

Repenting soon, th' offending race
Intreat the injur'd pow'r,
To give them back the human shape,
And reason's aid restore.

Jove, sooth'd at length, his ear inclin'd,
And granted half their pray'r :
The other half he bid the wind
Disperse in empty air.

Scarce had the thund'rer giv'n the nod,
That shakes the vaulted skies ;
With haughtier air the creatures stood
And stretched their dwindled size.

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

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

The hollow cheeks begin to fill,
But meagre look and wan ;
The mouth incessant chatter'd still,
And mock'd the voice of man.

Thus half transform'd, and half the same,
Jove bid 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 motly breed,
And call'd the thing a *beau*.

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

COME, gentle pow'r ! from whom arose
Whate'er life's checquer'd scene
adorns ;

From whom the living current flows,
Whence science fills her various urns :
Sacred to thee yon marble dome,

O goddess, rears its awful head,
Fraught with the stores of Greece and
Rome.

With gold and glowing gems inlaid ;
Where art, by thy command, has fix'd
her seat,

And ev'ry muse and ev'ry grace retreat.

For erst mankind, a savage race,
As lawless robbers, rang'd the woods,
And chose when wearied with the chase,

'Midst rocks and caves their dark a-
bodes :

Till, Friendship, thy persuasive strains,
Pow'rful as Orpheus magic song,
Re-echo'd thro' the squalid plains,
And drew the brutish herd along :

Lost in surprize, thy pleasing voice they
own'd,

Chose softer arts, and polish'd at the
found.

Then pity first her sacred flame
Within their bosoms rais'd ;

Tho' weak the spark, when Friendship
came,

When Friendship wav'd her wing, it
blaz'd.

'Twas then first heav'd the social sigh,
The social tear began to flow ;

They felt a sympathetic joy,
And learnt to melt at others woe :

By just degrees humanity refin'd,
And virtue fixt her empire in the mind.

O goddess ! when thy form appears,
Revenge, and rage, and factions cease ;

The soul no fury, passion tears,
But all is harmony and peace.

Aghast the * purple tyrant stood,
With awe beheld thy glowing charms ;
Forgot the impious thirst of blood,

And wish'd to grasp thee in his arms ;
Felt in his breast unusual softness rise,
And, deaf before, heard pity's moving
cries.

Is there a wretch, in sorrow's shade,
Who ling'ring wastes life's tedious
hours ;

Is there, on whose devoted head
Her vengeful curses † Ate pours ?

See, to their kind aid Friendship flies,
Their sorrows sympathetic feels,

With lenient hand her balm applies,
And ev'ry care indulgent heals :

The horrid fiends before her stalk away,
As pallid spectres shun th' approach of
day.

O for a faithful, honest friend !

To whom I ev'ry care could trust,
Each weakness of my soul commend,

Nor fear him treach'rous or unjust.
Drive flattery's faithless train away,

Those busy, curious, flutt'ring things,
That, insect like, in fortune's ray

Bask and expand their gaudy wings ;
But ah ! when once the transient gleam
is o'er,

Behold the change—they die, and are no
more.

* Dionysus.

† The goddess of misfortune.