

(20)

Except, where darting crows the swamy marsh,
From shining fire-flies lucid lightnings flash.
When, from black fultry skies, long silver streams
Send through the atmosphere their forked beams;
With brighter glow than shoot the mimic fires,
Each insect, *Cæsar** like, to rival Jove aspires.

*One of the Cæsars so constructed a bridge, that when his chariot passed over it, its noise might resemble thunder.

F I N I S.