reader ; any more than the dexterity with which it is made conducive to the great, indeed the sole, object of the satire.

GIFFORD.

Ver. 340. “’Tis something e’en one lizard to possess.”
 “ We asked Dr. Johnson” (says Boswell, in his amusing life of that author) “ the meaning of that expression in Juvenal, *unius dominum lacertæ*. Johnson, I think it clear enough ; it mean^s as much ground as one may have a chance of finding a lizard upon.”
 And so it does ! and this, the Doctor might have added, is very little in Italy.

GIFFORD.

Ver. 343. “ In silent anguish rolls his sleepless eyes.”

In the following quotation, the reader will recognize the “ energy” of Lucretius ; it is taken from his description of the plague at Athens.

Quippe patentia cum totas ardentia nocteis
 Lumina versarent oculorum expertia somni

For their broad eye-balls, burning with disease
Roll'd in full stare, forever void of sleep.

GOOD.

Ver. 353. "Whilst as he moves the willing crowd
gives way."

We have here another lively picture of the misery attending the great inequality of fortunes in a state so constituted as that of Rome. The rich rapidly, and almost without consciousness of impediment, moving to the levees of the old and childless; while the poor whose sole support probably depended upon their early appearance there, are hopelessly struggling with dangers and difficulties that spring up at every step to retard them.

GIFFORD.

Ver. 360. "And foldiers hob-nail'd shoes indent
my toes."

"— — — — et in digito clavus mihi militis hæret."

The following is Lubin's explanation. "Id est calceus, multis clavis suffixus, digito pedis mei infigitur." Boileau has imitated this whole passage in his sixth Satire.

"L'un me heurte d'un ais, dont je suis tout froissé
Et d'un autre coup mon chapeau est renversé". &c.

Ver. 363. "See from the dole what clouds of smoke arise."

The dole, *sportula*, was the portion of meat received by each client who accompanied his patron home from the forum. The poet observes, that each of these clients was followed by his kitchen, and as it farther appears, preserved some state at home; it is probable that his view here was to expose the meanness and avarice of the rich, who were content to swell the train of the vain or ambitious, and to exact the dole in consequence of it, to the manifest injury of the poorer claimants, in whose favor the distribution was first instituted.

GIFFORD.

Ver. 375. "Behold that carriage heap'd with massy stones."

This seems to be an oblique attack on the phrenzy of the emperors for building; as it was chiefly for their use, that these immense beams, masses of stone, &c. were brought to Rome. Juvenal, however, lived to see the evil, in some degree, lessened, at least, if we may credit Pliny, who celebrates Trajan (Paneg. c. 2) for his moderation in this respect. Here is the passage, and it is a very pertinent one. He first commends him for being *tam parcus in ædificando quam diligens in tuendo*; and he immediately adds: *Itaque non ut ante im-*

*manium transvectione saxorum urbis tecta qualiuntur :
Stant securæ domus, nec jam templa nutantia.*

GIFFORD.

Ver. 388. "Without a farthing to get ferried o'er." The ancients believed, that the souls of the deceased could not cross the Styx, without paying a trifling fare to Charon, for their passage ; this they were careful to put into the mouths of their dead friends, previous to their being carried out for interment. This idle notion, the Romans borrowed, together with other fooleries, from the Greeks : it does not indeed appear to have been general ; but the vulgar, who every where adopted it, adhered to the custom with the most scrupulous pertinacity, and feared nothing so much as being consigned to the grave without their farthing.

Lucian frequently sneers at this fancy : and our author who, amidst his belief of a future state, had sense enough to mark the folly of the prevailing system, evidently points his ridicule at the monstrous absurdity of the practice.

GIFFORD.

Ver. 401. "The drunken bully strives to sleep in vain
Who seeks, &c."

There is a surprising similarity between this passage,

and one in the Proverbs of Solomon. "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men : for they sleep not except they have done mischief, and their rest is taken away except they cause some to fall." Chap. 4. 14.

The picture which follows ; the humorous, but strong and indignant, picture of the miseries to which the poor were exposed by the brutal insolence of debauchees, roaming in quest of objects on whom to exercise their cruelty ; is no exaggeration of our author's ; grave historians have delivered the same account. Thus Tacitus, in his life of Nero ; who, by the way, appears to have been one of the first disturbers of the public peace. " In the garb of a slave, he roved thro' the streets, attended by a band of rioters, who offered violence to all that fell in their way. In these mad frolics he was sometimes wounded ;" not with impunity, however, for it appears that Julius Montanus was put to death, for repelling his insults.

GIFFORD.

Ver. 468. ————" In my rustic garb array'd." In the interpretation of the word *caligatus*, I follow the opinion of Mr. Ireland, who supposes "*caliga* to mean a country shoe, as distinguished from a town shoe." This interpretation consists with the general drift of the satire, and the preference which Umbricitus

gives, in every instance, to the country. The concluding observations of Mr. Gifford, are conceived with taste and expressed with elegance and precision. "There is something, he remarks, exquisitely beautiful in the conclusion of this satire; the little circumstances which accelerate the departure of Umbricius, the tender departure of his friend, the compliment he introduces to his abilities, and the affectionate hint he throws out, that in spite of his attachment to Cumæ, he may command his assistance in the noble task in which he is engaged, all contribute to leave a pleasing impression of melancholy on the mind, and interest the reader deeply in the fate of this neglected, but virtuous and amiable ascetic."

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Ver. 83. "Him who arraigns when Verres self thinks fit," &c.

"Carus erit Verri qui Verrem tempore, quo vult
"Accusare potest."

I am afraid no commentator will justify the translation I have given of this passage. The following is the note of Lubin: "qui novit Verrem furem

esse illum Verres in summo pretio, quamvis invitus habebit : timebit ne ab illo prodatur," and the translation of Mr. Gifford, conveys the same idea. Yet as I have had the temerity to give a new interpretation, I may as well attempt to support it : In the first place I am inclined to believe that the phrase "quo tempore" always refers to some particular period, and is never used indefinitely. We cannot therefore translate the sentence, "He who can accuse Verres, *at any time* that he may think proper, &c." but must necessarily render it : "He who will accuse Verres at that particular time, when Verres himself wishes to be accused," &c. alluding to that historical anecdote which I have given in the former note on this verse. In the next place, I think this interpretation is more consistent with the general purport of the passage, the substance of which may be thus compressed : "At Rome the poor are almost entirely dependant on the great, how then should I continue to live there, who neither know, nor would practice the arts by which alone their favor is to be acquired. Honorable services meet with no remuneration ; he alone who will assist them to commit or conceal their crimes, may hope to share their wealth ; but however great and tempting be the reward, do not at the expence of the peace and tranquility of your mind, purchase a favor so precarious and so dangerous."

Ver. 193. "Nor dare to hand the wanton from
her seat."

Ladies of a certain description at Rome, were accustomed to seat themselves on lofty chairs, that the adorers, who approached, might have a fuller and more leisurely view of their charms; or in the coarse language of Ferrarius: "Ut accedentes scortatores venalem mercem attentius considerarent."

Ver. 453. "That fear'd no tyrants, and that knew
no crimes."

This language is too bold, it may be said, even for Juvenal to have employed, and I must own that it cannot be justified by the letter of his text: yet I am convinced from his allusion to the mode of government which prevailed in those early and happy ages, that he meant to suggest the comparison, which I have openly expressed. In confirmation of my opinion, I find that Rigaltius in his dissertation "De Satyra Juvenalis" quotes this passage, amongst others, in proof of the erect and independent spirit of the Satirist; they do indeed discover, (as he expresses it,) "ingens retinendæ
"libertatis desiderium."

ORIGINAL POEMS.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MISS *****.

NOW warm, Apollo, with the Poet's fire
A youth, who ne'er has touch'd the Muse's lyre ;
Unform'd by art, and uninspired by love,
Ne'er taught his words in measur'd strains to move :
O aid him now with skill, to hold the rein,
He ne'er will mount your Pegafus again.
While to the God, I thus address'd my pray'r,
A sudden voice I heard, or seem'd to hear :
Presumptuous youth, restrain awhile thy flight,
Be still content to read, still fear to write ;
Yet if the Fair command the votive lay,
Attend, and what the God shall dictate, say.

O may thy modest worth, sweet girl, soon find
Its best, its sole reward, a kindred mind ;
May some blest youth (repress all vain alarms)
Have sense to know, and heart to feel thy charms ;
Then shall thy virtues all their force display,
Then show conspicuous in their brightest day.
I see thee now, the mother and the wife,
Grace all the duties of domestic life ;
With looks of love, yet mix'd with gentle awe,
I see the little circle round thee draw.
Thy precepts all, an easy entrance find,
And grave indelibly the tender mind.
What care to guard their unsuspecting youth !
What skill to guide their infant thoughts to truth !
If chance, while thus engag'd, thy lord surprisè,
Joy swells his heart, and lightens from his eyes ;
With grateful love he strains thee to his breast :
Above all riches and all triumphs blest—
He ceas'd t' inspire ; the mind no longer glows,
Reduc'd henceforward to mere humble prose.

LINES TO THE
MEMORY OF COWPER.

O Bard, of all that ever touch'd the lyre,
Sweetest and most unfortunate ; the heart
Whose chords of sympathy, in unison
To thy pathetic strain, with conscious joy
Forget to vibrate, of nature, virtue,
Truth, simplicity, has lost all relish :
The heart, that for thy sufferings does not bleed ;
That knows thy cruel and peculiar fate,
And is not torn with pangs of truest grief ;
To the fell and gloomy savage, of blood
Insatiate, o'er whose mind self reigns supreme,
Careless of others woes, may well belong ;
But inmate of the breast, can never be
Which social life has soften'd. Happy they
Prevailing Bard, who with congenial soul

Thy page peruse ; whose thoughts, feelings, passions,
 Prompt to thy great bidding move ; as thy mood
 Thou chang'ft, and op'ft with skilful hand the springs
 Whence Poesy her richest treasures draws,
 Now at the follies smile, and now the guilt
 Deplore, of man benighted : as Nature's
 Varied scenes thy magic pencil paints,
 And bodies, warm as life, to fancy's view,
 *Are partners of thy genuine raptures :
 Thrice happy they, if in thy higher flights,
 They still can follow thee, with wing unflagg'd,
 And whilst the soul, exulting, scorns the ties,
 That hold to earth, and still by faith upborne,
 Ascends, soar with thee sublime. Pure thy heart,
 O Cowper, and thy page that purity
 Reflects : no sceptic taunts of Ignorance.

** Thou know'st my praise of nature, most sincere,
 And that my raptures are not conjur'd up,
 To serve occasions of poetic pomp,
 But genuine, and art partner of them all.*

Task, book 1.

The fruit, and Pride, here shock the pious mind :
Nought here appears, from which th' ingenuous maid
Her modest eye, with blush indignant, turns :
But he that can peruse thee, and not feel
The sparks of virtue, e'en though quench'd they seem'd,
Kindle into flame, and mount within him,
Is a wretch forever lost, unworthy
Of the name of man : Vain were thy terrors,
Or if immortal bliss, ineffable,
Thou dost not now enjoy, the gates of bliss
To all of Adam's race, are ever clos'd.

LINES ADDRESSED TO
THE FASHIONABLE PART OF MY
YOUNG COUNTRYWOMEN.*

Ye blooming nymphs, our country's joy and pride,
Who in the stream of fashion thoughtless glide :
No modish lay, no melting strain of love
Is here pour'd forth, your tender hearts to move ;
Yet think not envious age inspires the song,
Rejecting all our earth-born joys as wrong :
Think me no Matron stern, who would repress
Each modern grace, each harmless change of dress ;
But one whose heart exults to join the band,
Where joy and innocence go hand in hand,

* *This and the following pieces subscribed L were given me by the friend who furnished the introductory Letter : most of them have been already published either in the Port Folio, or the New-York Evening Post.*

One who, while modesty maintains her place,
(That sacred charm which heightens every grace)
Complacent sees your robes excel the snow,
Or borrow colours from the painted bow ;
But dreads the threaten'd hour of virtue's flight,
More than the pestilence which walks by night.
Say, in those half rob'd bosoms are there hid,
No thoughts which shame and purity forbid ?
Why do those fine-wrought veils around you play,
Like mists which scarce bedim the orb of day ?
What mean those careless limbs, that conscious air,
At which the modest blush, the vulgar stare ?
Can spotless minds endure the guilty leer,
The sober matron's frowns, the witling's sneer ?
Are these the charms which in this age refin'd,
Ensure applause, and captivate the mind ?
Are these your boasted powers, are these the arts
Which kindle love, and chain inconstant hearts ?
Alas, some angry pow'r, some demon's skill
Has wrought this strange perversity of will :

For sure some foe to innocence beguiles,
 When harmless doves attempt the serpent's wiles,
 True, fashion's laws her ready vot'ries screen,
 And ogling beaux exclaim, Oh goddess, queen!
 But vile the praise and adoration sought,
 By arts degrading to each nobler thought;
 A base-born love those notes of praise inspires,
 That incense rises from unhallowed fires.
 If deaf while shame and purity complain,
 If reason's gentle voice be rais'd in vain,
 Those flowers you cull with such instinctive art,
 Shall teach the charms that captivate the heart.
 The flaunting tulip you reject with scorn,
 Its hues tho' brilliant as the tints of morn:
 But search with care, for humbler flowers that bloom
 Beneath the grass, yet scatter sweet perfume;
 The buds which only half their sweets disclose,
 *You fondly seize; but leave the full blown rose.

**The reader who does not perceive the beauty and delicacy of these images, is not qualified to receive much delight from poetry. E.*

Humble the praise, and trifling the regard,
Which ever wait upon the moral bard ;
But there remains a hateful truth unfung
Which burns the cheek, and falters on the tongue ;
And which, if modesty still hover round,
Each virgin breast, with sorrow must confound :
“ Those graceful modes,” thus say your flattering beaux
“ From ancient times and tastes refin’d arose”
Disgrace not thus the names of Greece and Rome ;
Their birth-place must be sought for nearer home.
Shame ! shame ! heart-rending thought ! deep sinking stain !
That Britain’s and Columbia’s fair should deign :
Nay, strive their native beauties to enhance,
By arts first taught by prostitutes of France.*

Oh modesty, and innocence ! sweet pair
Of dove-like sisters ! still attend our fair.

* *Dr. Barrow in his Treatise on Education, vol. 2, p. 305, says, “ Our young women are probably little aware “ that the fashionable nakedness of the present day, was “ first adopted in this country in imitation of the revo- “ lutionary prostitutes of France.”*

Teach them, without your heavn'ly influence,
How vain the charms of beauty, or of sense,
Invest them with your radiance, mild, yet bright,
And give their sparkling eyes a softer light :
Enchanting dimples on their cheeks bestow,
And bid them with a purer red to glow :
Let winning smiles too, round those dimples gleam,
Like sportive moon-beams, o'er the curling stream ;
And if resentment on the muse attend,
From those she loves, and truly would befriend :
Tell them how cruel and unjust their ire,
How pure the feelings, which these lays inspire :
How oft she sighs, those beauties to impart,
Which charm the soul, and meliorate the heart.

LINES
ADDRESSED TO THE
YOUNG LADIES
WHO ATTENDED
MR. CHILTON'S LECTURES
IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.
ANN. 1804—5.

The beasts, that roam o'er Lybia's desert plain,
Have gentler hearts than men who dare maintain
That woman, lovely woman, hath no soul,
They too seem drench'd in Circe's pois'nous bowl,
Who grant the fair may have a soul to save,
But deem each female born an abject slave.
Give me the maiden of unfettered mind,
By thought and knowledge strengthen'd and refin'd,

A gift like this more precious would I hold,
 Than India's gems or Afric's purest gold.
 Ye maids, whose vows to science are address'd,
 If thus your minds be fashion'd, thus impress'd,
 With joy your course pursue, nor heed the while,
 Envy's malignant grin, nor folly's smile ;
 Trace nature's laws, explore the starry maze ;
 Learn why the lightnings flash, or meteors blaze,
 From Earth to Heaven your view enquiring dart,
 And see how order reigns in every part :
 'Tis sweet, 'tis wholesome to frequent this school,
 Where all is beauty and unerring rule ;
 But strain'd research becomes not well the fair,
 Deep thought imparts a melancholy air,
 The sparkling eye grows dim, the roses fade
 When long obscur'd beneath the studious shade :
 Suffice it for a tender nymph to stray,
 Where strength and industry have clear'd the way,
 To cull the fruits and flowers, which bless the toil,
 Endur'd by Newton, Verulam, or Boyle.

Yet all possess not senses to enjoy
These flowers so fair, these fruits which never cloy.
There runs through all things that our powers can note
A golden thread that links the most remote,
There is a kindred feature to be trac'd,
In things most opposite, most widely plac'd ;
In matter thus, resemblance may be found,
To soaring mind, whose movements own no bound,
For as a fluid vainly strives to save
A heavier mass from sinking in its wave ;
So in the mind made up of trifles light,
All weighty truths, o'erwhelm'd, sink out of sight,
A while perchance, it may endure to feel
A sober thought's dread weight, as polish'd steel
Dropp'd gently on the water's face, seems loth
To sink, but 'tis repulsion holds them both.

Fair Science, how thy modest cheeks would glow,
If dragg'd to view, in fashion's puppet show,
'Midst fops and feathers, signs and painted cheeks,
Soft maiden blushes, and strange maiden freaks :

'Midst sickening pleasures, wearisome delights,
 Days doom'd to listlessness, and sleepless nights.
 Ill would'st thou fare amidst this gaudy train,
 Where all is treacherous, transitory, vain !
 No, no, the fair, who pant for joys like these,
 Not wisdom's richest stores of wealth could please,
 Let Heaven and Earth, for them, be rul'd by chance,
 No laws they heed, but those which rule the dance ;
 Their eyes fast fix'd on earth, ne'er love to roam,
 O'er all the splendors of the starry dome,
 For them, no stars e'er shone since time began,
 With half the glories of a spangled fan.

To you, ye nymphs, inspirers of my song,
 No features here portray'd, I trust, belong ;
 But should I see a girl at knowledge aim,
 Because Philosophy's a handsome name,
 Or who would learn because the fashion's so,
 And beckon science as she would a beau,
 This truth the trifler from my lips should know : }

“ When nature shall forget her ’stablish’d laws,
“ And chance take place of an omniscient cause,
“ When every creature some strange powers shall know,
“ That cleaves the air, or treads the earth below,
“ When bees, forgetful of their wonted skill,
“ Shall idly flaunt, while butterflies distill
“ The liquid sweets, or build the curious cell,
“ Then may true wisdom grace a fluttering belle.”

L.

LINES

ON COWPER THE POET,

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE LIFE OF HIM

BY HAYLEY.



Sweet melancholy Bard, whose piercing thought,
 Found humblest themes with pure instruction fraught,
 How hard for mortal fight to trace the ways
 Of Heav'n, throughout thy life's mysterious maze ;
 Why was it order'd that thy gentle mind,
 Which fancy fired, and piety refined,
 Should in this guilty world be forc'd to dwell,
 Like some base culprit in his gloomy cell,
 Rous'd from its due repose by feverish dreams,
 By goblin forms, by din of fancied screams ?
 Why was that fertile genius waste and chill'd
 By wintry blasts, its opening blossoms kill'd ?

A soil where Yemen's spicy buds might blow,
And Persia's rose a purer fragrance know !
Why bloom'd so late, those sweet poetic flowers,
Bless'd by no summer's suns, no vernal showers,
Which in the autumn of thy days were rear'd
By friendship's dew, by fickle zephirs cheer'd ?
I hear a distant seraph bid me " hold,
" Nor tempt high heaven with enquiries bold,
" Weak fighted mortal, canst thou not discern
" What from unaided reason thou might'st learn ?
" Had fortune's sun-beams cheer'd his early days,
" Amidst the soft favonian breath of praise,
" Those fruitful virtues, which sprung up so fair,
" Those blossoms breathing odours on the air,
" By weeds of pride and vanity o'ergrown,
" Unheeded might have bloom'd and died unknown.
" Presumptuous mortal, 'twould become thee well,
" On this thy fellow mortal's life to dwell ;
" For in his breast, when rack'd by fiercest woes,
" To question heav'n, no daring thought e'er rose ;

- “ His actions vice and folly view with shame,
“ His precepts foul-mouth’d envy dares not blame,
“ His well lov’d image still calls many a tear—
“ His cherish’d name all ages shall revere.

L.

LINES

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER, 1805.

The fiends of pest, that from their dark wings shed
Infectious poison round, at length are fled :
Her streaming flag Hygeia waves on high,
And soars triumphant in a cloudless sky ;
She bids new fires the languid eye relume,
The faded cheek revive in fresher bloom :
She bids warm hope elate the fainting heart,
And pour the tide of life thro' every part.
Now crowding sails the harbour fearless greet,
Sounds with loud hum the late deserted street ;
A smile of joy, each brighten'd visage wears,
Nor shews a single trace of recent cares,

Nor thus with me : with anxious thought I turn
Where widows weep, and lonely orphans mourn ;
Still on my fancy dwell the scenes of woe,
Whence gush their tears, and lasting sorrows flow.
He, whose strong nerves were brac'd with health at night,
Feels the swift pest, before returning light,
A morbid yellow spread o'er all the skin,
Declares the pangs that rage and waste within :
Death rolls a burning tide thro' every vein,
And drives his phantoms 'cross the wilder'd brain :
Th' affrighted neighbors fly the tainted ground,
And horrid silence reigns o'er all around ;
All aid is fruitless, vain is every care
And hope soon yields to uncontroll'd despair.
E'er the shrill shriek proclaims he is no more,
Th' impatient hearse already haunts the door :
In a rude chest, the corse yet warm, is plac'd,
The harden'd driver speeds with cruel haste ;
In a loose pit, the corse yet warm, is thrown,
Deck'd with no turf, by no memorial known :

No rites are paid : no mournful train attends,
Nor o'er the grave, in pious anguish bends——
Such are the scenes that fix the wand'ring muse,
And the heart bleeds at what the fancy views :

And tho' the fears, which late appall'd my breast,
For those dear lives, in which my own is blest,
Have ceas'd to act, a pious awe remains,
Which bows the soul, and o'er the fancy reigns,
Which turns, from scenes of idle mirth, the view,
And gives to every thought, a solemn hue.

So when a storm collects, whose gather'd gloom
Lightnings alone, with fitful flash, illumine :
If chance, half blinded by the transient blaze,
O'er the wide heath, a peasant, fearful, strays :
Tho' past the storm, he reach his cot unharm'd,
Not yet subside the thoughts, that late alarm'd,
And while his children joyful crowd his chair,
He lifts to God, who sav'd, the solemn prayer.

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO A LADY,

*Who maintained that there is more happiness in general
at an advanced period of life, than in childhood.*

Thy dimpled girls, and rosy boys
Rekindle in thy heart the joys,
That blest'd thy tender years ;
Unheeded fleet the hours away ;
For while thy cherubs round thee play,
New life thy bosom cheers.

Once more, thou tell'st me, I may taste,
E'er envious time this frame shall waste,
My infant pleasures flown.
Ah ! there's a ray of lustre mild
Illumes the bosom of a child,
To age, alas ! scarce known !

Not for my infant pleasures past
I mourn : those joys, which flew so fast,
 They too had many a stain ;
But for the mind so pure and light,
Which made those joys so fair, so bright,
 I sigh, and sigh in vain.

Well I remember you, blest hours !
Your sun-beams bright, your transient showers—
 Thoughtless I saw you fly ;
For distant ills then caus'd no dread,
Nor car'd I for the moments fled,
 For mem'ry call'd no sigh.

My parents dear then rul'd each thought,
No blame I fear'd, no praise I sought,
 But what their love bestow'd :
Full soon I learnt each meaning look,
Nor e'er the angry glance mistook,
 For that where rapture glow'd.

'Twas then when evening call'd to rest,
I'd seek a father to request

His benediction mild :

A Mother's love more loud would speak,

With kifs on kifs she'd print my cheek,

And blefs her darling child.

Thy lightest mists, and clouds, sweet Sleep !

Thy purest opiates, thou dost keep,

On infancy to shed ;

No guilt there checks thy soft embrace,

And not e'en tears and fobs can chase

Thee from an infant's bed.

The trickling tears which flow'd at night,

Oft hast thou stay'd, 'till morning light

Dispell'd my little woes ;

So fly before the sun-beams pow'r

The remnants of the evening show'r,

Which wet the early rose.

Farewell blest hours ! full fast ye flew,
And that, which made your blifs so true,
Ye would not leave behind ;
The glow of youth ye could not leave,
But why, why cruelly bereave
Me of my artlefs mind ?

The fair unwrinkl'd front of youth,
The vermeil cheek, the smile of truth,
Deep lines of care soon mark ;
But can no power preserve the soul,
Unwarp'd by pleasure's soft controul,
Umov'd by passions dark ?

These changes which o'ertake our frame,
Alas ! are emblems of the same,
Which on our soul attend ;
Yet who reviews the course he's run
But thinks where life once more begun,
Unspotted it should end.

Vain thought ! the evening's firm resolve
 We break ere morning clouds dissolve,
 Then boast the life we'd led,
 Would heav'n but infancy restore :
 Thus o'er an idle dream we pore,
 But slight the waking deed.

Fond Mother ! hope thy bosom warms,
 That on the prattler in thy arms,
 Heav'n's choicest gifts will flow :
 Thus let thy prayer incessant rise,
 Content, if he who rules the skies,
 But half the boon bestow.

“ O thou, whose view is ne'er estrang'd
 “ From innocence, preserve unchang'd
 “ Through life my darling's mind ;
 “ Unchang'd its truth and purity,
 “ Still fearless of futurity,
 “ Still artless, though refin'd.

“ As oft his anxious nurse has caught
“ And fav'd his little hand, that fought
“ The bright, but treach'rous blaze :
“ So may fair wisdom keep him sure
“ From glitt'ring vices which allure
“ Through life's delusive maze.

“ Oh may the ills, which man surround,
“ Like passing shadows on the ground,
“ Obscure, not stain my boy !
“ Then may he gently drop to rest,
“ Calm as a child by sleep oppress'd,
“ And wake to endless joy.

L.

LINES TO PETROSA.

Thy charms, Petrosa, which inspire
Unnumber'd swains to chant thy praise,
Bid me too join the tuneful choir,
My faint and tim'rous voice to raise.

And though more lofty songs invite,
Regard, for once, an humble swain,
The warbling thrush can oft delight,
More than the skylark's louder strain.

Thy heav'nly form, thy virtues too,
In notes of praise ascend the skies ;
To opening charms, which strike the view,
Unceasing aspirations rise.

But midst these charms by all confess,
One fault thy hopeless swains declare ;
A heart there dwells within that breast,
Which knows no love, which heeds no prayer.

Despondent sighs, and notes of pain
Delight, they say, Petrosa's ear :
To sue for pity were as vain,
As from the rocks to ask a tear.

Oh senseless throng ! that callous breast
Proclaims her nature's favor'd child
While others pine, with love oppress'd,
Her thoughts are free, her slumbers mild.

And all that softness which gives grace,
And honor to the female heart,
Though distant from its wonted place,
She harbors in a nobler part.

For though that heart to every sound,
Which would compassion move, be dull,
The softness, which should there be found,
Kind nature granted to her.....skull.

L.

A SONG.

No more glows the west, with the sun's parting beams,
'The shadows of even descend o'er the scene,
The moon, her mild light, thro' the blue heaven streams,
And the silver rays tremble the branches between.

'Tis here in this silent recess of the grove,
Where the streamlet's soft voice alone meets the ear;
'Tis here that I wait, anxious wait, for my love—
And the leaves' gentle rustle gives hope she is near.

I see, thro' the tall trees, her fairy form glide,
A white flowing robe lightly veils o'er her charms,
While my eyes still pursue her, she darts to my side—
With quick transport I rise, and am prest in her arms.

The vows, that so often have pass'd, I renew,
She hears, she approves, with a sweet trusting smile,
And curst be the wretch, who, that sweet smile, could view,
And a thought entert in of deception or guile.

I swear by the light, which now softens the grove,
That light so propitious! to lovers so dear!

I would fooner lose life, than lose Anna's love—

I would fooner lose life, than cause Anna a tear.

ANACREON,

ODE 37,

BARNES' EDITION.

See Spring advance, with lightfome pace,

Joyful mien, and blushing face !

Mark the Graces, in her train,

Scattering roses o'er the plain !

As in his troubled stream they lave,

See old Ocean smooth his wave !

The bird that fled from winter's fight,

Returning speds his homeward flight ,

The darken d sun repairs his beams,

And now in all his splendor flames.

No longer storms deface the year ;
Again the rustic's toils appear ;
Fresh-springing flowers deck the vale,
And breathe a rich and fragrant gale ;
With leafy honors crown'd once more,
The olive guards his rip'ning store ;
The gadding vine o'erspreads the ground,
And weaves his flexile arms around ;
The grape, with purple juice, 'gins swell,
The juice, whose joys I love to tell.

IMITATION.

AMERICAN SPRING.

See Spring advance, with changeful face,
Disorder'd mien, and trembling pace !
Now on the turf she loves to rest,
And deck with op'ning flow'rs her breast ;
She moves, and verdure spreads the ground,
She smiles, and nature smiles around :

But soon dark frowns her face deform,
She calls again the winter-storm ;
He drives his blasts across the scene,
And withers all its rising green.

Now reigns the Sun, in perfect day,
And Earth, exulting, owns his sway ;
And now, involv'd in clouds, retires,
And burns with ineffectual fires.

The fearful rustic seeks his field,
Which hope scarce tells, what crop shall yield,
With anxious look, regards the sky,
And hardly dares his labor ply.

'The trees, scarce strew'd with leaves, appear,
And seem the coming blast to fear :
No poet chaunts his " wood notes wild,"
Nor haunts the grove " rapt fancy's child."

Yet Spring, tho' changeful be thy face,
In every change thou hast a grace,
A grace, that in my partial eyes,
Excels the charm of Asian skies.

ANACREON,

ODE 39,

BARNES' EDITION.

When I quaff rich generous wine,
I feel, at once, a glow divine ;
Possess'd with all the muse's fire,
Strike, with rapid hand, the lyre.

When I quaff the mantling bowl,
Care and grief desert the soul,
All anxious thoughts are put to flight,
As clouds before the morning light.

When the mantling bowl I quaff,
Jolly Bacchus prompts the laugh,
Rolls me o'er midst fragrant flowers,
And steeps in mirth the careless hours.

When I quaff rich generous wine,
A chap'et round my brows I twine
And sing to each enraptur'd guest,
The pleasures of a life of rest.

When I quaff the mantling bowl,
The God of love invades my soul ;
I feel, I feel the fair one's charms,
And lose my senses in her arms.

When in cups of ample size,
The sparkling juice attracts my eyes,
I joy, where youth and wit invite,
To pass in social mirth the night.

Remote from care and public strife,
These are the joys, which sweeten life :
These blessings to my share still fall,
Tho' death may come, who comes to all.

TRANSLATION
OF ONE OF THE CHORUSES
IN THE
PROMETHEUS OF ÆSCHYLUS

Prometheus is represented as chained to a rock, by the command of Jupiter for having conveyed fire from heaven and taught the use of it to men : for having also instructed them in many useful arts, of which it had been decreed that they should remain ignorant. The chorus is composed of Sea-Nymphs, who address him as follows :

Oh may no thought of mine e'er move,
The vengeance of almighty Jove !
Ne'er shall my incense cease to rise,
Due to the powers who rule the skies,

From all the watery domains,
O'er which my father Ocean reigns :
And till his towery billows cease
To roll, lull'd in eternal peace,
Ne'er shall an impious word of mine,
Irreverence mark to power divine.

Lightly flew my former days,
With not a cloud to dim the rays
Of hope, which promis'd peace to send,
And golden pleasures without end.
But what a blast now mars my bliss,
Prometheus, at a scene like this.
While thus thy tortures I behold,
I shudder at the thoughts so bold,
Which could impel thee to withstand
For mortal man, Jove's dread command.

Where now the aid from mortals due
For all thy deeds of love so true ?

Alas ! their shadowy strength is vain,
As dreams which haunt the fever'd brain ;
Ah ! how should fleeting shades like these
Resist almighty Jove's decrees ?

Such thoughts will rise, such strains will flow
Prometheus, at thy bitter woe.

How different was the strain I sang,
When round thy bridal chamber rang
The voices of the choral throng,
Who pour'd the hymeneal song
To thee, and to thy joy, thy pride,
Hesione, thy blooming bride.

L

WAR SONG,

FROM THE GREEK OF

TYRTÆUS.

Habemus etiam Tyrtæi illius reliquas, qui
“ mares animos in martia bella
“ Versibus exacuit.”

Omnes, de bellicâ fortitudine, de patriæ amore, de
immortali gloriâ virorum in acie strenuè occumbenti-
um, quæ timidis etiam audaciam addere possent; qui-
bus Lacædæmonios debitatos jamdudum fractosque
animo, ad certam spem victoriæ erexit.

LOWTH, de Sac. Poe. Heb. Prælec 1, p. 16.

Spartans, rouse, your country calls,
Children, Wives, your aid demand;
Curst the wretch, whom fear appals,
Save, oh! save your native land.

With soul-fraught ardor, seek the fight,
 And shed your blood, with proud delight,
 Press forward, in compacted band,
 And death prefer to shameful flight.

Each advancing choose his foe,

* Fix the teeth, and knit the brow,

Strain the sinews, swell the breast,

Shake horror from the lofty crest ;

With strong right hand, the falchion wield,

Set foot to foot, and shield to shield ;

* *Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood—*

Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostrils wide,

Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit

To his full height.

HEN. 5. A. 2, s. 2.

Before the publication of Dr. Farmer's Essay, this coincidence might have been adduced with some plausibility, as a proof of Shakespeare's knowledge and imitation of the ancients—It does indeed prove that both poets observed nature with equal accuracy.

As the foe approaches near,
Wrench his sword, or weighty spear,
In mighty grasp, entwine him round,
And hurl him, struggling, to the ground.
Know, that the man, whose sacred sword
Is drawn to guard his native land,
Tho' forc'd from light, by Mars abhorr'd,
To wander o'er the Stygian strand,
Does not die ; tho' earth receive
His corse, his glory still shall live ;
Tho' stretch'd, and dull, and cold he lie,
He triumphs still, and DOES NOT DIE.

ODE

FROM THE SPANISH OF GARCILASO DE LA VEGA

How blest is he, who free from care
Inhales the country's wholesome air,
'Midst solitude and shade ;
Who from his breast each anxious thought
Drives far away, nor harbors aught,
That can his peace invade.

The haughty thresholds of the great,
Their crowded halls, and lordly state
No longer he frequents ;
Nor on the false and flattering race,
Who hunger after power or place,
His indignation vents.

He's now no more oblig'd to feign,
To ask, to tremble, or complain,
As suits the changing hour ;
But free in thought, in word, and deed,
Directs his steps as chance may lead,
And dreads no lordling's power.

Those objects, that are wont inspire
So many breasts with wild desire,
He views with calm disdain :
Careless alike of wealth and place,
He scorns to join the fordid race,
A worthless prize to gain.

Beneath the oak or chefnut's shade,
Whose branches canopy the glade,
In musing wrapt he lies ;
Or marks the quiet herds that rove
Wide scatter'd thro' the neighb'ring grove,
And feasts his roving eyes.

Thro' pebbly channels limpid flows
A stream, which soothing to repose,
In murmurs glides along.

While birds who own no master's sway,
Warble their sweet, tho' untaught lay,
And pour the varied song.

With busy hum the bee now plies
From tender flower to flower, and flies
With fragrant load oppress'd—
While all that can compose the mind,
The rustling leaves, the whisp'ring wind,
Invite the soul to rest.

N.

TRANSLATIONS FROM TASSO.

The following translations from the "Jerusalem Delivered," aspire to little more than the praise of faithful, and indeed almost literal interpretation, if upon comparison, they should be found to convey a juster representation of the original, than the corresponding passages of Mr. Hoole's Version, the superiority must be ascribed to the peculiar fitness of blank verse, as the medium of translation, where the original is so remarkably distinguished by energy, majesty, and simplicity of style; qualities, which, it cannot be denied, are more easily attained or preserved in blank verse, than in rhyme. It must, in a great measure, be owing to his choice of the latter, that Mr. Hoole is most deficient in those particulars, in which Tasso chiefly excels.* The subject naturally suggests a remark,

* *It may be objected that Tasso himself made choice of rhyme; but it should be recollected, that the Italian octave stanza is susceptible of nearly as much ease and variety as blank verse.*

which modern readers and writers of poetry should bear perpetually in mind; it is, that Homer, Tasso, and Milton, the most sublime and impressive of poets, are at the same time the most simple in their style, and the most sparing in the use of epithets.



God sends Gabriel to the city of Tortosa to command Godfrey to assemble and rouse to action the Christian leaders, and to inform him of his appointment to the chief command.

GER. LIB. CAN. 1, ST. 13—15.

Thus spake th' Omnipotent; and Gabriel straight
 Prepar'd to execute his dread behest.
 His angel form invisible, with air
 He cloath'd, and to the sight obtuse of man
 Subjecting, feign'd a human shape and face;
 Which still celestial majesty retain'd.
 He seems, not yet a youth, nor still a child,

And round his locks, a radiant glory plays ;
His wings, of purest white, are tipt with gold,
Upborne on these, in swiftest flight, he parts
The wind and cloud ; on these, sublime, he soars
O'er earth and sea, unconscious of fatigue.
When thus array'd, the herald of the skies,
Towards this low earth, obedient, bent his way ;
O'er mount Libanus first, his rapid course,
On equal balanc'd wings upheld, he check'd ;
Then down directed to Tortosa's plain
His flight precipitate. The glorious sun,
Now just emerging from the eastern coast,
Was still, in part, beneath the waves conceal'd,
And Godfrey, as his pious use requir'd,
Address'd his orisons to heav'n, when lo !
From th' eastern sky, and with the rising sun,
Tho' brighter far, the messenger of Heav'n
Appear'd, and thus the christian chief bespake.

N.

Armida having endeavoured, in vain, to prevent the departure of Rinaldo from the enchanted Island, vents her indignation in the most passionate exclamations and returns to her palace vowing revenge on her faithless lover.

Impetuous thus, with interrupted voice,
She raves, as from the solitary shore
She turns her steps. Her wild dishevell'd locks,
Her rolling eyes, and face with rage inflam'd,
Declare the furies that possess her breast.
Now to her palace come, with direful voice,
Three hundred hellish spirits she invokes ;
The sun grows pale ; dark clouds involve the sky,
And rushing whirlwinds shake the mountain tops ;
Lo ! from beneath infernal sounds proceed,
And, frequent, thro' the ample halls are heard,
Hisses, and howls, and shrieks, and fearful yells ;
O'er all a more than midnight darkness broods,
Thro' which no mingling ray is seen, save when
The light'ning's flash gleams thro' th' obscure profound ;

The shades at length dispers'd, again the sun,
While noxious vapours still opprefs the air,
Restores his pale, and yet uncertain light :
No palace now appears, not e'en a trace,
'To mark the spot where late it stood, remains.
As when in clouds fantastick forms are seen,
And air-built piles of short endurance,
Which the wind disperses, or the sun dissolves,
Or as the fancies of a sick man's brain,
So vanish'd quite the palace ; nought remains,
But alpine rocks, in native horrors clad.

Ger. Lib. Can. 16, S. 68, 71.

N.

Ifmeno, the Pagan Sorcerer, to deprive the Christians of all means of repairing their warlike engines, enchants the wood which had supplied them with timber, and from which alone it could be procured.

In a lone valley, from the christian tents
Not far remov'd, ascends a lofty wood,
Whose close-rang'd trees, in ancient rudeness wild,
O'er all around diffuse a fearful shade.
Here, when the noontide sun shines brightest, dwells
A sad, uncertain, glooming light* ; like that
Which doubtful breaks thro' skies by clouds obscur'd,
When day to night succeeds, or night to day ;
But when the sun withdraws his beams, here soon
Prevail impenetrable gloom, and night,
And horrors like th' infernal, which the sense
Oppress with blindness, and appal the soul.
Hither no shepherd e'er, no herdsman guides

* " *A little glooming light much like a shade* "
Spencer, Fairy Queen, Can. 11.

His flocks his herds or food or shade to seek.
No traveller here, save when bewilder'd, treads ;
But seeks a distant path, and marks with awe.
Hither, by night, the witching hags, in crowds,
Each by her paramour attended, come ;
They come by clouds upborne, this under shape
Of hideous serpent, this of goat deform'd.
Shameless assembly ! which the shadow vain
Of fancied good, thus uses to allure,
With filthy show, and vile, to celebrate
Its impious nuptial rites, and feasts profane.
Thus stood belief ; and none that dwelt around
This dreaded wood, had ever torn a branch ;
Its sacred shades the Franks (for hence alone
Might they their engines rear,) first dar'd invade.
Hither, of night the silence deep and apt
Awaiting, came Ismeno, on the night
Next that on which the tow'r, that threat'ning hung
O'er Sion's walls, in flaming ruin fell,

And trac'd his circle, and the signs impress'd.
And now ungirt, with one foot bare, receiv'd
Within the round, he mutter'd forceful spells ;
Thrice to the East his face he turn'd, and thrice
Survey'd the realms, where sinks the setting sun ;
And thrice that wand he shook, with which the dead
Evoking from their tombs, he oft compels
To live and move again ; with naked foot
Thrice struck the ground ; then shouting loud exclaim'd,
“ Hear, hear, O ye, who from the starry sphere,
“ By founding lightnings, were precipitate
“ Hurl'd down ; as well, ye, who the storm excite,
“ And tempest, wand'ring habitants of air ;
“ As ye, who minister to sinful souls
“ The cause of endless woe, inhabitants
“ Of Erebus, I here invoke your aid ;
“ And thine, dread king of Hades' flaming bounds ;
“ Take in strict charge this forest, and these trees,
“ Which, number'd, to your care I now consign.

“ As to the foul, the body both abode
“ Supplies, and vesture, so shall unto you
“ These trunks, that thus the Franks far hence may flee,
“ At least the axe withhold, and dread your rage.”
He said; and words so horrible subjoin’d,
As none but impious tongue may dare repeat;
At which the lights adorning the serene
Of night shine dimly; and the troubled moon,
Her horns in clouds involving, disappears.
He then, enrag’d, with shouts redoubled, cries:
“ Invoked spirits, do ye still refuse
“ Your presence? whence this long delay? perhaps,
“ Sounds yet more potent, more occult, ye wait?
“ Nor have I yet forgotten, thro’ difuse,
“ The surest method of the direful art;
“ Still do I know, from mouth with blood defil’d,
“ To speak that great, that dreaded name, at which
“ Hell dares not deaf or obstinate remain;
“ Nor Pluto’s self be careless to obey.

“ What thus? what thus?” Yet more he would have said,
 But straight he knew the charm comp etely form'd.
 * Unnumber'd spirits came and countless ; some,
 Who wand'ring dwelt amid the fields of air,
 And some, forth issuing from the gloomy caves
 Profound of earth, with tardy motion came ;
 The high decree yet dreading, which their use
 Of armed fight forbad ; but thus to come,
 Did not prevent, nor in these trees to dwell.

GER. LIB. CAN. 13. s. 2—11.

N.

* *Innumerabili infiniti.* Several instances of the adoption
 of this Italian idiom, if I am not greatly mistaken, are
 to be found in Milton tho' I cannot readily turn to the
 passages. Ed.

SONNET

FROM PETRARCH—I

Zefiro torna, e'l bel tempo rimena, &c.

Now Spring returns, and leads her smiling train,
And spreads, o'er hill and vale, the living green;
Again with music, wakes the woodland scene,
And decks with flowers, of varied hue, the plain;
The winds are hush'd, and peace broods o'er the main,
The meadows laugh beneath the blue serene,
O'er earth, air, sea, the power of love is seen,
And thrills through all that lives the pleasing pain:
But not to me the genial spring restores
The joys, her presence erst was wont inspire,
But wakes, to anguish wakes, the sense of woe:

In vain, her charms on all around she pours,
Thee, Laura, still these cheerless eyes require,
And rest of thee, no gleam of pleasure know.

This exquisite sonnet has been imitated, and perhaps equalled, by Drummond of Hawthornden, (part. 2, son. 7.) indeed all the sonnets of that admirable, though neglected poet, are truly Petrarchian, and undoubtedly the most perfect which our language can boast. If we believe Mr. Good, the learned and poetical translator of Lucretius, Petrarch is himself an imitator. (Good's Lucretius, v. 1, p. 13.)

ANOTHER FROM THE SAME.—II.

Pommi, ove'l sol occide i fiori e l'erba, &c.



Yes! place me, where the sun, with blasting ray,
 Kills every herb; or where perpetual cold
 Has fix'd the seas, in icy mountains roll'd;
 Or mid blest climes, that boast the temper'd day,
 And perfect year, exalt to wealth and sway;
 Or let proud fortune every gift withhold;
 * Let Death, with damp and murky wing infold;
 Or thro' each vein life's rapid current stray;

* ——— ——— ——— *Seu Mors atris circumvolat alis.*

Hor. B 2, Sat. 1, L. 58.

*Or Death's black wing already be display'd,
 To wrap me in the universal shade: Pope.*

Whether Oblivion shroud, or Fame refound,
 In heaven, on earth, or in th' abyfs profound,
 Such as I was, ftill fuch fhall I be found;
 Still will I pour the deep, the heartfelt ftain,
 Still o'er my breast fhall Love, and Laura reign,
 'The fource of all my blifs, and all my pain.

The idea of this fonnet was evidently fuggeded by the celebrated ftanzas, with which Horace concludes the twenty-second ode of his firft book.

Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis &c.

Drummond furnifhes another fuccefsful imitation.

(Part 1. Son. 69.)

TO MISS _____ III.



Tho' love be said to have inspiring force,
And e'en in untaught breasts to wake the muse,
That neither thoughts, nor words, doth then refuse,
But gives to flow of tender verse the course :
Yet in my faithful breast, tho' long the source
Of love, fervent and pure, as e'er could boast,
The most enraptur'd of Apollo's host,
Ne'er can the "cruel boy," this law enforce.
Ah! wonder not, tho' apt on other themes,
The muse should here be mute ; to speak my love,
Thy merits to express, a task she deems,
Which to attempt, would folly only prove—
Not Maro's self could hope, in equal verse,
Thy virtues, grace, and beauty, to rehearse.

TO THE SAME.—IV.



O thou most cherish'd in my secret heart,
With purest zeal enshrin'd, and worshipp'd there,
Still, still I see, as when compell'd to part,
Thy trembling form—the wildly pensive air
With which thou bad'st adieu—the big drops start,
And course thy pallid cheek—thou breath'st a pray'r,
That he, who reigns above, will deign impart
His grace divine, and save us from despair.
What were my feelings then?—to madness wrought,
Now, in convulsive glee, I laugh aloud—
Now, fix'd as marble, stand entranc'd in thought,
While woe's dark visions on my fancy crowd ;
Till rous'd at length, “ I cannot, must not stay”—
Prest thy cold lips again, and rush'd away.

V.

“ His virtues form'd the magic of his song.”

* * * * *



Cowper, assertor of the moral song,
 Thou England's glory, in degenerate days,
 And just inheritor of ancient praise,
 How shall I speak thy worth, nor do thee wrong?
 Unforc'd by art, in native vigor strong,
 Thy pure, and simple, and pathetic lays,
 Replete with thought, and bright with fancy's rays,
 Proclaim thee first amid the tuneful throng;
 Yes! in thy verse a secret charm we find,
 A charm not taught, and ne'er attain'd by art,
 At once it gratifies, and fills the mind,
 And softens, wakes, and meliorates the heart.
 'Tis that we trace thy mind, and virtues here,
 And that we know, and feel thee still sincere.

VI.



O Burns ! when I peruse thy nervous page,
Where, scenes adorn'd by genius' brightest hues,
And pathos' softest tints, the spirit views,
Feelings, at once of mingled scorn and rage,
Will rise, against the proud and selfish age,
That wonder'd at thy wild unletter'd muse,
And while it prais'd, yet, niggard, could refuse
The proper meed ; nor rais'd thee to the stage,
Where God and nature destin'd thee to stand ;
Whence had we seen thy genius all display'd,
And streaming splendor o'er thy native land,
All thy bright soul, in warm effulgence ray'd ;
But left thee on bleak poverty's dark strand,
Where sweeps the surge, and chilling blasts invade.

TO WILLIAM COBBETT, ESQ.

EDITOR OF THE POLITICAL REGISTER—VII.

Cobbett ! altho' thy blind or envious foes
With base attempt, impeach thy honest fame,
And brand thee with each foul opprobrious name,
Still persevere ; with fearless pen expose
The " bold bad men" who cause thy country's woes ;
Still persevere, with fix'd and constant aim,
Till every breast shall feel the patriot flame,
Whence England's proud and ancient glories rose.
Should those black clouds at length be over-blown,
Which menace ruin to thy native land,
The day must come, when ALL thy worth shall own,
And give the praise, thy zeal and cares demand,

When Factions self no longer d are accuse,
And thou shalt gain a wreath from every Muse.

Notwithstanding the prejudices which prevail so extensively in this country, I disdain to make any apology for the above Sonnet. I own, I cannot help feeling an interest in the fate of England; and I am firmly persuaded, that no man, of common sense or candor, can peruse with attention the writings of Mr. Cobbett, and not be convinced both of the integrity of his motives, and the importance of his exertions.

VIII.



I, late escap'd the city's noisome air,
The din of commerce and the busy throng
Who seek for wealth, by methods right or wrong,
And waste their lives in toil, their souls with care,
With joy, to nature's artless scenes repair ;
Unspent in breath, in new-born vigour strong,
O'er rocks, and rushing streams I bound along,
And e'en the mountain's highest summit dare ;
Awhile I pause to catch a fresher gale,
Then to some distant field I dart away,
Plunge in the wood, the grove, or shaded vale,
And lost in wild uncertain rapture stray :
I feel my thoughts to nobler heights aspire,
And strike, with bolder hand, the sounding lyre.

IX.



How sweet to draw the fragrant breath of morn ;
 To mark the sun's large orb majestic rise,
 While rapid streams of light o'erspread the skies,
 * And fleecy clouds in thousand hues adorn !
 How sweet in some romantic glen, that lies
 Beyond the rage of noon, where streamlets, borne
 Down broken channels in the rough rock worn,
 Roll murmuring on, to rest and close the eyes !
 How sweet, at eve, to climb the mountains height,
 To see o'er plains below the shade extend,
 And watch the progress of departing light,
 At length, with slow and musing step descend,
 And reach our cot, as falls a darker night ;
 There meet the charms, which love and friendship blend.

* *The clouds in thousand liveries dight.*

L'ALLEGRO.

TRANSLATION OF COWPER'S VOTUM.

Cowper's Poems, v. 1, p. 284.



Ye dews of morn ! ye breezes wafting health !
Ye groves and green banks of the murmuring stream !
Ye turf-crown'd hills ! ye vales of cool recess !
The simple pleasures, that I once enjoy'd,
In my paternal fields, remote from art,
From fear remote, would but the fates restore :
The world unknowing, to the world unknown,
How gladly would I spend my future days,
And wait serene and calm th' approach of age ;
And when my years, years not unblest, have clos'd,
And death, with gentle sweep, has laid me low,
O may the swelling turf, or silent stone
Alone denote where I securely lie.

IMITATION
OF SOME STANZAS

FROM THE
AMBRA OF LORENZO DE MEDICI.

O miser chi tra l'onde trova fuora, &c.

Unhappy he, who wand'ring far from shore,
Amid the ocean's waste, where night has spread
Her thickest glooms around, and tempests pour,
And wreck their fury on his fenceless head,
Expects the day, and still by hope misled,
Fancies the shades of darkness 'gin retire ;
Fancies he views the streaks of paler red,
Which speak th' approach of the eternal fire,
That still far 'neath the waves, his brilliance doth attire.

How different is the happy lovers' lot,
 Ne'er point their wishes to the coming day ;
All griefs dismissed and anxious cares forgot,
 Their thoughts tend solely to their amorous play ;
To them obscure and tedious is the day,
 And the sun lingers to conceal his beams ;
But night, with lightning-swiftness, speeds her way ;
 And oh ! far shorter than the day it seems,
And scarce it seems begun, when morning twilight gleams.

*STANZAS
OF A POEM
ENTITLED THE
TRIUMPH OF WOMAN.

CONTENTS.

Invocation—secret assembly of the ladies—characters and speeches of several of the members - Euphelia rises—dominion of man not founded on the advantages of his corporeal frame ; many animals superior to him in strength, swiftness, &c. yet all have been tam'd to his use or dread his power ; nor on any natural superiority of his mental faculties ; but solely on the igno-

**There is a considerable hiatus in the manuscript of this poem ; should the public add “valde deplendus” it may possibly be supplied.*

The solemn epic trump like thee to found,
And rouse the giant War with mighty blast,
While Horror, Rage, and Danger crowd around,
And Terror wildly glares, "in trance aghast ;"
Of ancient deeds to tell and ages past,
When lordly Chivalry maintain'd his sway,
And each true knight, in burnish'd mail yclaspt,
Rush'd ardent forth, his summons to obey,
While glory from their helms his brightest beams did ray ;

I dare not ask ; this envied height to tow'r,
And soar undazzled to the solar flame,
Is thine alone ; may "bale and bitter stowre"
Pursue the wight, that would impeach thy fame ;
Enough, O courteous shade, to gild my name,
'Thy lesser praises should'st thou chuse impart,
The harmony, that Murder's self might tame,
'The simple graces that emove the heart,
And happy negligence, that seems to scorn all art.

Where Hudſon proud his mighty ſtream outpours,
And ſwells the ocean with his copious tide,
A ſpacious city on his margin ſoars,
Of weſtern realm the glory and the pride ;
What ſtore of beauteous damſels here abide,
Who Love's ſweet reign o'er every heart extend,
And ſpread his triumphs round on every ſide,
How ſhall my verſe compute ? or whom commend,
When for the golden prize, ſo many fair contend ?

Not the fam'd roſes that in England blow,
Can boaſt the vermeil tints and ſofter'd ſluſh,
That on theſe Damſels' cheeks are wont to glow ;
Not ſuch the luſtre of Aurora's bluſh,
If from the heart the lucid currents ruſh,
Impell'd by anger or ingenuous ſhame ;
The " ſoft embodied" ſays, that ſcarcely cruſh
The waving graſs, whiles to the moon's pale flame,
Their feſtive ſports they hold, and rings myſterious frame ;

Not with such grace, such airy lightness fleet,
As when these Damsels, in the mazy dance,
Deceive the eye, with "many twinkling" feet ;
Who can resist that soft, that seraph glance,
That takes the ravish'd soul, in pleasing trance,
And opes the joys of Eden on the mind ?
Let Fable now be silent, and Romance,
Not spells like this amid their tales we find,
That thus subdue the soul, and all the senses bind.

The visions that enchant the poet's eye,
When youth is ardent, and when Fancy sways,
Tho' bright with colours of celestial dye,
Tho' deck'd with inspiration's purest rays,
Yet ne'er such transports of devotion raise ;
Ne'er to such height of rapture lift the soul,
Nor match the charms, that here assembled blaze ;
I feel their influence now my breast controul,
And bid the stream of verse, its tide resistless roll.

Yet not these charms of perishable grace,
Whose fragrance and whose bloom so soon decay ;
Not charms that Time hath licence to efface,
Should prompt, alone, my tributary lay ;
If not illum'd by that surpassing ray,
Which virtue poureth from her inward shrine,
My lyre, to sound their praise, should not assay ;
But here with beauty mental graces join,
And all the virtues bright with mingled lustre shine.

Nor this their highest praise ; but thoughts elate,
Which scorn subjection, and to rule aspire :
Which scorn their sex's too dependant state,
And plans of innovation bold inspire ;
The love of fame, and freedom's holy fire
Here glow unquench'd in every female breast :
Disdain of haughty Man, and generous ire,
On every female visage, stand confest,
And frowns and threatenng clouds each female brow invest.

Ah! lovely woman, how severe thy fate!

How joys the tyrant Man to cause thy woe!

How many ways he seeks to gain thy hate,

And force the bitter tears of sorrow flow!

Well may thy cheek with indignation glow,

And well thine eye, its angry lightning flash;

But now a speedy fall awaits thy foe,

Whom soon thy virtue from the height shall dash

Of all his pride, and wide shall spread the fatal crash.

In all the regions of the varied globe,

(Where flames the sun, with unremitting ray,

And nature wears unchang'd her summer robe;

Or where his beams scarce dart the lingering day,

And on th' impassive ice the light'nings play)

Woman the slave, still Man the lord we find;

In camp and senate still he bears the sway,

While she (the privilege of thought resign'd)

To low delights, and mean domestic cares is still confin'd.

But soon the Tyrant, in his turn, shall mourn,
 And bow his haughty neck to woman's rule,
 While laurel wreaths her polish'd brow adorn.
 Tho' waters rantling in the stagnant pool,
 Nor cheer the fields, the scorching air nor cool,
 Yet, if releas'd they spread their streams around,
 (A simile you'll say of Homer's school)
 With waving plenty laughs the teeming ground,
 And songs of grateful joy thro' all the vale resound.

And thus, when Woman shall commence her reign,
 Shall joyful earth the fated change approve ;
 Then murderous War, with all the baleful train
 Of vices, that the world triumphant rove,
 Shall yield to Peace, and Harmony, and Love ;
 Again Astræa from the skies descend,
 And ne'er again her dwelling to remove ;
 The passions fierce their dying fury spend ;
 And angels o'er our bliss, with smiles of rapture bend.

* * * * *
* * * * *
Mark avarice first, with lean and fallow face,
And hollow eyes, of red and piercing glare ;
Loose filthy rags his toil-bent form disgrace,
And hangs unkempt his foul and matted hair ;
His bosom feels one sole and fordid care,
Vast shining heaps of useles dross to pile,
Nor would he, from this dross, a portion spare,
For all the joys that bask in beauty's smile,
Or e'en the laurel wreath that waits Ambition's toil.

In league with him gross ignorance is join'd,
Around whose head eternal fogs do swim,
Nathless his darkness can he never find,
Nor careth for the Sun's enliv'ning beam ;
And tho' athwart the mist it sometimes gleam,
He shuts his eyes and will not take the light,
Nor will be waken'd from his stupid dream ;
'Twould pity move to see his wretched plight,
Yet laughs he aye, and seems a most contented wight.

These two here hold an uncontrolled sway,
 And all before their fordid thrones do bend,
 And all devotion at their altars pay ;
 But whither, Muse, unbridled dost thou tend,
 Nor car'st unthinking, whom thou dost offend ?
 Certes, thy folly soon shall work thee rue
 Nor e'er repentance shall thy rashness mend ;
 God grant my terrors now may prove untrue,
 And thou escape the fangs of the enraged crew ;

* * * * *
 * * * * *

“ How hard the heart of proud oppressive Man,
 “ How thick a mist involves his mental eye,
 “ How doth he mar our gracious Maker's plan,
 “ Which to his passions vile he seeks to ply ;
 “ He sees your tears, he sees the bursting sigh
 “ Rack your soft bosoms, yet unmov'd remains,
 “ Firm as the oak, that rears his head on high,
 “ And stands the monarch of the subject plains,
 “ In vain, a tempest blows, in vain, a deluge rains.

“ Ah ! why has bounteous Nature thus supplied,
 “ This stream exhaustless of obedient tears,
 “ If nought avail; to pour the willing tide ?
 “ What ray of hope our dark despondence cheers,
 “ Since e’en our faintings, and hysteric fears,
 “ No longer touch the rugged iron breast
 “ Of man ? he steels his heart, he shuts his ears,
 “ To all our prayers however artful drest ;
 “ And all our efforts foils, the rod of sway to wrest.

* * * * * *
 * * * * * *
 * * * * * *

Trembling and slow the modest maid arose,
 One hand her swelling bosom gently prest,
 While all her face, with sudden crimson, glows,
 *And Hope and Fear usurp, by turns, her breast ;
 So o’er the greenward, Nature’s pleasant vest,
 Now streams of light, with gentle waving, stray,
 Now shades of momentary darkness rest,
 As flying clouds reveal or hide the ray,
 Pour’d from yon golden orb, great regent of the day.

**The following allusion, in one of Mr. Home’s tragedies,
 appeared to me to unite almost every excellence,*

Awhile she paus'd ! expecting silence reign'd ;
 The first faint accents on her lips expire ;
 Again she blush'd ; but soon, fresh courage gain'd,
 Distinctly speaks, and all her fears retire ;
 *So when the Zephyrs thrill their airy lyre,
 And wake, with gentle breath, the conscious strings,
 With gradual swell, the trembling notes aspire,
 (Sweet as the strain the bird of midnight sings,)
 Till all the vale, with soft repeated echoes, rings.

— *Hope and Fear, alternate sway'd his breast,
 Like light and shade upon a waving field,
 Coursing each other, when the flying clouds
 Now hide, and now reveal the Sun.*

Here the analogy is remarkably perfect, not only between light and hope, and between darkness and fear, but between the rapid succession of light and shade, and the momentary influences of those opposite emotions ; and at the same time, the new image, which is presented to us, is one of the most beautiful and striking in nature.

Stewart's El. Phi. of the H. M.

page 308, quar. ed.

*So when the Zephyrs, &c. I sincerely beg pardon of the Critics, for calling the harp of Æolus the "lyre of the Zephyrs."

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * *
 Woman, indeed, may boast a right divine,
 From Heav'n's own bounty she derives her claim,
 And whilst I live, shall thought and deed of mine,
 Assert her rights and vindicate her fame ;
 And ever, with loud voice, will I proclaim
 Her as the lawful sovereign of the soul,
 And while my veins shall warm this vital flame,
 E'en from the Northern to the Southern pole,
 Unwearied will I try to spread her just control.

Nor you, ye fair, too proud, disdain the aid,
 Which now I offer, with a heart sincere,
 Nor scorn the poet, who has thus assay'd ,
 O'er vain revolting Man your sway to rear, ;
 But to his verses lend attentive ear,
 And with approving smile receive the lay,
 Thus from his breast dissolve that icy fear,
 Which binds the Muse, long struggling to the day,
 Like springing lark, she mounts, and tunes her carol gay.

Nor heed of wittings the malicious sneer,
 Nor credit give, to their assertion base,
 That satire's hideous features would appear,
 If torn the painted mask, that hides her face,
 That even now, those features they can trace,
 So ill the mask of praise is fitted on ;
 A wretch were I, unworthy of your grace,
 If this were true ; I own, I trust, that none
 Will credit lies, more glaring than the noon-day Sun.

What ! I the sex deride, who round my heart
 The silken cords of love so strong have twin'd,
 That from this durance I may never part,
 Nor these sweet chains, with all my force unbind ;
 To truth's refulgent light, I ween, most blind
 Is he, who such gross folly dare maintain,
 Beyond redress, corrupted is his mind,
 Who could, with lie so foul, his conscience stain ;
 Of such low censurers, now scorn I to complain ;

* * * * *
 * * * * * *

Ah ! who would still the pulse of youthly mind,
That with the hope of fame doth restless beat ;
Who with grave counsel, or reproach unkind,
Would quench the flame of that celestial heat,
That warms the bosoms of the good and great,
And forces to contemn each sorrow'd care,
And shun the haunts where vice and shame do meet ;
And yet I ween, there still are men who dare,
This warmth and virtuous zeal, with madness to compare.

I grant, if lucre be the end of life,
And all our thoughts and cares should thither tend ;
That should we mix in such ignoble strife,
And for so mean, so vile a prize contend ;
Then must the lore of prudence all be ken'd,
And sunk the light of the supernal ray ;
Our sinful nature by degrees to mend,
And climb the steep, where, midst eternal day,
Fair virtue sits enthron'd, no more must we assay.

Behold the slaves, whom avarice subdues,
And drives, and goads, to unremitting toil ;
Mark, with what stern delight the Tyrant views,
Their bootless labor, and exults the while
The wretches suffer from his cruel guile.
For splendid visions still enchain the sight
And mock their wishes, and their efforts foil ;
What tho' the fiend their golden harvests blight,
Deluded and enthral'd, they drudge from morn to night.

Belov'd of Heav'n, ye sacred band, I hail,
Whose virtuous breasts, the love of truth inspires ;
Tho' Malice, Envy, should your worth assail,
Tho' Poverty confine your large desires,
Your constant purpose ne'er Misfortune tires ;
Nor Woe extinguishes the holy flame,
That whence it comes, still Heavenward aspires.
Ah ! why should I repress the hope that Fame,
Where yours the blazons full, may mark my humblename.

And hail ! ye mighty masters of the song ,
Who e'en to thrilling rapture wake the soul ;
To you the powers of magic spell belong,
For as ye list, ye bear from pole to pole
The spirit rapt ; now thundering torrents roll,
And dash, and foam, impetuous to the plain—
Have scenes of Eden on my senses stole ?
Do Seraphs breathe that soft, entrancing strain ?
Ah ! do not still the lyre, resound those notes again.

But when dissolves the fervid fancy's dream,
To real life unwilling we return.
How vain all sublunary cares we deem !
How scorn the limits of this transient bourne !
Mistaken youth ! thy sacred duties learn,
And strive to fill the part, that God has giv'n,
Tho' far more perfect bliss thy bosom yearn,
Know, 'tis our trial here that leads to heav'n,
He, that in sloth repines, shall never be forgiv'n.

And now my wearied hand, and wearied mind,
Demand repose, and further toil refuse ;
But should Apollo round my temples bind
A garland, drench'd in pure castalian dews,
The guerdon fair would vigour fresh infuse ;
Perhaps, embolden'd by the voice of praise,
The Muse might dare some nobler theme to chuse,
The which adorn'd, a deathless name shall raise,
O'er Time's unbounded sea, with constant flame, to blaze.

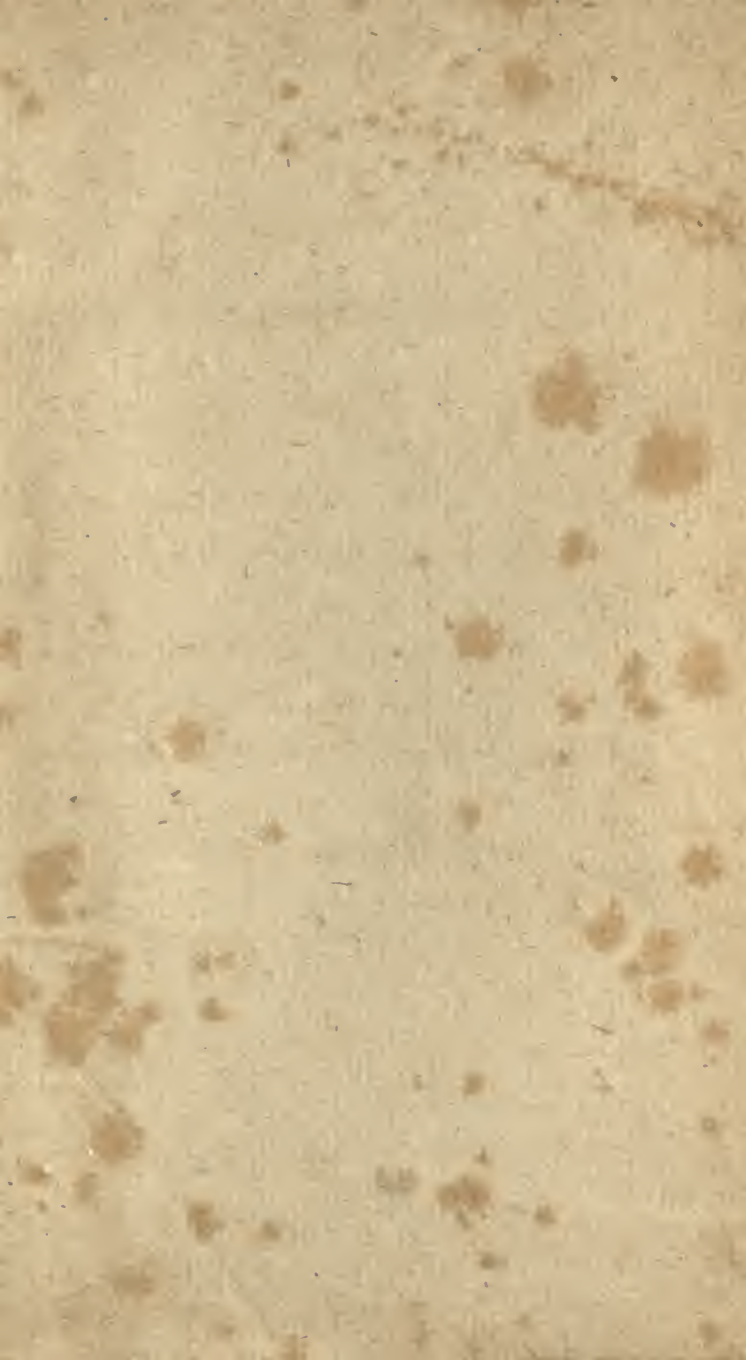
CONCLUDING SONNET.

Farewell! blest scenes, where Fancy pours her day,
And sheds a softer, more romantic light ;
Where Beauty's living forms entrance the sight,
And sweetest music warbles from each spray ;
Scenes, where the lonely bard is wont to stray,
And as your charms his warmest soul excite,
Paints what he sees in colors ever bright.
With slow reluctant step, I shun your sway,
Blest scenes, farewell! now solemn duties call ;
Now must I mingle in the worldly strife,
Of anxious care, of ceaseless toil the thrall ;
And yet, should Providence extend my life,
Once more emerging from the transient gloom,
I'll quaff your springs, and cull your fairest bloom.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 4, line 4, read amœni—5, 11, where—6, 6, fœnum—8, camœnis—10, 4, præbere—12, 3, promittere—14, 10, quæ—20, 10, comœdus—22, 14, lævis—30, 5, recens—38, 6, villicus—40, 12, infelix—41, 12, length—42, 3, Asturi—8, præclarum—43, 13, dome—44, 3, Circensibus—13, fenestræ 111, 7, unfetter'd—120, 1, not—125, 17, were—126, 3, lead—128, 2, unnumber'd—131, 8, hope—142, 7, debilitatos.







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