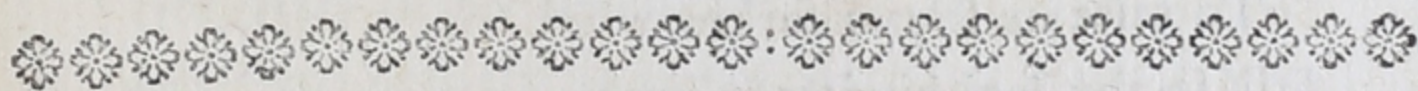


The hair in curls luxuriant now
 Around their temples spread ;
 The tail that whilom hung below,
 Now dangled from the head.

The head remains unchang'd within,
 Nor alter'd much the face ;
 It still retains its native grin,
 And all its old grimace.

Thus half transform'd and half the same,
 Jove bade them take their place,
 (Restoring them their ancient claim)
 Among the human race.

Man with contempt the brute survey'd,
 Nor would a name bestow ;
 But woman lik'd the motley breed,
 And call'd the thing a Beau.



AN EPI TAPH.

Q UÆ te sub tenerâ rapuerunt, Pæta, juventâ,
 O utinam me crudelia fata vocent ;
 Ut linquam terras invisaque lumina solis,
 Utque tuus rursus corpore sim posito.

Tu

Tu cave Læthæo contingas ore liquore,
Et citò venturi sis memor, cro, viri
Te sequar obscurum per iter: dux tibi euntì
Fidus amor, tenebras lampade discutiens.

Thus TRANSLATED.

By the Same.

THE E, Pæta, death's relentless hand
Cut off in earliest bloom,
Oh! had the fates for me ordain'd
To share an equal doom;

With joy this busy world I'd leave,
This hated light resign,
To lay me in the peaceful grave,
And be for ever thine:

Do thou, if Lethe court thy lip,
To taste its stream forbear:
Still in thy soul his image keep,
Who hastes to meet thee there.

Safe o'er the dark and dreary shore,
In quest of thee I'll roam,
Love with his lamp shall run before,
And break the circling gloom.

VERSES