

**Hero and Leander. A tale of love / Translated from ... Musaeus. With other poems [by the translator] By Francis Adam [i.e. Adams].**

**Contributors**

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To Mr Douglass

with the Author's best regard.

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v.

38127/P

1821

RECEIVED FROM THE

MUSEUM

OF THE

# HERO AND LEANDER.

## A TALE OF LOVE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF THE ANCIENT POET

MUSÆUS.

WITH OTHER POEMS.

BY FRANCIS ADAM, SURGEON.

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Σχέτλι' Ἔρωσ, δολομῆτα, θεῶν κάλλιστε μιν ὄσσοις  
Ἐισιδέειν, ἄλγιστε δ' ὅτε κραδίην ὀροθύνεις.

OPPIANI HALIEUT.

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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR A. BROWN & CO. ABERDEEN; W. BLACKWOOD,  
EDINBURGH; AND LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME,  
AND BROWN, LONDON,

1821.

HERO AND LEANDED

A TALE OF LOVE

BY WILLIAM LITTLETON M.D.

LONDON: RICHARD CLAY AND COMPANY

PRINTED BY THE AUTHOR



BY FRANK ...

THE ...

...

EDINBURGH

PRINTED FOR A. ... & CO. ...

TO  
WILLIAM LIVINGSTON, M.D.

*PROFESSOR OF MEDICINE IN MARISCHAL COLLEGE,*

THIS LITTLE WORK IS DEDICATED,

AS A SMALL TESTIMONY OF ADMIRATION

OF HIS LITERARY AND PROFESSIONAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS,

AND OF REGARD, ATTACHMENT, AND ESTEEM,

FOR HIS ENDEARING QUALITIES AS A FRIEND,

BY HIS GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE PUPIL,

THE AUTHOR.

Banchory-Ternan, }  
Dec. 8. 1820. }

TO

WILLIAM LIVINGSTON, M.D.

BY HIS FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES

THIS LITTLE WORK IS DEDICATED,

AS A SMALL TESTIMONY OF ADMIRATION

OF HIS LIBERAL AND PROGRESSIVE ACCOMPLISHMENTS

AND OF HIS WARM ATTACHMENT AND ESTEEM

FOR HIS KNOWING OF HIS AS A FATHER

BY HIS FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES

THE AUTHOR

INTRODUCTION.

---

**T**HE Poem on the Loves of HERO and LEANDER, which is published among the remains of the Lesser Greek Poets, was condemned as spurious by Vossius, who thought it a work of later date than the fourth century ; but was received as a genuine production of the venerable Musæus, by the Elder Scaliger. This learned critic eulogizes it in the strongest terms ; and endeavours to shew, that its stile and versification are far more polished than the vaunted numbers of the Iliad and Odyssey. To me it appears, notwithstanding my partiality to the author of this beautiful little Poem, that he has loaded his work with too many cumbrous epithets ; and that his taste, in this respect, savours more of the age of Oppian than of Homer. I could also point out some words which are used in a sense not usual with the earlier Poets of Greece ; but I decline entering into the dispute regarding the authenticity of the work, which I find involved in impenetrable obscurity ; and as to its great poetical merits, I rejoice to coincide in opinion with the excellent critic mentioned above. That the tale is told in a manner calculated to excite high interest, that it is adorned with pleasing images, and contains sentiments at once



natural and sublime, will readily appear to him who shall consult the original ; and these excellencies it has been the translator's particular endeavour to display. If he could flatter himself that he had attained the spirit of his author, he would feel little solicitous to excuse the liberties which he has used with the work. Great liberties, however, he must confess that he has taken ; but in justification of them he appeals to the authorities of Dryden, Pope, Rowe, and Buchanan. For some of his alterations he expects even to obtain credit from the candid ; especially where he has expressed, in a less exceptionable manner, such thoughts as seemed not to accord with the delicacy of modern manners. After having made some such changes, he now confidently flatters himself, that this Poem, in its new English dress, cannot justly give offence to the most delicate sense of propriety, being fully cleared of every sentiment which has the smallest tendency to flatter the passions, or pervert the judgment.

What labour he has devoted, in order to render the work acceptable to his readers, he thinks it at present unsafe to state ; as he would not willingly offend them by boldly avowing that he had taken little pains to ensure their approbation ; and by professing to have used much, he might subject himself to the secret mortification of being afterwards obliged to admit that he had laboured in vain.

Not with the design of boasting precocity of genius,

to which he lays no claim, but with the hopes of relaxing the brow of criticism, and of propitiating the indulgence of his readers, he thinks it prudent, however, to state, that most of the pieces were composed at an age from which great performances are not usually expected; and that, although he has since bestowed some care in polishing them, he is aware that they are still in an imperfect state. Yet if, in thus hurrying them to the press, he shall be found to have acted with foolish precipitation, he may console himself with the reflection, that he is infected only with the epidemic folly of the age; when persons of every rank and denomination,—the husbandman, neglecting his plough,—the tradesman, despising his counter,—and the literary Amazon, abandoning her needle,—are eagerly pressing forward to obtain the laurelled honours of Parnassus;—when elaboration is accounted a mark of poverty of genius; attention to propriety of language has become an unimportant consideration; and when the innovating spirit of the times has forgot the lesson of Virgil, who taught how to restrain without weakening the imagination, and who converted Poetry from a lawless *rage* into a glorious *art*.\*

\* Cowley.

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 into a glorious art.

## HERO AND LEANDER.

OF Hero's lamp, and secret nuptials, sing,  
Ye nymphs that haunt the sweet Castalian spring ;  
Of fam'd Abydos, and the sea that bore  
The bold Leander to the Sestian shore.  
Methinks I see th' advent'rous lover brave,  
With dauntless breast, the swelling ocean's wave !  
And watchful Hero rushes on my sight,  
With her wan torch, that sheds its glimm'ring light.  
Fam'd torch ! th' immortal Deities above  
Should make thy light the faithful star of love :  
For oft Leander, led by love and thee,  
Stemm'd the wild billows of the raging sea ;  
But fail'd at last, when, on that fated night,  
The rising tempests kill'd thy saving light.  
Ye Powers ! whom song and melody obey,  
Attend propitious, and inspire my lay.

Close to the Hellespont's sea-beaten strand  
The towers of Sestos and Abydos stand.  
The fair Leander was Abydos' pride ;  
No Sestian maid with beauteous Hero vied :  
For peerless each ; and Cupid's poignant dart,  
With fatal aim, had wounded either heart.

Should Fortune lead you to that mournful coast,  
 Mark the broad stream by bold Leander crost ;  
 With raptur'd eye each fav'rite haunt explore,  
 And Hero's watch-tower by the sounding shore.

Of Hero and Leander's hapless love,  
 Say then the spring, ye tuneful Powers above !

Of matchless charms, of an illustrious line,  
 And priestess of Idalian Venus' shrine,  
 Hero, the chaste, the innocent, the good,  
 Dwelt by the Hellespont's resounding flood,  
 Where the dread goddess' holy temple stood ;  
 And such her gait, and such her comely mien,  
 Herself a goddess seem'd, and love's immortal queen.

Yet, though her charms the gazing crowds admire,  
 She wisely shuns to join the sportive choir :  
 (For fell the envy of each female breast,  
 When one bright beauty has outshone the rest.)  
 To Venus oft the sacred altar shone,  
 And gifts were offer'd to her winged son ;  
 But all in vain, for ruthless Cupid bends  
 His fatal bow, and the keen shaft descends.

In Sestos' temples, on a festal day,  
 Their hallow'd rites, and suppliant vows to pay  
 To fair Adonis and the Paphian queen,  
 From ev'ry clime the joyous youths convene ;

From sweet Hæmonia, and from Cyprus' land,  
From gay Cythera, and Abydos' strand ;  
And they by lofty Lebanon who dwell,  
And breathe the incense of the balmy gale :  
No youth was wanting, whom the power of love,  
Or music's charms, or elegance, could move :  
For more they joyed them in the nymphs so fair,  
Than in the sacred rites, and solemn sounding prayer !

But, lo ! in Venus' consecrated shrine,  
Hero appears, in majesty divine !  
Bright as when Phœbe, from her ocean bed,  
In awful beauty, rears her golden head.  
Her cheeks—her sweetly-smiling cheeks—disclose  
The hues, the fragrance, of the blooming rose.  
Fair as the rose her budding breasts that crown'd,  
Sweet as the rose that strew'd the hallow'd ground.  
The rose's glow adorns the heavenly fair,  
The rose's perfume fills the gladsome air.  
See where she moves along in godlike state !  
How fine her form ! how comely is her gait !  
Of Graces three let ancient poets lie—  
A hundred Graces dwell in Hero's eye !  
Like Venus' self amid th' immortal train,  
Is the bright priestess of her holy fane.

Fix'd was each youth upon her glowing charms,  
Each long'd to clasp her in his ardent arms ;  
Each gaz'd upon her, as, erect and tall,  
With graceful step, she paced the sacred hall.

"Ye fond admirers of Laconia's dames,"  
 Some gallant youth, with rapt'rous heart, exclaims,  
 "Whom have you seen among their maids so rare,  
 "With bright, with balmy Hero to compare?  
 "But sure this priestess of the Paphian shrine  
 "No mortal is, but some blest Power divine!  
 "Give me, great queen, this peerless fair to wed—  
 "O give with her to mount the bridal-bed;  
 "And proud Olympus' towering heights be thine:  
 "For her, celestial pleasures I resign.  
 "Or grant, dread goddess! to thy suppliant's prayer,  
 "A bride as sweet, and as divinely fair."  
 Such were the transports of the gazing throng,  
 And such their thoughts, as Hero pass'd along.

But now Leander sought, and sought in vain,  
 To shun her charms, and his warm love restrain.  
 Ill-fated youth! the fiery darts prevail,  
 Nor can thy breast its secret wound conceal.  
 Now earthly joys without thy Hero seem  
 Empty and vain, as is th' illusive dream;  
 While the keen shafts that radiate from her eye,  
 Fire thy fond soul with rapt'rous agony.  
 (Such is the power of conquering beauty's dart,  
 With sharpest point to wound th' unwary heaft:  
 From the bright look and world-subduing eye,  
 The glitt'ring shafts in countless myriads fly.)  
 No more his passion bears to be confin'd,  
 The wild emotions tear his troubled mind;

And by bold love and tim'rous shame oppress'd,  
Dire was the tumult in his anxious breast.  
Now, dauntless love prevail'd, and then, anon,  
Fear bid him pause, but love still urg'd him on.  
His looks are fix'd upon the fatal fair,  
Now bright with hope, now frantic with despair;  
And many a glance, and many a sigh, betray  
His inward pangs, and pulse's madd'ning play.

Hero beheld her lover's rueful plight—  
Hero beheld, and glory'd at the sight.  
Yet, while her bosom swell'd with gen'rous pride,  
From the dear youth her blushing charms to hide  
She still essay'd; yet would she sometimes deign  
One sweet fond glance, to ease her lover's pain.  
He now, exulting in his stifled flame,  
Caught the soft joy that thrill'd through all his frame;  
And oft he chid the ling'ring prince of day,  
Who journey'd now along his western way:  
To gloomy night impatient oft he prayed,  
O'er the wide world to cast her sable shade.

And scarce did Eve's resplendent star appear,  
When the rash youth approach'd his blushing fair;  
And, deeply sighing from his tender breast,  
In his soft hand her softer hand he prest;  
Which, with affected wrath, she quick withdrew—  
But the bold youth the joyous signal knew.  
Then to the temple's deep recess he led,  
By her long robe, the hesitating maid;



When Hero thus, with female pride, began :  
 “ Whence this presumption, rash, unthinking man ?  
 “ I, who am sprung of an illustrious line,  
 “ And Venus’ priestess, never can be thine :  
 “ Then dread my vengeance !—’tis not safe to stay !  
 “ Go, quit my robe, and fly with speed away !”

So spake the damsel ; but her words confest  
 A smother’d flame that glow’d within her breast ;  
 Nor could her seeming threats Leander move,  
 (Who knew the fair oft threaten while they love :)  
 His lawless passion brook’d restraint no more—  
 He clasp’d her neck, and kiss’d it o’er and o’er ;  
 Gaz’d on her charms, and thus, enraptur’d, said :  
 “ O lovely Venus, or the blue-eyed maid !  
 “ For sure I deem thee of no mortal line,  
 “ And these bright looks are peerless and divine !  
 “ But if, indeed, of human lineage sprung,  
 “ Happy the breast to which thy lips have clung !  
 “ Happy thy kinsmen ! and, if such there be,  
 “ Happy the man saluted Sire ! by thee !  
 “ Then smile upon me, O illustrious fair !  
 “ Approve my passion, and accept my prayer.  
 “ So gay, so comely ! wilt thou ever dwell  
 “ A lonely virgin in this dreary cell ?  
 “ Shall Venus’ rites be still thy constant care,  
 “ And thou refuse the goddess’ joys to share ?  
 “ Hast thou not heard how swift Cyllenius led  
 “ The bold Alcides to his Lydian maid ?

" But Paphian Venus deigns to be my guide,  
 " She who subdued th' Arcadian damsel's pride :  
 " In vain the beauteous Atalanta strove,  
 " With cold disdain, to spurn Melanio's\* love :  
 " Th' indignant goddess chid this lofty dame,  
 " And fill'd her breast with love's devouring flame.  
 " Then smile upon me, O illustrious fair !  
 " Approve my passion, and accept my prayer."

Softly he spoke, with anxious looks intent  
 On the sweet maid, whose silence blush'd consent.  
 Trembling she stood, unable to reply,  
 And her fair cheeks assum'd a brighter dye.  
 With soft confusion, as in thought profound,  
 Her modest eyes she fix'd upon the ground ;  
 Then sought to hide them from her lover's view,  
 And to her breast her flowing robe she drew.  
 Fair maid ! these silent marks express too well  
 The fond consent thou lab'rest to conceal.  
 Thy tender soul has caught the fatal fire,  
 And thy whole heart is softness and desire ;  
 While many a look does fond Leander throw  
 On thy pure neck, that whiter is than snow.

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\* Melanion nullos fugiendo, Tulle, labores,  
 Sævitiam duræ contudit Iasidos.

Hero, at last, her lover thus bespoke :

“ Stranger, thy words might move the flinty rock ;  
 “ Yet hast thou learn’d persuasion’s arts in vain,  
 “ For thy fond purpose never may’st thou gain.  
 “ Go, then, indulge these lovely dreams no more :  
 “ Ah, me ! what brought thee to our Sestian shore ?  
 “ For, shall a stranger, faithless, and unknown,  
 “ Aspire to make a royal dame his own ?  
 “ My cruel sire denies me for thy bride,  
 “ And how shall we our lawless pleasures hide ?  
 “ (For secret deeds in a dark corner done,  
 “ On the broad pathway are proclaim’d anon.)  
 “ But say, who art thou ? from what distant land ?  
 “ For me thou know’st, and this my native strand ;  
 “ And hapless Hero has no other home  
 “ But the dark cloisters of this spacious dome :  
 “ Here must I dwell, one menial all my train,  
 “ Far, far secluded from the haunts of men :  
 “ Here must I dwell by the bleak sandy shore,  
 “ And youthful pleasures charm my soul no more ;  
 “ But through the night, and when the morn appears,  
 “ The roaring sea still thunders in mine ears !”

She said, and straight endeavour’d to conceal  
 Her blushing charms within her snowy veil.

Leander now, subdued by Cupid’s dart,  
 Revolv’d a thousand projects in his heart :  
 For such is love—now scatt’ring shafts around—  
 Now pouring balm into the bleeding wound ;

And various schemes spring in that troubled soul,  
Which owns the god's direction and control.  
His sov'reign rule Leander's mind possess'd,  
Who in these words his charming fair address'd :  
“ Yes, I would dare, O matchless maid ! for thee,  
“ To brave the billows of the boiling sea !  
“ And wintry storms shall pour their rage in vain,  
“ And stir the waves, thy lover to detain !  
“ Each night, attracted by thy heavenly charms,  
“ Shall this wild stream convey me to thine arms :  
“ For there I dwell, upon that neighb'ring strand,  
“ Where famed Abydos' lofty turrets stand.  
“ Do thou, when darkness holds her solemn hour,  
“ Suspend a lamp from this aerial tower ;  
“ Th' expected sign to faithful love and me,  
“ To hie across broad Hellespontos' sea :  
“ Its trembling light shall glimmer from afar,  
“ Direct my course and be my guiding star :  
“ Nor shall I heed Orion's lucid beam,  
“ Setting Bootes, or the northern team :  
“ But guard thy lamp amid the shades of night,  
“ Lest pitchy tempests quench its useful light ;  
“ And I, forsaken, wander o'er the main,  
“ Nor see my Hero, nor my land again :  
“ And know, what thus you urge me to proclaim,  
“ Know then—Leander is thy husband's name.”

The maid approves with willing heart ; while he,  
For her, resolves to tempt the raging sea.

Lock'd in each other's arms the lovers lay,  
Till rosy morn announc'd th' approaching day.  
Sadly they part—she, to her tower again,  
And he, to brave the dangers of the main.  
With heavy heart he quits the Sestian shore,  
O'er the wild waves his journey to explore.  
His peace was gone, slow seem'd the tedious day,  
And much he blamed th' approaching night's delay.

Still darkness now invites to balmy rest,  
But sleep had fled from sad Leander's breast.  
Close to the margin of the sounding flood,  
With throbbing heart, th' impatient lover stood:  
To that dear shore he casts his longing eyes,  
Where Sestos' summits mingle with the skies:  
For Hero there the joyous signal rear'd,  
And from afar the bridal lamp appear'd.

Obedient now to madd'ning love's command,  
Though chafing billows rave along the strand,  
He straight prepares his journey to begin,  
Regardless of the gulf that rolls between.  
“ Fierce are the surges of the swelling sea,  
“ But fiercer far the flame that scorcheth me!  
“ No dangers now my tim'rous heart appal—  
“ Love bids me go, and I obey his call.  
“ The sea-born goddess, ruler of my soul,  
“ Shall soothe th' inclement waves, and their wild rage  
control.”

This said, the youth his spangled robes unbound,  
 Fix'd to his head, and firmly girt around :  
 And now, all naked on the verge he stood,  
 One moment paused, then sprung into the flood !  
 Hero's pale lamp directs him o'er the sea,  
 But fleet or steersman there was none but he.\*

On her high turret stands the watchful fair,  
 And guards her lamp with all a lover's care :  
 O'er its wan light her flowing robe she throws,  
 When the rain falls, or when the tempest blows.  
 But when Leander reach'd the Sestian strand,  
 And panting stood upon the yellow sand,  
 With anxious haste approach'd the longing maid,  
 And her faint lover to her chamber led.  
 She smiled upon him, and, without delay,  
 Sprung to his neck, and kiss'd the foam away ;  
 Dry'd his soft skin, and, to reward his toil,  
 Perfum'd his body with the fragrant oil.  
 Plac'd on her couch, with many an am'rous look,  
 And with fond dalliance, thus enraptur'd spoke :  
 " Sad is thy toil, O husband dear to me !  
 " Sad is thy toil across the raging sea !  
 " Yet, though the white foam scent thy dripping hair,  
 " In my soft arms forget each mortal care."

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\* Idem navigium, navita, vector ero.

Thus while she spoke, the fond enamour'd boy  
Unbound her zone, and sought the nuptial joy.  
Ill-omen'd match ! no sportive youths advance,  
With bounding steps, to fly along the dance ;  
No playful maids the choral notes prolong,  
No poet chaunts the hymeneal song ;  
Nor mother dear, nor joyous sire, was there,  
No blazing torches vex'd the troubled air ;  
No lulling pipes in gentle measure play'd,  
But all was silence round the bridal bed.  
Gay pass'd the night ; but when the morning shone  
On Hero's couch, the lovely youth was gone.  
With weary'd arms he stems the well-known stream,  
And long the way, and rough the billows seem.  
She from her kinsmen seeks her joys to hide—  
By day a maiden, and at night a bride.  
The faithful lovers hate th' unwelcome morn,  
And long till evening's friendly shades return.

Thus, in gay dalliance pass'd their hours away ;  
Yet worldly pleasures last but for a day ;  
And ruthless fate's consuming hand destroys  
The sweets of love, and hymen's tender joys.

Now wintry winds, with sable pinions, sweep  
The trembling earth, and howl along the deep :  
Rous'd from their beds, the hoary waves arise,  
Swell their broad backs, and mount unto the skies.  
The feeble bark that owns their dread command,  
With shatter'd keel is dash'd upon the strand :

The tim'rous sailor quits his faithless reign ;  
But bold Leander fears no troubled main.  
Love, cruel love, forbids his further stay,  
And Hero's lamp rebukes his long delay.  
Unhappy fair ! when sullen tempests beat,  
Why urge thy spouse their wildest rage to meet ?  
'Tis love commands, and love is all to thee ;  
And blaze it must, for so the fates decree !

Now bold Leander mounts the rising waves,  
While, with fell wrath, the roaring night-wind raves.  
Dark lour the heavens, and gust to gust succeeds,  
The bounding billows rear their awful heads.  
Now blust'ring Boreas sweeps the fields of air,  
With the keen South to wage destructive war.  
Now West and East the dire encounter join,  
And loud the murmur of the tossing brine.  
The fainting lover prays for help in vain  
To Cyprian Venus, offspring of the main ;  
To royal Neptune, and the god of Thrace,  
Who forc'd th' Athenian maid to his embrace.  
Fruitless are all his prayers ; no fav'ring god  
Descends to save him from the roaring flood :  
Weary and slow he wanders through the gloom,  
And the cold waves his struggling feet benumb :  
His torpid arms no more the sea divide,  
And at his mouth fast flows the briny tide :  
No torch now shines to light him to the shore—  
Leander sinks !—Leander is no more !



Through the lone night, in sadly-pensive mood,  
On her high tower, the watchful Hero stood ;  
But when Aurora streak'd the Orient sky,  
She look'd, her ling'ring lover to descry.  
Close to her tower the rolling surges bore  
His ghastly corse, and dash'd it on the shore !  
From the wild maid then burst a fearful scream !  
She rent her robe, and plung'd into the stream !

Thus, in their loves and tragic fates allied,  
The beauteous Hero and Leander died !

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**MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.**

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THE HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF BOSTON  
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT  
TO THE PRESENT TIME  
BY NATHANIEL BATES  
VOL. I  
PUBLISHED BY  
J. B. ALLEN, 1856

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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TO THE  
MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE  
CITY OF BOSTON  
ON THE  
ANNIVERSARY OF THE  
SIGNING OF THE  
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE  
BY THE  
FATHERS OF THE  
COUNTRY  
IN THE  
MONTH OF JULY  
1776  
BY  
NATHANIEL BATES  
1856

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

I.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN PLEASURES.

THE pleasures which, to mortal sight,  
Appear in hues so gay and bright,  
And catch the gazing eye,  
Prove, when we come to grasp them fast,  
But gaudy emptiness at last,  
And nought but vanity!

Thus, when a younker, I have spied,  
As, loit'ring by the river side,  
I mark'd the rippling stream,  
A thousand splendid bubbles rise,  
So like in colour, shape, and size,  
Each bubble seem'd a gem:

Then would my youthful hand essay  
To bear the glitt'ring prize away,  
That brighten'd in the sun;  
When, lo! the gems I deem'd so rare  
Evanish'd into empty air—  
And all my treasure gone!

## II.

## ON MELANCHOLY.

THOUGH the sweet lyre, on sadly-warbling strings,  
Hath sung the joys which Melancholy brings,  
And sorrow there hath fondly hoped to find  
A sure relief to her afflicted mind ;

No balm has she to soothe the aching smart  
Of stern misfortune's sure and poignant dart :  
From her dark haunts how gladly would I flee,  
For a rough step-dame she has been to me.

Mark you this wan and fallen cheek of mine !  
There health whilome and youth were wont to shine,  
Till Melancholy, on an evil day,  
Unfeeling, snatch'd the lovely flowers away.

Yes, they are gone, ah ! never to return,  
Though I my loss in briny tears should mourn ;  
And rue I yielded to her dread control,  
And madly woo'd the syren to my soul.

Sweet Cheerfulness ! thou nymph so blythe and fair,  
No more my bosom shall thy presence share ;  
A jealous foe hath shut thee from my view,  
And my full heart must bid a last adieu !

## III.

## THE FOLLY OF REPINING.

“WHY do we shrink from what we cannot shun,”  
Since all is mortal underneath the sun?  
The fool, the sage, the bad man, and the good,  
Must sail at last across the hated flood.  
In vain we pile our mansions to the sky—  
Soon in the dust our noble frames shall lie;  
While 'scap'd from fate, our airy sp'rits anon  
Shall sojourn on the banks of Acheron.  
Yet what avail our weak and dastard fears,  
Pale sorrow's plaints, and melancholy's tears?  
Will these retard the hasty strides of death,  
Or for one hour prolong the parting breath?  
Ye self-tormentors! mournful is your case,  
Who find this world a barren wilderness;  
Who catch the thorn, and pass the fragrant flower,  
Then tax the fates, and curse your natal hour!  
I count him wiser who has learn'd to steep  
His cares in wine, and lull his thoughts asleep;  
Who deems distress a bugbear and a whim,  
And proudly fills his goblet to the brim!

## IV.

## A VALEDICTION TO ELBA,

UPON BONAPARTE'S LEAVING THAT ISLAND.

ADIEU, lonely Elba! adieu, lonely isle,  
Where the Eagle was destin'd to slumber awhile!  
Exulting he mounts from thy bleak desert shore,  
And his keen piercing eye shall view thee no more.

To quit such an eyrie, methinks 'twill enhance  
The pleasures that smile in the bosom of France;  
For thither he hies on proud pinions again,  
And leaves thee, poor isle of the rough stormy main.

Though cropp'd were his plumes by a dastardly foe,  
That basely insulted his moments of woe,  
These wings newly fledged his strength shall restore,  
Like the locks of the strong man in ages of yore.

In dreams, while he linger'd from glory afar,  
He seem'd to regain all the honours of war—  
His martial exploits once more to renew;  
And now, lonely Elba! he bids thee adieu!

## V.

## THE VIOLET AND THE LILY.

AND is the lovely Vi'let gone,  
The glory of the Gallic throne?  
Yes! and let Gaul dejected mourn,  
Her Vi'let never shall return.

O Gaul! it well befits thee now  
To wring thy hands and smite thy brow;  
For thou art cheerless and forlorn,  
And ne'er thy Vi'let shall return.

Nurs'd by thy soil and genial shower,  
In sooth it was a lovely flower;  
But now its fairest buds are shorn,  
And, ah! they never shall return.

Thy foe's delight, thy clime's disgrace,  
The Lily, shall usurp its place,  
To warn thee oft, in cruel scorn,  
That ne'er thy Vi'let must return.

No Lily white, but crimson'd o'er  
With deepest stains of native gore!  
Sweet France its monster form shall spurn,  
And hope her Vi'let may return.



O hope! thy syren tongue will say,—

“ We saw the Vi’let once decay ;

“ And yet, upon a vernal morn,

“ We saw the lovely flower return.

“ Though sad and dreary be our land,

“ And wasted by the foeman’s hand,

“ We will forget the griefs we’ve borne,

“ If once the Vi’let would return.”

---

VI.

TO THE STATE.

*In Imitation of “ O NAVIS REFERENT,” &c.*

HAPLESS vessel! thus again

Will you tempt the raging main?

Madly quit your safe retreat,

All the howling storms to meet?

Think you that your shatter’d side

Can the boiling sea abide?

Think you that your trembling mast

Can withstand th’ impetuous blast?

Whither, whither do you stray,

With your cables all away,

Heedless that your broken prow

Cannot aught avail you now?

Will the gods their help afford,  
 Since you broke your plighted word?  
 Can your ancient fame indeed  
 Save you in the time of need?

Ah! the steersmen are no more,  
 They that ruled in days of yore;  
 Yet you sail without concern,  
 Trusting in—your painted stern!

I, who tremble as you go  
 Forth to meet your injur'd foe,  
 Shall forever hopeless mourn,  
 Till I hail your safe return.

---

VII.

ON THE BATTLE OF THE PYRENEES.

*A JEU D'ESPRIT.*

KING JOSEPH, in grief,  
 Writes NAP for relief:  
 " Dear Brother, they've ta'en all our wine;  
 " And, what's worst of all,  
 " Our powder and ball,  
 " Our oxen and bullocks so fine."

NAP stamp'd and he swore,  
 By the sceptre he bore,  
 He'd make us repent of the deed :  
 " By you, SOULT," he cries,  
 With rage in his eyes,  
 " By you my revenge is decreed !"

So SOULT he makes dance  
 Post-haste into France,  
 With orders to dash into Spain :  
 " O kill them outright,  
 " And leave not a wight  
 " To bear the news over the main !"

His marshal's not slack,  
 But hurries him back :  
 So his forces together he drew ;  
 And then, in a trice,  
 O'er the mountains he hies,  
 Before of his coming we knew.

HILL laugh'd in his slieve,  
 And could not conceive  
 What brought the French thither again :  
 " And have they no graves,"  
 Quoth he, " for such slaves,  
 " Unless we provide them in Spain ?"

“ Ho! beat loud the drums,  
“ The enemy comes!”  
And he brandish'd his glitt'ring blade.  
Lord WELLINGTON hears,  
And instant appears,  
Exultingly brave at our head.  
  
'Twere tedious to tell  
All the heroes who fell,  
While victory hover'd between:  
For many a day  
We kept up the fray,  
And bloody and dread was the scene!  
  
But what can withstand  
Our brave British band,  
When WELLINGTON urges to fame?  
For mercy they cry,  
Or ignobly fly  
To France, our bold deeds to proclaim.  
  
While hot summer burns,  
And winter returns,  
While earth runs her annual round;  
While the great sun on high  
Illumines the sky,  
Still fame shall our glory resound.

## VIII.

## TO PHILOSOPHY.

PHILOSOPHY ! thou tamer of the soul,  
 That keep'st the raging passions in control,  
 In thy calm regions may I ever dwell,  
 Far from the storms that vulgar minds assail.  
 Free o'er th' Aonian mountain let me rove,  
 Or muse with thee in Academus' grove.  
 Sweet are thy haunts, and ever, ever green ;  
 Thy healthful sky is beauteous and serene.  
 There, far removed from ev'ry turbid care,  
 Thy chosen vot'ries breathe a purer air ;  
 And when life's short unclouded day is o'er,  
 They calmly sink to rest, and are no more.

But if, as reason's unassisted eye  
 Seems, through involving darkness, to descry ;  
 As shews religion's sight-improving glass  
 Beyond the stream which mortal man must pass,  
 Another world and other joys remain :  
 Nor are these hopes the phantoms of the brain,  
 Frail as the bubble on the gushing stream,  
 Fleet and illusive as the sportive dream :  
 O there, methinks, the godlike few who strove  
 To rise superior, to the realms above,  
 In lofty state, and majesty divine,  
 Among the favour'd sons of heaven shall shine :

For there, unshackled by this cumb'rous clay,  
That sore retards her on her heavenly way,  
Th' exulting soul shall hasten to explore  
Tracts unattempted and unknown before.  
Judæa's monarch, with unwonted fire,  
To bolder notes shall wake his hallow'd lyre ;  
And Milton, plac'd beside the sapphire throne,  
With new-born skill shall swell a higher tone ;  
While Newton still shall wisdom's path pursue,  
And see fresh wonders open to his view.

If such our hopes, at nature's final day,  
When this fair earth and heavens shall pass away,  
What time the trumpet's last, appalling, sound,  
Through falling orbs, in thunders, shall rebound,  
Fly swift, Hyperion, through thy daily race,  
Ye ling'ring moments, hurry on apace :  
Soon may that bright eternal morning come,  
To wake the slumbers of the silent tomb.

## IX.

## PHILEMON TO MONIMIA ;

## OR, THE LOVER'S FAREWELL.

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As this piece is intelligible of itself without the aid of any prefatory explanation, I think it unnecessary to relate the story which gave rise to it. Any lover constrained to leave his fair one, in order to seek his fortune in a distant land, if he find here a natural expression of amorous sentiments, may apply to himself the valediction of Philemon to Monimia.

---

THOU heaven! thou life! thou all to me!  
 And am I destin'd thus to part from thee?  
 O'er the wide world disconsolate to roam,  
 Far from my love and from my native home?

With thee, th' unseemly wilderness were sweet,  
 The dreariest path ere trod by human feet;  
 Blest were my lot, with thee my constant fellow,  
 Or toil'd by land, or rock'd upon the billow.

Place me in those renowned isles of old,  
 Where autumn trims her mellow fruit with gold;  
 Spring clothes the woodlands with immortal green,  
 And beams unclouded glad the smiling scene:

Where no wild tempest tears the hallow'd ground,  
But sportive Zephyr waves his wings around :  
All, all were cheerless as th' unlovely waste,  
With sweet Monimia absent from my breast.

Say, ere I go, my love, for we must part,  
And I shall leave thee nothing—but my heart !  
Oh ! wilt thou ever shed,—my angel ! say,  
One sad, fond tear—for him that's far away ?

And wilt thou ever, at the still of night,  
Recal my parted image to thy sight ?  
And shall my weal one anxious thought employ,  
Thou idol of my soul, and source of every joy ?

To thee, in slumbers, at the close of day,  
Oft shall my fancy wing her airy way ;  
And bliss ecstatic o'er my soul prevail,  
While rapture pours her wild transporting tale.

Thrice happy slumbers ! but th' approaching morn  
Shall find my heart abandon'd and forlorn ;  
And griev'd to see life's real pleasures prove  
Far less enchanting than the dreams of love !

O would the fates, th' indulgent fates, design  
That fair Endymion's destiny be mine !  
He, on the mount that tops the Carian shore,  
Lull'd by th' Ægæan's loud and solemn roar,



For ages slept, as ancient bards have sung.  
Oft to her swain th' enamour'd Cynthe clung ;  
And, as she clasp'd him in her close embrace,  
Pour'd the warm kisses on his snowy face.

Sweet were his dreams, as still, at evening hour,  
The constant lover sought his shady bower,  
Whose vocal branches woo'd the whist'ling gale  
To join the notes of lonely Philomel.

But, ah ! while thus I lengthen out my lay,  
The envious moments bid me haste away.  
May He, whose potent arm protection yields  
To the frail flowers that deck th' unalter'd fields,

Remove each surly blast and raging storm  
Far from thy lovely face and tender form :  
With thee may peace and joys seraphic dwell,  
My first, my only love—and fare thee well !

---

X.

THE REWARD OF GENIUS.

THE sailor ploughs the rugged main,  
Nor fails a harvest to obtain ;  
And he that braves the battle's rage,  
Becomes the wonder of his age.

The flatt'rer, for the lies he told,  
 Requited is with heaps of gold ;  
 And he that woos a blooming maid,  
 Is with her heavenly charms repaid.  
 The learned only toil in vain ;  
 No prize, no recompence they gain ;  
 Nor wealth, nor favour, nor respect,  
 But sour disdain, or cold neglect.  
 Let starving Otway—injur'd name !  
 England's ingratitude proclaim ;  
 And Moliere, scarce allow'd a tomb !  
 Forewarn the French wit of his doom.

Such is your lot, ye learn'd and wise !  
 Such is your recompence and prize !  
 And this the sad truth which I teach—  
 “ Genius never maketh rich !”

---

 XI.

## A FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

*Composed Sept. 1. 1815.*

WITH soft tender throbbings of youthful emotion,  
 Beloved Caledonia ! I leave thee a while,  
 To tempt the proud waves of the wild troubled ocean,  
 That howl round the shores of my dear native isle.

O clime of renown ! on whose mountain so hoary  
Still blossoms, unshaken, fair liberty's tree ;  
Thou dear haunt of wisdom and patriot glory,  
Forlorn and dejected I wander from thee.

For, what distant land shall thy nursling discover,  
Whose sons are so manly and daughters so gay ?  
Then why, like an exiled and heart-broken rover,  
From kinsmen so loving, thus hasten away ?

Though thy low-lying vallies be dear to my sight,  
Where oft, like a hermit, I've wander'd alone,  
What time o'er the mountains the moon shed her pale light,  
And the bright star of eve resplendently shone :

And, though hallow'd to me be each riv'let of thine,  
But chiefly, ye streams of the fast-flowing Dee ;  
Yet the fates, ever cruel and wayward, combine,  
O land of my fond love ! to tear me from thee.

Farewell, ye who foster'd, with anxious devotion,  
And care ever tender, my weak infant form ;  
May no gale of fortune, with dark'ning commotion,  
Your sunset of life overspread with a storm.

Ye sweetners of grief, and ye stays of my lone heart,  
My com'rades still constant, and friends ever true,  
Though our destinies fix us in climes far apart,  
My soul oft in fancy shall revel with you.

## XII.

## ELEGIA.

DURA manet longo lex inviolabilis ævo :

“ Mox fiat pulvis pulvere factus homo.”

Sæpe rosam videas primâ gaudere juventâ

Flores Eoo sole fovente novos :

Atque illam repetes gelidâ si vesperis horâ

Mœrebis pulchras jam cecidisse comas.

Talis homo est : qui nunc gestis juvenilibus annis

Mox senii duras experiere vices.

Aufugiunt anni rapidâ properantiùs umbrâ

Tempore quæ verno transvolat arva levis.

Omnia languebunt morsu vitiata senectæ :

Omnia crudeli mors reget imperio.

Sic florem prati nuper decus halitus urit

Trux Boreæ : campo mortuus ecce ! jacet.

Arbor et æerio prærupti culmine montis

Formosis ramos nunc onerata comis,

Sternit humum foliis sævâ veniente procellâ

Brumæ : stat capitis tegmine nuda sui.

Prata tamen flores et frondes arbor habebit

Ut veris terram mollior aura fovet :

At solos hominum frustrâ ciet alma Favonî  
 Vox cineres, lethi quos premit alta quies.  
 Agmine qui pleno spumosis labitur amnis  
 A pelago liquidas non revocabit aquas.

Sic non præteritos ulli referet Deus annos  
 Gurgite quos vasto nox simul alta vorat.  
 O nobis gelido requiescant membra sepulchro  
 Urgentis senii pondere fracta gravi!

Hic saltem miseræ capient me oblivia curæ,  
 Unde mei repetam regna superna Dei ;  
 Ultima cū radiis Aurora retexerit orbem  
 Devictæ spoliis denique noctis ovans.

---

XIII.

IN VER. IDYLLIUM.

*E GRÆCO MELEAGRI.*

DIFFUGIUNT gelidæ minitantia flamina brumæ ;  
 Et gremium terræ lenior aura fovet.  
 Candida per cultum jam rident lilia pratum ;  
 Et fundit suaves undique terra rosas.

Jactat læta comas nutanti vertice sylva :  
 Fertilis æerio rore madescit humus.  
 Sternitur immensum ventis placantibus æquor,  
 Et præbet leni navita vela Noto.

Agresti resonant calamo virgulta bubulci:

Upilio saturas carmine mulcet oves.

Et longos hederâ Thyas redimita capillos

Dædaleos pergit ducere læta choros.

Mellilegæ volucres jucundo rura susurro

Implent, et nidis cerea tecta parant.

Halcyone liquidas geminat per littora voces,

Et Progne suetos incinit ore modos.

Murmure quâ rauco lapidosus defluit amnis

Blandisono cantum gutture fundit Olor.

Te, Philomela, nemus, te frondes arboris altæ,

Te lucente die, te quoque nocte sonant.

At si per cultum jam rident lilia pratum,

Et pastor saturas carmine mulcet oves,

Et nautæ placidis præbent sua carbasa ventis,

Et Thyas pergit ducere læta choros,

Et volucrum cantu resonant gaudentia rura,

Vos quoque, Pierides, dulce movete melos.

And now, my dear, my dear, my dear,

And now, my dear, my dear, my dear,

And now, my dear, my dear, my dear,

And now, my dear, my dear, my dear,

And now, my dear, my dear, my dear,

And now, my dear, my dear, my dear,

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And now, my dear, my dear, my dear,

And now, my dear, my dear, my dear,

And now, my dear, my dear, my dear,

And now, my dear, my dear, my dear,

## NOTES.

### HERO AND LEANDER.

I THINK it unnecessary to give any account of the places mentioned in this poem, as every scholar cannot but be well acquainted with the names of Sestos, Abydos, and the Hellespont; and even every reader of fashionable poetry must be familiar with "the clime of the East,—the land of the Sun,"—which has lately been celebrated in one of the most masterly productions of Lord Byron. His Lordship, during his tour through this classic region, with all the enthusiasm of a great poet, undertook, and performed, the reputed exploit of Leander, by actually swimming across the *broad* stream of the Hellespont. Why the epithet *broad* was applied by Homer to this narrow channel, was long a subject of grave inquiry to the Greek scholiasts, and latterly has exercised the ingenuity of almost every learned traveller who has visited it. I have always thought that the Greek poet calls the Hellespont *broad*, by a tacit comparison with the rivers of Asia Minor; which he might do with some propriety, as this sea



flows in a current resembling a river. Shakespeare has aptly described it:

Like the Pontic sea,  
Whose icy current and compulsive course  
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
To the Propontic and the Hellespont.

OTHELLO.

Some late travellers have imagined that Sestos and Abydos were not directly opposite, and that the distance between them was not less than four miles. This conjecture is, however, decidedly overthrown by the authorities of Xenophon and Herodotus, who had both the most ample opportunities of acquiring correct knowledge of this point, and who agree, with little discrepancy, in estimating the distance at about eight stadia, or an English mile; in which statement they are followed by the Elder Pliny.

“The loves and tragic fates” of Hero and Leander, have been the theme of many a lofty rhyme.—Virgil has adorned their story with the following golden lines:

Quid juvenis, magnum cui versat in ossibus ignem  
Durus amor? nempe abruptis turbata procellis  
Nocte natat cæcâ serus freta; quem super ingens  
Porta tonat cæli, et scopulis illisa reclamant  
Æquora: nec miseri possunt revocare parentes,  
Nec moritura super crudeli funere virgo.

GEORG. III.

Among the Heroic Epistles of Ovid, there is a letter written, as it were, by Leander to his Hero, and her reply; but the critics entertain some doubts of their genuineness. They certainly savour much of the easy elegance and redundant manner of Ovid.

In Falconer's "Shipwreck," their story is told in very simple language:

Not far removed from Ilion's famous land,  
 In counter view appears the Thracian strand;  
 Where beauteous Hero, from the turret's height,  
 Display'd her cresset each revolving night;  
 Whose gleam directed lov'd Leander o'er  
 The rolling Hellespont, to Asia's shore;  
 Till, in a fated hour, on Thracia's coast,  
 She saw her lover's lifeless body tost!  
 Then felt her bosom agony severe;  
 Her eyes, sad-gazing, pour'd th' incessant tear;  
 O'erwhelm'd with anguish, frantic with despair,  
 She beat her beauteous breast, and tore her hair!  
 On dear Leander's name in vain she cried,  
 Then headlong plunged into the parting tide!  
 The parting tide received the lovely weight,  
 And proudly flow'd, exulting in its freight.

Lord Byron begins the second canto of the "Bride of Abydos," with a spirited allusion to the fate of Leander:

The winds are high on Helle's wave,  
 As on that night of stormy water,  
 When love that sent forgot to save  
 The young, the innocent, the brave—  
 The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter, &c.

Of Musæus I shall not attempt to give my readers any account, as the materials for the Biography of an author who lived a thousand years before the Christian æra, may be supposed to be now not very ample.

---

*Their hallow'd rites and suppliant vows to pay  
To fair Adonis, and the Paphian Queen.*

“ The Adonia was a festival celebrated in most of the cities of Greece, in honour of Venus, and in memory of her beloved Adonis. The solemnity continued two days: upon the first of which, certain images, or pictures of Adonis and Venus, were brought forth, with all the pomp and ceremonies practised at funerals: the women tore their hair, beat their breasts, and counterfeited all other postures and actions usual in lamenting the dead. The following day was spent in all possible expressions of mirth.”

POTTER'S *Antiquities of Greece.*

---

*the God of Thrace,  
Who forced the Athenian Maid to his embrace.*

Allusion is here made to the well-known tale of the Rape of Orithyia by Boreas, so often celebrated by the ancient poets.—(See Ovid, *Met. V.* and Apollonius Rhodius, *Lib. I.*)

---

VIII.—TO PHILOSOPHY.

*And Milton, plac'd beside the Sapphire Throne.*

The living throne, the sapphire blaze,  
Where angels tremble while they gaze,  
He saw.

GRAY.

*Fly swift, Hyperion, through thy daily race.*

Till down the eastern cliffs afar

*Hyperion's* march they spy.

GRAY.

IX.—PHILEMON TO MONIMIA.

*Place me in those renowned Isles of old.*

The Hesperian isles, so famed in ancient song. The imaginary bliss of this fortunate clime is pourtrayed, in glowing colours, by the masterly pencil of Pindar, in his second Olympic Ode. The following lines are so exquisite, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of setting them down here.

Ὅσοι δ' ἐτόλμασαν εἰς τρεῖς

Ἐκατέρωδι μείναντες

Ἀπὸ πάμπαν ἀδίκων ἔχειν

Ψυχάν, ἔπειλαν Διὸς

Ὄδον παρὰ Κρόνου τύρ-

σιν. ἔνθα μακαρῶν

Νᾶσον Ἀκραιίδες

Αὔραι περιπνέουσι ἀν-

θεμα δὲ χρυσοῦ φλέγει,

Τὰ μὲν χρυσύθειν, ἀπ' ἀ-

γλαῶν δενδρίων,

Ἰδωρ δ' ἄλλα φερβει.

*That fair Endymion's destiny be mine!*

Endymion, as ancient fables tell, was a beautiful Asiatic youth, who fell in love with the goddess who

presided over the moon. He was destined, by the fates, to lie asleep, for ages, on the top of mount Latmos, whither the chaste Cynthe descended every evening, to visit him in his lonely bower. His tale is briefly related by Theocritus.

Ενδυμίων δὲ τίς ἦν; ὃν βακόλος; ὄνγε Σελάνα  
 Βακολέοντα φίλασεν ἀπ' Οὐλύμπω δε μολῶισα  
 Λάτμιον ἀνάπος ἤγχε, καὶ εἰς ἓνα παιδί κάθευθε

---

X.—THE REWARD OF GENIUS.

I think it but fair to acknowledge, that this piece is not altogether original, but was suggested by the lines which I am about to quote from the Satiricon of the gay, the plaintive, the learned, the profligate Petronius, whose dissolute life and magnanimous death are so admirably delineated by Tacitus. Let not my morals be suspected, if I recommend this singular performance to the attention of every classical scholar; who will find that what is good in it is so exquisite, that it will afford him the highest gratification, and that what is bad is so abominable, that it cannot corrupt him.

Qui pelago credit, magno se fœnere tollit,  
 Qui pugnâs et castra petit præcingitur auro;  
 Vilis adulator picto jacet ebrius ostro,  
 Et qui sollicitat nuptas ad præmia peccat:  
 Sola pruinosis horret facundia pannis,  
 Atque inopi linguâ desertas invocat artes.

D. Chalmers & Co. Printers, Aberdeen.

L. Johnson & Co. Boston