



The lofty Cæsar in the bonds of Love—  
The Dionæan Venus, rather than  
The sweeter charms of sweet Eronian love—  
Until with thine own sad departure fell  
The ruin of thy kingdom o'er thy tomb.  
Yet from the gorgeous pageantries that swelled  
The pride of Egypt to its greatest height,  
And thereby, ever grandly rose thine own,  
Thou art enthroned in history's page, but not  
On clouds of virtue, but on praise of vice.  
Yet sadness mingles with thy name, for thou,  
The crown of beauty and of brilliant wit,  
Hast set before the world in vivid hue  
The grandeur of the heights thy sex may gain  
By contrast with thy life, which only shews  
The startling depths to which it may descend.