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**CAMEOS**  
**FROM THE ANTIQUE ;**  
**OR, THE**  
**CABINET OF MYTHOLOGY :**  
**SELECTIONS ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MYTHOLOGY**  
**OF GREECE AND ITALY,**  
**FOR THE**  
**Use of Young Persons,**  
**AND INTENDED AS A**  
**SEQUEL TO THE POETICAL PRIMER.**

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**BY MRS. LAWRENCE.**

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“ The task is a humble one, but not mean ; for to lay the first stone of a noble building is no disgrace to any hand.”

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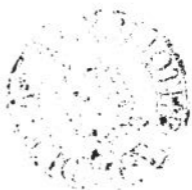
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TO

BARBARINA, LADY DACRE,

SO DISTINGUISHED FOR HER SUCCESSFUL CULTIVATION OF

THE FINE ARTS,

*This little Volume,*

INTRODUCTORY TO THE STUDY OF THEM,

IS OFFERED,

WITH THE SINCEREST RESPECT AND AFFECTION.

“ They wove bright fables in the days of old,  
When reason borrow'd fancy's painted wings :  
When truth's clear river flow'd o'er sands of gold,  
And told in song its high and mystic things.”

T. K. HERVEY.

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“ The Grecian Mythology is so intimately connected with the works of the greatest poets, that it will continue to be interesting as long as classical poetry exists ; and must form an indispensable part of the education of the man of literature, and of the gentleman. But it is for its relative, and not for its positive merit, that Grecian Mythology is retained ;—in itself it is a heap of confused, monstrous, and absurd stories, which, taking them either literally or allegorically, or both,—not all the arts of modern expounders \* can reconcile with common sense or decency : its deformity has been concealed, however, by the beautiful drapery of poetry, or it has been covered by public opinion.”

BURKE.

\* Even Lord Bacon himself has failed.—See his “ Wisdom of the Ancients.”

## P R E F A C E.

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THE selection of Mythological descriptions, which forms the present volume, having been found peculiarly useful in the education of the children of a private family, is now for the first time offered to the public, in the idea that though some works of the same nature have lately appeared, neither its use or its originality have yet been entirely superseded. It has required more trouble than might be at first supposed, much humble industry and patient research, to collect and arrange these materials from a great variety of authors and of languages; to alter and modify them as might best suit their peculiar purpose; to connect them by slight links, and numerous but unostentatious additions; to retain at once all that was most pure and most beautiful in their descriptions, derived from the noblest of our poets, and the highest classical authorities.

If it be necessary that a knowledge of Mythology should be acquired by our children, there can be no difference of opinion as to the delicacy and caution with which its legends should be selected and its descriptions conveyed. If it form the basis of a classical education, if we owe to it the power of appreciating much that is beautiful in painting and sculpture, and exquisite in poetry, surely some effort should be made to separate that information from the alloy which usually debases it, and which makes the common books of reference on this subject so frequently objectionable.



This little volume is an attempt to obviate the difficulty which has been felt by all who have undertaken to instruct young ladies in the study of Mythology: the series of descriptions here offered, which includes, perhaps, all that is essential for them to know of it, may, it is hoped, prove acceptable to those who have daughters, from the purity and elegance with which that information is conveyed. If these fables are to be continually presented to them in some shape or another;—if they are to meet them in the theatre, the picture gallery, the statue, the gem, and, the engraving,—towards a first introduction to such subjects, a mother's version may be found the best. The acquisition of a correct and classical taste is one of the fruits of such studies, so directed, and so modified:—it will show itself in an elegant and simple choice of the ornaments of dress: it will be apparent in all those household and in-door decorations and arrangements which it falls within a woman's peculiar province to regulate: without its guidance, wealth will waste itself in unmeaning and tasteless profusion: it will direct and control expenditure, and elevate simplicity into elegance.

Those mothers who know how important an object the study of Mythology is made at our great public schools, will be desirous to communicate early to their sons that information which is the sole foundation upon which an education there proceeds, and which is more likely to be valued at Eton or Westminster than any other of the accomplishments with which they may have been anxious to endow these objects of their earliest and fondest solicitude:—the moment a boy arrives at a public school, he will be made to feel the value of any knowledge of this kind that he may previously have acquired:—it

will be put in continual requisition on the subjects which are henceforth to occupy him *exclusively*; it will enable him to find the meaning of many a passage which, without such assistance, would be (like Gibbon's early volume of Cornelius Nepos) "darkly construed, and dimly understood,"—and may serve even to disarm the terrors of a first introduction to the *Propria quæ maribus* itself.

They will find this a more profitable employment than the usual ungrateful labour of driving their pupils through the grammar of the Latin language, of which they, perhaps, may be ignorant themselves: committing and inculcating by the way a thousand offences against prosody, such as no classical ear can ever forgive: errors, likely to be productive of much trouble and vexation to the tutor who succeeds them, and to be repented of, with mortification and abasement, by the innocent culprit himself.

Nor will these fictions be found without interest for children in general: the enchantresses and giants of Ovid may be rendered just as amusing as their lineal descendants, the ogres and fairies of the nursery tales: Perseus with his wings of swiftness, and sword of sharpness, may rival Jack the Giant-killer;—the metamorphoses effected by Circe, or Ceres, may recal the similar transitions in the equipage and paraphernalia of the celebrated Cinderella, and even a prototype for the gigantic persecution of Tom Thumb himself may be discovered in the blinded and maddened Cyclops, the blood-thirsty Polypheme.

Children, to whom these Mythological pictures are familiar, will delight to recognise them in the Cameos so much worn

as ornaments of dress, and in the exquisite copies of the antique gems, so cheaply furnished by Tassie and Wedgwood. The series of sulphur casts so constantly brought from Italy, will be to them a source of inexhaustible pleasure and study; and their eyes will welcome with delight the models and engravings which reflect the elegant forms of the antique, or the scarcely less beautiful creations of Canova, Gibson, and Thorwaldsen.

The succeeding volume consists of a series of Scriptural and Historical Pictures; it has been observed by one of the greatest of our critics \*, that the feelings of religion do not easily embody themselves in poetry: extracts, therefore, expressive merely of religious feeling, have been generally avoided; but the beautiful passages in our best poets, which describe events and circumstances in sacred history, have been carefully selected, as tending, in combination with holier studies, to strengthen religious impressions, and to increase that knowledge "which maketh us wise unto salvation."

Whoever has been accustomed to read with children the history of England, will have observed with what avidity the young student, after he has made some little proficiency, will seize upon every circumstance in poetry or description which relates to it: such extracts have always been found to excite interest and preference, and have been the means of fixing some point of history or chronology accurately on the memory.

\* Dr. Johnson.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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### ORIGIN OF THE MYTHOLOGY OF ANCIENT GREECE.

IN that fair clime, the lonely herdsman, stretch'd  
On the soft grass through half a summer day,  
With music lull'd his indolent repose ;  
And in some fit of weariness, if he,  
When his own breath was silent, chanced to hear  
A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds  
Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetch'd  
Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,  
A beardless youth, who touch'd a golden lute,  
And fill'd the illumined groves with ravishment.

*Myth.*

b

—The nightly hunter, lifting up his eyes  
Towards the crescent moon, with grateful heart  
Call'd on the lovely wanderer, who bestow'd  
That timely light, to share his joyous sport :  
And hence a beaming goddess with her nymphs,  
Across the lawn and through the darksome grove,  
(Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes  
By echo multiplied from rock and cave),  
Swept in the storm of chace, as moon and stars  
Glanced rapidly along the clouded heavens,  
When winds are blowing strong.

The traveller slaked  
His thirst from rill or gushing fount, and thank'd  
The Naiad. Sunbeams, upon distant hills  
Sliding apace, with shadows in their train,  
Might, with small help from fancy, be transform'd  
Into Oreads sporting visibly.

The Zephyrs, fanning as they pass'd, their wings,  
Lack'd not for love, fair objects, whom they woo'd  
With gentle whisper. Wither'd boughs grotesque,  
Stripp'd of their leaves and twigs by hoary age,  
From depth of shaggy covert peeping forth,  
In the low vale, or on steep mountain's side,  
And sometimes intermix'd with stirring horns  
Of the live deer, or goat's depending beard;  
These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild brood  
Of gamesome deities,—or Pan himself,  
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god.

WORDSWORTH.



# MYTHOLOGICAL POETRY.

---

## JUPITER, OR JOVE,

Was the Thunderer, the King of Olympus or Heaven, the Sovereign of the Heathen Gods;—he is represented sitting on a throne of ivory and gold;—an eagle perches beside him; his right hand grasps the thunder-bolts.

His was the look which stills the rising storm,  
When black-roll'd clouds the face of heaven deform;  
His the mild visage and benignant mien,  
Which to the sky restores the blue serene.

---

## JUPITER DECLARING HIS WILL

TO THE ASSEMBLED GODS.

HE spoke, and awful bends his sable brows,  
Shakes his ambrosial curls and gives the nod,  
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the God:  
High heaven with reverence the dread signal took,  
And all Olympus to the centre shook.

*Myth.*

B



## THE EAGLE

BEARING THE THUNDER-BOLTS OF JUPITER.

ON sounding plumes the awful bird of Jove  
Vindictive leaves the silver fields above ;  
Borne on broad wings, the guilty world he awes,  
And bears the lightning in his shining claws.

---

## THE EAGLE OF JUPITER

SOOTHED BY CELESTIAL MUSIC.

PERCH'D on the sceptred hand of Jove,  
Soft music lulls the feather'd king,  
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing ;  
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie  
The terrors of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

---

## THE INFANT JUPITER

NURSED BY THE NYMPH NEDA AND HER SISTERS,  
AND SUCKLED BY A GOAT.

IN years and wisdom, of the nymphs who nurst  
The infant Thunderer, Neda was the first ;  
With tender care, amid the azure flood,  
She plunged the new-born babe, and bathed the God ;  
Then wrapp'd the mighty child in purple bands,  
And gave the treasure to her sister's hands.

Proudly the nymph the glorious charge received,  
 In joyful arms the infant Thunderer heaved ;  
 With graceful care, and art well understood,  
 She rock'd the golden cradle of the God :  
 On his ambrosial lips the goat \* distill'd  
 Her milky store, and fed the heavenly child :  
 The duteous bee presents her honied spoil,  
 And for the God repeats her flowery toil.

---

### JUPITER

CHANGES HIMSELF INTO A BULL, TO CARRY OFF  
 THE NYMPH EUROPA, WHOM HE LOVES.

CHANGED to a milk-white bull on Afric's strand,  
 He crops with bending head the daisied land ;  
 With rosy wreaths Europa's hand adorns  
 His fringed forehead and his pearly horns :  
 Light on his back the playful damsel bounds,  
 And pleased he moves amid the flowery grounds ;  
 Bears with slow step the beauteous maid aloof,  
 Dips in the shining flood his ivory hoof,  
 Then wets his velvet knees, and wading laves  
 His silky sides amid the dimpling waves :  
 While her fond train with beckoning hands deplore,  
 Strain their blue eyes, and shriek along the shore :  
 Beneath her robe she draws her snowy feet,  
 And, half reclining on her ermine seat,  
 Round his raised neck her clasping arms she throws,  
 And rests her fair cheek on his curling brows ;  
 Her yellow tresses wave on wanton gales,  
 And high in air her azure mantle sails.

\* Amalthæa was the name of this goat which suckled Jupiter :—she was placed among the stars, and became the sign called Capricorn.

## JUPITER

DISGUISES HIMSELF AS A SWAN, TO PLEASE LEDA.

—CHANGED to a swan, he spreads his plummy sails  
 And proudly glides before the fanning gales.  
 Pleased on the reedy bank and flowery strand,  
 Fair Leda feeds him with her snowy hand ;  
 Bright shines his ebon crest ; with crimson beak  
 He prints fond kisses on her rosy cheek—  
 Spreads his wide wings, his snowy plumage laves,  
 And breasts with arching neck the dimpling waves.

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JUPITER AND SEMELE.

BELOVED by Jupiter, a mortal maid  
 By vain ambition was to death betray'd :  
 " If Semele," she said, " thy love commands,  
 Grant to her prayer the proof she now demands :  
 Grant me the gift which of all else I choose."  
 " Fear not," replied the God, " that I'll refuse  
 Whate'er *you* ask ; may Styx \* confirm my voice !  
 Choose what you will, and you shall have your choice."  
 —Then said the nymph, " When next to seek my love  
 You leave the bright ambrosial fields above,  
 Come all array'd in your celestial arms,  
 In all the pomp and splendour of those charms  
 With which the heart of Juno you inflame,  
 And fill with transport Heaven's immortal dame."  
 The God, surprised, would fain have stopp'd her voice,  
 But he had sworn, and she had made her choice.

\* A river of Hell : when the Gods swore by this river, they never broke their oaths.

To keep his promise, he ascends, and shrouds  
 His awful brow in thunder and in clouds ;  
 Whilst all around, in terrible array,  
 His thunders rattle and his lightnings play :  
 Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,  
 The illustrious God descending from his height  
 Came rushing on her in a storm of light. }  
 The mortal dame, too feeble to engage  
 The lightning's flashes and the thunder's rage,  
 Consumed amid the glories she desired,  
 And in the terrible embrace expired.

~~~~~

### DESCRIPTION OF JUNO,

THE QUEEN OF OLYMPUS, AND WIFE OF JUPITER.  
 SHE WAS THE MOTHER OF HEBE, VULCAN, AND MARS.

AND white-arm'd Juno there enthroned was seen,  
 Sovereign of Heaven, and Jove's imperious queen.  
 In vain all beauty's gifts her charms supply,  
 Flush in her cheek, and sparkle in her eye :  
 Vain o'er her brow the amber locks which flow  
 Or wave luxuriant o'er her bosom's snow ;  
 For pale distrust, and scorn, and secret care,  
 And jealous hate, and rage suppress'd, were there.  
 Still near his queen her watchful peacock spreads  
 His thousand eyes, his circling lustre sheds :  
 Where'er she bends, the living radiance burns,  
 And floats majestic as the Goddess turns.

## THE CAR OF JUNO.

AND now Heaven's empress burns to meet the war,  
And calls impatient for her blazing car ;  
At her command rush forth the steeds divine,  
Rich with immortal gold their trappings shine ;  
Bright Hebe \* waits ;—by Hebe, ever young,  
The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.  
On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel  
Of sounding brass ; the polished axle, steel :  
Silver the beam, th' extended yoke was gold,  
And golden reins th' immortal coursers hold.  
Herself, impatient, to the ready car,  
Joins the fleet steeds, and breathes revenge and war.

~~~~~  
JUNO DRESSING HERSELF.

SWIFT to her bright apartment she repairs,  
Sacred to dress and beauty's pleasing cares ;  
With skill divine had Vulcan form'd the bower,  
Safe from access from each intruding power :  
Touch'd with her secret key, the doors unfold ;  
Self-closed behind her, shut the valves of gold.  
Here first she bathes, and round her body pours  
Soft oils of fragrance and refreshing showers ;  
Then, when she breathed of sweets, with decent pride,  
Her artful hands her radiant tresses tied ;  
Part on her head in shining ringlets roll'd,  
Part on her shoulders waved like melted gold.

\* Hebe, the Goddess of Youth, and cup-bearer of the Gods.

Around her neck a heavenly mantle flow'd,  
That rich with Pallas' \* labour'd colours glow'd ;  
Large clasps of gold the foldings gather'd round,  
A golden zone her swelling bosom bound ;  
Far beaming pendants tremble in her ear,  
Each gem illumined with a triple star :  
Then o'er her head she threw a veil more white  
Than new-fallen snow, and dazzling as the light ;—  
Last, her fair feet celestial sandals grace.

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## MARS, THE GOD OF BATTLES,

APPEARING IN ANGER BEFORE THE THRONE OF JUPITER.

—WHEN some wild storm with sudden gust invades  
The ancient forests' deep and lofty shades,  
The bursting whirlwinds tear their rapid course,  
The shatter'd oaks crash, and with echoes hoarse  
The mountains groan ; while, whirling on the blast,  
The thickening leaves a gloomy darkness cast :  
—Such was the tumult in the blest abodes,  
When Mars, high towering o'er the rival Gods,  
Stept forth : stern sparkles from his eye-balls glanced.  
And now, before the throne of Jove advanced,  
O'er his left shoulder his broad shield he throws,  
And lifts his helm above his dreadful brows :  
Bold and enraged he stands, and, frowning round,  
Strikes his tall spear-staff on the sounding ground ;  
Heaven trembled, and the light turned pale.—

\* The Goddess Minerva, celebrated for her skill in needle-work.

## MARS, THE GOD OF WAR.

IN glittering arms and glory drest,  
High he rears his crimson crest ;  
Far around the rocky shore  
Echoes to the battle's roar :  
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,  
Thousand banners round him burn ;  
Where he points his purple spear,  
Ruin, flight, and death are there.

## MARS.

O'ER Thracian hills the furious God of War  
Urges his coal-black steeds and iron car ;  
Swift to the fight, with stern and fiery eyes,  
Fix'd rage deep burning in his breast, he flies ;  
His harness'd thousands to the combat leads,  
And rides exulting where the battle bleeds :  
Amid his pomp, his face is sprinkled o'er,  
And his bright armour stain'd with purple gore ;  
His furious steeds in thundering plunges bound,  
And shake with iron hoofs the solid ground.

## VULCAN, THE GOD OF FIRE,

Was employed in forging the thunder-bolts of Jupiter, and armour of the Gods: he had twelve servants to assist him, who were called the Cyclops; they were Giants, and each of them had only one eye, placed in the middle of his forehead.—Venus, the wife of Vulcan, comes to see him at work.

—WHERE subterranean fire eternal raves,  
 The Cyclops dwelt in Ætna's rocky caves;  
 On thundering anvils rung their loud alarms,  
 And, leagued with Vulcan, forged celestial arms.  
 Descending, Venus sought the dark abode,  
 And soothed the labour of the grisly God.—  
 Her playful loves the threatening falchion wield,  
 And tittering Graces peep behind the shield;  
 With jointed mail their fairy limbs o'erwhelm,  
 Or nod, with pausing step, the plumèd helm:  
 With radiant eye, she view'd the boiling ore;  
 Heard, undismay'd, the breathing bellows roar;  
 Admired their sinewy arms, and shoulders bare,  
 And ponderous hammers lifted high in air.





## THE CYCLOPS,

## THE SERVANTS OF VULCAN.

THE giant brethren, arrogant of heart,  
Who forged the lightning-shaft, and gave to Jove  
His thunder : they were like unto the Gods,  
Save that a single ball of sight was fix'd  
In their mid-forehead. Cyclops was their name—  
From that round eye-ball in their brow infix'd ;  
And strength, and force, and manual craft was theirs.

—DEEP below

In hollow caves the fires of Ætna glow :  
The Cyclops there their heavy hammers deal ;  
Loud strokes and hissings of tormented steel  
Are heard around : the boiling waters roar,  
And smoky flames through fuming tunnels soar.  
Hither, the father of the fire, by night,  
Through the brown air precipitates his flight ;  
On their eternal anvils here he found  
The brethren beating, and the blows go round.

## DIONE, OR VENUS,

GODDESS OF BEAUTY,

AFTER HAVING BEEN EDUCATED BY SEA-NYMPHS,

RISES FROM THE SEA.

THE young Dione, nursed beneath the waves,  
And rock'd by Nereids in their coral caves,  
Charm'd the blue sisterhood with playful wiles,  
Lisp'd her sweet tones, and tried her tender wiles ;  
Then on her beryl throne, by Tritons borne,  
Bright rose the Goddess like the star of morn ;  
(When with soft fires the milky dawn he leads,  
And wakes to light and love the laughing meads.)  
—With rosy fingers, as uncurl'd they hung .  
Round her fair brow, her golden locks she wrung :  
On the smooth surge, on silver sandals stood,  
And look'd enchantment on the dazzled flood.  
The bright drops, rolling from her lifted arms,  
In slow meanders wander o'er her charms ;  
Seek round her snowy neck their lucid track ;  
Pearl her white shoulders, gem her ivory back ;  
Round her fine waist and youthful bosom swim,  
And star with lucid brine each polish'd limb.  
—The immortal form enamour'd nature hail'd,  
And beauty blazed to heaven and earth reveal'd.

## THE PICTURE OF VENUS, DICONE, OR CYTHEREA,

### THE GODDESS OF BEAUTY.

She was the wife of Vulcan, the God of Fire, and mother of Cupid,  
the God of Love.

THE Goddess self, some noble hand had wrought ;  
Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing thought,  
From ocean as she first began to rise,  
And smooth'd the ruffled seas, and clear'd the skies.  
She trod the brine half-bare above the breast,  
And the green waves faintly conceal'd the rest.  
A lute she held, and on her head was seen  
A wreath of roses red and myrtles green ;  
Her turtles fann'd the fragrant air above—  
And by his mother stood an infant Love  
With wings unfledged—his eyes were banded o'er—  
His hand a bow—his back a quiver bore  
Supplied with arrows bright and keen, a deadly store.

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### VENUS,

ON HER FIRST RISING FROM THE SEA, ATTENDED  
AND DRESSED BY THE HOURS.

THE smooth strong gust of Zephyr wafted her  
Through billows of the many-waving sea,  
O'er the soft foam : the Hours, whose locks are bound  
With gold, received her blithely, and enrobed  
With heavenly vestments : her immortal head,

They wreathed with golden fillets, beautiful  
 And aptly framed; her perforated ears,  
 They hung with jewels from the mountain caves,  
 And precious gold; her tender neck and breast  
 Of dazzling white, they deck'd with chains of gold,  
 Such as the Hours wear braided in their locks.

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### VENUS ATTIRED BY THE GRACES,

THREE BEAUTIFUL NYMPHS, WHO ALWAYS ATTENDED  
 UPON HER.

It chanced, upon a radiant throne reclined,  
 Venus her lovely tresses did unbind;—  
 Proud to be thus employed, on either hand  
 The obedient Graces ranged in order stand.  
 Ambrosial essence *one* bestows in showers,  
 And lavishly whole streams of perfume pours.  
 With ivory combs, *another's* dexterous care  
 Or curls or opens the dishevell'd hair;  
 A third, industrious with a nicer eye,  
 Instructs the ringlets in what form to lie;  
 Yet leaves some curls, that, not too closely prest,  
 Sport in the wind, and wanton from the rest.  
 In polish'd order, round the circling room,  
 Resplendent mirrors bright reflecting shone;  
 Where'er she turns, the lovely image falls,  
 And a new Venus dances on the walls.  
 And now, conceal'd, she bathes in secret bowers,  
 The Graces perfumes shed, ambrosial showers!—  
 Perfumes which charm the Gods: she last assumes  
 Her splendid robes, and full the Goddess blooms.

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## THE LOVES AND GRACES

CELEBRATE THE BIRTH-DAY OF VENUS, OR CYTHEREA,  
IN HER FAVOURITE DWELLING-PLACE, IDALIA.

—O'ER Idalia's velvet green,  
The rosy crowned Loves are seen  
On Cytherea's day ;  
With antic sports and blue-eyed pleasures,  
Frisking light in frolic measures,  
Now pursuing, now retreating,  
Now in circling troops they meet ;  
To brisk notes in cadence beating,  
Glance their many-twinkling feet.

Slow melting sounds their queen's approach declare ;  
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay ;  
With arms sublime that float upon the air,  
In gliding state she wins her easy way,  
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move,  
The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love.

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 VENUS

APPEARING BEFORE THE THRONE OF JUPITER, TO INTERCEDE FOR SOME MORTALS WHOM HE INTENDED TO PUNISH.

SOFT pity touch'd the beauteous queen of love—  
Instant she sought the throne of mighty Jove ;  
In vain the sorrowing Loves entreat her stay,  
She speeds on rosy clouds her eager way.

Behind her now the morning star she leaves,  
 And the sixth heaven her lovely form receives :  
 Her radiant eyes such living splendour cast,  
 The sparkling stars were brighten'd as she past ;  
 And now confest before the throne of Jove,  
 In all her charms appears the queen of love.  
 Flush'd by the ardour of her rapid flight  
 Through fields of ether, and the realms of light,  
 Bright as the blushes of the crimson morn,  
 New blooming tints her glowing cheeks adorn,  
 And soft compassion to her speaking eyes  
 A milder charm and tenderer grace supplies.



### VENUS, MOURNING.

Adonis was a very beautiful young man, beloved by Venus.—He was killed by a wild boar, while he was hunting.

STRETCH'D on the ground, the wounded hunter lies :  
 Weep, queen of beauty ! for he bleeds—he dies !—  
 Why didst thou, venturous, the wild chase explore,  
 From his dark den to rouse the shaggy boar ?  
 Adonis hears not,—life's last drops fall slow,  
 In streams of purple down those limbs of snow :—  
 From his pale cheek the fading roses fly,  
 And dewy mists obscure that radiant eye :  
 Kiss, kiss ! those fading lips ere chill'd in death,  
 With soothing fondness stay the fleeting breath ;

'Tis vain!—ah! give thy soothing fondness o'er,  
 Adonis feels thy warm caress no more.—  
 His faithful dogs bewail their master slain,  
 And mourning wood-nymphs pour the plaintive strain  
 Haste! fill with flowers, with rosy wreaths, his bed,  
 Strew the fresh flowers o'er loved Adonis dead;  
 Round his pale corpse each breathing perfume strew,  
 Let weeping myrtles pour their balmy dew,  
 While Venus grieves, and Cupids round deplore  
 And mourn her beauty and her love—no more!



## VENUS,

BY THE GRACE OF HER MOTION, IS RECOGNISED BY  
 HER SON ÆNEAS, TO WHOM SHE HAD APPEARED  
 IN DISGUISE.

—SHE said, and turning round her neck she show'd,  
 Which with celestial charms divinely flow'd;  
 Her waving locks immortal odours shed,  
 And breathed ambrosial scents about her head;  
 Her sweeping robe trail'd sumptuous as she trod,  
 And her majestic port confess'd the God.  
 To the soft Cyprian shore the Goddess moves,  
 To visit Paphos and her blooming groves;  
 Where to her power a hundred altars rise,  
 And breathing odours scent the balmy skies.

## VENUS WOUNDED BY DIOMEDE,

WHO IS ENRAGED WITH HER FOR HAVING DIS-  
APPOINTED HIM OF HIS VICTORY.

—MEANWHILE, his conquest ravish'd from his eyes,  
The raging chief in search of Venus flies.  
No Goddess she commission'd to the field,  
Like Pallas, dreadful with her sable shield,  
Or fierce Bellona \*, thundering at the wall,  
While flames ascend, and mighty ruins fall.  
Through breaking ranks his furious course he bends,  
And at the Goddess his broad lance extends ;  
Through her bright veil the daring weapon drove—  
The ambrosial veil, which all the Graces wove ;  
Her snowy hand the razing steel profaned,  
And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd.  
From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,  
Such stream as issues from a wounded God :  
Pure emanation, uncorrupted flood,  
Unlike our gross, diseased terrestrial blood.

\* Bellona, the Goddess of Battles.



## CUPID, THE GOD OF LOVE,

## RIDING ON A LION.

—PLAYFUL Love, on Ida's flowery sides,  
With ribbon rein, the half-tamed lion guides ;  
Pleased, on his brindled back the lyre he rings,  
And shakes delicious music from the strings ;  
Slow as the pausing monarch stalks along,  
Sheaths his retractile claws, and drinks the song.  
Soft nymphs on timid step the triumph view,  
And gazing fauns with beating hoofs pursue.

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## THE CAR OF CUPID.

—SWIFT to his chariot speeds the mighty boy ;  
He spreads his purple wings, and smiles with joy ;  
His ivory bow and arrows tipp'd with gold  
Blaze to the sunbeams as the chariot roll'd ;  
The silver harness shining to the day :—  
The swans on milk-white pinions spring away,  
Smooth gliding o'er the clouds of lovely blue,—  
And snow-white doves before the carriage flew.

## CUPID

SNATCHING THE THUNDER-BOLTS FROM JUPITER, OR  
JOVE.

ON wanton wing, intrepid Love  
Snatch'd the raised lightning from the arm of Jove ;  
Quick o'er his knee the triple bolt he bent,  
The cluster'd darts and forky arrows rent ;  
Snapp'd, with illumined hand, each flaming shaft,  
His tingling fingers shook, and stamp'd, and laugh'd,  
Bright o'er the floor the scattered fragments blazed,  
And Gods, retreating, trembled as they gazed ;  
The immortal Sire, indulgent to his child,  
Bow'd his ambrosial locks, and Heaven relenting  
smiled.

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## HYMEN,

THE GOD OF MARRIAGE.

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THE MARRIAGE OF CUPID AND PSYCHE.

BENEATH a moving shade of fruit and flowers,  
Onward they march to Hymen's sacred bowers ;  
His saffron garments o'er his shoulders flow,  
And wreaths of roses bind his youthful brow.  
With lifted torch he lights the festive train  
Sublime, and leads them in his golden chain ;  
Joins the fond pair, indulgent to their vows,  
And hides with sacred veil their blushing brows.

## CUPID STUNG BY A BEE.

ONCE as Cupid, tired of play,  
On a bed of roses lay,  
A rude bee, that slept unseen,  
The sweet breathing buds between,  
Stung his finger—(cruel chance!)  
With his little pointed lance.  
Straight he fills the air with cries,  
Weeps and sobs, and runs, and flies,  
Till the God to Venus came,  
Lovely, laughter-loving dame.  
Then he thus began to 'plain;  
—“ Oh, Mamma! I die with pain:  
See this wound—a serpent small,  
Which a bee the shepherds call,  
Imp'd with wings and arm'd with dart,  
Oh! has stung me to the heart.”

Venus thus replied, and smiled,—  
“ Dry those tears, for shame! my child.  
If a bee can wound so deep,  
Causing Cupid thus to weep,  
Think! oh, think! what cruel pains  
He that's stung by thee sustains!”

## THE QUARRELSOME CUPIDS.

ABOUT the sweet-bag of a bee,  
 Two Cupids fell at odds,  
 And whose the pretty prize should be  
 They vow'd to ask the Gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,  
 And for their boldness stript them;  
 And, taking from them each his flame,  
 With rods of myrtle whipt them.

Which done, to still the wantons' cries,  
 When quiet grown she'd seen them,  
 She kiss'd and wiped their dove-like eyes,  
 And gave the bag between them.

## DIANA, GODDESS OF HUNTING.

She was also known by the name of Cynthia, or the Moon,—and it is under that name, the following lines are addressed to her.

## HYMN TO CYNTHIA.

QUEEN and Huntress! chaste and fair!  
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,  
 Seated in thy silver chair,  
 State in wonted manner keep.  
 Hesperus\* entreats thy light,  
 Goddess excellently bright!

\* The Evening Star.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,  
And thy crystal shining quiver ;  
Give unto the flying hart  
Space to breathe—how short soever.  
Bless us with thy wish'd-for light,  
Goddess excellently bright !

Earth ! let not thy envious shade  
Dare itself to interpose ;  
Cynthia's shining orb was made,  
Heaven to bless when day doth close :  
Thou, that mak'st a day of night !  
Goddess excellently bright !



### DESCRIPTION OF DIANA.

THE graceful Goddess was array'd in green ;  
About her feet were little beagles seen,  
That watch'd, with upturn'd eyes, the motions of  
their queen :  
Her legs were buskin'd, and the left before,  
In act to shoot ;—a silver bow she bore,  
And at her back a painted quiver wore,  
Supplied with arrows bright and keen, a deadly store :  
A silver crescent on her forehead shone.

## THE GARLAND OFFERED TO DIANA.

To thee, bright Goddess! these fair flowers I bring—  
 A chaplet, woven from the untainted mead,  
 Thy cool sequester'd haunt; where never yet  
 Shepherd approach'd; where the rude hind ne'er  
     heaved  
 The unhallow'd axe; nor voice, nor sound is heard,  
 Save the lone murmur of the vernal bee:  
 The day-spring from above the dew distills  
 Genial and mild, from the pure stream exhaled,  
 On every fragrant herb and favourite flower.



## DIANA CHANGES ACTEON INTO A STAG,

TO PUNISH HIM FOR HAVING INTRUDED UPON HER  
 WHILE SHE WAS BATHING.

Down in a vale, with pine and cypress clad,  
 Refresh'd with gentle winds, and brown with shade,  
 The chaste Diana's private haunt there stood,  
 Full in the centre of the darksome wood—  
 A spacious grotto, all around o'ergrown  
 With verdant moss, and arch'd with mouldering  
     stone.

From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,  
 And trickling swell into a lake below;  
 Here the bright Goddess, tired and faint with heat,  
 Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat;

Here did she now with all her train resort,  
Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport :  
Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside ;  
Some loosed her sandals, some her veil untied ;  
Each busy nymph her proper part undrest,  
While Crocale, more handy than the rest,  
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a noose  
Bound it together, while her own hung loose.

And now, undress'd, the huntress Goddess stood,  
When young Acteon, wandering in the wood,  
To the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd,  
Reach'd the clear fountain and the sacred shade.  
The nymphs, affrighted, shriek'd at the surprise,  
The forest echoed with their piercing cries ;  
Then in a crowd around their Goddess prest ;  
She, proudly eminent above the rest,  
With blushes glow'd, such blushes as adorn  
The ruddy sunset or the purple morn.  
Surprised, at first she would have snatch'd her  
    bow,  
But sees the circling waters round her flow ;  
These in the hollow of her hand she took,  
And dash'd them in his face, while thus she spoke :  
" Tell if thou canst the wond'rous sight disclosed,  
A Goddess bathing to thy view exposed."

This said, the man began to disappear  
By slow degrees, and ended in a deer ;  
A rising horn on either brow he wears,  
And stretches out his neck and pricks his ears ;  
Rough is his skin, with sudden hair o'ergrown,  
His bosom pants with fears before unknown :

Transform'd, at length he flies away in haste,  
And wonders why he flies away so fast.  
As he thus ponders, he behind him spies  
His opening hounds, and now he hears their cries ;  
And now the fleetest of the pack have prest  
Close on his heels, and sprang before the rest ;  
In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim  
His new misfortune, and to tell his name ;  
His ravenous dogs with headlong fury tear  
Their wretched master panting in a deer.



### DIANA, HUNTING.

HER hair was gather'd in a knot behind,  
The ends, uncurl'd, loose floated on the wind ;  
Her ivory quiver, o'er her shoulders slung,  
Contain'd her darts, and rattled as it hung ;  
In her left hand a curious bow she held,  
And, thus equipp'd, she hasten'd to the field.  
At once appear'd in her celestial face  
A female softness and a manly grace.  
She cheer'd the hounds, pursued the timid prey,  
Track'd the fleet hares, and deers more fleet than they ;  
In vain the stag, swift flying, skims the plains—  
Her polish'd bow the lovely Goddess strains ;  
The well-aim'd dart forsook the quivering yew,  
And to the distant mark unerring flew :—  
Close to his ear the shaft a passage found ;  
He falls, and dying bathes with blood the ground.

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## APOLLO, PHŒBUS, OR THE SUN,

## SON OF JUPITER AND LATONA.

He was the God of Poetry, of Music, and of Medicine—and was supposed to bestow the powers of divination and prophecy ;— his principal temple was at Delphos.

IN shining glory, 'midst the courts above,  
He sits, and graces the right hand of Jove.  
With beamy gold his robes divinely glow,  
His harp, his quiver, and his radiant bow :  
His feet, how fair and glorious to behold,  
Shod in rich sandals of refulgent gold !  
Wealth still attends him, and vast gifts bestow'd  
Adorn the Delphic temple of the God.  
Eternal bloom his youthful cheeks diffuse,  
His tresses dropping with ambrosial dews.  
Pale Death before him flies with dire disease,  
And Health and Life are wafted on the breeze.

To thee, great Phœbus ! various arts belong ;  
To wing the dart, and guide the poet's song :  
The enlighten'd prophet feels thy flames divine,  
And all the dark events to come are thine.  
By Phœbus taught, the sage prolongs our breath,  
And in its flight suspends the dart of Death.

## APOLLO, PHŒBUS, OR THE SUN,

THE GOD OF POETRY AND MUSIC,

ATTENDED BY THE NINE SISTERS, THE MUSES.

PHŒBUS, his golden locks with laurel bound,  
 Clad in a purple robe which sweeps the ground,  
 A lyre with gems and ivory studs enchased,  
 Holds in his left;—the bow his right hand graced :  
 A sounding quiver at his back he bears.

---

ON high Olympus, when the Gods prolong  
 The feast ambrosial, and celestial song,  
 Apollo tunes the lyre; the Muses round,  
 With voice alternate, aid the silver sound.

---

 OLYMPUS,

THE DWELLING OF THE CELESTIAL GODS.

—'MID golden clouds a tuneful choir appear'd,  
 Of heaven's immortals : in the midst the son  
 Of Jove and of Latona sweetly rang  
 Upon his golden harp. The Olympian mount,  
 Dwelling of Gods, thrill'd back the broken sound.  
 And there was seen the assembly of the Gods  
 Listening, encircled with their blaze of light:  
 And, in sweet contest with Apollo, there  
 The virgin sisters raised the solemn strain.

D 2

## APOLLO

VICTORIOUS OVER THE MONSTROUS SERPENT PYTHON.

HARK ! holy hymns and raptures float around,  
And Delphos echoes the triumphant sound !  
Apollo's glorious hand has deign'd to show  
The wonders of his shafts and golden bow ;  
When Python from his den was seen to rise  
Dire, fierce, tremendous, of enormous size,  
By him with many a fatal arrow slain,  
The monster sunk extended on the plain :  
Vain were his burnish'd scales and glittering mail,  
The vanquish'd lashings of his writhing tail ;  
Shaft after shaft in quick succession flew,  
As swift the people's shouts and prayers pursue ;  
Haste ! great Apollo ! launch the final dart,  
Send it, oh ! send it, to the monster's heart.



## DAPHNE, THE DAUGHTER OF PENEUS,

A RIVER-GOD OF THESSALY, BEING BELOVED OF APOLLO,  
FLIES FROM HIM, AND IS CHANGED INTO A LAUREL.

A sylvan huntress, 'mid the forest glades,  
Young Daphne, fairest of Thessalian maids,  
In coursing beasts of prey her time employs,  
And shuns of love and peace the softer joys.

Apollo view'd her 'mid the scenes of chase,  
And own'd the lively beauty of her face :  
Loose to the sun and wind her streaming hair  
Flow'd in pale radiance o'er her shoulders fair ;  
Through woods and wilds her rapid footsteps rove,  
She shuns the God, nor heeds his ardent love ;  
Swift at his coming speeds in haste away,  
Nor will for all his fond entreaties stay.  
As from the greyhound starts the timid hare,  
So from the youthful God the trembling fair ;  
Urged by vain fear, her rapid footsteps move—  
But his more swiftly, wing'd by hope and love.  
To the thick covert of the wood she flies,  
While Phœbus, panting, all his swiftness tries,  
“ Stay, nymph !” he cries, “ I follow—not a foe ;  
Thus from the lion springs the timid doe :  
Thus from pursuing falcons, trembling doves :—  
Thou fliest a God, and shunn'st a God who loves.  
Oh ! lest some thorn should pierce thy tender  
    foot,  
Or thou shouldst fall in flying my pursuit,  
(For o'er rough rocks thy devious steps decline,)  
Abate thy speed, and I will pause in mine :  
Yet think from whom thou dost so rashly fly,  
Nor basely born, nor shepherd's swain am I ;  
Me, Claros, Delphi, Tenedos obey,  
And mine the golden chariot of the day :  
Mine the invention of the charming lyre,  
Sweet notes and heavenly numbers I inspire.  
Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart ;  
But love's more cruel, who has pierced my heart :

Medicine is mine ; what herbs and simples grow }  
 In fields or forests, all their powers I know, }  
 And am the great physician called, below." }  
 — She heard not half, so furiously she flies,  
 And on her ear th' imperfect accent dies,  
 And now he gains upon her in the race,  
 Now breathes upon her hair in eager chase.  
 The nymph grew pale,—and in a mortal fright,  
 Spent by the labours of so long a flight ;  
 And now despairing cast a mournful look  
 Upon the streams of her paternal brook :  
 " Help ! O ! my sire ! in this extremest need,  
 If Water-Gods are deities indeed ;  
 Gape, earth ! and this unhappy wretch entomb,  
 Or change my form whence all my sorrows come." }  
 Scarce had she finish'd, when her feet she found  
 Benumb'd with cold, and rooted to the ground :  
 A filmy rind about her body grows,  
 Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs ;  
 The nymph is all into a laurel gone,  
 The smoothness of her skin remains alone.  
 Yet Phœbus loves her still, and, casting round  
 Her boll his arms, some little warmth he found.  
 The tree still panted in the unfinish'd part,  
 And through its woody fibres heaved her heart :  
 He fixed his lips upon the trembling rind,  
 It swerved aside, and his embrace declined :  
 To whom the God : " Because thou canst not be  
 My mistress, I espouse thee for my tree ;  
 Be thou the prize of honour and renown,  
 The poet's chaplet, and the hero's crown :

Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn,  
 And still be by triumphant victors worn;  
 Secure from lightning, and unharm'd by Jove,  
 Unfading as the immortal powers above;  
 And as the locks of Phœbus are unshorn,  
 So shall perpetual green thy boughs adorn."  
 —The grateful tree was pleased with what he said,  
 And shook the shady honours of her head.



### STATUE OF THE APOLLO BELVIDERE.

The Apollo is in the act of watching the arrow with which he slew the Python.

HEARD ye the arrow hurtle in the sky?  
 Heard ye the dragon monster's deathful cry?  
 In settled majesty of calm disdain,  
 Proud of his might, yet scornful of the slain,  
 The heavenly Archer stands—no human birth,  
 No perishable denizen of earth;  
 Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face;  
 A God in strength with more than godlike grace;  
 See, all divine—no struggling muscle glows,  
 Through heaving vein no mantling life-blood flows,  
 But, animate with deity alone,  
 In deathless glory lives the breathing stone.  
 Bright kindling with a conqueror's stern delight,  
 His keen eye tracks the arrow's fatal flight;

Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,  
 And his lip quivers with insulting ire.  
 Firm fix'd his tread, yet light, as when on high  
 He walks the impalpable and trackless sky :  
 The rich luxuriance of his hair, confined  
 In graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind,  
 That lifts in sport his mantle's drooping fold,  
 Proud to display that form of matchless mould.

\* \* \* \* \*

For mild he seems as in Elysian bowers,  
 Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours ;  
 Haughty as bards have sung, with princely sway,  
 Curbing the fierce flame-breathing steeds of day ;  
 Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep  
 By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,  
 'Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,  
 Too fair to worship, too divine to love.



### MINERVA, OR PALLAS,

THE GODDESS OF WISDOM OR LEARNING.—SHE WAS  
 ALSO THE GODDESS OF WAR.



#### DESCRIPTION OF HER ARMING HERSELF FOR BATTLE.

—PALLAS disrobes—her radiant veil untied,  
 With flowers adorn'd—with art diversified,  
 The labour'd veil her heavenly fingers wove,  
 Floats on the pavement of the court of Jove.

Now heaven's dread arms her mighty limbs invest,  
 Jove's cuirass blazes on her ample breast ;  
 Deck'd in sad triumph for the bloody field,  
 O'er her broad shoulders hangs his horrid shield,  
 Dire—black—tremendous :—round the margin roll'd,  
 A fringe of serpents hissing guards the gold.  
 The massy golden helm she next assumes,  
 That dreadful nods with four o'ershading plumes :  
 The Goddess thus the imperial car ascends ;  
 Shook by her arm, the mighty javelin bends  
 Ponderous and huge—that, when her fury burns,  
 Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.



### THE ÆGIS, OR MINERVA'S SHIELD,

Had fixed upon it the head of Medusa, a countenance distorted  
 with rage and pain, the sight of which was supposed to petrify  
 all those who looked upon it.—Perseus having conquered  
 Medusa, one of the Gorgons, who was very beautiful and  
 terrible to her enemies, Minerva turned her hair into snakes,  
 and fixed it on her shield.

WITH flaming wreath of serpent tresses crown'd,  
 Once, bright in beauty, young Medusa frown'd ;  
 Ere while subdued, round Pallas's ægis roll'd,  
 Hiss'd the dread snakes, and flamed in burnish'd gold ;  
 Flash'd on her brandish'd arm the immortal shield,  
 And terror lighten'd o'er the dazzled field.



## MINERVA AND NEPTUNE

Disputed which should give the most valuable and useful gift to mankind.—Neptune struck the earth with his trident, and produced the horse; Minerva commanded the olive tree (the symbol of peace and riches) to spring forth.

MINERVA graceful waves her steel-clad hand,  
 And bids the olive's silvery boughs expand :  
 The ocean's God, beholding, envious frown'd,  
 And with his trident struck the opening ground :  
 As yet entangled in the earth appears  
 The warrior-horse; his ample chest he rears ;  
 His wide red nostrils smoke, his eyeballs glare,  
 And his forehoofs, high pawing, strike the air.

~~~~~  
 MINERVA.

O'ER all her form a martial grace appears,  
 A shining helmet decks her flowing hairs :  
 Her thoughtful breast her well-poised shield defends,  
 And her bare arm a glittering spear extends.

~~~~~  
 CYBELE.

TURN to the south, there are the pines of Crete,  
 And hark ! the frantic Corybantes shout  
 To Cybele, the mother of the Gods :  
 Drawn by gaunt lions is her car. They move  
 In stern subjection, and with foot-fall slow  
 And shaggy necks hung down, though their red eyes  
 Flash fire beneath : silent and slow they pace ;  
 'Mid cymbals, shouts and songs, and clashing swords,  
 Pipes, and the dissonance of brazen drums,  
 She bears aloft her calm head, turreted.

## VESTA, THE GODDESS OF FIRE,

### AND WIFE OF SATURN.

The sacred fire, which was kindled every year by the rays of the sun, was never allowed to go out in her temple; it was watched incessantly by her priestesses, called Vestals, who attended it day and night.—If any one of these Vestals suffered the holy flame to be extinguished, she was punished with death; and if she became a mother, she and her infant were condemned to be buried alive.

The temple of Vesta contained also the Penates, images of the household deities, which Æneas had saved from the flames of Troy; and the Palladium, a sacred statue of Minerva which no human eye could safely look upon.

FROM heaven derived, the sacred radiance came,  
 Which burnt unquench'd in Vesta's holy fane.  
 Veil'd in the midst her matron form appear'd,  
 High o'er a shrine of spotless marble rear'd.  
 There hid from vulgar gaze, the statues stand,  
 Snatch'd from the flames by great Æneas' hand:  
 Minerva's form the symbol dread imprest,  
 On which no mortal eye unsear'd might rest.  
 Dim through the gloom the altar-fires ascend,  
 Which pale-eyed maids with vows unceasing tend:  
 By day and night their duteous care the same,  
 To watch and guard the unextinguish'd flame:  
 To mark its soft rays light the vaulted dome,  
 While sounds celestial whisper through the gloom.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah! hapless maid, if e'er that flame expires,  
 Thy guardian genius trembles, and retires.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE PUNISHMENT OF THE VESTAL.

HEARD ye that shriek which thrill'd the affrighted gale?  
 A mother's anguish and an infant's wail?  
 Victim of love! the tomb thy couch shall be,  
 The grave, unhappy babe! shall cradle thee;  
 The cruse is fill'd, and portion'd out the bread,  
 The pale lamp glimmers o'er thy clay-cold bed;  
 The pittance scant shall stay thy parting breath,  
 And give protracted agony to death;  
 That lamp shall show thy baby's waning bloom,  
 And bid thee mark the horrors of thy tomb.

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## HERCULES, OR ALCIDES,

### THE GOD OF STRENGTH.

He was the son of Jupiter and Alcmena: he was hated and persecuted by his step-mother, Juno, who sent two snakes to destroy him in his infancy.

FIRST two dread snakes, at Juno's vengeful nod,  
 Climb'd round the cradle of the sleeping God;  
 Waked by the shrilling hiss and rustling sound,  
 And shrieks of fair attendants trembling round,  
 Their gasping throats with clenching hands he holds  
 Till death untwists their long and scaly folds.

## HERCULES AND DEIANIRA.

He is represented clad in a lion's skin, and armed with an enormous club, which he was once persuaded to exchange for the distaff of Deianira, a nymph whom he loved, and afterwards married.

THE mighty Hercules, untamed with toil,  
 Own'd the soft power of Deianira's smile;  
 His lion-spoils the laughing fair demands,  
 And gives her distaff to his awkward hands;  
 O'er her white neck the bristly mane she throws,  
 And binds the gaping whiskers on her brows;  
 Folds round her slender waist the shaggy vest,  
 And clasps the velvet paws across her breast.  
 Next, with soft hands, the knotted club she rears,  
 Heaves up from earth and on her shoulder bears.  
 Onward with lofty steps the beauty treads,  
 And trails the brinded ermine o'er the meads;  
 Wolves, bears, and pards forsake the affrighted  
     groves,  
 And grinning Satyrs tremble as she moves.

~~~~~

 PROMETHEUS

STEALS FIRE FROM HEAVEN, TO ANIMATE A STATUE  
 WHICH HE HAD MADE.

THE bold Prometheus braved the Thunderer's ire,  
 Stole from his blazing throne celestial fire,  
 And hidden in his breast, from realms of day,  
 Bore the bright treasure to his man of clay:

*Myth.*

E

Instinct with life the kindling statue moved,  
And shuddering gazers trembled and approved.  
Jove saw,—nor could the daring thief forgive,  
To die not doom'd, but bade in tortures live :  
High on cold Caucasus by Vulcan bound,  
The lean impatient vulture fluttering round,  
His writhing limbs in vain he twists and strains,  
To break or burst the adamantine chains :  
The famish'd bird, exulting in his pangs,  
Tears his swoln heart with unrelenting fangs.

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### HERCULES RESCUES PROMETHEUS.

WITH enduring chains  
Jove bound Prometheus, train'd in artful wiles,  
With galling shackles fixing him aloft  
Mid-way a column.—Down he sent from high  
His eagle hovering on expanded wings ;  
She gorged his liver ; still beneath her beak  
Immortal ; for it sprang with life, and grew  
In the night-season, and repair'd the waste  
Of what the wide-wing'd bird devour'd by day.  
But her, great Hercules with steady arm  
Slew,—from Prometheus drove the cruel plague,  
And freed him from his pangs.

## HYLAS,

A BEAUTIFUL BOY, THE FAVOURITE OF ALCIDES, OR HERCULES, IS CARRIED AWAY BY THE WATER-NYMPHS.

THE brave Alcides loved young Hylas fair,  
Young Hylas graceful with the curling hair;  
Like some wise sire the favourite boy he taught,  
Till love of wisdom in his bosom wrought;  
Prompt with kind skill the duteous child to guide,  
The rosy boy was ever by his side,  
Whether the morn return'd from Jove's high hall  
On snow-white steeds, or noon-tide mark'd the  
wall;  
Or plaintive nestlings at the hour of rest,  
Sought the safe shelter of their parent's breast.

When first the balmy spring-tide showers appear,  
And grass-green meads pronounce the summer near,  
When plants and flowers, that in the meadows grow,  
A freshening green or odorous scent bestow,  
In brazen vase young Hylas went to bring  
Pure fountain water from the crystal spring:  
Fast by a lowly dell a well he found,  
With tufted moss and azure hare-bells crown'd.  
Cerulean celandine, bright maiden-hair,  
And parsley crisp, and bind-weed flourish'd there.  
Deep in the fount the Naiads revel keep,  
Or floating, on the moon-light waters sleep;  
Their midnight voices rising round the ring,  
Scare the lone peasant from the sacred spring.

When to the fount the hapless child applied  
 His vase capacious to receive the tide,  
 The Naiads seized his hand with eager joy,  
 And through the sparkling current dragg'd the boy.  
 He fell,—he sunk ;—as from the ethereal plain  
 Some shining star falls headlong in the main :  
 In vain the Naiads soothed the weeping boy,  
 And strove to lull him in their laps to joy.

—Alcides seeks him : on his god-like brow  
 The burning marks of grief and anguish glow ;  
 The ponderous club, which well he could command,  
 He wields terrific in his red right hand.  
 On Hylas thrice he call'd with voice profound,  
 Thrice Hylas heard the unavailing sound :  
 From the deep well soft murmurs reach'd his ear,  
 The sound seem'd distant, though the voice was  
     near.

Through tangled dells his path the hero takes,  
 And wanders heart-struck, 'mid the thorny brakes ;  
 Fears for the boy through all his bosom strove,  
 Ah ! wretched they, who feel such anxious love :  
 In vain his sighs the tender child deplore,  
 Alcides ne'er shall see his favourite more.

---

Hylas, the daintie boy that was so dear,  
 To great Alcides, that when, as he died,  
 He wail'd, woman-like, with many a tear,  
 And every wood and every valley wide  
 He fill'd with Hylas' name,—the Nymphs too  
 “ Hylas ! ” cried.

## THE MADNESS OF HERCULES,

## WHO DESTROYS HIS PAGE LICHAS.

He achieved a number of extraordinary victories, which have been described by the poets, and are called the twelve labours of Hercules.—His wife Deianira, becoming jealous of him, (though she loved him very much,) presented him with a shirt stained with the poisonous blood of the Centaur\* Nessus, whom he had killed.—Hercules had no sooner put it on, than he was seized with such agonies, that he was driven to madness.—After having killed his favourite page Lichas in a paroxysm of rage, he threw himself on the flames of a burning pile, and was consumed.

His father, Jupiter, interfering, he was carried up into Olympus, and became a God; and was married to Jupiter's cup-bearer, Hebe, the Goddess of Youth.

"Twas jealous rage fired Deianira's breast,  
To send to Hercules the blood-stain'd vest  
Dyed with the Centaur's gore, whose power might  
move

His heart anew, and rouse declining love.  
Nor knew she what her sudden hate bestows,  
When she to Lichas trusts this gift of woes;  
With soft endearment she the boy commands  
To bear the garment to her husband's hands.  
The guileless hero took the gift in haste,  
And o'er his form the powerful venom cast.  
Sudden dissolves the subtle poisonous juice,  
Which taints his blood and all his nerves subdues.

\* A monster, half-man, half-horse.



The forest echoes with his piercing cries,  
Now to pluck off the fatal robe he tries ;  
Where'er he strips the vest, the skin he tears,  
The mangled muscles and huge bone he bares,  
A ghastly sight ! as raging with his pain,  
To rend the clinging plague he strives in vain :  
Fruitless each effort, now his hands he rears,  
And to his parent Jove directs his prayers :  
With fury madden'd, and with torture stung,  
Wild o'er the rocks and echoing hills he sprung,  
When Lichas, lo ! he spies,—who trembling flew,  
And in a mountain cave, conceal'd from view,  
Had shunn'd his wrath : mad with resistless pain  
His fury chafes, and thus he raves again :—  
“ Lichas ! to thee alone my fate I owe,  
Who bore the gift, the cause of all my woe.”  
The youth all pale with shivering fear was stung,  
And vain excuses trembled from his tongue :  
Alcides snatch'd him as with suppliant face  
He strove to clasp his knees, and beg for grace ;  
He toss'd him o'er his head with airy force,  
And hurl'd with more than with an engine's force.  
Far o'er the neighbouring main aloof he flies,  
And hardens by degrees amid the skies.  
Whirl'd with tremendous strength through distant  
air,  
The purple blood forsook his veins with fear :  
All moisture left his limbs : transform'd to stone  
In ancient days the craggy cliff was known ;  
Still 'mid the waves the shapeless form appears,  
And still the name of hapless Lichas bears.

THE DEATH AND APOTHEOSIS \* OF  
HERCULES.

HUGE forests fell'd composed the funeral pyre,  
High round the structure climbs the greedy fire :  
The hero now the lofty pile ascends,  
The flame on high in eddy circles blends :  
O'er his huge limbs the lion-spoils are spread,  
The knotty club supports his god-like head ;  
While round his form the potent flames aspire,  
And crackle round those limbs that mock the fire.  
Victor o'er pain, the chief with stern controul,  
To meet the anguish nerves his stedfast soul ;  
With wonted fortitude he bears the smart,  
And not a groan escapes his bursting heart ;  
While on that burning pyre his limbs are spread,  
Such mild repose is o'er his features shed,  
As if, while some gay festal couch he prest,  
Wine crown'd the bowls, and flowers his temples  
drest.

But nature sinks ;—the Gods alarm'd survey  
The hero's doom, and swift their fears convey  
To his great sire :—Jove saw, and sternly spoke :  
“ Not of decay my son shall bear the yoke ;  
Who vanquish'd all things, shall subdue the flame,  
And rise refresh'd another and the same.”

\* A becoming one of the Gods : after any of the heroes had been so exalted, temples and altars were erected to them.

'Twas done!—whate'er was in the power of fire  
Seem'd in fierce flames to languish and expire,  
Now all consumed, of human form bereft:—  
But the ethereal part of Jove was left:  
And as the hero mortal mould resign'd,  
His better part enlarged and grew refined.  
A heavenly bloom was o'er his features spread;  
Ambrosial perfumes breathed around his head:  
August his visage shone: descending Jove  
In his swift car his honour'd offspring drove;  
High o'er the hollow clouds the coursers fly,  
And lodge the hero 'mid the starry sky.  
The nectar'd cup fair Hebe's graceful hands  
Attentive offers, as high Jove commands;  
Gives her to bless the hero's future doom,  
And share with him eternal youth and bloom.

## PHOSPHORUS, THE MORNING-STAR.

*Phosphorus speaks—*

To rest ! to rest !—the herald of the day  
Bright Phosphorus commands you hence, away !  
The moon is pale and spent, and winged night  
Makes headlong haste to fly the morning light ;  
Who now is risen from her blushing wars,  
And with her rosy hand puts out the stars,  
Of which, myself, the last, her harbinger,  
Do stay to warn you, that you not defer  
Your parting hence.

Oh ! yet how early and before her time  
The envious morning up doth climb,  
As if she loved not bed.  
What haste the jealous sun doth make  
His fiery horses up to take,  
And once more show his head :  
Lest dazzled with the brightness of this night  
The world should wish it last, and never miss his  
light.

## AURORA, GODDESS OF MORNING.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,  
Sprinkles with rosy light the dewy lawn ;  
In pearly car with silvery lustre bright  
Slowly she rises o'er the rear of night ;  
With gentle hand as seeming oft to pause,  
The purple curtains of the morn she draws ;  
Veil'd in a rosy cloud the dawn she leads,  
And wakes to life and love the laughing meads.  
——The chilly dawning star  
Now rides before Aurora's purple car ;  
And o'er the sea the sun's bold coursers raise  
Their flaming fronts, and spread the opening blaze ;  
Soft on the glassy waves the zephyrs sleep,  
And the still billows holy silence keep.



## FLORA, GODDESS OF FLOWERS.

SHE comes! the Goddess—thro' the whispering air,  
Bright as the morn descends her blushing car ;  
Each circling wheel a wreath of flowers entwines,  
And gemm'd with flowers the silken harness shines.  
The golden bits with flowery studs are deck'd,  
And knots of flowers the silken reins connect.  
And now on earth the silver axle rings,  
And the car sinks upon its slender springs.  
Light from her airy seat the Goddess bounds,  
And treads with graceful steps the flowery grounds.

## SPRING.

FAIR Spring advancing calls her feather'd quire,  
And tunes to softer notes her warbling lyre,  
Bids her gay hours on purple pinions move,  
And arms her Zephyrs with the shafts of love:  
Calls with sweet whisper in each gale that blows  
The slumbering snowdrop from her long repose;  
Charms the pale primrose from her clay-cold bed,  
Unveils the purple violet's bashful head,  
While from her bud the playful tulip breaks,  
And young carnations peep with blushing cheeks.

~~~~~  
THE PALACE OF NEPTUNE,

## GOD OF THE SEA.

FAR in the bay his shining palace stands,  
Eternal frame! not raised by mortal hands.  
This having reach'd, his brass-hoof'd steeds he  
reins,  
Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes;  
Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,  
Immortal arms of adamant and gold.  
He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,  
Waves his high trident, and the carriage flies.  
His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;—  
The enormous monsters, rolling o'er the deep,  
Gambol around him on his watery way;  
And heavy whales in awkward measures play.  
The sea subsiding, spreads a level plain,  
And owns the blue-eyed monarch of the main.  
The parting waves before his coursers fly;  
The wondering waters leave his axle dry.

## PICTURE OF NEPTUNE,

GOD OF THE SEA.

THE sea-born Neptune there was pictured  
 In his divine resemblance wonderful like ;  
 His face was rugged, and his hoary head  
 Dropp'd with brackish dew,—his three-fork'd pike  
 He sternly shook, and therewith fierce did strike  
 The raging billows, that on every side  
 They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,  
 That his swift chariot might have passage wide,  
 Which four great sea-horses did draw in team-ways  
 tied.

\* \* \* \* \*

His sea-horses did seem to snort amain,  
 And from their nostrils blow the briny stream,  
 That made the sparkling waves to smoke again,  
 And flame with gold : but the white foamy cream  
 Did shine with silver, and shoot forth its beam.

## AMPHITRITE,

THE WIFE OF NEPTUNE, AND GODDESS OF THE SEA.

O'ER the green waves which gently bend and swell,  
 Fair Amphitrite steers her silver shell ;  
 Her playful dolphins stretch the silken rein,  
 Hear her sweet voice, and glide along the main,  
 As round the wild meandering coasts she moves  
 By gushing rills, rude cliffs and nodding groves,  
 Each by her pine the wood-nymphs wave their locks,  
 And blue-eyed Naiads peep amid the rocks.

Pleased trains of Nereids rise from coral cells;  
 Admiring Tritons sound their twisted shells,  
 Charm'd o'er the car, pursuing Cupids sweep,  
 And dip their snow-white pinions in the deep.



## THE PALACE OF THETIS,

GODDESS OF THE SEA.

HIGH in the flood her azure dome ascends ;  
 The crystal arch, on crystal columns bends,  
 Roof'd with transparent shell the turrets blaze,  
 And far in ocean dart their colour'd rays :  
 O'er the white floor successive shadows move,  
 As rise and break the ruffled waves above.  
 Around her throne her Nereid train repair,  
 And weave with orient pearl her shining hair.



## TRITON,

ONE OF THE SEA-GODS.

—SWIFT gliding thro' the dark and stormy main,  
 The mighty Triton drags his scaly train,  
 With his loud conch alarms the seas around,  
 While wakening sea-nymphs hasten at the sound.  
 Down to his waist the human form descends,  
 But in a whale the amphibious monster ends ;  
 Swift as he swims, the waters fly before,  
 And dash'd beneath the God, the frothy surges roar.

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THE PAGEANT OF TRITONS AND NEREIDS,

ATTENDANT ON NEPTUNE AND AMPHITRITE.

—'Twas in a bay of Crete : the evening fell,  
Leaving the sky all painted with bright clouds  
That dyed their crimson on the glassy sea.  
Silence was on the waves : at once, uprose  
A tumult of sweet sounds, as if the deep  
Were cleft to let them forth ; anon, the sea  
Was fill'd with wonders ; wild and green-hair'd men  
With conchs for trumpets, follow'd by fair nymphs  
That show'd their ivory shoulders through the tide ;  
Some tossing spears of coral, some pearl-crown'd  
And scattering roses,—or with lifted hands,  
Reining the purple lips of dolphins yoked,  
And huge sea-horses.

—While the trumpets swell'd,  
Upon a sweeping and high-crested surge,  
Rush'd by two sovereign shapes, hand twined in hand  
In silent love !—The waves around were swum  
By crowding Cupids, Tritons, and sweet Nymphs,  
Filling the perfumed air with harmony.

## THE NEREID BATHING,

WHEN setting suns shone on the western seas,  
 The fair-hair'd Nereid, bent on blissful ease,  
 Would careless float upon the azure tide,  
 Or with a comb her dewy locks divide.  
 Now in the limpid stream she view'd her face,  
 And dress'd her image in the floating glass :  
 On sea-weed beds she now reposed her limbs,  
 Or gather'd flowers that grew beneath the streams.  
 Emerging now, her limbs the waves divide,  
 And seem more lovely through the limpid tide ;  
 As lilies shut within a crystal case,  
 Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.



## THE NEREID

## AND HER SEA-HORSE.

HER playful sea-horse woos her soft commands,  
 Turns his quick ears, his webbed claws expands,  
 His watery way with graceful motion wins,  
 Or listening, librates on unmoving fins.  
 The nymph, emerging, mounts her scaly seat,  
 Hangs o'er his glossy sides her silver feet ;  
 With snow-white hand her arching veil detains,  
 Gives to his filmy lips the slacken'd reins ;  
 Lifts to the star of eve her eyes serene,  
 And chants the birth of Beauty's radiant Queen.

## THE SIREN, OR MERMAID.

O'er her fair brow, her pearly comb unfurls  
Her amber locks, and parts the waving curls;  
Each tangled braid with glistening teeth unbinds,  
And with the floating treasure, musks the winds.  
Thrill'd by her dulcet accents as she sings,  
The rippling wave in widening circles rings:  
"O! haste!" she carols, "o'er the glassy sea,  
Visit the billows' sea-green depths with me:  
Behold what treasures dwell beneath the waves,  
Dim seen, pale glistening through their shadowy  
caves;  
Where lurk the pearls, where coral sea-flowers grow,  
And all the wonders of the world below."



## THE INFANT BACCHUS,

## RIDING ON A PANTHER.

Boy of beauty rare!  
With thy lips in roses dyed,  
And that harmless, infant air,  
Why upon the panther ride?  
Sweet one! is't to tell  
That within thy cup is woe;  
That the victim of thy spell,  
Passion's fiery speed shall know?

## THE EDUCATION OF BACCHUS.

—'Twas in an Indian vale,  
 Whose sides were all with rosy thickets crown'd,  
 That never felt the biting wintry gale;—  
 And where was heard the wild pipe's mellow sound;  
 And to its music danced a nymph embrown'd,  
 Leading a lion in a silken twine,  
 That with his yellow mane would sweep the ground,  
 Then on his rider fawn—a boy divine!  
 While on his foaming lips a nymph shower'd purple  
 wine.

## THE TRIUMPH OF BACCHUS,

## THE GOD OF WINE.

THE jolly God in triumph comes,  
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!  
 Flush'd with a purple grace  
 He shows his honest face,  
 Now give the hautboys breath, he comes! he comes!  
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
 Drinking joys did first ordain:  
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure.

Rich the treasure!

Sweet the pleasure!

Sweet is pleasure after pain.

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## BACCHUS ATTENDED BY SILENUS.

—WITH painted reins all-glittering from afar,  
The spotted Lynxes proudly draw thy car.  
Around thee, Bacchanals and Satyrs throng.  
Behind, Silenus, drunk, lags slow along;  
On his dull ass he nods from side to side,  
Forbears to fall, yet half-forgets to ride.  
Still at thy near approach, applauses loud  
Are heard, and music from the mingled crowd.  
Each one with ivy crown adorns his hair,  
And waves the leafy Thyrsus\* high in air.  
Cymbals and oaten flutes and mingled cries  
Swell up in sounds confused, and rend the skies.  
Thee, Bacchus! thee, the shouting crowd adore,  
And drain the sparkling goblet o'er and o'er.

## THE CHARIOT OF BACCHUS.

FIERCE panthers, that did once the desert awe,  
With tame submissive necks his chariot draw,  
While Bacchanals and Satyrs' jolly crew  
Make up the cavalcade:—Silenus too,  
With staggering strut, scarce sits his slow-paced beast,  
Reels in the rear, with fumes of wine opprest,  
While youths' and damsels' undistinguish'd cries,  
And music's louder concert rend the skies.

\* A spear wreathed with vine leaves.

## SILENUS.

The sleeping Silenus, surprised and bound by the shepherds, is obliged to purchase his liberty with a song.

'Twas in a cooling arbour's shadowy round  
 Two youthful swains the God Silenus found,  
 In drunkenness and sleep his senses bound :  
 His swelling veins his late carouse betray,  
 His garland on the ground neglected lay,  
 Fall'n from his head,—and by the well-worn ear  
 His ample goblet hung suspended near.  
 Sudden the swains the sleeping God surprise,  
 And with his garland bind him as he lies,  
 (No better chain at hand,) incensed so long  
 To be defrauded of their promised song.  
 To aid their project, and remove their fears,  
 Ægle, a beauteous fountain-nymph, appears ;  
 And while he hardly opes his heavy eyes,  
 His stupid brow with crimson berries dyes.  
 —Then smiling at the fraud, Silenus said,  
 “ And dare you thus a sleeping God invade ?  
 To see me was enough, but haste ! unloose  
 My bonds, the song no longer I refuse :  
 Unloose me, youths !—my song shall pay your pains,  
 For this fair nymph some other boon remains.

—He sung,—responsive to the heavenly sound,  
 The stubborn oaks and forests dance around :  
 Tripping, the Satyrs and the Fauns advance,  
 Wild beasts forget their rage, and join the general  
 dance.

## COMUS,

## THE GOD OF FEASTS AND REVELS.

WITH torch bright flaming, and dishevell'd hair,  
And robes loose flowing in the playful air ;  
“ Drink deep ! sweet youth ! ” seductive Comus cries,  
With glowing lips, flush'd cheeks, and sparkling eyes.  
Green leaves and purple clusters crown his head,  
And the wreath'd Thyrsus stays his tottering tread.  
“ Drink deep ! ” he carols, as he waves in air  
The foaming goblet, “ and forget your care.”  
Unseen behind, disease malignant scowls,  
And mingles poison in the nectar'd bowls.

## THE FAUN ; OR THE BROKEN GOBLET.

A cloven-footed Faun was discovered by the shepherds, as sunk in deep sleep he lay stretched under an oak.—“ We will bind him fast to the tree,” said they, as they surrounded him ; “ when he awakes, he shall purchase his liberty with a song.”—They bound him to the trunk of the oak, and pelted him with its fallen acorns till he awoke. “ Where am I ? ” said the Faun, as he yawned and stretched out his sinewy arms and cloven feet : “ where is my flute ?—where is my cup ? Ah ! there lie the fragments of my beautiful goblet ; I broke it yesterday, as I sunk down overpowered with sleep and wine. But who has

bound me?" said he, as he looked around and heard the tittering laughter of the swains: "unbind me, boys," he cried.—"We will not set thee free," answered they, "till thou hast sung us a song." "What shall I sing you, shepherds?" said the Faun; "I will sing of my broken cup:—sit down by me on the grass!" The shepherds seated themselves on the turf, around him, and he began:

"It is broken! it is broken! my beautiful goblet!  
The fragments lie scatter'd around.

"My goblet was beautiful: the fairest ornament of my cave; and when a Wood-god passed, I called to him; Come, drink from this cup: Jove himself, at his ambrosial banquets, does not quaff nectar from a fairer bowl.

"It is broken! it is broken! my beautiful goblet!  
The fragments lie scatter'd around.

"When my brothers of the wood assembled in my cave, we sat carousing around the goblet, and every one who drank, sung the exploit engraven on the part which his lips had touched. Now, we shall drink no more from the goblet, my brothers of the wood! now we shall sing no more the exploits engraven on its sides.

"And Pan was engraven on my goblet, as struck with horror he stood on the shore, and saw his beautiful nymph Syrinx, even in his clasping arms, trans-



formed into soft-whispering reeds. He cut the rushes of unequal length, and cementing them with wax, blew on the pipe a melancholy strain. Echo listened delighted to the new music, and repeated it to the astonished woods and mountains around.

“ But it is broken ! it is broken ! my beautiful goblet !  
The fragments lie scatter'd around.

“ Even Jove himself was engraven on my goblet ; as when in the form of a milk-white bull he bore the fair Europa on his broad back through the waters. Enraptured he looked back on her, and licked with flattering tongue her snowy feet. She clasped her arms above her head, lamenting,—while the wanton Zephyrs played with her unbound tresses, and the little Loves sported on dolphins before her.

“ But it is broken ! it is broken ! my beautiful goblet !  
The fragments are scatter'd around.

“ And Bacchus, too, was there, in all his youthful beauty ; he sat in a vine-covered bower ; a nymph reclined by his side. His left hand encircled her waist ; with her right hand she held back the goblet, for which his smiling lips seemed to long : she looked on him with languishing eyes, which appeared to ask for kisses. His spotted tigers frolicked beside him, or devoured the purple clusters from the hands of the little Cupids around.

“ But it is broken ! it is broken ! my beautiful goblet !  
The fragments lie scatter'd around.

“Lament it, O Echo! in thy woods; deplore it,  
ye Fauns! in your caves!

“It is broken! it is broken! my beautiful goblet!  
The fragments lies scatter’d around.”

So sung the Faun; and the young shepherds un-  
bound him, and gazed with admiration on the frag-  
ments scattered on the grass.

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### PLUTO, OR DIS, KING OF HELL,

THE GOD OF THE INFERNAL REGIONS, CARRIES OFF  
PROSERPINE, THE DAUGHTER OF CERES, IN ORDER  
TO MAKE HER HIS QUEEN.

—In Sicilia’s ever-blooming shades,  
When playful Proserpine from Ceres stray’d;  
Led, with unwary step, her virgin trains  
O’er Ætna’s steeps and Enna’s flowery plains;  
Pluck’d with fair hand the silver-blossom’d bower  
And purpled mead—herself a fairer flower;  
Sudden, unseen, amidst the twilight glade,  
Rush’d gloomy Dis, and seized the trembling maid.  
Her startled damsels sprung from mossy seats,  
Dropp’d from their gauzy laps the gather’d sweets;  
Clung round the struggling nymph with piercing cries,  
Pursued the chariot, and invoked the skies.  
Pleased, as he grasps her in his iron arms,  
Frights with soft sighs, with tender words alarms:  
The wheels, descending roll’d in smoky rings,  
Infernal Cupids flapp’d their tawny wings;  
Earth, opening wide, received the fair, amazed,  
And far in night her heavenly beauty blazed.

## THE APPROACH TO THE INFERNAL REGIONS.

### THE RIVER PHELETHON.

WHERE lofty walls with triple ramparts rise,  
 And sulphurous flames illumine the sunless skies,  
 There rolls red Phlegethon with thundering sound,  
 His burning waves, and whirls his surges round.  
 On mighty columns raised sublime, are hung  
 The massy gates, impenetrably strong.  
 In vain would men, in vain would Gods essay  
 To hew the beams of adamant away :  
 Here the loud scourge, and louder voice of pain,  
 The crashing fetter, and the rattling chain,  
 Strike the sear'd senses with the frightful sound,  
 The hoarse, rough mingled din that thunders round.



### TISIPHONE,

#### ONE OF THE FURIES, GUARDING THE APPROACH TO THE INFERNAL REGIONS.

—HERE rose an iron tower,—before the gate,  
 By night and day, a wakeful fury sate—  
 The pale Tisiphone; a robe she wore,  
 With all the pomp of horror, dyed in gore.  
 Crimes, frauds, and murders are her stern delight,  
 The rage of death, and tumult of the fight.  
 So fierce her look, such terrors fill her eyes,  
 Round her grim front such monstrous serpents rise,  
 She scares e'en Pluto, her immortal sire :  
 Her sister Furies tremble and retire.

## THE FURIES.

ALECTO, TISIPHONE, AND MEGÆRA.

THREE dreadful sisters, down whose temples roll'd  
 Their hair of snakes in many a hissing fold ;  
 As scattering horror o'er the dreary land,  
 Near to the lofty gates of hell they stand.

## THE PUNISHMENT OF SISYPHUS,

FOR HAVING REVEALED THE SECRETS OF THE GODS.

I turn'd my eyes, and as I turn'd survey'd  
 A mournful vision in the gloomy shade ;  
 With many a weary step and many a groan,  
 Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone ;  
 The huge round stone returning with a bound,  
 Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the  
 ground.

## CERBERUS,

THE WATCH-DOG OF THE INFERNAL REGIONS.

—NEAR the dark and downward road,  
 Which leads to Pluto's drear abode,  
 The shaggy dog of hell I spied,  
 His three-fold throat he open'd wide ;  
 While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,  
 Foam and human gore distill'd.

Hoarse he bays with hideous din,  
 Eyes that glow and fangs that grin ;  
 And long pursues with frightful roar  
 All who tread this gloomy shore.

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### THE PUNISHMENT OF TANTALUS.

—HERE Tantalus tormented bends to drink,  
 While from his lips the reflux waters shrink.  
 "Quench me, ye cool transparent rills!" he cries,  
 Ope his parch'd mouth, and rolls his hollow eyes.  
 In vain—the stream alone his bosom laves,  
 And thirst consumes him 'midst surrounding waves.

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### THE RIVER LETHE.

FAR off from these, a slow and silent stream  
 Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls  
 Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks  
 Forthwith his former state and being past  
 Forgets, both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.

~~~~~

### CHARON,

THE BOATMAN WHO FERRIES THE SHADES OF THE  
 DEPARTED OVER THE RIVER STYX.

ALL stained with ooze, and black with rising sands,  
 Lord of the flood, imperious Charon stands.  
 But rough, begrim'd, and dreadful, he appear'd,  
 Rude and neglected hung his length of beard;  
 All patch'd and knott'd flutters his attire,  
 His wrathful eyeballs glare with sanguine fire.  
 Though old, yet unimpair'd by years he stood,  
 And hoary vigour blest the surly God.  
 Himself still plied the oars, the canvas spread,  
 And in his sable bark convey'd the dead.

## THE STORY OF ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

Orpheus, a Thracian, the son of Apollo and Calliope, was an excellent poet and musician. The poets pretend that the trees and rocks left their places, and that the wild beasts flocked about him to hear his music. Eurydice, his wife, dying by the bite of a serpent, he descended into the infernal regions to fetch her back, and so charmed Pluto and Proserpine, and all the infernal deities, with music, that they restored her to him, on condition that he should not look upon her as she walked behind him, till he was out of the infernal regions. But not having power to command his impatience, he turned to see if Eurydice followed him, upon which she disappeared for ever. After this, wandering despairing among the mountains, he met the Bacchanals, who, in their drunken and frantic revels, fell upon him and tore him to pieces.

But when through all the infernal bounds,  
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,  
Love, strong as death, the poet led  
To the pale nations of the dead,  
What sounds were heard,  
What scenes appear'd  
O'er all the dreary coasts !  
Dreadful gleams,  
Dismal screams,  
Fires that glow,  
Shrieks of woe,  
Sullen moans,  
Hollow groans,  
And cries of tortured ghosts !

But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;  
 And see ! the tortured ghosts respire,  
     See, shady forms advance !  
 Thy stone, O Sisyphus ! stands still,  
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,  
     And the pale spectres dance !  
 The Furies sink upon their iron beds,  
 While snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their  
     heads.

## THE SONG OF ORPHEUS.

“ By the streams that ever flow,  
 By the fragrant winds that blow  
     O'er the Elysian flowers.  
 By those happy souls who dwell  
 In yellow meads of Asphodel,  
     Or amaranthine bowers ;  
 By the heroes' armed shades,  
 Glittering through the gloomy glades,  
     By the youths who died for love,  
     Wandering through the myrtle grove,—  
 Restore ! restore, Eurydice to life !  
 O ! take the husband, or return the wife ! ”

He sang, and hell consented  
 To hear the poet's prayer ;  
 Stern Proserpine relented,  
 And gave him back the fair.  
     Thus song could prevail  
     O'er fate and o'er hell,  
 A conquest how hard and how glorious !

Though death had fast bound her  
 With Styx nine times round her,  
 Yet music and love were victorious !  
 But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes :  
 Again she falls, again she dies ! she dies !  
 How wilt thou now the cruel sisters move ?  
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Now under hanging mountains,  
 Beside the fall of fountains,  
 Or where Hebrus \* wanders,  
 Rolling in meanders,

All alone,  
 Unheard, unknown,  
 He makes his moan,  
 And calls her ghost,  
 For ever, ever lost !

Now with furies surrounded,  
 Despairing, confounded,

See ! wild as the winds o'er the desert he flies,  
 Hark ! Hæmus\* resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—

Ah, see ! he dies !

Yet even in death, Eurydice he sung,  
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue ;

Eurydice the woods,

Eurydice the floods,

Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

\* Hebrus, a river, and Hæmus, a mountain, of Thrace.



**ÆOLUS, THE GOD OF THE WINDS.**

—THE God of tempests swift unbinds  
From their dark caves the various rushing winds :  
High 'mid the storm the God impetuous rides,  
His howling voice the roaring tempest guides.  
A deeper night involves the darken'd air,  
And livid lightnings o'er the mountains glare ;  
Uprooted oaks in all their leafy pride  
Roll thundering down the groaning mountain's side,  
And men and flocks in clamorous uproar run,  
The rocking towers and crashing woods to shun.

**IRIS,**

**GODDESS OF THE RAINBOW, AND MESSENGER OF  
JUNO.**

**HAIL!** many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er  
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter ;  
Who, with thy saffron wings upon the flowers  
Diffusest honey dews, refreshing showers ;  
And with each end of thy bright bow dost crown  
The tufted meadows and the unshrub'd down :  
Rich scarf to the proud earth !

## MERCURY, OR HERMES,

THE GOD OF LETTERS AND ELOQUENCE; THE  
MESSENGER OF THE GODS.

—ON his blooming face

Youth smiles celestial with each opening grace.  
Despatched by Jove, he mounts the winged winds,  
Fast to his feet the golden pinions binds,  
That high through fields of air his flight sustain,  
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main.  
He grasps *the wand*\* that causeth sleep to fly,  
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye.

## MERCURY, OR HERMES,

DESCENDS FROM HEAVEN WITH A MESSAGE FROM  
JUPITER.

HIGH 'midst the senate of the Gods above,  
The favourite son and messenger of Jove,  
With features, air, and rosy bloom divine,  
'Midst the bright courts, see youthful Hermes shine.  
Sent by the God with arrowy speed he flies,  
And cleaves on silvery wings the liquid skies :  
In many a whirl and rapid circle driven  
So swift, he seems at once in earth and heaven.  
O! with what energy, what noble force,  
He speeds till earth arrests his downward course ;  
The conscious ground the awful signal takes,  
Without a wind the quivering forest shakes,  
The tall rocks bow, the unweildy mountains nod,  
And all confess the presence of the God.

\* His Caduceus.

## HEBE,

GODDESS OF YOUTH, AND CUP-BEARER TO THE REST  
OF THE DEITIES.

WHERE high Olympus' shining gates unfold,  
And Gods, with Jove, rest on their thrones of gold,  
Immortal Hebe, fresh with bloom divine,  
The golden goblet crowns with purple wine.

## CERES,

THE GODDESS OF CORN AND HARVESTS.

THE Harvest-goddess Ceres next is seen,  
In bloom majestic, and in port a queen :  
Fair is her brow as mountain snow fresh driven,  
And her blue eyes reflect the azure heaven :  
Poppies and field-flower buds her robe adorn,  
Her long fair hair is crown'd with yellow corn,  
A wreath of ripen'd wheat one hand retains,  
The right aloft a burning torch sustains.

## CERES

FIRST INSTRUCTED MEN IN THE ARTS OF AGRICUL-  
TURE, GARDENING, &C.

CERES first taught the labouring kind to plough  
The pregnant earth, and quickening seed to sow :  
She first for man did wholesome food provide,  
And with just laws the wicked world supplied.

## THE SACRIFICE TO CERES.

Every year sacrifices were offered to her, and oblations of wine, honey and milk, in order to propitiate her, and to obtain an abundant harvest.

To Ceres, bland, her annual rites be paid  
 On the green turf, beneath the fragrant shade ;  
 When winter ends, and spring serenely shines,  
 Then fat the lambs, then mellow are the wines ;  
 Then sweet are slumbers on the flowery ground,  
 Then with thick shades are lofty mountains crown'd.  
 Let all the hinds bend low at Ceres' shrine,  
 Mix honey sweet for her, with milk and mellow wine.  
 Thrice lead the victim the new fruits around,  
 And Ceres call, and choral hymns resound :  
 Presume not, swains ! the ripen'd grain to reap,  
 Till crown'd with oak in antic dance you leap,  
 Invoking Ceres, and in solemn lays  
 Exalt your rural Queen's immortal praise.

~~~~~  
 CERES

SEEKING HER DAUGHTER, PROSERPINE, WHOM PLUTO  
 HAD CARRIED AWAY TO THE INFERNAL REGIONS,  
 IN ORDER TO MAKE HER HIS QUEEN.

THROUGH the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main,  
 Her daughter mournful Ceres seeks in vain ;  
 Aurora, when with dewy locks she rose,  
 Nor burnish'd Vesper found her in repose :  
 At Ætna's flaming mouth, two pitchy pines,  
 To light her in her search, at length she tines\* ;

\* Kindles.

Restless with these, through frosty nights she goes,  
Nor fears the cutting winds, nor heeds the snows ;  
And when the morning-star the day renews,  
From east to west her absent child pursues.

~~~~~

### CERES,

STILL WANDERING IN SEARCH OF HER DAUGHTER,  
TRANSFORMS AN UNCIVIL BOY, WHO OFFENDS  
HER, INTO AN EFT OR LIZARD.

THIRSTY at last by long fatigue she grows,  
But meets no spring, no rivulet near her flows :  
Then looking round, a lowly cottage spies  
Smoking among the trees, and thither hies.  
The Goddess knocking at a little door,  
'Twas open'd by a woman old and poor,  
Who, when she begg'd for water, gave her ale  
Brew'd long, but well preserved from being stale.  
The Goddess drank,—a clownish boy was by,  
Who saw the liquor with a grudging eye,  
And grinning cried, "She's greedy, more than dry."

Ceres, offended at his rude grimace,  
Flung what she had not drunk into his face.  
The sprinklings speckle where they hit the skin,  
And a long tail does from his body spin :  
His arms are turn'd to legs, and lest his size  
Should make him mischievous, and he should rise  
Against mankind, diminishes his frame,  
Less than a lizard, but in shape the same.

Amazed the crone the wonderous sight beheld,  
 And weeps, and would have touch'd her alter'd  
     child,  
 But her approach the affrighted reptile shuns,  
 And fast into the nearest crevice runs.

~~~~~

## CERES

DISCOVERS SOME TRACES OF HER LOST CHILD.

WHAT seas, what lands the Goddess wander'd o'er  
 'Twere long to tell;—for there remain'd no more.  
 Searching all round, her fruitless toil she mourns,  
 And with regret to Sicily returns.  
 There, by a fountain's margin as she stood,  
 She saw her daughter's girdle in the flood;  
 The damsel dropp'd it from her slender waist  
 As, borne by Pluto, through the stream she past:  
 Ceres the token by her grief confest,  
 And tore her golden hair, and beat her breast.

~~~~~

## PROSERPINE CHANGES ASCALAPHUS INTO AN OWL.

Ceres, inconsolable for the loss of her daughter Proserpine, petitioned Jupiter to release her from the power of Pluto. Jupiter decreed, that if Proserpine had not tasted of any food since she descended into the infernal regions, she might be restored to her mother.

THE Goddess now resolving to succeed,  
 Down to the gloomy shades descends with speed,  
 But adverse fate had otherwise decreed: }

For long before, her giddy thoughtless child  
Had pluck'd the fruit, and all her project spoil'd.  
As in the garden's shady walk she stray'd,  
A fair pomegranate charm'd the simple maid ;  
Hung in her way, and tempted her to taste :  
She pluck'd the fruit, and took a short repast :  
Seven times, a seed at once, she eat the food :  
Unseen, Ascalaphus the damsel view'd :  
He saw, and told ;—and by discovering all  
Detain'd the lovely nymph in cruel thrall.

But now a queen, she with resentment heard,  
And changed the vile informer to a bird :  
In Phlegethon's black stream her hand she dips,  
Sprinkles his head, and wets his babbling lips.  
Soon on his face bedropt with magic dew,  
A change appear'd and downy feathers grew.  
A crooked beak the place of nose supplies ;  
Rounder his head, and larger grew his eyes.  
His arms and body waste, but are supplied  
With yellow pinions flapping at each side.  
His nails soon crook'd, and are turn'd to claws,  
And lazily along his heavy wings he draws.  
Ill-omen'd in his form, the unlucky fowl,  
Abhorr'd by men, and call'd a screeching owl.

### ARIADNE DESERTED BY THESEUS.

She had saved his life when he was going to be devoured by a monster called the Minotaur, and she ran away with him to the island of Naxos, where he deserted her, and left her asleep on a rock. After mourning over his ingratitude for some time, she became the Priestess of Bacchus.

As dash the waves on Naxos' rocky strand,  
 Her flush'd cheek press'd upon her snowy hand,  
 Fair Ariadne sits, upturns her eyes,  
 Upbraids her Theseus, and invokes the skies.  
 For him she breathes the silent sigh forlorn,  
 Each setting day, and weeps each rising morn.  
 Bright stars! that light yon blue ethereal plain,  
 Or bathe your shining tresses in the main;  
 Pale moon! that silverest o'er night's sable brow,  
 Ye heard, ye listen'd, to his love-breathed vow,  
 Ye shadowy rocks, dark caves, and sounding shore,  
 Ye echo'd sweet the tender words he swore:  
 O winds! O waves! his light-wing'd bark detain,  
 And give my Theseus to my arms again.



### ÆSON RESTORED TO YOUTH.

Æson, in extreme old age, recovers his youth by bathing in the medicated bath prepared for him by the Enchantress Medea.

ON the loud shore a magic pile she raised,  
 The cauldron bubbled, and the fagots blazed:  
 Pleased on the boiling wave old Æson swims,  
 And feels fresh vigour stretch his swelling limbs;

*Myth.*

H



The meagre paleness from his features fled,  
 His tingling cheeks assume a glowing red,  
 Through his thrill'd nerves forgotten ardours dart,  
 And warmer life-blood circles round his heart ;  
 With softer fires his kindling eye-balls glow,  
 And darker tresses wanton round his brow.



## THE MUSES.

The daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne, or Memory. They are represented as nine beautiful women, surrounding the throne of Apollo, playing on various musical instruments, or occupied with scientific pursuits. Sometimes they are seated on Mount Parnassus, or Helicon: near them is the fountain Hippocrene, which was caused to gush forth by a kick of the winged horse Pegasus.

### CALLIOPE,

ONE OF THE MUSES, SINGING BEFORE JUPITER AND  
 THE ASSEMBLED GODS.

SHE sung, and to her voice her harp applies,  
 Its liquid sweetness floats along the skies :  
 E'en Jove approving, from his lofty seat,  
 Bade the fair maid the wond'rous song repeat.  
 Graceful, in mute assent, the virgin rose,  
 The floating curls back from her temples throws  
 With ivy crown'd ; she tunes the golden strings,  
 And to her harp again the descant sings.

## URANIA,

THE MUSE WHO PRESIDED OVER ASTRONOMY OR THE  
KNOWLEDGE OF THE STARS.

Nymph! not for thee the radiant day returns,  
Nymph! not for thee the golden noon-tide burns.  
Star-crown'd Urania! at the midnight hour  
She seeks with pensive steps the mountain bower;  
Eyes the bright ether, counts the stars that roll  
Their distant fires, and blaze around the pole.  
There as soft zephyr fans with pausing gale  
Her snowy neck, and swells her shadowy veil,  
Her azure robe gleams to the moon's pale beam,  
And on the midnight wind her long fair tresses stream.

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THE POET COMPLAINS TO THE MUSES

OF THE DECLINE OF POETRY.

Whether on Ida's \* shady brow,  
Or in the chambers of the east,  
The chambers of the sun that now  
From ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in heaven ye wander fair,  
Or the green corners of the earth,  
Or the blue regions of the air  
Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove  
Beneath the bottom of the sea,  
Wandering in many a coral grove,  
Fair Nine! forsaking poesie;

\* A mountain of Crete.

How have ye left the ancient love  
That bards of old enjoy'd in you !  
The languid strings now scarcely move,  
The sound is forced, the notes are few.

---

### PYGMALION.

Pygmalion, a sculptor of Cyprus, having made a beautiful statue, fell in love with it, and prayed to the Gods that it might become animated : his prayer was granted.

ENTRANCED of old the Cyprian sculptor view'd  
The nymph-like form that blest his solitude.  
From earth and earthly beauty he had flown,  
And graved a dream of loveliness on stone.  
And still he knelt adoring,—none were near  
The empassion'd fondness of his vows to hear ;  
The unpeopled forest, and the murmuring wave,  
The shadowy twilight of his lonely cave,  
The mystic language of the rushing wind  
Nursed the mysterious madness of his mind.  
He pour'd warm kisses on the lifeless face,  
Clasp'd the cold marble in his wild embrace,  
Hung on that lip, alas ! so vainly fair,  
And breathed at last his very being there.

—O'er the cold cheek rose beauty's flushing hue,  
Slowly to life the kindling statue grew,  
Caught the warm spirit from his soul's excess,  
And breathed, and moved, in living loveliness.

## DIANA, HECATE, OR THE MOON.

She was known by the name of Hecate in the infernal regions,—of Luna, Cynthia, or the Moon, in heaven; and of Diana upon earth. She is sometimes painted with three heads, as descriptive of her triple divinity.

How like a queen comes forth the lonely moon,  
 From the slow-opening curtains of the clouds,  
 Walking in beauty to her midnight throne!  
 The stars are veil'd in light; the ocean-floods  
 And the ten thousand streams—the boundless  
 woods—  
 The trackless wilderness—the mountain's brow,  
 Where winter o'er eternal snow-drifts broods—  
 All height, depth, wildness, grandeur, gloom, below,  
 Touch'd by thy smile, lone moon! in one wide  
 splendour glow.



## JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS,

### PRINCES OF GREECE,

SET SAIL TO COLCHIS, IN THE FIRST VESSEL THAT  
 EVER WAS CONSTRUCTED, TO CONQUER THE GOLDEN  
 FLEECE.—ORPHEUS, THE THRACIAN MUSICIAN, AC-  
 COMPANIES THEM.

'Twas when the first bold vessel braved the seas,  
 High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain,  
 And Argos proudly saw her kindred trees,  
 Descend from Pelion to the rolling main.

When war and glory call the brave to arms,  
How martial music every bosom warms !  
Transported demi-gods stood round,  
And men grew heroes at the sound,  
Inflamed with glory's charms.  
Each chief his seven-fold shield display'd,  
And half-unsheath'd the shining blade,  
And seas, and rocks, and skies resound,  
To arms, to arms, to arms !



## JASON,

LANDED AT COLCHIS, PREVAILS UPON THE ENCHAN-  
TRESS MEDEA, DAUGHTER OF THE KING OF COLCHIS,  
TO ASSIST HIM IN CONQUERING THE DRAGON WHO  
GUARDED THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

A WARLIKE stranger, to a foreign shore,  
The first brave ship the noble Jason bore :  
Medea views him with admiring eyes,  
And love and pity in her bosom rise ;  
For fate that day had with peculiar grace  
And peerless beauty deck'd his form and face :  
Her ravish'd eyes survey him o'er and o'er,  
As some gay wonder never seen before :  
Transported to the skies she seems to be,  
And think she gazes on a deity.  
But when he spoke, and press'd her trembling hand,  
And did with tender words her aid demand,  
With vows and oaths to make her soon his bride—  
She wept a flood of tears, and thus replied :—

“ I see my error, yet to ruin move,  
Nor owe my fate to ignorance, but love.  
Your life I'll guard, and only ask of you  
To plight your faith, to love and to be true.”  
—— He swears by Hecate he would all fulfil,  
And bids her trust her own prophetic skill :  
She credits him, and kindly doth produce  
Enchanted herbs, and teaches him their use.  
Spells deep and dire, by power unholy kept,  
To make the dragon sleep who never slept ;  
Whose crest shoots dreadful lustre ; from his jaws  
A triple tire of forked stings he draws,  
With fangs and wings of a prodigious size :—  
Such was the guardian of this golden prize.  
Large as the heifer's hide, or as the hind's,  
Which on Lichaia's plain the hunter finds,  
Shone the thick ponderous fleece, whose golden rays  
Far o'er the land diffuse a beamy blaze.

The dragon sprinkled with Lethean dew,  
The fair enchantress into slumber threw ;  
And then to fix him, thrice she did repeat,  
The rhyme that makes the raging winds retreat ;  
'Mid stormy seas, can calms and sunshine make,  
Turn rapid streams into a standing lake :  
While downy sleep his drowsy eyelids seals,  
The unguarded golden fleece the stranger steals :

Proud to possess the purchase of his toil,  
Proud of his royal bride, a richer spoil,  
To sea both gifts triumphant Jason bore,  
And speeds exulting to his native shore.

## JASON

CARRIES OFF MEDEA AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE TO  
THESSALY OR GREECE: UPON HIS LANDING THERE  
HE MARRIED CREUSA, AND REWARDED MEDEA'S  
LOVE FOR HIM WITH INGRATITUDE.

To follow Jason, who, to conquering Greece,  
From plunder'd Colchis bore the Golden Fleece,  
The fair Medea left her native soil,  
Unawed by danger, unsubdued by toil;  
Her weeping sire and beckoning friends withstood,  
And launch'd enamour'd on the stormy flood:  
One rosy boy her gentle lips caress'd,  
And one fair girl was pillow'd on her breast;  
While high in air the golden treasure burns,  
And love and glory guide the prow by turns.

But when Thessalia's inauspicious plain  
Received the matron-heroine from the main;  
While horns of triumph sound, and altars burn,  
And shouting nations hail their chief's return,  
Aghast, she saw new deck'd the marriage-bed,  
And proud Creusa to the altar led;  
Saw her, in Jason's mercenary arms,  
Deride her virtues, and insult her charms;  
Saw her dear babes from fame and empire torn,  
In foreign lands deserted and forlorn;  
Her love rejected and her vengeance braved,  
By him her beauties won, her virtues saved.—

—With stern regard she eyed the traitor-king,  
And felt ingratitude! thy keenest sting;  
“Not heaven,” she cried, “nor earth, nor hell can hold  
A heart abandon’d to the thirst of gold!”  
Stamp’d with wild foot, and clasp’d her burning brow,  
And call’d the Furies from their dens below.

—Slow out of earth, before the festive crowds,  
On wheels of fire, amid a night of clouds,  
Drawn by fierce dragons rose a magic car,  
Received the queen, and hovering flamed in air.  
As with raised hands the suppliant culprits kneel,  
And dread the vengeance they deserve to feel,  
Thrice with parch’d lips her guiltless babes she prest,  
And thrice she clasp’d them to her tortured breast;  
Awhile with white uplifted eyes she stood—  
Then plunged her trembling poniard in their blood.  
“Go! kiss your sire!—go share his bridal mirth!”—  
She said, and hurl’d their quivering limbs to earth.

—Rebelling thunders rock the marble towers,  
And red-tongued lightnings shoot their arrowy  
showers;  
Earth yawns!—the crashing ruin sinks!—o’er all  
Vengeance and death extend the funeral pall.



## ODE TO MAY.

BORN in that blaze of orient sky,  
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold,  
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,  
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,  
For thee descends the sunny shower,  
The rills in softer murmurs flow,  
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Warm with new life the glittering throngs,  
On quivering fin and rustling wing,  
Delighted join their votive songs,  
And hail thee, Goddess of the spring!

---

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours  
Fair Venus' train appear;  
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,  
And wake the purple year:  
The night's lone warbler pours her throat,  
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,  
The untaught harmony of spring:  
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,  
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky  
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

## DÆDALUS AND ICARUS.

Dædalus, anxious to escape from a long imprisonment in a high tower, makes himself wings, and discovers the art of flying. His young son, Icarus, watches the progress of his work.

His boy, young Icarus, who near him stood,  
 Unconscious of his fate, with smiles pursued  
 The floating feathers, which the moving air  
 Bore loosely from the ground, and wafted here and  
 there,  
 Or with the wax in childish sport he play'd,  
 And with his tricks the great design delay'd.

~~~~~  
 DÆDALUS,

HAVING COMPLETED A SET OF WINGS FOR HIS SON,  
 INSTRUCTS HIM HOW TO USE THEM.

DEAR to my heart! my darling boy, take care  
 To wing your course along the middle air:  
 If low, the surges wet your flagging plumes;  
 If high, the sun the melting wax consumes;  
 Steer between both, nor to the northern skies,  
 Or south Orion, turn your giddy eyes,  
 But follow me,—let me before you lay  
 Rules for the flight, and mark the pathless way.—  
 —Then teaching with a fond concern his son,  
 He took the untried wings, and fix'd them on;  
 But fix'd with trembling hands, and as he speaks,  
 The tears roll gently down his aged cheeks;  
 Then kiss'd, and in his arms embraced him fast,  
 But knew not this embrace must be his last.

## THE DEATH OF ICARUS.

—With melting wax and loosen'd strings,  
 Sunk hapless Icarus on unfaithful wings ;  
 Headlong he rush'd through the affrighted air,  
 With limbs distorted, and dishevell'd hair ;  
 His scatter'd plumage danced upon the wave,  
 And sorrowing Nereids deck'd his watery grave ;  
 O'er his pale corse their pearly sea-flowers shed,  
 And strew'd with crimson moss his marble bed ;  
 Struck in their coral towers the pausing bell,  
 And wide in ocean toll'd his echoing knell.



## THE ELYSIAN FIELDS,

THE RESIDENCE OF GOOD SPIRITS AFTER THEIR DE-  
 PARTURE FROM THIS LIFE ; THE HEAVEN OF THE  
 HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

HERE happy spirits dwell 'mid flowery plains,  
 Where perfect joy and lasting pleasure reigns :  
 And heaven-born music floats on rosy gales,  
 And spring's bright wreaths no storm-charged blast  
 assails.

Here groves of laurel and of myrtle bloom,  
 And the soft air is one wide rich perfume.  
 Here glowing ether shoots a purple ray,  
 And o'er the region pours a double day :  
 From sky to sky the unsetting splendour runs,  
 And nobler planets roll round brighter suns.

Here death and pain their gloomy empire close ;  
 No sickness tortures, and no tear-drop flows.  
 'Tis but to die, to reach this quiet shore,  
 Where billows never beat nor tempests roar ;  
 (E'en ere we feel the gentle stroke, 'tis o'er !)  
 Here parted love unites its broken chain,  
 And sever'd friendships knit their bonds again.

Here the mild youths who early died for love,  
 Reign crown'd with myrtle, monarchs of the grove :  
 Here glittering through the trees, the armed shades  
 Of steel-clad warriors wander through the glades.

Some wrestle on the sands, and some in play,  
 And games heroic, wear the hours away :  
 These raise the song divine, and those advance  
 With measured step to form the solemn dance.  
 Others beneath a laurel grove are laid,  
 And grateful feast beneath the fragrant shade.

Here a blest train advance along the meads,  
 And snowy wreaths adorn their graceful heads :  
 Patriots who perish'd for their country's right,  
 Or nobly triumph'd in the fields of fight :  
 Worthies, who life by useful arts refined ;  
 With those who leave a deathless name behind, }  
 Friends of the world, and fathers of mankind. }

## DANAË AND PERSEUS.

Danaë, beloved of Jupiter, was exposed by her father in a small bark on the sea, to perish with her infant son, Perseus, because he had been told by an oracle, that the child, if it lived, would put him to death.

—LOUD raved the storm—the foaming tide  
 Dash'd round the shatter'd vessel's side.  
 No voice was heard, no beacon's light,  
 Or soft star cheer'd the gloom of night ;  
 The sea-gull scream'd, and quicker past,  
 High soaring on the wintry blast :  
 When Danaë, with streaming eyes,  
 View'd the wide waste and stormy skies :  
 Bare was her breast, her cheek was pale,  
 Her loose hair floated on the gale.  
 Lost in despair awhile she stood,  
 Wild, gazing on the rolling flood,  
 Then with convulsive start she press'd  
 Her infant to her throbbing breast.

“ And sleeps my babe,” she cried, “ while break  
 The surges on thy clay-cold cheek ?  
 Sleep'st thou, while round thy beauteous form  
 Roars the wide waste, and howls the storm ?  
 For thee I heave the frequent sigh,  
 On thee I bend my sorrowing eye ;  
 Yet thou, my babe, in soft repose,  
 Nor feel'st, nor know'st thy mother's woes.  
 —Sleep on, and may a happier fate  
 Than mine, thy future life await !

Vain hope!—soon, soon, shall o'er thee close  
 The gulph of death:—soon shall the rose  
 Fade on thy cheek;—that heavenly grace  
 No longer animate thy face;  
 And cold shall be thy hands that press  
 My hands in silent tenderness.

“ Inhuman father! could no love  
 Thy unrelenting bosom move!  
 Could this dear infant's death alone  
 Ease thy vain fears, and save thy throne!  
 Say, could not chains prevent the blow,  
 Or prisons guard thy infant foe?

“ But ne'er to thee\*, who rul'st on high,  
 Did sorrow heave a fruitless sigh;  
 Thou, thou, shalt hear thy Danaë's moan,  
 And save her infant and thy own.  
 But see! bright streaming through the night  
 Pours from yon heavens a flood of light!  
 What God unveils to mortal eye  
 The promise of futurity?  
 Shall my child live?—shall vengeance too,  
 And from his hands my foes pursue?  
 Rave! rave, thou storm, and louder sweep  
 The billowy surges of the deep:  
 Wide ope, ye waves! your dread abyss,  
 Singly to perish thus is bliss!—  
 Fame, kingdoms, Perseus! shall be thine,  
 And vengeance, vengeance, shall be mine.”

\* Jupiter, who was the father of Perseus.

## SAPPHO,

A CELEBRATED POETESS, OF THE ISLAND OF LESBOS,  
BECAME ATTACHED TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG MAN,  
PHAON, WHO DISLIKED AND AVOIDED HER.

## SAPPHO AT HER LOOM, OR LOVE AND IDLENESS.

As o'er her loom the Lesbian maid  
In drooping languor hung her head,  
Unknowing where her fingers stray'd,  
She weeping turn'd away and said :  
"O! my sweet mother,—'tis in vain—  
I cannot weave as once I wove,  
So wilder'd is my heart and brain  
With thinking of the youth I love."

Again the web she tried to trace,  
But tears fell o'er each tangled thread.  
While looking in her mother's face,  
Who o'er her watchful lean'd, she said :  
"O! my sweet mother,—'tis in vain—  
I cannot weave as once I wove,  
So wilder'd is my heart and brain  
With thinking of the youth I love."

## SAPPHO

DETERMINES TO THROW HERSELF FROM THE LEUCADIAN ROCK, IN ORDER TO CURE HERSELF OF HER UNHAPPY PASSION FOR PHAON: SHE DESCRIBES THE MANNER IN WHICH THIS REMEDY WAS FIRST SUGGESTED TO HER BY ONE OF THE WATER NYMPHS.

A SPRING there is whose silver waters show  
 Clear as a glass the shining sands below ;  
 A flowery lotos spreads its arms above,  
 Shades all its banks, and seems itself a grove.  
 Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,  
 And guardian Naiads watch the sacred place.  
 Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood,  
 Before my sight a watery virgin stood :  
 She stood and cried,—“ O ! you, who live in vain,  
 Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main ;  
 There stands a rock, from whose impending steep  
 Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep :  
 There injured lovers leaping from above,  
 Their grief extinguish, and forget their love.  
 Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw  
 Thy wretched weight, nor dread the depths below !”

—She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice,—I rise,  
 And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.  
 I go, ye nymphs ! those rocks and seas to prove ;  
 How much I fear, but ah ! how much I love.  
 To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,  
 And hope from rocks and seas a milder fate ;



Ye gentle gales! beneath my body blow,  
 And softly lay me on the waves below :  
 And thou, kind Love! my sinking limbs sustain, }  
 Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main, }  
 Nor let thy Sappho's death the guiltless flood profane: }  
 On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,  
 And this inscription shall be placed below,—  
 " Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,  
 Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her lyre."

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## THE GRECIAN MAIDENS,

ASSEMBLED AT EVENING, REPEAT THE TRADITIONS  
 OF THEIR COUNTRY.

WHEN evening came, around the well  
 They sate, beneath the rising moon,  
 And some with voice of awe could tell  
 Of midnight fays and nymphs who dwell  
 In holy fountains: some would tune  
 Their lutes to sounds of softest close,  
 To tell of Sappho's love and woes.

Among these maidens there was one  
 Who to Leucadia late had been—  
 Had stood beneath the evening sun  
 On its white towering cliffs, and seen  
 The very spot where Sappho sung  
 Her swan-like music, ere she sprung

(Still holding in that fearful leap  
 By her loved lyre) into the deep\* ;  
 And dying quench'd the fatal fire,  
 At once of both her heart and lyre.  
 Mutely they listen'd all,— and well  
 Did the young travell'd maiden tell  
 Of the dread height to which that steep  
 Beetles above the eddying deep :—  
 Of the lone sea-birds, wheeling round  
 The dizzy edge with mournful sound—  
 And of the scented lilies, (some  
 Of whose white flowers, the damsel said  
 Herself had gather'd, and brought home  
 In memory of the minstrel maid,)  
 Still blooming on that fearful place.

\* The precipice, which is fearfully dizzy, is about 114 feet from the water, which is of a profound depth, as appears from the dark blue colour, and the eddy that plays round the pointed and projecting rocks.—*Goodisson's Ionian Travels.*



## THE PRIMÆVAL ISLANDS, PARADISE,

OR THE GOLDEN AGE.

O'ER these blest climes no ice-crown'd mountains  
 tower'd,  
 No lightnings darted, and no thunders lower'd :  
 Soft fell the vesper drops condensed below,  
 Nor bent in air the rain-refracted bow.  
 Sweet breathed the zephyrs just perceived and lost,  
 And brineless billows only kiss'd the coast.  
 Round the bright zodiac danced the vernal hours,  
 And peace, the cherub, dwelt in mortal bowers.

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 NARCISSUS

FALLS IN LOVE WITH HIS OWN IMAGE, WHICH HE  
 SEES IN A FOUNTAIN.—GRIEVED THAT IT COULD  
 NOT RETURN HIS AFFECTION, HE PINED AWAY, AND  
 WAS CHANGED INTO THE FLOWER WHICH RETAINS  
 HIS NAME.

THERE stands a fountain in a darksome wood,  
 Not stain'd with falling leaves or rising mud ;  
 High bowers of shady trees about it grow,  
 And rising grass and cheerful greens below :  
 Pleased with the form and coolness of the place,  
 And over-heated with the morning chase,  
 Narcissus on the grassy margin lies  
 And fixes on the stream his listless eyes ;  
 But when his own bright image he survey'd,  
 He fell in love with the fantastic shade ;  
 Pleased o'er the beauteous form, he hung unmoved,  
 Nor knew, fond youth ! that 'twas himself he loved.

“Hear! gentle youth,” he said, “my sad complaint,  
Come from the well, thou fair inhabitant.  
See! see! he smiles, and when I bend to join  
My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.  
Whené’er I stoop, he offers me a kiss;  
And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his.  
His eye with pleasure on my face he keeps,  
Smiles when I smile, and when I weep he weeps.  
Whene’er I speak, his moving lips appear  
To utter something which I cannot hear.”  
Thus mourns the youth, and languishes away,  
While his health withers, and his limbs decay;  
And none of all those blooming charms remain,  
For which the slighted Echo\* sigh’d in vain.  
She saw him in his present misery,  
And spite of all her wrongs she grieved to see.  
She answer’d sadly to his dying moan,  
Sigh’d back his sighs, and utter’d groan for groan.  
“Ah! youth, beloved in vain!” Narcissus cried.  
“Ah! youth, beloved in vain!” the nymph replied.  
“Farewell!” said he,—the parting sound scarce fell  
From his faint lips, than she return’d “Farewell!”  
Stretch’d on the dewy earth he fainting lies,  
Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.  
For him the nymphs and blue-eyed Nereids mourn,  
And gemm’d with tears prepare the funeral urn:  
But looking for his corse they only found  
A rising flower with yellow blossoms crown’d.

\* The nymph Echo had loved him before, but had been despised and neglected by him. She retired and hid herself in a cave of the rock, and pining away, her voice alone remained.

## THE SACRIFICE OF IPHIGENIA.

The Grecian fleet being detained by contrary winds at Aulis, the King, Agamemnon, inquires of the Oracle what is to be done to appease the vengeance of Diana, whom he had offended, and to procure a favourable wind for the ships. The Oracle answers, that his virgin daughter, Iphigenia, must be sacrificed at the altar of the Goddess.

PRONOUNCED the dreadful remedy,  
More than the stormy sea severe,  
The monarch stood in grief profound,  
And smote his sceptre on the ground :  
Then, with a rising sigh,  
The father, while the warm tears roll,  
Express'd the anguish of his soul.  
" Shall then the sire his daughter slay ?  
In youth's fresh bloom with beauty crown'd,  
Shall on these hands her warm blood flow ?  
Cruel alternative of woe !  
This royal fleet, this martial host,  
The cause of Greece shall I betray,  
The monarch in the father lost ?  
To calm these winds, to smooth this flood,  
Diana's wrath, a virgin's blood  
Demands,—'tis ours to obey."

He said,—and vain the virgin's tear,  
Her plaintive sigh, her pleading prayer ;  
Her agonizing woes.  
Her soul-struck father hears unmoved,  
The Fates decreed, the king approved,

And to the attendants gave command,  
Prone on the altar, with strong hand  
To place her, like a spotless hind;  
And check her sweet voice, that no sound  
Unhallow'd might the rites confound.

Rent, on the earth her maiden veil she throws,  
Whose woven crimson emulates the rose,  
And on the sad attendants rolling  
The trembling lustre of her dewy eyes,  
Each secret pang and shuddering start con-  
trolling,  
Pale, cold and statue-like the virgin lies.

But, as amidst his festal pleasures,  
Her father oft rejoiced to hear  
Her voice in soft mellifluous measures  
Warble the sprightly-fancied air,  
So now, in act to speak she raised her hand;  
But when, the third libation paid,  
She heard her father's dread command  
Enjoining silence, she obey'd:  
And for her country's good,  
With patient, meek, submissive mind,  
To her hard fate resign'd,  
Prepared to shed the rich stream of her blood.

## IPHIGENIA RESCUED BY DIANA.

HIGH in the midst a marble shrine was raised,  
 On every side the sacred torches blazed :  
 The bowls in shining order placed around,  
 The fatal knife was whetted for the wound.  
 Decreed to perish, stood the hapless fair,  
 Like some soft fawn caught in the hunter's snare.  
 Silent she stands to barbarous force resign'd,  
 While fear and terror chill her tender mind.  
 Now Dian's priests each sacred rite prepared,  
 Her neck and bosom to the blow they bared :  
 The sacred fillet o'er her eyes they bound,  
 And pale and trembling she expects the wound.

\*            \*            \*            \*

—All mourn her fate, but no relief appear'd,  
 The victim bound, the knife already rear'd :  
 When that offended power who caused their woe  
 Relenting ceased her wrath, and stopp'd the coming  
     blow.

A mist before the white-robed priests she cast,  
 And in the virgin's room a hind she placed.

—The oblation slain, and Dian reconciled,  
 The storm was hush'd, and dimpled ocean smiled :  
 Soft gales, propitious, rising from the shore,  
 To the wish'd port the Grecian galleys bore.

## THE STORY OF PHAETON,

## THE SON OF APOLLO.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE PALACE OF THE SUN.

THE sun's bright palace on high columns raised,  
 With burnish'd gold and flaming rubies blazed :  
 The roof with polish'd ivory was inlaid,  
 The folding-doors a silver light display'd.  
 Rich was the ground on which the work was placed,  
 For Vulcan's hand the rich adornments traced.  
 Now Phaeton climbing up the steep ascent,  
 To his suspected father's palace went.  
 Then as he nearer to his presence drew,  
 He paused awhile, and took a distant view :  
 Well was it distant, for his mortal sight  
 Could not sustain so fierce a flood of light.  
 The God in purple robes adorn'd the throne,  
 That with a blaze of lucid emeralds shone :  
 The Days, and Months, and Years on either hand,  
 And Hours of equal space and ages stand :  
 There stood the Spring, with flowery garlands  
 crown'd ;  
 There naked Summer with his wheat-sheaves bound ;  
 There Autumn, stain'd with purple grapes, appear'd,  
 And hoary Winter with his snowy beard.

From his bright throne the God's all-seeing eyes  
 Beheld the trembling youth in deep surprise  
 Struck with the various wonders of the skies.  
 Then cried—"What hither brings my Phaeton?  
 My son, and worthy to be call'd my son."

K



—The youth replies—“ Oh ! universal light,  
Oh ! father Phœbus, if a filial right  
From thee descending I may truly claim,  
Some token grant that may my birth proclaim.”  
Then paused ;—the God displacing from his head  
The beamy brightness which around him spread,  
Bid him advance, and thus embracing said :

—“ Name thy request, beloved son ! and I,  
Whate'er it is, with that request comply :  
Thus to confirm the oath of Gods I take,  
And swear by Styx's dark and gloomy lake.”  
Scarce had he spoke, the youth without delay  
Asks the sun's steeds and chariot for a day.

—The God repenting of the promise made,  
Shook his bright-beaming locks, while thus he said :  
“ You ask a real mischief, Phaeton !  
Nay, hang not thus upon my neck, my son !  
None dares ascend the flaming car but I,  
Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky.  
Say, could thy youthful hand the steeds control,  
When their breasts glow, and flames their nostrils roll?  
From the wide circle of the earth, sea, heaven,  
Choose what you will from all, it shall be given.  
Only forbear this one unequal task ;  
For 'tis a mischief, not a gift you ask.”

## THE CHARIOT OF THE SUN.

THUS did the God the unwary youth advise,  
 But he still longs to travel through the skies:  
 When Phœbus (for delays in vain were cast)  
 To the Vulcanian chariot leads at last.  
 A golden axle did the car uphold,  
 Gold were the beams, the wheels were orb'd with gold,  
 The spokes in rows of silver pleased the sight,  
 The harnesses with studded gems were bright.  
 The youth with secret joy the work surveys,  
 When now the morn disclosed her purple rays.

~~~~~  
PHAETON

## OBTAINS THE CARRIAGE OF THE SUN.

THE stars were fled, for Lucifer \* had chased  
 The stars away, and fled himself at last :  
 Soon as the father saw the ruddy morn,  
 And the moon shining with a blunter horn,  
 He bade the nimble Hours †, without delay,  
 Bring out the steeds :—the rosy Hours obey ;  
 From their full racks the generous steeds retire,  
 Dropping ambrosial foam, and snorting fire.—  
 All his son's face the God with ointment wet,  
 Of secret virtue to repel the heat ;  
 Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,  
 And breathed a deep foreboding sigh, and said :  
 " Take then at least this last advice, my son !  
 Keep the reins tight, and move but gently on :

\* Lucifer, the morning star.

† The Hours are described as beautiful women, who always attended upon and harnessed the horses of the Sun.

The horses of themselves will run too fast,  
Your care must be to moderate their haste."  
—He spoke in vain : the youth with active heat  
And youthful vigour vaults into the seat,  
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives  
The thanks his father with regret receives.

~~~~~  
PHAETON SETS THE EARTH ON FIRE.

MEANWHILE the restless horses neigh'd aloud,  
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood,  
Then spring together forth, and swiftly bear  
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air ;  
With winged speed outstrip the eastern wind,  
And leave the morning's swiftest blast behind.  
The unhappy youth then, bending down his head,  
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him spread ;  
His colour changed, he started at the sight,  
And his eyes darken'd with too great a light.  
Now did he wish the fiery steeds untried,  
His birth obscure, and his request denied ;  
Half-dead with sudden fear, he dropt the reins,  
The steeds perceived them loose upon their manes,  
And flying wild through all the fields above,  
Run, uncontroll'd, where'er their fury drove ;  
Rush'd on the stars, and through a pathless way  
Of unknown regions, hurried on the day.  
And now above, and now below they flew,  
And near the earth the burning chariot drew.  
Trees, grass and turf together kindling, blazed,  
And corn consumed, by what it first was raised ;  
And Phaeton, where'er his eyes could turn,  
Beheld the universe around him burn.

## THE DEATH OF PHAETON.

Jove saw and mounted his ethereal throne,  
From which he used to hurl the thunder down,  
From whence his storms and showers he used to  
pour,

But now could meet with neither storm or shower :  
Then, aiming at the youth with lifted hand,  
Full at his head he shot the flaming brand :  
At once, from life, and from the chariot driven,  
The ambitious youth fell thunder-struck from heaven.  
The horses started with a sudden bound,  
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground :  
The studded harness from their necks they broke,  
Here fell a wheel, and there a silver spoke ;  
Here were the beam and axle torn away,  
And scatter'd o'er the earth, the glittering fragments  
lay.

The blasted Phaeton, with flaming hair,  
Shot from the chariot like a falling star,  
Which in a cloudless evening, from the top  
Of heaven drops down, or seems at least to drop ;  
Till o'er the Po\* his foaming corse was hurl'd  
Far from his country, in the western world.

\* A river in Italy.

THE NAIADS OF THE FOUNTAIN,  
AND THEIR TEMPLE.

*(From an exquisite Picture of Poussin's.)*

THE streamlet rose amid enchanted ground,  
Low in a shadowy dell, set in a mound  
Of sloping shrubs, that mounted by degrees,  
The birch and poplar mix'd with heavier trees ;  
From under which, sent through a marble spout,  
Betwixt the dark wet green, a rill gush'd out,  
Whose low sweet talking seem'd as if it said  
Something eternal to that happy shade.  
Here, at her drink, you startled the slim deer  
Retreating lightly, with a lovely fear ;  
And all above, the birds kept leafy house,  
And sung and sparkled in and out the boughs.  
The ground within was lawn, with plots of flowers  
Heap'd toward the centre, and with citron bowers ;  
And in the midst of all, cluster'd about  
With bay and myrtle, and just gleaming out,  
Lurk'd a pavilion, a delicious sight,  
Small, marble, well-proportion'd, mellowy white :  
With yellow vine-leaves sprinkled, but no more,  
And a young orange either side the door.  
This was a temple, as its sculpture told,  
Built to the nymphs that haunted there of old :  
For o'er the door was carved a sacrifice  
(By girls and shepherds brought, with reverend  
eyes,)  
Of sylvan drinks and food, simple and sweet,  
And goats with struggling horns and planted feet.

And by the stream were seen the nymphs themselves,  
 Some by the fountain's side on bowery shelves,  
 Leaning at will ;—some 'mid the water sporting,  
 With languid looks the wind's cool pinions court-  
 ing ;—

Some in a flowery dell, hearing a swain  
 Play on his pipe, till the hills rang again ;—  
 Some tying up their long moist hair, some sleeping  
 Under the trees, with fauns and satyrs peeping ;  
 While their forgotten urns, lying about  
 In the green herbage, let the water out.



#### INSCRIPTION NEAR A FOUNTAIN.

STRANGER ! beneath this rock thy limbs bestow,  
 Sweet 'mid the green leaves breezes whisper here.  
 Drink the cool wave while noontide fervours glow—  
 For such the rest to wearied pilgrims dear.



#### PERSEUS WITH THE HEAD OF MEDUSA.

Perseus, the son of Jupiter, assisted by Hermes and Minerva, conquered the Gorgon monster, Medusa, and fixed her head upon Minerva's shield.

WHERE western waves on farthest Libya beat,  
 Scorch'd by the setting sun's descending heat,  
 Dreadful Medusa fix'd her horrid seat. }  
 No leafy shade with kind protection shields  
 The barren plains and unfrequented fields :

No mark of shepherds, or the ploughman's toil,  
 To tend the flocks, or turn the mellow soil.  
 But rude with rocks, the region all around,  
 Its mistress, and her baleful influence, own'd.

Fell snakes in folds upon her temples hung,  
 Some backward to her waist depended long :  
 Some with their rising crests her forehead deck'd,  
 Some wanton play, and lash her swelling neck,  
 Curl round her waist, or clasp her bosom's zone,  
 While poisons breathe around, and clouds of livid  
 foam.

None who beheld the fury could complain,  
 So swift their fate, preventing death and pain :  
 Ere they had time to fear, the change came on,  
 And motion, sense, and life were lost in stone.

To seek this monster, and her fate to prove,  
 Perseus, the son of Danaë and of Jove,  
 Attempts a flight through airy ways above. }  
 The youthful hero Hermes' aid implored ;  
 The God assisted with his wings and sword :  
 And martial Pallas lent a sister's aid,  
 But ask'd for recompense, Medusa's head.

Deep slumbers had the drowsy fiend possest,  
 Such as drew on, and well might seem her last :  
 And yet she slept not whole :—one-half her snakes,  
 Watchful to guard their horrid mistress, wakes.  
 The rest dishevell'd, loosely round her head,  
 And o'er her drowsy eyes and face were spread.  
 Backward the youth drew near, nor dares to look,  
 But blindly, at a venture, aims a stroke ;

His faltering hand the martial goddess guides,  
And from the monster's neck her snaky head divides.  
But, O! what art, what numbers can express  
The terrors of the dying Gorgon's face!  
What clouds of poison from her lips arise,  
What death, what horror, threaten'd in her eyes!  
Seizing his prey, heavenwards uplifted, light,  
On Hermes' wings the victor took his flight.  
Where'er sublime in air the hero flew,  
The monster's head distill'd a deadly dew.  
Where'er the putrid gore dropp'd on the sand,  
Fell famine, plague, and sickness mark'd the land.



\*TO A STATUE OF THE INFANT CUPID  
SLEEPING.

—I PIERCED the grove, and in its deepest gloom  
Beheld sweet Love, of heavenly form and bloom;  
Nor bow, nor quiver at his back were slung,  
But harmless, on the neighbouring branches hung;  
On rosebuds pillow'd lay the little child  
In glowing slumbers pleased, and sleeping smiled,  
While all around, the bees delighted sip  
The fragrance of his smooth and balmy lip.

• From the Greek Anthology.



## THE SIREN.

—'MID the sunset's purple gloom,  
 Waving bright her golden comb,  
 The Siren sits on diamond rocks  
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks :  
 And there the sea-nymphs nightly dance  
 Upon the streams with wily glance,  
 Listening, they heave their rosy heads  
 From their coral-paven beds,  
 And bridle in the headlong waves,  
 Which beat o'er ocean's pearly caves,  
 Resting on silver-slipper'd feet,  
 Till they have heard her song so sweet.

## ANACREON'S SONG.

Anacreon, the joyous poet of the Greeks, celebrated the charms of love and wine. He lived through a cheerful old age, and died choked by a grape-stone.

FILL the bowl with rosy wine,  
 Round our temples roses twine ;  
 And let us cheerfully awhile,  
 Like the wine and roses, smile.  
 Crown'd with roses, we contemn  
 Power's sparkling diadem :  
 To-day is ours, what do we fear ?  
 To-day is ours, we have it here.  
 Let's treat it kindly, that it may  
 Wish at least, with us to stay.  
 Let's banish business, banish sorrow,  
 To the Gods belongs to-morrow.

## ANACREON'S BOWER.

UNDERNEATH this myrtle shade,  
On flowery beds supinely laid,  
With odorous oil my head o'erflowing,  
And around me roses growing,  
What should I do, but drink away  
The heat and troubles of the day?  
In this more than kingly state,  
Love himself on me shall wait.  
Fill to me, Love! nay, fill it up,  
And mingled cast into the cup  
Wit and mirth, and noble fires,  
Vigorous health and gay desires.  
Why do we precious ointments shower,  
Nobler wines why do we pour,  
Beauteous flowers why do we spread  
O'er the reliques of the dead?  
Nothing they but dust can show,  
Or bones that hasten to be so.  
Crown me with flowers while I live,  
Now your wines and perfumes give:  
After death I nothing crave,  
Let me, alive, my pleasures have.

## ANACREON IN HIS OLD AGE.

OFT am I by my neighbours told,  
 " Poor Anacreon ! thou growest old :  
 Look how thy hairs are falling all ;—  
 Poor Anacreon ! how they fall !"  
 —Whether I grow old or no,  
 By the effects I do not know ;  
 But this I know without being told,  
 'Tis time to live, if I grow old.



## ANACREONTIC SONG.

## YESTERDAY.

SAY, ye studious, grave and old,  
 Tell me all ye fair and gay,  
 Tell me where I may behold  
 The fleeting forms of yesterday ?

Where's autumnal plenty sped ?  
 Winter ! where's thy boisterous sway ?  
 Where's the vernal flowret fled ?  
 Summer ! where's thy yesterday ?

Jocund sprites of social joy  
 Round our smiling goblet play,  
 Flit, ye powers of rude annoy,  
 Like the ghost of yesterday.

Odorous sweets, and sparkling wine,  
 Hither, boy! with speed convey,  
 Jasmine wreaths with roses twine,  
 Ere they fade like yesterday.

Brim the bowl and pass it round,  
 Lightly tune the sportive lay;  
 Let the festal night be crown'd  
 Ere 'tis lost, like yesterday.

Since to us impartial Heaven  
 Grants no long extended stay,  
 Be this hour to wisdom given,  
 Ere 'tis past, like yesterday.



### ANACREON'S DOVE.

LOVELY courier of the sky,  
 Whence and whither dost thou fly?  
 Scattering, as thy pinions play,  
 Liquid fragrance all the way.  
 Is it business? is it love?  
 Tell me, tell me, gentle Dove?  
 "Soft Anacreon's vows I bear,  
 Vows to Myrtale the fair:  
 Venus, courted by an ode,  
 On the bard her love bestow'd;  
 Vested with a master's right,  
 Now Anacreon guides my flight;

*Myth.*

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His the letters which you see,  
Weighty charge, consign'd to me ;  
Yet think not my service hard,  
Joyless task without reward.  
Smiling at my master's gates,  
Freedom my return awaits :  
But the liberal grant in vain  
Tempts me to be wild again :  
Can a prudent Dove decline  
Blissful bondage such as mine ?  
Over hills and fields to roam,  
Fortune's guest without a home ;  
Under leaves to hide my head,  
Slightly shelter'd, coarsely fed,  
Now my better lot bestows  
Sweet repast, and soft repose ;  
Now the gen'rous bowl I sip,  
As it leaves Anacreon's lip ;  
Void of care, and free from dread,  
From his fingers snatch his bread ;  
Then, with luscious plenty gay,  
Round his chamber dance and play ;  
Or from wine as courage springs,  
O'er his face expand my wings ;  
And when feast and frolic tire,  
Drop asleep upon his lyre.  
——This is all—be quick and go,  
More than all thou canst not know  
Let me now my pinions ply,  
I have chatter'd like a pye."

## CUPID

LAMENTING THE DEATH OF ANACREON, WHO WAS  
CHOKED BY A GRAPE-STONE.

How shall I lament thy end,  
My best servant, and my friend ?  
All thy verse was softer far  
Than the downy feathers are,  
Of my wings, or of my arrows,  
Of my mother's doves or sparrows :  
Graceful, perfect, smooth and round,  
All with Venus' girdle bound ;  
And thy life was all the while  
Kind and gentle as thy style.  
The smooth-paced hours of every day  
Glided num'rously away ;  
Like thy verse, each hour did pass,  
Sweet and short, like that it was.

Till my Anacreon by thee fell,  
Cruel vine ! I loved thee well ;  
And 'twas oft my wanton use,  
To dip my arrows in thy juice.  
Fatal plant ! 'tis true I see  
The old report that goes of thee,  
That with giants' blood the earth  
(Stain'd and poison'd) gave thee birth ;  
And now thou wreak'st thy ancient spite  
On men in whom the Gods delight ;  
And in death's hand the grape-stone proves  
As strong as thunder is in Jove's.

## THE GRAVE OF ANACREON.

*(From the German of Goethe.)*

—WHOSE yon grave where rose and myrtle,  
Bays and ivy, blossom round ;  
Where the glossy laurel towers,  
By the vine's rich clusters bound ?

There at eve the redbreast warbles,  
There the ringdove loves to mourn ;  
There the grasshopper's gay carol  
Earliest greets the spring's return.

—“ Low beneath yon hill of fragrance,  
Loved and mourn'd ! Anacreon lies :—  
Sweet the flowers that deck his pillow,  
Soft the sleep that seals his eyes.

Summer's, spring's, and autumn's treasures,  
Each the laughing poet crown'd ;  
Shelter from stern winter's rigour,  
In this calm retreat he found.”

## PAN,

## THE GOD OF SHEPHERDS,

The chief of all the rural deities:—he was the son of Jupiter and Calisto: he is represented under the form of a Satyr, half man and half goat, holding in his hand the rural pipe invented by him, and called after his favourite nymph, Syrinx: he loved the nymph Echo, who, because he was so ugly, preferred Narcissus to him.

## THE ARCADIAN\* SHEPHERD'S HYMN TO PAN.

—O PAN! the Shepherd's kind protecting God,  
 Leave, for our rural shades, thy loved abode:  
 And if Arcadian fleeces be thy care,  
 From fields and mountains to our woods repair:  
 To wound the flying deer, and from their cotes  
 With me to drive afield the browsing goats,  
 To pipe and sing, and by thy joyous strains  
 To win the praises of our rustic swains.  
 Accept the gifts which heap thy turf-built shrine,  
 Honey, and fruits, and milk, the shepherd's wine.  
 In beechen bowls the fragrant beverage flows,  
 The temperate feast no swift regret bestows.  
 —Pan taught to join with wax unequal reeds:  
 Pan loves the shepherds, and their flocks he feeds.

\* Arcadia, a beautiful country of Peloponnesus, celebrated for its excellent pastures.



## THE SACRIFICE TO PAN.

At the dawn of morning, Alexis came forth from the hut, and found Chloe, his younger sister, employed in weaving garlands of flowers: dew glittered on their leaves, and with the dew-drops were mingled the tears of the little Chloe.

ALEXIS.—Dearest sister! for whom are these garlands? wherefore dost thou weep?

CHLOE.—The tears tremble in thine eyes too, Alexis! have we not cause to weep? Did'st thou see in what sorrow my mother quitted us last night? how anxiously she folded us to her heart: and sobbed, and hid her streaming eyes?

ALEXIS.—O! I saw it all!—my father—my poor father, must be worse than ever!

CHLOE.—O brother! brother!—if he should die! How tenderly he loved us: how good he is to us, when we do what he bids us, and what is pleasing to the Gods.

ALEXIS.—How melancholy is every thing around us, dear sister!—my little favourite lamb caresses me in vain, I almost forget to feed him. In vain my dove flutters upon my shoulder, and pecks my lips and cheek with his little bill: nothing can give me pleasure:—my poor father!

CHLOE.—It is only five days, Alexis, since we were both sitting on his lap.

ALEXIS.—Yes,—and suddenly he grew pale, and set us down. I can hold you no longer, my children, he said, I am ill, very ill : and he walked feebly to his bed, and sunk upon it, and from that time he has been growing worse every day.

CHLOE.—Hear, brother, what I intend : I rose and went out to gather flowers to make these garlands—and I am going to offer them to the image of our God Pan : thou knowest my mother told us the Gods are merciful. I will go and pray to him for my father : I will lay these garlands at his feet.—And see ! here in this cage ;—what I love best in the world, my little bird ; I will sacrifice it to him.

ALEXIS.—My dear sister ! I will go with you : wait only a moment for me ; I will take a basket full of our finest fruit, and my dove, I will carry it too as a sacrifice.

He ran, and soon returned : hand in hand they approached the image of Pan : it stood on a hill at a little distance, under the thick shade of some fig-trees. They knelt before it, and thus addressed the God :—

**ALEXIS.**—Pan! thou benevolent protector of our flocks, hear our supplications!—We are the children of the sick shepherd Menalcas: listen to our prayer.

**CHLOE.**—Hear us, benevolent Pan! and accept our little sacrifice:—all that children like us can offer. I lay these fragrant garlands at thy feet; if I could reach, I would entwine them round thy shoulders and temples: hear us, merciful Pan! restore our father! restore him to his weeping children!

**ALEXIS.**—I offer this fruit to thee, the fairest that I have: accept it graciously: I would have sacrificed the best goat of my flock, but he is too strong for my weak hand: when I am bigger I will sacrifice two every year to thee, if thou wilt but restore our good dear father to health.

**CHLOE.**—This bird will I sacrifice to thee. I love it best of any thing I possess:—look! it feeds out of my hand, poor thing!—but I will sacrifice it to thee, merciful Pan!

**ALEXIS.**—And I will lay this dove upon thy altar; see it flies round me, and caresses me: yet I will sacrifice it to thee, O Pan! if thou wilt but restore our father to us: hear, oh, hear our supplications.

The children now with trembling hands and averted eyes seized their victims: but a kind voice exclaimed

—“Destroy not your treasures, sweet children! the Gods listen graciously to the prayers of innocence: your father is restored.”

—And Menalcas was healed: delighted with the affection of his children, he went to offer sacrifices to Pan; and, full of years and of blessings, he survived to behold his children's children.



## GANYMEDE,

### A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH OF PHRYGIA,

While hunting, was seized by Jupiter's Eagle, and carried up into Olympus, where he became the Cupbearer of the Gods.

SWIFT from the chase Jove's towering eagle bears,  
 On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars:  
 Still as he rises in the ethereal height,  
 His native mountains lessen to his sight.  
 While all his sad companions upward gaze,  
 Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze.  
 His favourite hound entranced his master views,  
 With timid howl and anxious eye pursues:  
 The rest, low cowering, frighten'd as he flies,  
 Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.



## THE GLADIATOR,

## DYING IN THE ARENA, OR CIRCUS.

The Gladiators were usually prisoners taken by the Romans from among the barbarous nations, and selected and trained, on account of their extraordinary strength or ferocity, to appear in the murderous contests of the arena, for which the Romans, in spite of their refinement, evinced a cruel partiality. These exhibitions, a disgrace to the polished nation which encouraged them, almost always terminated fatally to the combatants employed.

—SEE, prone on earth the Gladiator lie !  
He leans upon his hand,—his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony ;  
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—  
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow  
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
Like the first of a thunder-shower ;—and now  
The arena swims around him : he is gone  
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch  
who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not,—his eyes  
Were with his heart, and that was far away ;  
He reck'd not of the life he lost, or prize,  
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,  
There were his young barbarians all at play,  
There was their Dacian mother ;—he, their sire,  
Butchered to make a Roman holiday :  
All this rush'd with his blood.—Shall he expire ?  
And unavenged ?—Arise ! ye Goths, and glut your ire !

## FEASTS AND HOSPITALITY OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS AND ROMANS.

The king Adrastus invites his friends to a banquet, and to be present at a sacrifice to Apollo. The guests, instead of being seated, always reclined on separate couches round the banquet table.

THE chiefs arrived, the king with joy survey'd,  
Then to his inner courts the guests convey'd,  
Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise,  
And dust, yet white, upon each altar lies ;  
The relics of a former sacrifice. }

The king once more the solemn rites requires,  
And bids renew the feasts and wake the fires.  
His train obey, while all the courts around,  
With noisy care, and various tumult sound.  
Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds ;  
This slave the floor, and that the table spreads :  
A third dispels the darkness of the night,  
And fills depending lamps with beams of light.  
Here loaves in canisters are piled on high,  
And there in flames the slaughter'd victims lie.  
Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,  
Stretch'd on rich carpets on his ivory throne :  
A lofty couch receives each princely guest ;  
Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.  
The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign  
To fill the goblets high with sparkling wine,  
Such as were used in sacred rites of old,  
With sculpture graced, and rough with rising gold.  
These shining bowls with generous juice are crown'd,  
The first libation \* sprinkled on the ground,

\* A sacrifice of wine or oil.

By turns on each celestial power they call :  
 Apollo's name sounds through the marble hall :  
 The courtly train, the strangers and the rest,  
 Are crown'd with laurel, and with garlands dress'd :  
 While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,  
 And calm around them rise the hymns of praise.



### HERO AND LEANDER.

Hero was the Priestess of Venus' Temple at Sestos. Leander loved her so well that he swam across the Hellespont, from the opposite shore of Abydos, to see her in the night.

LONG on the sea-girt tower fair Hero stood  
 At parting day, and mark'd the dashing flood ;  
 While high in air, the glimmering rocks above,  
 Shone the bright lamp, the pilot-star of love.  
 With robe outspread the wavering flame behind,  
 She kneels, and guards it from the shifting wind—  
 Breathes to her Goddess all her vows, and guides  
 Her bold Leander o'er the dusky tides ;—  
 In vain her eyes the passing floods explore,  
 Wave after wave rolls freightless to the shore.  
 —Now dim amid the distant foam she spies  
 A rising speck ;—" tis he ! tis he !" —she cries.  
 With eager step the foaming surf she braves,  
 (Loose o'er the flood her azure mantle waves),  
 Wrings his wet hair, his briny bosom warms,  
 And clasps her panting lover in her arms.  
 Alas ! unconscious of the fatal hour,  
 When all in vain he eyed the lighted tower,  
 Breasted with struggling arms the tossing wave,  
 And sunk exhausted in the watery grave.

## THE SHEPHERD ACIS' INVITATION TO THE SEA NYMPH, GALATEA.

**COME**, Galatea! leave the rolling seas ;  
 Can rugged rocks and heaving surges please ?  
 Come, taste the pleasures of our sylvan bowers,  
 Our balmy-breathing gales and fragrant flowers :  
 See! how our plains rejoice on every side,  
 How crystal streams through blooming valleys glide ;  
 O'er the cool grot the whitening poplars bend,  
 And clasping vines their grateful umbrage lend.  
 Come, beauteous nymph! forsake the briny wave,—  
 Loud on the beach let the wild billows rave.



## THE SEA NYMPH GALATEA

**RELATES THE DEATH OF ACIS, WHOM SHE LOVED, WHO  
 WAS KILLED BY THE GIANT CYCLOPS POLYPHEME.**

HIGH on a rock 'gainst which the wild wave beat,  
 The giant Cyclops chose his lonely seat.  
 A hundred reeds of a prodigious growth  
 Scarce made a pipe for his capacious mouth,  
 Which when he gave it breath, the rocks around  
 And watery plains the dreadful noise resound.  
 I heard the ruffian giant rudely blow,  
 As with my Acis blest I sate below.  
 A hollow cave our close retreat we made,  
 Which safe conceal'd us in its ample shade :

M



And thus he sung,—“ O Galatea fair!  
More white than snow, more sweet than lilies are,  
More playful than a kid, more smooth thy skin  
Than fairest shells which on these shores are seen,  
Come to my palace in the rock, 'tis made  
By nature's hand, a spacious pleasing shade;  
My garden fill'd with fruits you may behold,  
And grapes in clusters imitating gold.  
Some blushing bunches of a purple hue,  
And these and those are all reserved for you.  
Red strawberries in shades expecting stand,  
Proud to be gather'd by so fair a hand.  
Nor chesnuts shall be wanting to your food,  
Nor garden fruits, nor apples of the wood.  
The laden boughs for you alone shall bear,  
And yours shall be the produce of the year.

“ The flocks you see are all my own, beside  
The rest that woods and winding valleys hide;  
New milk, in nut-brown bowls, shall be your fare,  
And dainty cheese which we from cream prepare.  
All sorts of venison, and of birds the best,—  
A pair of turtles taken from the nest.  
I walked the mountains, and two fauns I found,  
Whose mother left them on the naked ground;  
So like, that no distinction could be seen;  
So pretty, they are presents for a queen.  
And so they shall;—I took them both away,  
And keep to be companions of your play.”

Thus far unseen I heard, when, fatal chance!  
His looks directing with a sudden glance,

Acis and I were to his sight betray'd,  
Where nought suspecting we securely stay'd.  
From his wide mouth a bellowing cry he cast :  
" I see, I see, but this shall be your last."  
Affrighted with his monstrous voice, I fled,  
And in the neighbouring ocean plunged my head,  
Poor Acis follow'd me, and " help !" he cried,  
" Help, Galatea ! help, my parent Gods,  
And take me dying to your deep abodes."  
The Cyclops followed ; but he sent before  
A monstrous stone, which from the rock he tore ;  
Crush'd by the weight and whelm'd beneath the  
stone,  
The mighty fragment was enough alone  
To kill my Acis ; 'twas too late to save,  
But what the Fates allow'd to give, I gave.  
Changed to a stream, he rolls along the plains  
With rapid motion, and his name retains.

## ACHILLES,

STANDING BY THE FUNERAL PILE OF HIS FRIEND  
PATROCLUS,

After all the other honours had been paid to the dead, invokes the winds to kindle the blaze of it: Iris, Goddess of the Rainbow, and the messenger of the Gods, hastens to call the Zephyrs from their airy halls.

THE sun had set, but yet a lingering beam  
Bade o'er the pile a parting radiance gleam,  
Show'd every mournful face with tears o'erspread,  
And glared on the pale features of the dead:  
Not yet the bier where loved Patroclus lies,  
Smokes, not as yet the sullen flames arise:  
But fast beside Achilles stood in prayer,  
Invoked the Gods whose spirit moved the air,  
And victims promised, and libations \* cast,  
To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blast:  
He call'd the aerial powers along the skies  
To breathe, and whisper to the fires to rise.  
The winged Iris hears the hero's call,  
And instant hasten'd to their airy hall,  
Where in old Zephyr's open courts on high  
Sat all the blustering brethren of the sky.  
Sudden confest, the various-colour'd maid,  
Flashing in light, her golden wings display'd,  
She shone among them with her painted bow,  
The rocky pavement glitter'd with the show;  
All from the banquet rise, and each invites  
The radiant goddess to partake their rites.

\* Sacrifices of wine or oil.

“Not so,” the dame replied, “I haste to go  
To sacred Ocean and the floods below :  
’Tis great Achilles, who with sacrifice  
Invokes your headlong winds and gales to rise ;  
Let on Patroclus’ pile your blasts be driven,  
And bear the blazing honours high to heaven.”

Swift at the word she vanish’d from their view,  
Swift at the word the winds tumultuous flew,  
Forth burst the stormy band with thundering roar,  
And heaps on heaps the clouds are toss’d before.  
To the wide main then stooping from the skies,  
The heaving deeps in watery mountains rise :  
Troy feels the blast along her shaking walls,  
Till on the pile the gather’d tempest falls :  
The structure crackles in the roaring fires,  
And all the night the plenteous flame aspires ;  
All night Achilles hails Patroclus’ soul,  
And pours libations from the golden bowl.  
As a poor father, helpless and undone,  
Mourns o’er the ashes of an only son,  
Takes a sad pleasure the last bones to burn,  
And pours in tears, ere yet they close the urn,  
So staid Achilles, circling round the shore,  
So watch’d the flames, till now they flame no more.

’Twas then, emerging from the shades of night,  
The morning planet told the approach of light,  
And, fast behind, Aurora’s warmer ray  
O’er the broad ocean pour’d the golden day :

Then sunk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,  
 And to their caves the whistling winds return'd ;  
 Across the Thracian seas their course they bore ;  
 The ruffled seas beneath their passage roar.

—Then parting from the pile, he ceased to weep,  
 And sunk exhausted in the arms of sleep.



### ECHO.

The nymph Echo loved the beautiful shepherd Narcissus,—but, being despised and neglected by him, she hid herself amid the rocks and caverns, where she pined away and was changed into a voice.

### INVOCATION TO ECHO.

A lady enquiring after her two brothers, who have wandered away from her in the moonlight.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen,  
 Within thy airy shell,

By slow Meander's \* margent green,  
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,

Where the love-lorn nightingale  
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well ;

Can'st thou not tell me of a gentle pair,  
 That likest thy Narcissus are ?

Oh ! if thou have  
 Hid them in some flowery cave,  
 Tell me but where ?

Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere,  
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,  
 And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

\* A River in Asia Minor.

## CASTOR AND POLLUX,

TWIN-BROTHERS, THE SONS OF JUPITER AND LEDA.

They are often represented on horseback. They loved each other so tenderly that they were never seen asunder: they were changed into Stars after their death, and placed in the Zodiac by the name of Gemini, or the Twins, one of the twelve signs.

Now Leda's sons, the future stars appear :  
White were their garments, white their horses were :  
Confederate still, and both in act to throw  
Their trembling lances brandish'd at the foe.  
For youthful grace distinguish'd 'mid the train,  
Still close abreast their fiery steeds they rein :  
Twin-brothers they, the same their native shore,  
One house contain'd them, and one mother bore ;  
Together thus they brave the battle's rage,  
Together still the sylvan war they wage ;  
For love has bound them in its golden chain,  
And bright through life the sacred links remain ;  
Placed 'mid the skies, the twin-stars mildly glow,  
Emblem of blest fraternal love below ;  
The weary sailor hails the cheering ray  
Which guides his storm-toss'd barque safe to the  
sheltering bay.

## THE MARINER'S HYMN TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.

WHEN winter dips his pinion in the seas,  
 And sailors shudder as the chilling gale  
 Makes its wild music through the Cyclades\* ;  
 What eyes are fixed upon the cloudy veil,  
 Twin warriors! to behold your sapphire mail,  
 Shooting its splendours through the rifted sky!  
 What joyous hymns your stars of beauty hail!  
 For then the tempests to their caverns fly,  
 And on the pebbled shore the yellow surges die.



## THE PRIESTESS OF APOLLO

### DELIVERING THE ORACLE AT DELPHI.

In the temples of Apollo at Delphi and at Delos, the oracles or mystic answers to the enquiries of his worshippers, were delivered by a priestess, who seemed while she uttered them to be under the influence of delirium or intoxication: she was supposed at such times to be endowed with the power of divination or prophecy.

WHILE duteous priests the gorgeous shrine surround,  
 Cinctured with ephods, and with garlands crown'd ;  
 Contending hosts and trembling nations wait  
 The firm, immutable decrees of Fate.  
 Through the deep twilight of her sacred groves,  
 With frantic step the Pythian priestess moves:  
 Full of the God her labouring bosom sighs,  
 Foam on her lips and fury in her eyes.

\* Islands of the Ægean Sea.

Strong writhe her limbs : her wild dishevell'd hair  
Starts from her laurel-wreath, and swims in air.  
—She speaks in thunder from her golden throne  
With words unwill'd,—and wisdom not her own.

The oracle has spoken!—senseless, prone,  
Faint sinks the priestess on the altar stone.  
O'er her flush'd cheek her snowy veil she throws,  
And shrouds with trembling hands her throbbing  
brows.

Her bosom heaves with soft relieving sighs,  
And woman's healing tears returning fill her eyes.



## ARION,

THE MUSICIAN, RIDING ON A DOLPHIN, ACCOMPANIES  
THE TRAIN OF NEPTUNE AND AMPHITRITE.

Arion being in a ship, the sailors were about to kill him for the sake of his money :—he entreated before he died to play a tune upon his lute ; at the sound of which sweet music the dolphins flocked round the vessel ;—he threw himself upon the back of one of them, and was carried safe to shore.

FIRST came great Neptune with his three-fork'd mace,  
That rules the seas, and makes them rise or fall ;  
His dewy locks did drop with brine apace  
Under his diadem imperial :  
And by his side his queen with coronal,  
Fair Amphitrite, most divinely fair ;  
Whose ivory shoulders were encover'd all  
As with a robe, with her own silver hair,  
And deck'd with pearls which the Indian seas for her  
prepare.



—Then was there heard a most celestial sound  
 Of dainty music which did next ensue,  
 And on the floating waters as enthroned,  
 Arion with his harp unto him drew  
 The ears and hearts of all that goodly crew ;  
 Even when as yet the dolphin which him bore  
 Through the Ægean seas from pirates' view  
 Stood still, by him astonish'd at his lore,  
 And all the raging seas for joy forgot to roar.



### THE ORIGIN OF DRAWING OR DESIGN.

A maid of Corinth, observing the shadow of her lover, Palemon, on the wall, while he slept, determined to copy it.—A beautiful picture represents her sketching it, while a Cupid guides her hand.

A lamp's pale ray that round my chamber play'd,  
 My listless thoughts to wander still inclined ;  
 When on the wall I saw thy form portray'd,  
 And well to note it bent my anxious mind.

For each resemblance of the youth we love,  
 However faint, may soft delight impart,  
 Nay, even his shadow may sufficient prove  
 To soothe the languor of a sorrowing heart.

The sweet illusion all my mind employs ;  
 Stay, fleeting image ! beauteous outline, stay !  
 Of lonely absence cheer the joyless hours,  
 And speed the flight of sorrow's lingering day.

Inspired by love, my purpose I obtain ;  
He guides my hand to trace the pleasing line ;  
And, though imperfect is the sketch I gain,  
My doating fancy blesses the design.

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## THE TWO FAUNS ;

OR, THE FESTIVAL OF BACCHUS.

“ No !—no happy hour shall ever return for me !” said the Faun, as at break of day he staggered forth from his cave.—“ Since I have lost that fairest of nymphs, I hate the sight of the sun : till I find her again, no ivy wreath shall entwine my horns ; no flowers shall bloom round my cave ; my hoofs shall crush them in their bud : I will throw away my flute, and break my wine-cup to pieces.”

He was trampling wildly on the flowers, and on the fragments of the goblet, when another Faun passed by, carrying a skin of wine on his shoulders.—“ Art thou mad ?” said he, laughing, “ on this day, this joyful day, the feast of Bacchus !—wind quickly an ivy wreath round thy horns, and come with me to the feast, on this best, this happiest day of the year.”

“ No !—no happy day shall ever return for me !” said the Faun : “ oh, fatal hour ! in which the nymph fled from me : I swear, till I find her again, no ivy wreath shall entwine my horns.”

“And is it for the sake of a coy nymph alone,” said the other Faun, laughing, “that thou art suffering all this vexation?—I swear to thee, Faun, that I had rather never see a nymph again than that any one should detain me an hour to-day from this joyous feast. Be not mortified, my brother, thou art young and comely: thy dark brown face is handsome, and bright are thy large black eyes: thy hair curls fairly round thy crooked horns, which stand up amidst thy locks like two young oaks in a thicket. Let me crown thee, Faun!—here is a beautiful spray of ivy: let me crown thee. I hear already at a distance the wild uproar of the Bacchanals: thyrsis striking against thyrsis, and goblets clashing, and flutes sounding. Bend thy head: let me crown thee: every moment the tumult approaches nearer: thou may’st see them now, coming out from behind the hill.—See! how proudly the majestic tigers draw the chariot: O, Bacchus! Look at the Fauns and Nymphs how they dance around him: what a joyful tumult! O Evan Evoe!—Thou art crowned: haste, lift the wine-skin again on my shoulders: O Evan Evoe!”

## NIOBE

## CHANGED INTO A ROCK.

Niobe was the mother of seven sons and seven daughters, and was so proud of the consequence that she derived from their beauty and their excellence, that she refused to offer sacrifices to Latona, to whom these honours had been decreed by Jupiter, because she was the mother of Apollo and Diana. Latona complained to her children of this affront, and these cruel deities avenged it by putting the children of Niobe to death. Apollo killed the sons with his arrows: Diana destroyed the daughters with her shafts. Niobe was so struck with grief and horror that she was changed into stone.

—HER sons are dead: all weeping, trembling, sad,  
Her daughters stood in vests of sable clad:  
When one surprised, and stung with sudden smart,  
Feels a keen shaft transfix her throbbing heart.  
Meekly to death the maid her youth resigns,  
And o'er her brother's corse her dying head reclines.  
This, to assuage her mother's anguish tries,  
And, silenced in the pious action, dies.  
Shot by a secret arrow, wing'd with death,  
Her faltering lips could only gasp for breath:  
One, on her dying sister breathes her last:  
Vainly in flight another's hopes are placed:  
This, hid in caves, a transient shelter seeks;  
That, trembling stands, and fills the air with shrieks:  
All, all in vain;—for now all six had found  
Their way to death, each by a different wound.

N

—The last with eager care the mother veil'd  
 Behind her spreading mantle close conceal'd,  
 And by her body guarded, as a shield.

—“Only for this, this youngest! I implore:  
 Spare her, ye cruel Gods! I ask no more;  
 Oh, grant me this!” she passionately cried,

—But, while she spoke, the destined virgin died.

Widow'd and childless, lamentable state!  
 A living corse among the dead she sate,  
 Harden'd with woes, a statue of despair,  
 No breath of zephyr waved her stiffening hair:  
 Her cheek all pale,—her glorious beauty fled,  
 Dim were her eyes, and lowly droop'd her head:  
 No more the life-blood warms her purple veins,  
 Or the faint heart its throbbing power retains.  
 Her feet their usual offices refuse,  
 Her arms and neck their graceful gestures lose:  
 Yet still she weeps:—and, whirl'd by stormy winds,  
 Borne through the air her native country finds;  
 There fix'd, she stands upon a bleaky hill,  
 And down her marble cheeks eternal tears distil.



INVOCATION TO THE RIVER NYMPH,  
SABRINA.

SABRINA fair !  
Listen where thou art sitting  
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,  
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair  
In twisted braids of lilies knitting.  
Goddess of the silver lake !  
Listen, for dear honour's sake,  
Listen, and save !

*Sabrina rises, attended by water nymphs, and sings.*

By the rushy fringed bank  
Where grow the willow and the osier dank,  
My sliding chariot stays :  
Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen  
Of turquoise blue and emerald green,  
That in the channel strays.  
Whilst from off the waters fleet  
Thus I set my printless feet  
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,  
That betids not as I tread,  
Gentle swain ! at thy request,  
I am here :  
But I must haste ere morning hour  
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

## SABRINA

GRANTS THE REQUEST OF THE SHEPHERD :

HIS GRATITUDE.

MAY thy brimm'd waves for this  
Their full tribute never miss  
From a thousand petty rills,  
That tumble down the snowy hills;  
Summer's drouth, nor singed air,  
Ever scorch thy tresses fair;  
Nor wet October's torrent flood  
Thy molten crystal fill with mud.  
May thy billows roll ashore  
The beryl, and the golden ore;  
May thy lofty head be crown'd  
With many a tower and terrace round;  
And here and there, thy banks upon  
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

## THE PARCÆ, OR FATES,

### THE THREE ANCIENT SISTERS, CLOTHO, LACHESIS, AND ATROPOS.

The daughters of Jove: they were employed in spinning the thread on which depended the lives or destinies of mortals.—They were represented crowned with stars. Atropos was wrapped in a black mantle, and held the fatal shears ready to cut the thread of life.

THE Fatal Sisters to whose work we owe  
Our share of pain or happiness below:  
This honour they received from Jove, the wise,  
The mighty sire, and ruler of the skies.

Near Jove's high throne, see the dread Sisters  
stand:  
The distaff streams from Clotho's wither'd hand.  
With light and shade co-mix'd, concordant strife!  
Artful she weaves the mingled thread of life:  
Hour after hour the growing line extends,  
The cradle and the coffin bound its ends:  
While the dread Lachesis, with skilful pains,  
Twines the slight cord which fluttering life sustains;  
And Atropos lifts high the shears which sever  
That slender thread—and cuts its course for ever.



## THE ENCHANTRESS CIRCE.

Circe was a celebrated enchantress, and a very beautiful woman, who poisoned her husband, the king of the Sarmatians. She is said to have changed men into beasts, and to have drawn down the stars from heaven by her powerful incantations. She was the daughter of Apollo.

THE palace in a woody vale we found,  
High raised of stone ; a shady space around,  
Where mountain wolves and brindled lions roam,  
By magic tamed, familiar to the dome.  
With gentle blandishment our men they meet,  
And wag their tails, and fawning lick their feet.  
Now on the threshold of the dome we stood,  
And heard a voice resounding through the wood.  
Placed at her loom within the Goddess sung,  
The vaulted roofs and solid pavement rung.  
On thrones around with downy coverings graced,  
With semblance fair the unhappy men she placed.  
Milk newly press'd, the sacred flour of wheat,  
And honey fresh, and fragrant wines, the treat.  
But venom'd was the bread, and mix'd the bowl,  
With drugs of force to darken all the soul.  
Soon in the luscious feast themselves they lost,  
And drank oblivion of their native coast.  
Instant her circling wand the Goddess waves,  
To hogs transforms them, and the sty receives.  
No more was seen the human face divine,  
Hair, face, and members bristle into swine.  
Still curst with sense, their minds remain alone,  
And their own voice affrights them when they  
groan.

## THE SHRINE OF CUPID ;

OR, THE SHEPHERD DISAPPOINTED.

O Love! sweet Love! in May's first fragrant hour,  
Did I not rear this shrine with studious care,  
And, kneeling, weeping own thy sovereign power,  
And breathe to thee my warmest, fondest prayer?

Did not each rosy dawn's first beams behold me,  
With new-cull'd fragrant garlands deck thy shrine?  
With musky pinks, sweet thyme, and glowing roses,  
Bathed in the morning's dewy tears, and mine?

Did I not teach the myrtle's glossy foliage  
Gently to bend and arch into a bower?  
Bade here the rose diffuse its softest perfumes,  
And plant around each sweetest, fairest flower?

Alas! in vain;—already wild winds, raving,  
Strip the pale leaves, and sweep the flowers away;  
And Phillis coldly still beholds my passion,  
Cold and unmoved, as on the first of May.

## THE AMAZON THALESTRIS.

The Amazons were warlike women, who assumed the dress and armour of men, and like them employed themselves in martial exercises and battles. They lived separate from the other nations of Thrace, and would not allow any Men to enter their country. Their queen, Hypolita, was conquered and taken prisoner by Hercules. Thalestris and Camilla were two of the most distinguished Amazons. A beautiful ancient gem represents *The dying Amazon with her broken shield*.

THE brave Thalestris shook her plummy crest,  
 And bound in rigid mail her youthful breast,  
 Poised her long lance amid the fields of war,  
 And steer'd with graceful ease her iron car.  
 Beauteous in vain:—for her no lover wove  
 The bridal chaplet, or the wreaths of love;  
 Dearer to her the paths of fierce renown:  
 The warrior's blood-stain'd shield, the victor's  
 laurel'd crown.



## THE AMAZONS

## MARCHING WITH THEIR QUEEN TO THE BATTLE.

ROUND their bright queen, Hypolita the fair,  
 In beauty beaming from her steel-clad car,  
 Move the triumphant Amazonian train,  
 In bright array exulting o'er the plain.  
 Proudly they march, and clash their painted arms;  
 The forest echoes with their loud alarms;  
 With female shouts they shake the sounding field,  
 And fierce they poise the spear, and grasp the  
 moony shield.

## CAMILLA,

THE AMAZON QUEEN OF THE VOLSCIANS, IN THE  
BATTLE, ATTENDED BY HER DAMSELS.

She was celebrated for her swiftness in running.

—THROUGH the direful scene  
Of blood and slaughter flew the Volscian queen :  
The shafts and quiver at her side appear,  
The polish'd bow, and all Diana's war.  
Now the swift dart with matchless might she cast,  
Now with her axe she laid the battle waste ;  
Even when she flies she bends the backward bow,  
And sends the winged vengeance at the foe.  
Around in pomp her sister-warriors ride  
All bright in arms, and combat side by side ;  
Her brazen pole-axe there Tarpeia wields,  
And here fair Acca glitters o'er the fields.  
Italian virgins, her supreme delight,  
In peace her friends, her comrades in the fight.

## THE DEATH OF CAMILLA,

THE AMAZON QUEEN OF THE VOLSCIANS,

Who, anxious to seize the glittering spoils and armour of Chloerus,  
exposes herself too unguardedly in the battle.

—CHLOREUS, a glittering warrior, from afar,  
Shone in bright arms amid the crowded war :  
Magnificently gay, he proudly press'd  
A prancing steed in stately trappings drest :  
Himself in purple clad, amidst the foe  
Sent his swift arrows from a Lycean bow.  
Gold was the bow that on his shoulder sounds,  
And gold the helmet that his head surrounds :  
His robes ; with many a rustling silken fold,  
With care were gather'd, and confined in gold.  
His crimson tunic was embroider'd o'er,  
And purple buskins on his legs he wore.  
This chief she singles from the warring crew,  
And blind to danger through the squadrons flew.  
With the rich spoils to deck Diana's shrine,  
Or that herself in Trojan arms might shine :  
All, all the woman in her bosom rose,  
For this bright prize she rush'd amid the foes.  
When from his covert Aruns lifts his spear—  
Camilla's death was granted to his prayer.

—Now as his javelin sings along the skies,  
All to the Volscian princess turn their eyes :  
The fair rush'd on, regardless of the sound,  
Till in her breast she felt the fatal wound.

Deep, deep infix'd :—the pointed weapon stood  
Full in her heart, and drank the vital blood.  
Swift to her succour fly her female train,  
And in their arms their fainting queen sustain.  
Deep riveted within, the fatal dart  
Heaved in the wound, and panted in her heart.  
She sinks, she swoons! she scarcely draws her  
breath,

And all around her swim the shades of death.  
The starry splendours languish in her eyes,  
And from her cheek the rosy colour flies :  
A maid she calls, the partner of her cares,  
Her friend in peace, her sister in the wars :  
“ Acca! no more!—for mortal is my wound,  
A dizzy mist of darkness swims around.  
The victory was mine, but, oh! 'tis past.  
—This hour, this fatal moment is my last.  
Go, and my dying words to Turnus bear :  
Bid him this instant to the field repair,  
This instant from the town the foe repel,—  
And now, dear friend! a long, a last farewell !”

With that the queen expiring drops the rein,  
And from her courser sunk upon the plain.  
In thick short sobs the vital spirit flies,  
Her head declined and drooping as she dies !  
Her radiant arms bestrew the field of fight ;  
Her soul indignant sought the realms of night.

## PANDORA WITH THE CASKET.

Jupiter, to punish the presumption of Prometheus, (who, having stolen fire from heaven and transformed his statues into men, had peopled the world with them,) commanded Vulcan to make a woman, who might be the means of bringing mischief on this new creation; every one of the Gods endowed her with a gift:—Pallas gave her wisdom; Juno, majesty; Venus gave her beauty; Mercury, eloquence. Thus accomplished, Jupiter sent her down to earth with a box containing all the evils of life, and commanded her not to open it: her curiosity tempted her to raise the lid, when they all escaped, and flew round the earth to torment its inhabitants. Hope, however, remained behind to console her.

## PANDORA OPENING THE CASKET.

WHAT, empty! empty!—yet methought a wind  
 As of a thousand rushing wings blew swift  
 Across my face! Ah me! what frightful form  
 Float in the air: see! see! they horrid smile  
 And mocking point at me: speak! speak! who are  
 ye?

*A Voice from the Air—*

Thanks to her who gave us birth;  
 Eager sailing to the earth,  
 We haste to act the deeds of woe,  
 And prey on all that breathe below.

*Pandora—*

Ah me! who are ye?—wretched, wretched  
 woman!  
 Whose fatal error has undone mankind.

*The Voice—*

Bloody strife and gnawing care,  
Jealous hate and fell despair :  
Ambition with his blood-stain'd vest,  
Suspicion foul in armour drest ;  
Vengeance with her torch of fire,  
Restless pride and mad desire  
Hover o'er thee in the air :—  
We haste to act the deeds of woe  
And punish all who breathe below.

*Pandora—*

What have I done ? but hark ! a softer sound,  
In melting accents soothes my anxious breast.

*Another Voice from the Air—*

Hear ! unhappy maiden ! hear !  
Cease thy sorrow, cease thy fear,  
Though yon fell troop on mortal shore  
Haste the tide of grief to pour,  
Hope shall join the gloomy throng,  
Hope shall breathe her soothing song,  
And, bending o'er the wounded heart,  
Gently steal the poison'd dart :  
Hope shall bid the tempest cease,  
And whisper future hours of peace.



Soft the sunset on the main  
 When the storm is hush'd to rest ;  
 Sweet the sea-bird's evening strain  
 Cradled on the blue wave's breast ;

But softer yet Hope's cherub voice  
 Of power each sorrow to beguile,  
 And half seen through the starting tear,  
 Ah ! sweeter still, Hope's sunny smile.



### CUPID SLEEPING.

*(From the German of Goethe.)*

**DISTURB** him not ! he softly rests,  
 Wake not the rosy dreaming boy,  
 Rather the rescued moments seize,  
 And give to wisdom's best employ.

— So while her cradled infant sleeps  
 The mother plies her distaff nigh ;  
 Too soon the playful urchin wakes,  
 And bids her peaceful labours fly.

## LOVE SHUT OUT OF THE FLOWER GARDEN\*.

“SAL DEL HUERTO! MISERABLE!”

(*From the Spanish of Rodrigo Cotta, 1511.*)

—CLOSE the porch and bar the door!  
Onward may thy footsteps stray;  
Never more, in idle hour,  
Bend thou here thy treach'rous way!

HEART'S-EASE tremble all around  
As thy wild breath wanders by;  
ROSES, to thy bosom bound,  
Yield their latest, sweetest sigh!

Cruel boy! abjured and scorn'd,  
Here thy blushing trophies glow:  
LOVE-LIES-BLEEDING all around,—  
Speed thee, dangerous vagrant, go!

Where yon fountain sparkles clear,  
Low beneath its willowy shade,  
Nurslings of one parent born,  
LOVE-AND-IDLENESS have play'd.

\* Cupid, although a beautiful boy, and the indulged favourite of his grandfather Jupiter and his mother Venus, was sometimes accused of being rather mischievous and troublesome: perhaps it was for some such misdemeanours that he was thus punished.

Where yon wild rose flaunts her flowers,  
(Once its garlands bound my hair,)  
Changed for me those sunny hours,  
Thou thy thorns hast planted there !

Fragrant WOODBINE, all untwined,  
Wanders here forlorn and free,  
Emblem of the maiden's mind  
Who has placed her trust in thee.

How, within my calm retreat,  
Did thy truant footsteps stray ?  
Bow'd beneath thy breath's control,  
Did my steadiest fence give way ?

PASSION-FLOWERS are past and gone ;  
Still around one lonely spot,  
All her turquoise gems unchanged,  
Blooms the meek FORGET-ME-NOT.

Once beneath thy wild control  
Shone the hour or gloom'd the day ;  
Now my chasten'd bosom owns  
Wisdom's rule and reason's sway :

Leave me to my new-found peace,  
Leave me to my late repose !—  
Here at length my troubles cease,  
Here my heart forgets its woes.

Joy of purer influence born,  
 Hope of loftier aim I know,—  
 Now thy stormy power I scorn—  
 Leave me, child! thou need'st must go.

\* \* \* \*

—Art thou fled without a word?  
 Closed the porch and barr'd the door—  
 Are thy loved companions gone?  
 Fair-hair'd Youth had flown before!

Must I from each idol part,  
 To each transport bid adieu,  
 Which around my youthful heart  
 Once its blest delusions threw?

Yet, sweet Love! with tears and grief  
 I thy wings receding see;  
 Sorrow still on parting waits,—  
 Hope and joy retire with thee!

## MERCURY AND CUPID.

IN sullen humour, one day Jove  
 Sent Hermes down to Ida's grove,  
 Commanding Cupid to deliver  
 His store of darts, his total quiver,  
 That Hermes should the weapons break  
 Or throw them into Lethe's lake.

Hermes, you know, must do his errand,  
 He found his man, produced his warrant :  
 "Cupid! your darts—this very hour—  
 There's no contending against power."

"Come, kinsman," said the little god,  
 "Put off your wings, lay by your rod ;  
 Retire with me to yonder bower  
 And rest yourself for half an hour.  
 'Tis far indeed from hence to heaven,  
 And you fly fast, and 'tis but seven :  
 We'll take one cooling cup of nectar,  
 And drink to this celestial Hector.

"He, break my darts and hurt my power !  
 He, Leda's swan and Danæ's \* shower !  
 Go, bid him his wife's tongue restrain,  
 And mind his thunder and his rain :  
 My darts!—oh! certainly, I'll give them ;  
 From Chloe's eyes he shall receive them ;  
 And one, the best in all my quiver,  
 Twang! through his very heart deliver.

\* When the father of Danæ shut her up in a tower, Jupiter changed himself into a shower of gold, and in that shape made his way through the walls to her.

He then shall pine, and sigh, and rave,  
 And what a bustle we shall have !  
 Neptune must straight be sent to sea,  
 And Flora summon'd twice a day ;  
 One must find shells, the other flowers,  
 For cooling grots and fragrant bowers :  
 That Chloe may be served in state  
 The Hours must at her toilet wait,  
 While all the reasoning fools below  
 Wonder their watches go too slow.  
 Lybs \* must fly south, and Eurus \* east,  
 For jewels for her hair and breast ;  
 No matter, though their cruel haste  
 Sink cities, and lay forests waste ;  
 No matter, though this fleet be lost,  
 Or that lie wind-bound on the coast :  
 What whispering in my mother's ear !  
 What care that Juno should not hear !  
 What work among you scholar gods !  
 Phœbus must write him amorous odes,  
 And thou, poor cousin ! must compose  
 His letters in submissive prose :  
 While haughty Chloe, to sustain  
 The honours of my mystic reign,  
 Shall all his gifts and vows disdain,  
 And laugh at your old sovereign's pain."

"Dear coz !" says Hermes in a fright,  
 "Pray keep your dangerous darts :—good  
 night !"

\* The south and east winds.

## LAOCOON AND HIS SONS

## STRANGLER BY SERPENTS.

Laocoon was the son of Priam, king of Troy, and high priest of Apollo.—When Minerva, who hated the Trojans, persuaded them to admit into their city the famous wooden horse, full of armed Grecians, he found out the treachery by striking the enormous machine with a spear, and endeavoured to save his country.—Minerva, enraged with him for attempting to defeat her purpose, sent two serpents out of the sea, who destroyed him and his two sons.

WHEN by Scamander's stream Laocoon stood,  
Where Troy's proud turrets glitter'd in the flood,  
Raised high his hand, and with prophetic call  
To shrinking realms announced her fated fall;  
Whirl'd his fierce spear with more than mortal force,  
And pierced the thick ribs of the echoing horse;  
Two serpent forms rose from the neighbouring main,  
Lashing the white wave with redundant train:  
Arch'd their blue necks, and shook their towering  
crests,  
And plough'd their foamy way with speckled breasts.  
Then, darting fierce amid the affrighted throngs,  
Roll'd their red eyes, and shot their forked tongues.  
Laocoon's sons, to guard their hoary sire,  
Thwart their dread progress, and provoke their ire;  
Round sire and sons the scaly monsters roll'd,  
Ring above ring, in many a scaly fold,  
Close and more close their writhing limbs surround,  
And fix with foamy teeth the envenom'd wound.

—With brow upturn'd to heaven, the hoary sage  
In silent agony sustains their rage;  
While each fond youth in vain, with piercing cries,  
Bends on his tortured sire his dying eyes.

## LAODAMIA AND PROTESILAUS.

Protesilaus was king of Epirus, and was married to Laodamia, by whom he was most passionately beloved. He sailed with the rest of the Grecian chiefs to the siege of Troy. The Oracle had foretold that the first Greek who landed on the Trojan shore should perish. Protesilaus sprung upon the beach, regardless of this prediction, and was killed by Hector. Laodamia, in the violence of her grief, prayed to the gods that she might be permitted to see him once again, even if it were for ever so short a time:—they consented, and he was led to her by Mercury, or Hermes, whose province it was to take charge of the spirits of the departed. History relates, that she was so afflicted at seeing him depart again, that she was found dead on the steps of their palace where he had appeared to her.

—“ WITH sacrifice before the rising morn,  
Vows have I made, by fruitless hope inspired ;  
And from the infernal gods, 'mid shades forlorn  
Of night, my slaughter'd lord have I required :  
Celestial pity I again implore ;  
Restore him to my sight ! great Jove, restore !”

So speaking, and by fervent love endow'd  
With faith, the suppliant heavenwards lifts her hands ;  
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,  
Her countenance brightens—and her eye expands ;  
Her bosom heaves and spreads—her stature grows ;  
And she expects the issue in repose.



O terror! what hath she perceived? O joy!  
What doth she look on? whom doth she behold?  
Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy?  
His vital presence,—his corporeal mould?  
It is!—if sense deceive her not;—'tis he!  
And a god leads him;—winged Mercury!

Mild Hermes spoke—and touch'd her with his wand  
That calms all fear,—“Such grace hath crown'd thy  
prayer,  
Laodamia! that at Jove's command  
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air:  
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space;  
Accept the gift!—behold him face to face.”

Forth sprang the impassion'd queen her lord to clasp;  
Again that consummation she essay'd;  
But unsubstantial form eludes her grasp  
As often as that eager grasp was made.  
The phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,  
And reassume his place before her sight.

“Protesilaus, lo! thy guide is gone!  
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:  
This is our palace—yonder is thy throne.  
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.  
Not to appal me have the gods bestow'd  
This precious boon—and blest a sad abode.”

“ Great Jove, Laodamia ! doth not leave  
His gifts imperfect ; spectre though I be,  
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive ;  
But in reward of thy fidelity.  
And something also did my worth obtain,  
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

“ Thou knowest, the Delphic Oracle foretold  
That the first Greek that touch'd the Trojan strand  
Should die: but me the threat could not withhold:  
A generous cause a victim did demand,  
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain,  
A self-devoted chief by Hector slain.”

“ Supreme of heroes ! bravest, noblest, best !  
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,  
Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest  
By doubt, propell'd thee to the fatal shore ;  
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou art !  
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

“ But thou, though capable of sternest deed,  
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave ;  
And he whose power restores thee, hath decreed  
That thou shouldst cheat the malice of the grave ;  
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair  
As when their breath enrich'd Thessalian air.

“ No spectre greets me—no vain shadow this ;  
 Come, blooming hero, place thee by my side !  
 Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss  
 To me this day a second time a bride !”  
 Jove frown'd in heaven ; the conscious Parcæ threw  
 Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

“ This visage tells thee that my doom is past :  
 Know, virtue were not virtue, if the joys  
 Of sense were able to return as fast  
 And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys  
 Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains :  
 Calm pleasures there abide, majestic pains.

“ Be taught, O faithful consort ! to control  
 Rebellious passion : for the gods approve  
 The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul ;  
 A fervent, not ungovernable love—  
 Thy transports moderate ; and meekly mourn  
 When I depart, for brief is my sojourn.”

“ Ah, wherefore ?—did not Hercules by force  
 Wrest from the guardian monster of the tomb  
 Alcestis \*, a re-animated corse  
 Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom ?  
 Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,  
 And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

\* Alcestis, the beautiful wife of Admetus, was brought back from the grave, and restored to her husband by Hercules. He conquered Cerberus, the watch-dog of hell, who sought to detain her.

“ The gods to us are merciful—and they  
 Yet further may relent : for mightier far  
 Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway  
 Of magic, potent over sun or star,  
 Is love, though oft to agony distrest,  
 And though his favourite seat is feeble woman’s  
 breast.”

——“ But, if thou go’st, I follow.”——“ Peace !” he  
 said—

She look’d upon him, and was calm’d and cheer’d ;  
 The ghastly colour from his lips had fled ;  
 In his deportment, shape, and mien appear’d  
 Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,  
 Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spoke of love, such love as spirits feel  
 In worlds whose course is equable and pure :  
 No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—  
 The past unsigh’d for, and the future sure ;  
 Spoke of heroic arts, in graver mood  
 Revived, with finer harmony pursued ;

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there  
 In happier beauty ; more pellucid streams,  
 An ampler ether, a diviner air,  
 And fields invested with purpureal gleams ;  
 Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest  
 day  
 Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

P

Yet there the soul shall enter, which hath earn'd  
That privilege by virtue. "Ill," said he,  
"The end of man's existence I discern'd,  
Who from ignoble games and revelry  
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,  
While tears were thy best pastime—day and night :

"And while my youthful peers, before my eyes  
(Each hero following his peculiar bent),  
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprize  
By martial sports—or seated in the tent,  
Chieftains and kings in council were detain'd ;  
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchain'd,

"The wish'd-for wind was given : I then revolved  
The Oracle upon the silent sea ;  
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved,  
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be  
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand—  
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

"Yet bitter, oft times bitter, was the pang,  
When of thy loss I thought, beloved wife !  
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,  
And on the joys we shared in mortal life ;  
The paths which we had trod—these fountains,  
bowers,  
My new-plann'd cities, and unfinish'd towers.

"But should suspense permit the foe to cry,  
'Behold they tremble!—haughty their array,  
Yet of their number no one dares to die ?'  
In soul I swept the indignity away :

Old frailties then recurr'd : but lofty thought,  
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

“ And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak  
In reason, in self-government too slow ;  
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek  
Our blest reunion in the shades below.  
The invisible world hath with thee sympathized ;  
Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

“ Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend  
Towards a higher object. Love was given,  
Encouraged, sanction'd, chiefly to that end :  
For this the passion to excess was driven—  
That self might be annull'd : her bondage prove  
The fetters of a dream compared with love.”

—Aloud she shriek'd, for Hermes reappears !  
Round the dear shade she would have clung—'tis  
vain !

The hours are past—too brief had they been years ;  
And him no mortal effort can detain :  
Swift towards the realms that know not earthly day, }  
He through the portal takes his silent way, }  
And on the palace floor a lifeless corse she lay. }

## THE NYMPH'S SACRIFICE

IN THE TEMPLE OF DIANA.

Now morn with rosy light had streak'd the sky ;  
Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily,  
Address'd her early steps to Dian's fane,  
In state attended by her virgin train,  
Who bore the vests that holy rites require,  
Incense, and odorous gums, and cover'd fire :  
The plenteous bowls with pleasant mead they crown,  
Nor wanted aught beside in honour of the moon.  
Now while the temple smoked with hallow'd steam  
They wash the virgin in the living stream.  
Her shining hair, uncomb'd, was loosely spread,  
A crown of mastless oak adorn'd her head. ¶  
When to the shrine approach'd, the spotless maid  
The kindling fires on either altar laid :  
Then, kneeling with her hands across her breast,  
Thus lowly she preferr'd her chaste request ;

——“ O Goddess ! haunter of the sylvan green,  
To whom both heaven, and earth, and seas are seen ;  
Queen of the nether skies, where half the year  
Thy silver beams descend, and light the gloomy  
    sphere ;  
Goddess of maids, and conscious of our hearts,  
So keep me from the vengeance of thy darts,  
Which Niobe's devoted children felt  
When hissing through the sky thy feather'd deaths  
    were dealt.

As I desire to lead a single life,  
 Nor know the name of mother or of wife,  
 Thy votaress from my tender years I am,  
 And love like thee the woods and sylvan game, }  
 Oh! let me still be of thy virgin train;  
 Frequent the forests, thy chaste will obey,  
 And only make the beasts of chase my prey!"

—The flames ascend on either altar clear,  
 When thus the blameless maid address'd her prayer.  
 When lo! the burning fire that shone so bright  
 Flew off, all sudden, with extinguish'd light;  
 And left one altar dark a little space,  
 Then turn'd self-kindled and renew'd the blaze:  
 The maid from the ill omen turn'd her eyes,  
 And knew her prayer forbidden by the skies.

Then shook the sacred shrine; and sudden light  
 Sprung through the vaulted roof, and made the temple bright.

The power, behold!—the power in glory shone  
 By her bent bow and her keen arrows known:  
 She seem'd a huntress issuing from the wood:  
 Reclining on her cornel-spear she stood:  
 Then gracious thus began:—"Dismiss thy fear,  
 And heaven's unchanged decrees attentive hear:  
 More powerful gods have torn thee from my side:  
 With grief I yield thee: thou art doom'd a bride."



## PSYCHE

## WANDERING IN SEARCH OF CUPID.

Psyche, a beautiful nymph, who was beloved by Cupid, was carried away by the Zephyrs to dwell with him in a delightful island; here she lived in great happiness till she was seized with a desire of discovering who he was, when, offended, he instantly left her. She was scorned and persecuted by his mother, Venus, and the other divinities.—She wandered through the world disconsolate; and, dying of grief, was transported by Jupiter to heaven, where she became immortal, and was married to her beloved Cupid. She is sometimes represented with wings, and sometimes playing with a butterfly.

THEY wove bright fables in the days of old,  
When reason borrow'd fancy's painted wings :  
When truth's clear river flow'd o'er sands of gold,  
And told in song its high and mystic things !  
And such the sweet and solemn tale of her  
The pilgrim-heart to whom a dream was given,  
That led her through the world—Love's worshipper,  
To seek on earth for him whose home was heaven !  
As some lone angel through night's scatter'd host,  
Might seek a star which she had loved—and lost !  
——In the full city,—by the haunted fount—  
Through the dim grotto's tracery of spars—  
'Mid the pine temples, on the moon-lit mount,  
Where silence sits to listen to the stars ;  
In the deep glade where dwells the brooding dove,  
The painted valley, and the scented air,  
She heard far echoes of the voice of love,  
And found his footsteps' traces every where.

—But never more they met!—since doubts and fears,  
 Those phantom-shapes that haunt and blight the earth,  
 Had come 'twixt her, a child of sin and tears,  
 And that bright spirit of immortal birth ;  
 Until her pining soul and weeping eyes  
 Had learnt to seek him only in the skies ;—  
 Till wings unto the weary heart were given,  
 And she became love's angel-bride,—in heaven !



### TO HESPERUS, THE EVENING STAR.

HESPER! every gift is thine :—  
 Thou bring'st the kidling from the rock,  
 Thou bring'st the damsel with the flock ;  
 Thou bring'st us rosy wine.



### FUNERAL RITES OF THE GREEKS AND ROMANS

#### EXEMPLIFIED BY THE DESCRIPTION OF THE FUNERAL OF HECTOR.

Priam, king of Troy, returns to that city, bringing with him the body of his noble son, Hector, who had been slain by Achilles.  
 —All the population of Troy came out to meet him.

—In thronging crowds they issue to the plains :  
 Nor man nor woman in the walls remains.  
 In every face the self-same grief is shown,  
 And Troy sends forth one universal groan.  
 At Scæa's gates they meet the mourning wain,  
 Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.

The wife and mother, frantic with despair,  
Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair ;  
Then wildly wailing at the gates they lay,  
And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day :  
But godlike Priam from the chariot rose :  
" Forbear," he cries, " this violence of woes ;  
First to the palace let the car proceed,  
Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead."'  
The waves of people at his word divide,  
Slow rolls the chariot through the following tide :  
E'en to the palace the sad pomp they wait ;  
They weep, and place him on the bed of state.  
A melancholy choir attend around,  
With plaintive sighs and music's solemn sound.  
Alternately they sing, alternate flow  
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe.  
While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,  
And nature speaks at every pause of art.

On all around the infectious sorrow grows,  
But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose.  
" Perform, ye Trojans ! what the rites require,  
And fell the forests for the funeral pyre ;  
Twelve days, nor foes, nor secret ambush dread ;  
Achilles grants these honours to the dead."

He spoke ; and at his word the Trojan train,  
Their mules and oxen harness to the wain,  
Pour through the gates, and, fell'd from Ida's crown,  
Roll back the gather'd forests to the town.  
These toils continue nine succeeding days,  
And high in air a sylvan structure raise.

But when the tenth fair morn began to shine,  
 Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,  
 And placed aloft : while all with streaming eyes  
 Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise,  
 Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
 With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn ;  
 Again the mournful crowds surround the pyre,  
 And quench with wine the yet remaining fire.  
 The snowy bones his friends and brothers place,  
 With tears, collected in a golden vase.  
 The golden vase with purple palls they roll'd,  
 Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.  
 Last, o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,  
 And raised the tomb, memorial of the dead.  
 Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were done,  
 Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun.  
 All Troy then moves to Priam's court again.  
 A solemn, silent, melancholy train :  
 Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,  
 And sadly shared the last sepulchral feast.  
 Such honours Ilium to her hero paid,  
 And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

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## THE CELEBRATED STATUE OF LAOCOON AND HIS SONS,

IN THE POPE'S PALACE AT ROME.

—Now turning to the Vatican, go see  
 Laocoon's torture dignifying pain—  
 A father's love and mortal's agony  
 With an immortal's patience blending :—Vain

The struggle: vain, against the coiling strain  
 And gripe and deepening of the dragon's grasp  
 The old man's clench: the long envenom'd chain  
 Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp  
 Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.

See story of Laocoon, page 152.

~~~~~  
 CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

CUPID and my Campaspe play'd  
 At cards for kisses; Cupid pay'd:  
 He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,  
 His mother's doves and team of sparrows,  
 Loses them too; then down he throws  
 The coral of his lip—the rose  
 Growing on his cheek (but none know how),  
 With these the crystal of his brow,  
 And then the dimple of his chin,  
 All these did my Campaspe win.  
 At last he set her both his eyes,  
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
 O, Love! has she done this to thee?  
 What shall, alas! become of me?

~~~~~  
 THE OFFERINGS TO THE MUSES & APOLLO.

THIS wild thyme, and these roses moist with dews,  
 Are sacred to the Heliconian Muse;  
 The bay, Apollo! with dark leaf, is thine,  
 Thus art thou honour'd at the Delphic shrine.  
 And there to thee the shaggy goat I vow,  
 That loves to crop the pine-tree's pendent bough.

## CUPID BENIGHTED ;

OR, THE UNGENTLE GUEST.

ONE silent night, of late,  
When every creature rested,  
Came one unto my gate  
And, knocking, me molested.

“Who’s that,” said I, “beats there,  
And troubles thus the sleepy?”  
“Cast off,” said he, “all fear,  
And let not locks thus keep ye.

“For I a boy am, who  
By moonless nights have swerved,  
And all with showers wet through,  
And e’en with cold half-starved.”

I pitiful arose,  
And soon a taper lighted,  
And did myself disclose  
Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a bow,  
And wings too which did shiver ;  
And looking down below  
I saw he had a quiver.

I to my chimney's shine  
 Brought him, as love professes,  
 And chaff'd his hands with mine,  
 And dried his dropping tresses.

But when he felt him warm'd,  
 " Let's try this bow of ours,  
 And string, if they be harmed,"  
 Said he, " with these late showers."

Forthwith his bow he bent,  
 And wedded string and dart,  
 And struck me, that it went  
 Quite through my veins and heart.

Then, laughing loud, he flew  
 Away, and thus said, flying,  
 " Adieu ! mine host, adieu !  
 I leave thy heart a dying."

~~~~~  
 THE CELEBRATED STATUE OF THE  
 APOLLO BELVIDERE,  
 IN THE VATICAN, ROME.

—Lo ! this the lord of the unerring bow  
 The god of life, and poesy, and light—  
 The sun in human limbs array'd, and brow  
 All radiant from his triumph in the fight :  
 The shaft has just been shot—the arrow bright  
 With an immortal's vengeance,—in his eye  
 And nostrils beautiful disdain, and might,  
 And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,  
 Developing in that one flame the deity.

## CUPID SLEEPING.

## A FRAGMENT.

WITH breathless haste I reach'd the shrine,  
Asleep the young god lay ;  
The glowing rose, the curling vine,  
Myrtle, and bay, and eglantine  
Around him blossom'd gay :—  
And kindred Loves hung o'er their charge  
In light and noiseless play.

Pillow'd upon a damask rose,  
His dimpled cheek he prest ;  
Couch'd in the calmness of repose,  
His little bosom sunk and rose  
Like summer-seas at rest :  
Ah ! had he ever slumber'd thus,  
How deeply were I blest !—

Scared at the sound of mortal tread,  
He darted to mid-air ;  
Blind as he was, a shaft he sped,  
Smiled at his conscious skill, and fled,  
But left his captive there,  
Bleeding alone, of hope bereft,  
The victim of despair.



## ULYSSES AND HIS DOG.

Ulysses, king of Ithaca, returning to his home after twenty years' absence, poor and in disguise, is recognised by his faithful dog, Argus.

Now to the gate as near Ulysses drew,  
Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew ;  
He, not unconscious of the voice and tread,  
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head.  
Bred by Ulysses, nourish'd at his board,  
But, ah ! not fated long to please his lord !  
To him, his swiftness and his strength were vain :  
The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main.

Till then in every sylvan chace renown'd,  
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around ;  
With him the youth pursued the goat or fawn,  
Or traced the mazy lev'ret o'er the lawn.  
Now left to man's ingratitude, he lay  
Unhoused, neglected, on the public way.

He knew his lord, he knew, and strove to meet,  
In vain he strove to crawl, and kiss his feet ;  
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes  
Salute his master, and confess his joys.  
Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul,  
And down his cheek a tear unbidden stole ;  
Stole unperceived ; he turn'd his head, and dried  
The drop humane : then thus impassion'd cried :

“ What noble beast in this abandon'd state  
Lies here all helpless at Ulysses' gate ?

His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise ;  
 If as he seems he was in better days,  
 Some care his age deserves ; or was he prized  
 For worthless beauty, therefore now despised ?  
 Such dogs and men there are, mere things of state,  
 And always cherish'd by their friends, the great."

" Not Argus so, (Eumæus thus rejoin'd,)  
 But served a master of a nobler kind,  
 Who never, never, shall behold him more !  
 Long, long since perish'd on a distant shore !  
 Oh, had you seen him, vig'rous, bold, and young,  
 Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong ;  
 Him no fell savage on the plain withstood,  
 None 'scaped him, bosom'd in the gloomy wood,  
 His eye how piercing, and his scent how true  
 To wind the vapour in the tainted dew !  
 Such when Ulysses left his natal coast ;  
 Now years unnerve him, and his lord is lost !  
 The women keep the generous creature bare,  
 A sleek and idle race is all their care ;  
 The master gone, the servants what restrains ?  
 Or dwells humanity where riot reigns ?  
 Heaven fix'd it certain, that whatever day  
 Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away."

—This said, the honest herdsman strode before ;  
 The musing monarch pauses at the door :  
 The dog whom fate had granted to behold  
 His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,  
 Takes a last look, and having seen him dies ;  
 —So closed for ever faithful Argus' eyes !

## THE NYMPH CHANGED INTO A TREE ;

OR, THE INVISIBLE SPIRIT.—A FRAGMENT.

The shepherd Filauto, overcome with grief for the loss of his bride, enters a forest with the resolution of destroying himself; his purpose is arrested by a voice from a tree.

*The Voice—*

STAY thy rash deed ! nor thus with impious hand  
The appointed purpose of high Heaven oppose :  
Stay thy rash deed ! 'tis Heaven commands thee, stay !  
Nor with the stain of guilty blood profane  
My tender shrubs and love-devoted flowers.

*Filauto—*

What spirit's voice, thus bursting from the tree,  
Bids me prolong a life I seek to close ?

*The Voice—*

Hold ! suffering wretch ! for better, happier hours,  
For days of peace, kind Heaven commands thee live :  
Yield and obey ;—so shall my voice unfold  
Such joys, such wonders as thy soften'd heart  
Shall with fresh life and new-born transport hear.

*Filauto—*

Transport and joy for me live not on earth ;  
When through the gloomy gates of death I've pass'd,  
Their new-born sounds may welcome me to Heaven.  
But can it be that in this cold damp bark  
A mortal voice, a human spirit dwells ?  
Or does some fiend mock my despairing soul,  
And bid me live, yet deeper pangs to know ?  
Or art thou of the Sylvan deities,  
Such as, erewhile, in lone Egerian grot,  
Breathed her sweet counsels on Pompilius'\* ear ?

\* Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome, who received advice and instruction from Egeria, a nymph of the fountain.

Oh! Goddess, if thou art, or Dryad nymph,  
 If thou would'st still that in immortal green  
 Thy tree should spread to Heaven its favour'd shoots,  
 Safe from the woodman's axe, the wintry shower,  
 Or blasting lightning that with livid fire  
 Might blight its buds and living green deform,—  
 That still beneath its screen labour should rest  
 And love and friendship meet within its shade,—  
 Oh! let it now a last retreat afford  
 To one, who asks of all that earth can yield,  
 But a small space—a shelter, and a tomb.

*The Voice—*

No wandering fiend, no woodland deity  
 Am I: does then thy soul forget the maid  
 Adored in life, in death beloved too well?  
 Does grief, does madness shroud thy smother'd sense,  
 That not thine ear her well-known voice recalls,  
 Erewhile in life so grateful to thy soul?

*Filauto—*

'Tis she herself!—Oh! my awakening heart!  
 My life! my bride! my loved, my mourn'd one, speak!  
 Speak! show thyself! and let my eager eyes  
 Drink at the long-closed fount of love and joy!

*The Voice—*

It must not be; unto thine ear alone  
 Conviction is vouchsafed: nor sight, nor touch,  
 May to thy sense a further proof convey.

*Filauto—*

Am I awake? or do I sleep entranced  
 In bliss profound?—eternal be my dream!  
 But say, sweet spirit! does thy . . . .

. \* \* \* \*

## THE BROTHER'S GRAVE.

THROUGH various realms, o'er various seas I come  
 To see that each due sacrifice be paid,  
 To bring the last sad offering to thy tomb,  
 And thy mute dust invoke, fraternal shade!

Yes, hapless brother! since the hand of Fate  
 Has snatch'd thee ever from my longing sight:  
 As used our ancestors, in solemn state,  
 I'll bring each mystic gift and funeral rite.

With many a tear I will the ground bedew:  
 Spirit of him I loved, these tears receive;  
 Spirit of him I valued most,—adieu!  
 Adieu to him who sleeps in yonder grave!



## THE NYMPH CLYTIE

Loved Apollo, and, being slighted by him, pined away, and was  
 changed into a sun-flower.

—'Twas one summer eve,  
 And the white columns, and the marble floor  
 In the proud temple of day's deity  
 Were flooded o'er with crimson:—and the air  
 Was rich with scents.—It was Clytie's turn  
 To watch the perfumed flame. She sate and waked  
 Her silver lute with one of those sweet strains  
 Dear to her happy childhood.—Suddenly  
 Some other music echoed back her own,  
 Faint, but more exquisite; like those low tones  
 That winds of summer breathe in the sea-shells.  
 It died in melting cadences, but still

Clytie bent to hear it.—Could it be  
A dream? a strange wild dream? There stood a  
youth

More beautiful than summer by her side :  
His bright hair floated down like Indian gold,  
A light play'd in his curls, and his dark eyes  
Flash'd splendour too intense for human gaze.  
A wreath of laurel was upon the lyre  
His graceful hand sustain'd ; and by his side  
The sparkling arrows hung. It was the god  
That guides the sun's blue race, the god of light,  
Of song, who left his native heaven for one  
More precious far, the heaven of woman's love.  
They met no more, but still that glorious shape  
Haunted her visions : life to her was changed,  
Gaiety, hope, and happiness were all  
Centred in one deep thought. She fled to solitude,  
And pour'd her wild complainings to the grove,  
And Echo answer'd.—Echo, that, like her,  
Had pined with ill-starr'd fondness. She would gaze  
For hours upon the sky, and watch the sun,  
And when the pale light faded from the west  
Would weep till morning.

——Look upon that flower !  
It is the symbol of unhappy love.  
'Tis sacred to the slighted Clytie.  
See ! how it turns its bosom to the sun,  
And when dark clouds have shadow'd it, or night  
Is on the sky, mark how it folds its leaves,  
And droops its head, and weeps sweet tears of dew ;—  
The constant sun-flower.

THE  
WOOD-GOD PAN TO HIS WORSHIPPERS \*.

Go! rouse the deer with horn and hound,  
And chase him o'er the mountain free :  
Or bid the hollow woods resound  
The triumphs of your archery.

Pan leads—and if you hail me right,  
As guardian of the sylvan reign,  
I'll wing your arrows on their flight,  
And speed your coursers o'er the plain.

THE GARDENER'S OFFERING \*.

To Pan, the guardian of my narrow soil,  
Who gave my fruits to blow, and bless'd my toil,  
Pure water, and a votive fig I bear,  
A scant oblation from the teeming year :  
The fruit ambrosial in thy garden blush'd,  
And from thy rock the living water rush'd.  
Receive the tribute from my humble urn,  
Nor with thy bounty weigh my poor return.

From the Greek Anthology.

THE GODDESS FORTUNE, OCCASION,  
OR OPPORTUNITY.

*(Inscription on the base of a beautiful statue at Florence.)*

Ah ! what art thou, of more than mortal birth,  
Whom heaven adorns with beauty's brightest beam ?  
On wings of wind why spurn'st thou thus the earth ?  
——“ Known but to few, Occasion is my name.  
No rest I find, for underneath my feet  
The eternal circle rolls that speeds my way,  
And these my glittering pinions I display,  
That from the dazzling sight thine eyes may turn  
away.

“ In full luxuriance o'er my angel face  
Float my thick tresses, free and unconfined,  
That through their veil my features few may trace ;  
But not one hair adorns my head behind ;—  
Once past, for ever gone !—no mortal might  
May bid the ceaseless wheel revolve again.”  
——And who is she attendant on thy flight ?  
——“ Repentance :—if thou grasp at me in vain,  
Then must thou in thine arms her loathed weight  
sustain.

And now, while heedless of the truths I sing,  
Vain thoughts and fond desires thy time employ,  
Ah ! see'st thou not,—on soft and silken wing,  
The form that smiled so fair,—has glided by !”

THE END.





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