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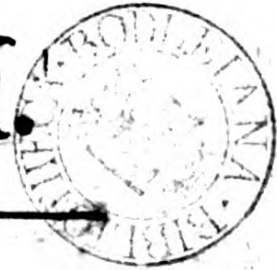
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THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
JOSEPH.  
A  
POEM.



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IN TEN BOOKS.

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By Mrs. ELIZABETH ROWE,  
AUTHOR of *Friendship in Death*, &c.

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THE FOURTH EDITION.

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THE  
History of *J O S E P H* :  
A  
P O E M.

---

B O O K I.

*An Invocation of the Divine Spirit. A Description of the Temple of Molock, in the Valley of Hinnon, where a Congress of infernal Powers are met to contrive some Method to extirpate the Hebrew Race.*



Elestial Muse, that on the blissful plain  
Art oft invoc'd, to guide th' im-  
mortal strain ;

Inspir'd by thee, the first-born sons  
of light

Hail'd the creation in a tuneful flight ;

Pleas'd with thy voice, the spheres began their  
round,

The morning stars danc'd to the charming sound :



Yet thou hast often left the crystal tow'rs,  
To visit mortals in their humble bow'rs.

Favour'd by thee the courtly swain of old,  
Beneath mount *Horeb* sacred wonders told,  
Of boundless chaos, and primæval night,  
The springs of motion and the seeds of light.  
The sun stood still, to hear his radiant birth,  
With the formation of the balanc'd earth.  
The moon on high check'd her nocturnal car,  
And list'ning staid, with ev'ry ling'ring star.  
The hills around, and lofty *Sinab* heard  
By whose command their tow'ring heads were  
rear'd.

The flow'rs their gay original attend ;  
Their tufted crowns the groves, adoring, bend.  
The fountains rose, the streams their course  
withheld,

To hear the ocean's wond'rous source reveal'd.  
The birds sit silent on the branches near,  
The flocks and herds their verdant food forbear.  
The swains forgot their labour, while he sung,  
How, from the dust, their great forefather sprung:  
A vital call awoke him from the ground,  
The moving clay obey'd th' almighty found.  
Thus sung in lofty strains the noble bard ;  
The heav'ns and earth their own formation heard.

But

But thou, propitious Muse, a gentler fire  
 Didst breathe, and tune to softer notes the lyre;  
 When royal *Lebanon* heard the am'rous king  
 The beauties of his lov'd *Egyptian* sing :  
~~The sacred lays a mystick sense unfold,~~  
~~And things divine in human types were told.~~  
 Disdain not, gentle pow'r, my song to grace,  
 While I the paths of heav'nly justice trace ;  
 And twine a blooming garland for the youth,  
 Renown'd for honour, and unblemish'd truth.

Let others tell of ancient conquests won,  
 And mighty deeds by favour'd heroes done ;  
 (Heroes enslav'd to pride, and wild desires)  
 A virgin Muse, a virgin theme requires ;  
 Where vice, and wanton beauty quit the field,  
 And guilty loves to stedfast virtue yield.

*Jacob*, with heav'n's peculiar favour blest,  
 Leaving the fertile regions of the *East*,  
 (Where *Haran*, then a noble city, stood,  
 Between fair *Tygris*, and *Euphrates* flood)  
 From *Laban* fled, and by divine command  
 Pursued his journey to his native land.  
 Loaded with wealth, his num'rous camels bore  
 His wives, his children, and his household store :  
 Of purchas'd slaves he led an endless train,  
 His flocks and herds engross'd the wide champain.

The shepherd's art was all his fathers knew,  
 His sons the same industrious life pursue.  
 The God his pious ancestors ador'd,  
 Th' almighty God, at *Bethel*, he implor'd :  
 An altar there, with grateful vows he rear'd,  
 Where twice the radiant vision had appear'd ;  
 The pow'rs of hell the dreadful omen fear'd :  
 Each demon trembles in his hollow shrine,  
 The raving priests amazing things divine.

In *Hinnon's* vale a fane to *Moloch* stood,  
 Around it rose a consecrated wood ;  
 Whose mingled shades excluded noon-day light,  
 And made below uninterrupted night.  
 Pale tapers hung around in equal rows,  
 The mansion of the fallen king disclose ;  
 Seven brazen gates its horrid entrance guard ;  
 Within the cries of infant ghosts were heard :  
 On seven high altars rise polluted fires,  
 While human victims feed the ruddy spires.  
 The place, *Gebenna* call'd, resembled well  
 The native gloom and dismal vaults of hell.  
 'Twas night, and goblins in the darkness danc'd,  
 The priests in frantick visions lay entranc'd ;  
 While here conven'd the *Pagan* terrors fate,  
 In solemn council, and mature debate,  
 T' avert the storm impending o'er their state.

Th' apof-

Th'apostate princes, with resentment fir'd,  
 Anxious, and bent on black designs, conspir'd  
 To find out schemes successful to efface  
 Great *Heber's* name, and crush the sacred race ;  
 From whence they knew, the long predicted king,  
 Th' infernal empire's destin'd foe should spring ;  
 Who conqu'rou o'er their vanquish'd force  
 should tread,

And all their captive chiefs in triumph lead.  
 Th' affair, their deepest policy commands,  
 And brought them hither, from remotest lands ;  
 From *Ur*, *Armenia*, and *Iberia's* shores,  
 From *Nile*, and *Ophir* rich with golden ores,  
 And where the *Adrian* wave, and where th'  
*Atlantick* roars. }

*Nesrotb* appears, his amber chariot drawn  
 With snowy steeds ; him at the rising dawn  
 The *Syrian* worships from his airy hills,  
 Whose vales with wealth the fam'd *Araxis* fills.  
*Belus* forsakes his high frequented domes,  
 And o'er the famous plains of *Sbinab* comes :  
*Plegor* descends his mount ; to him were paid,  
 With impious rites, libations for the dead.  
 Imperious *Rimmon* came, whose mansion stood  
 On the fair banks of *Pharphar's* lucid flood.  
*Osiris* left his *Nile*, and thund'ring *Baal*  
 The rock, whence *Arnon's* plenteous waters fall.

*Mitbra*, whom all the *East* adores, was there ;  
 And like his own resplendent planet fair,  
 With yellow tresses, and enchanting eyes  
 Dissembling beauty, would the fiend disguise.  
 Nor fail'd a deity of female name,  
*Astarte*, with her silver crescent came :  
*Melita* left her *Babylonian* bow'rs ;  
 Where wanton damsels, crown'd with blushing  
     flow'rs,  
 In all the summer's various lustre gay,  
 Detested *Orgies* to the goddess pay.

These various pow'rs, their various schemes  
     propose,  
 But none th' assembly pleas'd, 'till *Mitbra* rose ;  
 (Of an alluring mein above the rest)  
 Who thus th' apostate potentates address'd.

Mankind by willing steps to ruin move,  
 Their own wild passions their destruction prove, }  
 But the most fatal is forbidden love. }  
 Old *Jacob* boasts a daughter young and fair,  
 Fond *Leab*'s glory, and peculiar care :  
 Her eyes inflame the gazing *Pagans* hearts,  
 Young *Shechem* has already felt their darts ;  
 Who lately saw her with her virgin train,  
 Near *Shalem*, wand'ring o'er the dewy plain.  
 I'll fill his youthful breast with mad desire,  
 By fraud, or force, his wishes to acquire.



The coming day he does a feast prepare,  
 By me instructed how to hide the snare :  
 Fair *Dinab* is his sister's promis'd guest,  
 Impatient love will soon compleat the rest.  
 The damsel's wrongs her brothers will enflame  
 To right, with hostile arms, the *Hebrew's* shame ;  
 By which provok'd, the *Canaanites* shall join  
 With us t' abolish this detested line.

Revenge and bloody faction are my care,  
*Moloch* replies, thine be the soft affair ;  
 Without Instructions thou canst act thy part,  
 Well-practic'd in the nice alluring art ;  
*Euphrates'* banks, and *Senac's* conscious shades,  
 Attest thy freedom with th' *Assyrian* maids :  
 Thy voice, applauded in the heav'nly groves,  
 Was there devoted to terrestrial loves :  
 Thy sacred lyre to human subjects strung,  
 No more with tiresome *Hallelujahs* rung ;  
 This grac'd thy hand, a quiver hung behind,  
 Nor fail'd thy sparkling eyes to charm the beau-  
 teous kind.

The bold example of thy loose amours,  
 Prevail'd on numbers of the heav'nly powers ;  
 Who vainly had the first probation stood,  
 Proof to ambition, obstinately good.  
 Long after I, with my associates, fell ;  
 Thy friends enlarg'd the monarchy of hell ;

On softer motives you abhorr'd the skies,  
 Allur'd by womens captivating eyes :  
 The sons of God thus with the race of man  
 Were mingled ; hence the giant stock began.  
 Our plot requires us now, and if it fail,  
 I'll, in my turn, the hated tribe assail ;  
 Domestick faction may at last prevail. }  
*Joseph*, his doting father's life and joy,  
 By well-concerted means we must destroy ;  
 This youth, above the rest, excites my fear,  
 Divine presages in his face appear ;  
 Officious *Gabriel's* care to him confin'd,  
 Foretels a man for mighty things design'd :  
 His brethren, acted by my pow'rful fire,  
 Against his envy'd life shall all conspire.  
*Joseph* remov'd, old *Jacob's* greatest prop,  
 The race shall mourn, in him, their blasted hope.  
 Here *Moloch* ceas'd ; th' infernal spirits rose,  
 Crowning the double plot with vast applause.





## B O O K II.

*Jacob's Daughter dishonour'd by Shechem, Prince of the Hivites. Her Brothers revenge the Injury. The Patriarch relates to his Sons Abraham's Conquest over the King of Elam and his Royal Confederates. He rescues Lot. Melchisedech meets and blesses Abraham. The intended Sacrifice of Isaac.*

**Y**oung *Shechem* all the night impatient lay,  
And fought with eager eyes the breaking  
day ;

With ardent longings waits the promis'd hour,  
And fancies all his wishes in his pow'r :  
*Aner*, his friend, improves the fatal fire,  
And sooths, with flatt'ring scenes, his wild de-  
fire.

*Sidonia*, guiltless of her brothers snares,  
To grace her lovely *Hebrew* guest prepares ;  
Who with her young companions now appears,  
Too innocent for nice reserves, or fears.

He



Her artless looks, nor tim'rous, nor assur'd,  
 With easy charms the *Jebusites* allur'd :  
 A rosy tincture paints her guiltless face :  
 Her eyes, peculiar to her beauteous race,  
 Sparkle with life, and dart immortal grace.  
 Rich orient bracelets, round her snowy arms,  
 And faultless neck, improve her native charms.  
 The *Hivite* princess entertains the maid,  
 To *Hamor's* palace fatally betray'd ;  
 Where, at the pomp of one surprizing feast,  
 She meets the luxury of all the *East*.  
 Her thoughts the proud magnificence admire,  
 The people's customs, and their strange attire ;  
 'Till modest rules, and the declining day,  
 With *Leab's* charge forbid her longer stay :  
 But ah ! too late, she finds herself betray'd  
 To *Shechem's* pow'r, a lost defenceless maid ;  
 A captive in his treach'rous courts retain'd,  
 By fraud seduc'd, and brutal force constrain'd,  
 Her name dishonour'd, and her nation stain'd.

In vain with tender sighs he strives to move  
 The injur'd fair to voluntary love ;  
 The strictest rules of chastity she knew,  
 With all that to her great descent was due ;  
 But what with gentle arts he fails to gain,  
 His wild desires by violence obtain.

The hateful tydings reach'd her father's ears,  
 And almost funk his venerable years :  
 Her brothers rage, and for revenge combine ;  
 But guard with secret guile their black design.

The town in feasts consum'd the second day,  
 And plung'd at night in fearless riot lay.  
 The restless shepherds e'er the ling'ring dawn,  
 Each held his sword, for horrid action drawn ;  
 Surpriz'd the city like a rising flood,  
 Rag'd thro' the streets, and bath'd their swords  
 in blood.

The *Hebrews*, pleas'd with this successful fate,  
 Sprung furious on, and forc'd the palace gate :  
 Fierce *Simeon* thro' the bright apartments flew,  
 And old and young, without distinction, flew.

*Shechem*, with restless passion still inspir'd,  
 Was with the charming *Israelite* retir'd ;  
 And first by mad insulting *Levi* found,  
 Without a pause he gave the desp'rate wound.  
 Take thy dispatch curst ravisher for hell,  
 He said ; and down the bleeding victim fell :  
 His fatal mistress turns away her eyes,  
 With horror seiz'd, and trembling with surprize.  
 The swains her roving vanity upbraid,  
 And to their tents the penitent convey'd.

Their

Their father griev'd, reproves the bloody fact,  
But *Judab* thus defends the hostile act.

Should they, a race uncircumcis'd and vile,  
With lawless mixtures *Abram's* stock defile?  
Our wives and sisters in our fight constrain;  
While we, regardless of the shameful stain,  
Stand tamely by, and scarce of wrong complain?  
They first intrench'd on hospitable trust,  
And human faith; — our vengeance is but just.

Such justice never mingle with my fame,  
Good *Israel* cries, nor spot my guiltless name!  
The realms around, who idol Gods revere  
Will this black deed with indignation hear;  
And all their policy and rage unite,  
To blot our odious mem'ry from the light.

So hell believ'd; — but heav'n a sacred dread  
Of *Jacob's* sons among the nations spread;  
While he at *Bethel* with a pious flame,  
Implores the great *unutterable Name*.  
From thence to *Manre's* peaceful plain retires,  
Where *Kiriath-arba* lifts her golden spires:  
Illustrious *Arba* built and nam'd the place,  
The boasted father of the giant race;  
For them design'd the monstrous plan appear'd,  
To heav'n the threat'ning battlements were rear'd.

In careless joys and plenty here they live,  
And to the neighb'ring swains protection give.

Beneath the hill, on which their city stood,  
Ascended high a venerable wood ;  
The solemn shades, which gave a secret dread,  
Conceal'd a vaulted structure for the dead,  
*Machpelah* call'd, with wondrous labour wrought ;  
This *Abram* of the giant nation bought :  
The cave, the wood, the springs, and bord'ring  
field,  
*Ephron*, their prince, by publick contract seal'd.

Here to their purchas'd right the shepherds  
drive  
Their fleecy charge, and unmolested live ;  
While frequent thro' the consecrated ground,  
Inscriptions and old monuments they found,  
Where'er celestial visions had appear'd,  
The pious worshippers an altar rear'd ;  
The mystick name, to mortals long unknown,  
Was deeply figur'd on the polish'd stone ;  
By marks engrav'd on arching rocks, 'twas seen,  
That heavenly pow'rs had there convers'd with  
men.

Remote from this a lofty pillar stood ;  
This *Jacob* to the rural concourse shew'd ;  
Here

Here see, he said, the memory retain'd  
Of *Abram's* conquest near *Damascus* gain'd.

To distant lands the *Eastern* rule was spread,  
And *Jordan's* banks a yearly tribute paid :  
The king of *Sodom* first contemn'd the yoke,  
*Admah* and *Zeboim* next the treaty broke.  
At this the royal *Elamite* enrag'd,  
The neighb'ring kings, his great allies, engag'd ;  
*Arioch* and mighty *Tidal* join their force,  
Conquest where'er they turn attends their course.  
The *Horims* on mount *Seir* their valour prove,  
Their troops the *Emims* from their fortrefs drove.

In *Siddim's* vale the adverse princes stay,  
There *Skibna*, *Bera* and *Shemeber* lay.  
*Amraphel* early meets his doubtful foes,  
And for the victory his ranks dispose ;  
But scarce th'encounter could be call'd a fight,  
So soon the troops of *Sodom* took their flight :  
The coward race, unus'd to charge a foe,  
Their jav'lins, swords and shields at once forgo.  
Some seek the woods, and some a shelt'ring cave ;  
Some in the rocks their breath, inglorious, save ;  
While others plunging down fair *Jordan's* tyde,  
From the stern looks of war their faces hide.  
Th' invaders sheath their swords, and scorn to  
    grace  
With martial deaths the despicable race.



*Bera* alone and *Lot* sustain'd the field,  
 But press'd by numbers were compell'd to yield:  
 These, with the riches of the town, a prey  
 To *Paran's* hills the conqu'rors bore away.

This *Abram* heard, and gather'd on the plain  
 A valiant band, his own domestick train:  
 His glad assistance *Eshcol* brings, a youth  
 Of publick honour, and unblemish'd truth;  
 With *Aner*, *Mamre*, dauntless both and young,  
 Brothers, all three from noble *Amor* sprung.

'Twas night, secure the victor army lies,  
 Scornful of foes, and fearless of surprize;  
 By heav'n's command a sudden vapour spreads  
 O'er all the host, and clouds their drowzy heads;  
 To the high throne of sense soft slumber climbs,  
 Slackens their sinews, and benumbs their limbs;  
 The captives eyes alone its force repell'd,  
 Nor to the pleasing violence would yield.

Now near the camp the brave confed'rates  
 draw,  
 And by the glimm'ring fires its posture saw:  
 The foremost rank, the swift invaders flew,  
 And soon the waking pris'ners heard and knew }  
 Their active friends, that to their succour flew. }

*Abram*

*Abram* his nephew, he the rest unty'd ;  
 The sleeping foe avenging swords supply'd :  
 From file to file the fearless brothers pass,  
 And leave them breathless on the purple grass.  
 Th' old patriarch feels new life in ev'ry vein,  
 And scatters wide destruction o'er the plain.  
 The terror grows, the clash of arms, and cries  
 Of wounded men afflict the ambient skies.  
 Prince *Arioch*, startled at the noise, awakes,  
 And from his eyes the fatal slumber shakes.  
 At oft-repeated calls his legions arm,  
 And madly haste to meet the loud alarm ;  
 But by a force more prevalent out-done,  
 On certain fate with eager steps they run ;  
 Disorder'd and amaz'd, they quit the field,  
 And, raving, to their unknown victors yield.

The morning rose, and with her blushing light  
 Expos'd their damage, and inglorious flight ;  
 The joyful shepherds seize th' abandon'd spoils :  
 And now returning from their martial toils,  
 A royal priest at *Salem Abram* meets,  
 With presents, and a benediction greets  
 The *Hebrew* bands :—to heav'n he lifts his eyes,  
 And blest be that propitious pow'r, he cries,  
 Who walks the crystal circuit of the skies ;  
 Who

Who hears the boasts of mortals with disdain,  
 Contemns their force, and makes their triumphs  
 vain!

His mein was solemn, and his face divine,  
 Refulgent gems around his temples shine:  
 His graceful robe, a bright celestial blue,  
 Trailing behind, a train majestick drew.  
 The tenth of all great *Abram* gives the priest,  
 The Kings and *Amorites* divide the rest.  
 All pleas'd, the gen'rous conqu'ror loudly prais'd,  
 And to his fame this lasting column rais'd.

The swains were list'ning still, when *Jacob*  
 cries, }  
 To yonder mountain now direct your eyes ; }  
 For there a brighter scene of glory lies. }  
 'Twas there the wond'ring sun in *Abram* view'd  
 The noblest height of human fortitude;  
 The pious man in guiltless sleep lay drown'd,  
 When thro' his ears thunder'd this fatal sound.

Arise, and *Isaac* on mine altar lay,  
 With thy own hand the destin'd victim slay.  
 He starts, and cries, who can this thought inspire?  
 Can heav'n this monstrous sacrifice require?

The dreadful call again surpriz'd his ears,  
 And lo! the well-known heavenly form appears.



He bow'd, and at the purple dawn arose,  
 And with his darling to *Moriab* goes.  
Astonish'd long he by the altar stood,  
Then pil'd with trembling hands the sacred  
wood ;  
Half dead himself ; the wond'ring youth he binds,  
Who now his fire's severe intention finds.

What thoughts, he ask'd, my father, have  
 possess'd  
 Your soul ? what horrid fury fills your breast ?  
 Am I to hell a sacrifice design'd ?  
 Some cruel demon must your reason blind ;  
 Th' unblemish'd skies abhor this bloody deed,  
 No human victims on their altars bleed.

'Tis heav'n, the patriarch said, this fact re-  
 quires,  
 'Tis heav'n — be witness yon ethereal fires !  
 Yet, countless as the stars, from thee must spring  
 Victorious nations, and the *mystick King* :  
 'Tis past relief — yet by himself he swore,  
 Who from the dead thy relicks can restore ;  
 What obstacle surmounts almighty pow'r ?

This said, the pious youth resign'd his life ;  
 Blest *Abram* shook off all paternal strife,  
 And forward thrust the consecrated knife.

As

As lightning from the skies, an angel broke,  
And warded with his hand the fatal stroke ;  
When thus a voice streams downward from above,  
Breathing divine beneficence and love.

By my great self I swear, to bless thy race  
With endless favour, and peculiar grace ;  
Thy scepter'd sons the spacious *East* shall sway,  
While vanquish'd kings obedient tribute pay.

Here *Jacob* ends, and to his tent retires ;  
Their fleecy charge the parting swains requires.





## B O O K III.

*The infernal Powers endeavour to raise Faſtions in Jacob's Family. Joſeph's Dreams. His Brothers Jealouſy and Malice. He comes to Dothan. They confine him in a Pit while they conſult his Ruin. An Angel in a Viſion preſages to him his future Greatneſs, and warns him of the Snares of Beauty and unlawful Love. His Brothers ſpare his Life and ſell him to the Midian Merchants travelling with their ſpicy Traffick into Egypt. Jacob, obſtinate in Grief, reſuſes all Conſolation.*

**M**E A N time the *Pagan* deities, displeas'd  
 To find the publick ſtorms ſo ſoon ap-  
 peas'd,  
 Studious attempt by new malicious ways,  
 Among the *Hebrews* civil jars to raiſe :  
*Moloch* already had provok'd the ſtrife,  
 And kindling miſchief threatens *Joſeph's* life.

The

The lovely youth, fair *Rachel's* boasted son,  
 Compleatly form'd, his seventeenth year begun ;  
 His mother's sparkling eyes, and blooming grace,  
 Mixt with feverer strokes, adorn'd his face.  
 Not he that in *Sabea's* fragrant grove,  
 (As poets sung) inflam'd the queen of love ;  
 Nor *Hylas*, nor *Narcissus* look'd so gay,  
 When the clear streams his rosy blush display.

In all his conduct something noble shone,  
 Which meant him for a greatness yet unknown.  
 Visions had oft' his rising fate foretold :  
 The last to *Jacob* thus his lips unfold,  
 His brethren by : — when sleep had clos'd mine  
 eyes,

A corny field before my fancy flies ;  
 (Still to my thoughts the yellow crop appears !)  
 My brothers with me reap'd the bending ears ;  
 Industrious each a single sheaf had bound,  
 When theirs with sudden motion mine surround, }  
 And bow'd with prostrate rev'ence to the }  
 ground.

But now my mind of rural business clear'd,  
 Above my head a wond'rous scene appear'd ;  
 The moon and stars at highest noon shone  
 bright,  
 Unconquer'd by the sun's superior light ;

Methought I saw the gaudy orbs descend,  
And at my feet with humble homage bend.

The shepherds hear his story with surprize :  
Must we thy vassals be? proud *Asbur* cries,  
With rage and threat'ning malice in his eyes.

At *Mamre*, *Jacob* and his fav'rite stay,  
The rest to *Dotban's* flow'ry meadows stray,  
Infernal envy all their bosoms fires,  
And black resolves and horrid thoughts inspires.  
At last young *Joseph's* murder is design'd ;  
Hell with the monstrous treachery combin'd.

He comes to *Dotban*, by his father sent,  
And heav'n alone his ruin can prevent.  
Their guiltless prey he stands, without Defence,  
But inborn worth, and fearless innocence.  
His brethren's crimes, his father's hoary hairs  
Were all the subject that alarm'd his fears.

The fatal stroke they now prepare to give,  
When *Reuben's* arts the hopeless youth retrieve,  
By thus advising, — let your brother live.  
A thousand easy methods yet remain,  
To render all his glorious projects vain ;  
But till we have determin'd the design,  
To yonder pit th' aspiring boy confine.

To him they yield, and to their tents retire,  
The fiends below their own success admire.

The night prevails, and draws her sable train,  
With silent pace, along th' etherial plain.  
By fits the dancing stars exert their beams ;  
The silver crescent glimmers on the streams ;  
The sluggish waters, with a drowzy roar,  
And ling'ring motion, roll along the shore ;  
Their murmur answers to the rustling breeze,  
That faintly whispers thro' the nodding trees ;  
The peaceful echoes, undisturb'd with sound,  
Lay slumb'ring in the cavern'd hills around ;  
Frenzy and faction, love and envy slept ;  
A still solemnity all nature kept ;  
Devotion only wak'd, and to the skies  
Directs the pris'ner's pious vows and eyes :  
To God's high throne a wing'd petition flew,  
And from the skies commission'd *Gabriel* drew ;  
One of the seven, who by appointed turns  
Before the throne ambrosial incense burns.

A sudden day, returning on the night,  
Vanquish'd the shades, and put the stars to flight ;  
Th' enlighten'd cave receives the shining guest,  
In all his heav'nly pomp divinely dress'd ;  
He greets the youth, and thus his charge ex-  
press'd,



Tomorrow thou must leave rich *Jordan's* shore,  
 And trace *Moriab's* sacred hill no more ;  
 A great and grateful nation yet unknown,  
 Sav'd by thy care, shall thee their patron own ;  
 But let thy breast impenetrable prove  
 To wanton beauty, and forbidden love :  
 This heav'n enjoins.— The wond'ring shepherd  
     bow'd ;  
 The angel mounted on a radiant cloud.

The morning now her lovely face display'd,  
 And with a rosy smile dispell'd the shade.  
 The faction rose, and close in council sat,  
 On means that must determine *Joseph's* fate ;  
 Nor long they sat, for on the neighb'ring road  
 A train of camels with their spicy load,  
 Follow'd by *Midian* merchants, travell'd by :  
 Heav'n marks the way, the envious brothers cry ;  
 Whate'er th' ambitious dreamer's thoughts por-  
     tend,  
 His hopes with these to foreign lands we'll send.

They stop the *Midianites*, and soon agree,  
 Resolv'd no more his hated face to see.  
 With looks, which perfect inward anguish tell,  
 And falling tears, he took this sad farewell.

I go to wander on some barb'rous clime,  
May heav'nly justice ne'er avenge this crime !

Be still indulgent to my father's age,  
His grief for me with flatt'ring hopes affwage.

They hear, they see the anguish of his soul,  
And scarce their struggling pity can controul ;  
Touch'd with so sad a scene, they all begin  
To feel remorse for this unnatural sin,  
And half repent : but hate and envy prove  
Their victor passions, and repress their love.  
They form a specious fraud to hide the deed  
From their old fire, and in the plot succeed.  
Their brother's varied coat they still retain'd,  
And with a bleeding kid the vestment stain'd ;  
With this to *Mamre* treach'rous *Simeon* goes,  
Too well the lost old-man the relick knows.  
After a dismal pause, his sorrow breaks  
Its violent way, and this sad language speaks.

My son ! — alas, some savage monster's prey !  
Why have I liv'd to this detested day ?  
Why have I lingred thus ? I should have dy'd,  
When thy more happy mother left my side,  
My best-lov'd wife : — but all my *Rachel's* face  
I could in thy resembling features trace.  
Tormenting thought ! — O hide me from the  
light !

Its usefess rays afflict my feeble sight:

Come



Come lead me to the solitary grave,  
Despair and woe that dark retirement crave ;  
There shall I, stretch'd upon my dusty bed,  
Forget the toils of life, and mingle with the dead.

In vain his friends attempt to bring relief,  
In vain persuade inexorable grief ;  
'Tis deep, and intermingled with his soul,  
Nor time, nor counsel can its force controul.





## B O O K IV.

*A Description of Egypt, with the Pyramids. Joseph sold by the Midian Merchants to a Captain of the Royal Guards. He leads him to his Palace. Shews his Wife the bandsome Captive. Her growing Passion for him. A young Assyrian Maid endeavouring to amuse and divert her Mistress, tells her the Story of Ninus and Semiramis.*

**M**EAN while thro' savage woods, and  
 defarts vast,  
 The captive with his *Midian* masters past.  
 At last rich *Egypt's* pleasant coasts are seen,  
 The level meads drest with immortal green ;  
 Between them fertile *Nile* directs his course,  
 And nobly flows from his immortal source.  
 Along the borders of the sacred flood,  
 Aspiring groves and stately cities stood :  
 Here antient *Tanais* in her height appear'd,  
 Before *Amphion's* lute the *Theban* wall had rear'd.

The

The sun's devoted city, radiant *On*,  
 With roofs emboss'd, and golden foliage shone ;  
 E'er skilful *Vulcan* was at *Lemnos* nam'd,  
 Or *Cynthia's* darts, or shields for *Pallas* fram'd.

Distinct from these, on the *Pelusian* strands,  
*Anfana* crown'd with silver turrets stands ;  
 Rais'd to its height, as old tradition tells,  
 By pow'rful magick, and secur'd by spells :  
 Th' *Egyptian* wizards here themselves immure,  
 Converse with hell, and practise rites impure.

Now mighty pyramids the sight surprize,  
 On *Masre's* plain the spiral tow'rs arise.  
*Redoufa* here magnificently shrouds  
 Its lofty head among surrounding clouds :  
 By *Saurid* built, the daring structure stood  
The fury of the universal flood.

*Pbacat* and *Samir's* pointed tops ascend,  
 And o'er the fields their length'ning shades extend ;

Their compass sacred to the dead remain,  
 Within eternal night and silence reign ;  
 No lightsome ray salutes them from the sky,  
 But glaring lamps depending from on high,  
 With sickly gleams the hollow space supply. }  
 Here antient kings, embalm'd with wond'rous  
 cost,

A long exemption from corruption boast :

In artful figures some are fitting plac'd,  
 With fruitless pomp, and idle ensigns grac'd ;  
 While others stretch'd in sleeping postures lie,  
 On folding carpets of imperial dye :  
 Their hov'ring ghosts, pleas'd with this mimick  
 pride,

Among the breathless carcases reside.

But what prodigious things within were shewn,  
 Were to the *Hebrew* stranger yet unknown,  
 Astonish'd at their outward bulk alone.

And now arrived where *Zoan's* wall enclos'd  
 Imperial tow'rs, the *Midianites* expos'd  
 Their fragrant traffick, with the handsome slave :  
 His mind beyond his years compos'd and grave ;  
 His aspect something spoke divinely great,  
 Something that mark'd him for a nobler fate.

A generous captain, chief of *Pharaoh's* bands,  
 Admiring much the graceful captive, stands,  
 Then gives the *Midianites* their full demands.  
 A sudden friendship in his breast he finds,  
 Experienc'd only by unvulgar minds :  
 Some heav'nly being had prepar'd his thought,  
 And on his heart the kind impression wrought.

Without regret, young stranger, follow me,  
 Said *Potiphar*, I now have ransom'd thee ;  
 From servitude this moment thou art free.

The

The youth receiv'd the favour with a grace,  
That answer'd all the promise of his face.

Fronting the royal house, a structure crown'd  
With turrets stood, and palmy groves around ;  
Discourfing, hither thro' the walks they went,  
Both pleas'd alike, and equally content.

The feat they reach'd, when for a costly veft  
The mafter call'd ; in this the youth they drefs'd :  
No more disparag'd with a flave's attire,  
His faultlefs fhape and features all admire.  
His hair, like paleft amber, from his crown  
In floating curls and fhining waves fell down.  
Young *Paris* fuch furprizing charms difplay'd,  
When firft in gold and *Tyrian* filks array'd,  
He laid his crook afide, forgot the fwain,  
And bid adieu to *Ida's* flow'ry plain.

Then for his wife the captain bids them fend,  
And fhews with boafing joy his purchas'd friend.

The fair *Sabrina*, lately made his bride,  
Was in her beauty's celebrated pride.  
Her large black eyes fhone with a fprightly fire,  
And love at ev'ry fatal glance infpire.  
The fwarthy luftre of her charming face  
The full-blown lilly and the rofe difgrace.

Her

Her glossy hair outvy'd the raven's wings,  
 And curl'd about her neck in wanton rings.  
 Affectedly she took a careless view,  
 And to her own apartment soon withdrew.

*Joseph* belov'd and happy long remain'd,  
 And from his lord successive favours gain'd ;  
 Who now at home grown prosp'rous, and abroad,  
 Believes his guest some favourable god :  
 He gives him o'er his house the full command,  
 Entrusting all his treasures to his hand.

Mean time *Sabrina* feeds within her breast  
 A secret fire, but shame its rage suppress.  
 When first she saw the charming *Hebrew's* eyes,  
 She felt, but well dissembled the surprize ;  
 But thro' her various arts an inward care  
 The languors of her pensive looks declare.

*Cyrena* found the change, (a *Syrian* maid,  
 Well-born, but from her native coasts betray'd :)  
 She saw the change, but led by nicer laws,  
 Was thoughtless still of its reproachful cause.  
 Her voice, her easy wit, and eloquence,  
 Could hold the wildest passion in suspense.  
 Attending oft' her mistress to a grove,  
 Their usual walk, with pleasing tales she strove  
 To entertain her thoughts, and charm her grief ;  
 Nor fail'd her arts to give a short relief.

Her



Her native clime the pleasing subject proves,  
The *Syrian* pomp, their customs, and their  
loves :

Among the rest *Sabrina* hears her name  
*Semiramis*, a queen of antient fame,  
And ask'd her now the story to relate ;  
Repos'd beneath a spreading palm they fate.





## B O O K V.

*The Story of Semiramis, expos'd, when an Infant, in the Fields ; where she is found, (covered with a rich embroidered Mantle) by a Peasant, who carries her to Simma, the Chief of the King's Shepherds, by whom she is married to Menon, the principal Commander of the Assyrian Forces. Menon being called to the Siege of Baëtria, she follows him in a martial Disguise. Menon discovers her Sex to the King, who marries her after the Death of Menon.*

**T**H E maid begins.—Where fam'd *Coaspes*  
laves

Rich *Elam's* borders with his sacred waves,  
Along the fields their tents the shepherds spread,  
By them the king's unnumber'd flocks were fed.

The silent dawn was misty yet and grey,  
And hoary moisture on the mountains lay.



Intent on rural cares, with early haste,  
 A peasant near a rocky cavern past ;  
 Across his path was rais'd a mossy bed,  
 O'er that a rich embroider'd mantle spread ;  
 This, lifted up, reveal'd a lovely child,  
 Which fairer than the rosy morning smil'd :  
 The wond'ring swain forgot his country cares,  
 And back to *Simma's* house the infant bears.

*Simma* his master was, tho' wealthy, just :  
 The royal lands and flocks were made his trust ;  
 He riches still amass'd without an heir,  
 And seeing now the child surpassing fair,  
 He took and bred her with indulgent care :  
 In nothing he controuls her growing years,  
 No cost to please her boundless fancy spares.

When, by revolving moons, successive time  
 Had brought her beauty to its perfect prime,  
 Her shape was faultless, and in all her mein  
 Prefaging marks of majesty were seen :  
 No mortal e'er could boast so fair a face,  
 Such radiant eyes, and so divine a grace.  
 A flow'ry wreath her beauteous temples crown'd,  
 Her snowy vest a crimson girdle bound :  
 Thus dress'd, she walks a goddess o'er the plains,  
 Admir'd and lov'd by all the gazing swains ;

To

To her the fragrant tribute of the spring,  
 With am'rous zeal on bended knees they bring.

Not distant far from wealthy *Simma's* feat,  
 Heroick *Menon* own'd a fair retreat ;  
 His rank, and early worth, the high command  
 Of all the fam'd *Assyrian* force had gain'd :  
 In peaceful times the chief whom all admir'd,  
 To prove a fofter happiness, retir'd ;  
 'Twas here *Semiramis* his wifhes fir'd.  
 With ravish'd eyes her heav'nly face he view'd,  
 And for the glorious prize to *Simma* fu'd ;  
 Proffer'd with facred rites his vows to bind :  
 This honour pleas'd the haughty virgin's mind ;  
 On meaner terms fhe had his fuit deny'd ;  
 With virtue guarded and a noble pride,  
 The lover finds fuccefs, but all his joys  
 A fudden fummons from the king deftroys.

*Bactria* revolts, *Ninus* the tydings hears,  
 Himfelf in arms to meet the foe prepares.  
 But three fhort days ungentle fate allows  
 Sad *Menon*, for his fighs and parting vows :  
 He curft his martial charge, and publick fame,  
 And loaths th' encumbrance of a glorious name,  
 Which rends him now from all the joys of life,  
 His lov'd *Semiramis*, his charming wife.

She hears the king's command with less surprize,

And, *Menon*, banish all your care, she cries :

We cannot——'tis impossible to part,

Love with heroick courage fires my heart.

To follow you thro' raging seas I'd go,

O'er burning desarts, or perpetual snow.

By your example led, I shall not fear

The flying arrow, or the pointed spear ;

Pierc'd with a fatal dart, were *Menon* by,

'Twould be a soft, an easy thing, to die.

Th' event be what it will, with you I'll run

To certain death, nor any danger shun ;

Be witness to my vows thou radiant sun !

Nor can th' advent'rous deed my conduct stain,

Secure with you the secret shall remain ;

I boldly can defy all other eyes,

In threat'ning armour, and a martial guise.

New pleasure fills the hero's breast, to find

Such beauty, love, and stedfast virtue join'd.

A thousand kind transporting things he said,

A thousand vows of lasting passion made :

Then for a rich habiliment of war

He sent, and dress'd himself the smiling fair.

A costly helmet glitter'd on her head,

On which a dove its silver pinions spread ;

A plume

A plume of whitest feathers danc'd above,  
 With every trembling breath of air they move.  
 Th' embroider'd scarf that o'er her armour flow'd,  
 With dazzling flames of gold and scarlet glow'd.  
 Her hand a javelin shook with mimick pride,  
 A painted quiver rattled by her side.  
 Her height and mein adorn the warlike dress,  
 More vig'rous rays her charming eyes express.  
 The courser, of his beauteous burden proud,  
 With golden trappings bounded thro' the crowd.

*Menon*, of Syrian arms the grace and pride,  
 Kept near the lovely masquerader's side.  
 On *Dura's* plain the *Babylonian* force  
 In ranks attend their mighty leader's course.  
 While *Ninus*, graceful as a martial god,  
 Exalted on his glittering chariot rode.

The *Bactrians* their approaching foes disdain,  
 Resolv'd their fortrefs bravely to maintain ;  
 And long the town with matchless courage held,  
 And oft' to flight th' *Armenian* troops compell'd.  
 'Till bold *Semiramis*, who danger fought,  
 And fearless in the foremost ranks had fought,  
 Observ'd a rock, which o'er a castle lean'd ;  
 The *Bactrians* this were careless to defend,  
 Believing it from all access secure :  
 She finds a path among the cliffs obscure ;

Then with a chosen band intrepid gains  
 The top, and soon the unguarded fort obtains.  
 The town thus made the fierce besieger's prey,  
 To her they gave the conquest of the day.  
 All prais'd the youth, (for such she was believ'd)  
 Her bold address each party had deceiv'd ;  
 But *Ninus* most her fortitude admires,  
 He views her blooming youth, her race enquires.

*Menon* in dotage lost, with foolish pride,  
 No more the fatal secret strives to hide ;  
 Nor once imagin'd this unlucky boast,  
 The joy of all his future life must cost.  
*Ninus* with other eyes her beauty views,  
 In other terms his gratitude renews.

To *Babylon* return'd, he yet conceal'd  
 His growing flame, by *Menon*'s worth withheld ;  
 Too well he with a sad Reflexion knows,  
 What to his counsel, and his sword he owes ;  
 These gen'rous ties at first his love oppose :  
 But nothing can th' encreasing rage restrain ;  
 By gentle means he yet his end would gain.

*Menon*, he said, my wishes to procure,  
 I'll give thee cities, and a boundless store  
 Of gold, and precious gems ; and for a bride,  
 A blooming princess to the crown ally'd :



All this, and more, to gain her love I'll give ;  
Without *Semiramis* I cannot live.

Refenting *Menon*, with a handsome pride,  
Refus'd his offers, and the suit deny'd.

The softer sex he next attempts to gain ;  
She too rejects his passion with disdain.  
What now avail the glories of the *East* ?  
Nor Wealth, nor empire can procure his rest.  
Tir'd with unheeded sighs, and fruitless pray'r,  
He tries more rig'rous means to ease his care ;  
And threatens thus :—with my desires comply,  
Or soon prepare to see your hero die.

From *Menon* this she hides, who less severe  
Observes her to the am'rous king appear :  
His fondness with the jealous passion grows ;  
No joy, no lightsome interval he knows,  
The mingled frenzy gives him no repose.

She false ! he cries, my fair, enchanting wife !  
And can I yet protract this wretched life ;  
This anxious heart, with hopeless grief oppress'd,  
In death's cold shade shall find perpetual rest,  
He said ; then all the hostile stars defy'd,  
And plung'd the fatal weapon in his side.



A long adieu ! *Semiramis*, he cries ;  
 With those lov'd accents on his lips he dies :  
 She hears the parting groan, and to his succour  
 flies. }

Sunk on the floor she sees her lover bleed,  
 Himself the author of the barb'rous deed ;  
 But true to love, and virtue's strictest laws,  
 She neither knew, nor could suspect the cause.  
 Seiz'd with a sudden horror and surprize,  
 She faints, and near the breathless carcass lies ;  
 Her frightened women to her rescue haste,  
 And wake the doubtful spark of life, at last.  
 A hollow groan ensues ; with feeble sight  
 She meets the day, and loaths the flashing light.  
 A steadfast sorrow in her face appears,  
 Above the soft relief of female tears ;  
 Silent as death, her words no utterance find,  
 To tell the inward anguish of her mind :  
A fixt, sedate, and rational despair  
Compos'd her looks, and settled in her air.

In such a fullen calm the billows sleep,  
 So smooth an aspect wears the gloomy deep ;  
 While treach'rous winds their gath'ring breath  
 refrain,  
 Presaging tempests on the troubled main.

Th' im-

Th' impatient prince with just respect attends  
Her ebbing grief, and long his flame suspends ;  
And long her stedfast thoughts relentless prove  
To proffer'd empire, and inviting love :  
Till fate itself her stubborn heart inclin'd  
To take a crown, by all the stars design'd,  
And fill a sphere proportion'd to her mind. }

*Ninus* was now of ev'ry wish possess'd,  
With sov'reign rule, and brighter pleasure blest :  
But ah ! how short a boast has mortal joy ?  
What sudden storms the flatt'ring calm destroy ?  
What human privilege, what lawless pow'r  
Can one short day retard th' appointed hour ?

Thrice thro' the midnight silence, from the  
ground,  
The startled monarch hears a warning sound ;  
Thrice *Menon's* ghost a frowning spectre stands,  
And seems to beckon with his airy hands.  
A sudden faintness seiz'd his trembling heart,  
While hasty life retires from every part ;  
Speechless and pale his eye-balls roll in death,  
While with reluctant pangs he yields his breath.

The mournful princess to his merit just,  
With wond'rous pomp interr'd the royal dust :  
High on a mount his sepulchre she plac'd,  
With marble spires, and pointed arches grac'd.

She

She bids farewell to love's deceitful flame ;  
 Resolv'd to leave behind a glorious name,  
 In costly structures of immortal fame.

A lofty dome to *Belus* first she built :  
 The inward roof with dazzling silver gilt ;  
 The god was fashion'd in a wond'rous mould,  
 With perfect art ; his bulk was massy gold ;  
 His sacred utensils were all the same,  
 While fragrant oils in golden sockets flame.

Old *Babel* next with boundless cost she wall'd ;  
 And *Babylon* the spacious city call'd ;  
 Its bounds with forts and battlements were  
     crown'd,  
 And compass'd in an endless tract of ground,  
 Valleys and level'd hills the vast extent surround :  
 Where fronting ranks of palaces were seen,  
 With streams, and groves, and painted meads  
     between.

*Euphrates* in its course the town divides,  
 While thro' the midst his stately current glides.  
 Around the place a hundred gates unfold,  
 Thro' which a hundred glitt'ring chariots roll'd ;  
 Which all for state attend the queen's commands,  
 When she her progress makes thro' distant lands.  
 Resolv'd to visit now the neighb'ring *Medes*,  
 Her train she o'er the lofty *Sagris* leads.

At

At pompous *Ecbatana* now she staid,  
 And all her own magnificence display'd.  
 Gay projects here employ'd her active mind,  
 Gardens, and seats of pleasure she design'd ;  
 Luxurious nature with her art combin'd.

}

Not far from thence a plain extended lay,  
 With stately groves and flow'ry verdure gay ;  
 The spreading palm, the cedar, and the pine,  
 Arching above their mingled branches join.

*Semiramis* now turns an ancient flood,  
 With matchless labour, thro' the charming wood ;  
 The plenteous stream in various rills divides,  
 While marble bounds confine the chrystal tides.  
 In marble basons of an equal row,  
 Myrtle, and balm, and flow'ry *Cassia* grow.  
 Prodigious rocks intire were hither brought,  
 Smooth arches thro' their craggy sides were  
 wrought :

Here artificial hills their summits rear,  
 For shade retiring grotts around appear.  
 In various bloom the valleys flood below,  
 From far the beauteous *Syrian* roses glow.  
 All that perfumes the blest *Sabaean* fields  
 Grows here, with all that sacred *Nysa* yields.  
 Here breath'd the fragrant *Calamus*, and *Fir*,  
*Cinnamon*, *Frankincense*, and weeping *Myrrbe*.

Shrill

Shrill birds among the spicy branches sing,  
Their warbling notes along the valleys ring :  
The winds and waters with a gentle noise  
Double the sound, and answer ev'ry voice.

The queen awhile had these diversions prov'd,  
And then her court to *Babylon* remov'd :  
But ah ! what heights of happiness are free  
From fickle chance, or certain destiny?  
The princess finds a swift decay controul  
The usual force and vigour of her soul ;  
Nor struggling nature could its force repel,  
While heav'n and earth the publick change foretel.

She from the oracle enquires th' event,  
The flatt'ring priests this pleasing answer sent :  
That from the Gods she drew her heav'nly race,  
And shortly must th' immortal number grace.  
Pleas'd with the glories of her future state,  
She yields without reluctance to her fate.

*Cyrena* ends her tale ; the closing day  
Withdrew its splendor, and forbid their stay.



## B O O K VI.

*Joseph's Mistress at last discovers her criminal Passion to him, but is repuls'd. She complains to her Nurse, who vainly tries the Force of Spells. She is sent by her Mistress to Harpinus. His Cell described. He consults the Planets, and flatters her with Success ; till finding the Hebrew Youth inflexible to all her Charms, she falsely accuses him to his Master, by whom he is confined to a Prison.*

**S**TILL with impatient love *Sabrina* pines,  
 And now to speak the fatal truth designs ;  
 Sooth'd by her own indulgent hopes, which trace  
 A secret passion in the *Hebrew's* face.  
 He sighs, and when he thinks himself alone,  
 Oft seems some new misfortune to bemoan,  
 In foreign Accents, and a tongue unknown. }  
 Her vanity an explanation found,  
 And put a sense on every flatt'ring sound.  
 Forgetful of her nuptial vows and fame,  
 \* She fondly thus betrays her guilty flame.

If



If yet my torments are to thee unknown,  
 If yet my sighs the myst'ry have not shewn,  
 Infensible, — let this confession prove  
 The strange excess, and grandeur of my love.  
 Yet had I still my wild desires suppress'd,  
 Had not thine eyes an equal flame confess'd.

Let me be punish'd with the last disdain,  
 He said, if e'er I harbour'd thoughts so vain !  
 I ne'er *Sabrina's* favour so abus'd,  
 Nor once your virtue in my heart accus'd.  
 Should I perfidious ( heav'n forbid ! ) offend  
 My gen'rous master, — I might say my friend ;  
 Let scandal sink my name, when so unjust  
 I prove, so false to hospitable trust !

Thus with a modest turn he would reclaim  
 Her am'rous frenzy, and conceal her shame ;  
 Nor waits her leave, but hastily withdrew.  
 Careless her limbs upon a couch she threw,  
 And curst her folly with a thousand tears ;  
 Till *Iphicle*, her artful nurse, appears :  
 Of so much grief she press'd to know the cause,  
 At last the secret from her mistress draws.

You wrong, the *Beldam* cries, your own de-  
 fert,  
 For you have charms, the youth a human heart.

Your

Your beauty might a savage breast inspire,  
 At sight of you the coldest age takes fire.  
 But where's the wonder that a bashful boy,  
 Should, at the first address, be nice and coy ?  
 He loves no doubt, and languishes like you,  
 But fears th' ambitious motive to pursue :  
 Nor shall your utmost wishes want redress,  
 I have a draught that gives divine success ;  
*Nepenthe*, which th' immortals quaff above ;  
 These sacred drops rewarded *Chemis*' love.

When *Totis*, by his death, the full command  
 Of *Misraim* left in fair *Charoba*'s hand,  
 The rich *Gebirus* from *Chaldea* came  
 With foreign pomp to seek the royal dame.  
*Chemis* adorn'd his train, whose charming face  
 Allur'd a goddess of the wat'ry race ;  
 On *Nilus*' banks the young *Chaldean* stood,  
 When lo ! *Merina* rising from the flood,  
 Her chariot set with pearl, the wave divides,  
 Softly along the silver stream she glides.  
 Her robes with pearl and sparkling rubies shine,  
 Her brighter eyes express a light divine.  
 Nor from her humid bed the blooming day  
 Has e'er ascended with a clearer ray.  
 Her smiles the raging tempests could appease,  
 Allay the winds, and calm the swelling seas.

She

She leaves her chryſtal vaults, and coral groves,  
 Her liquid kingdoms, and immortal loves, }  
 And o'er the graſſy meads with *Chemis* roves. }  
 At parting gave him this celeftial ſpell,  
 Which every good procures, and can each ill  
 repel.

My mother from this youth derives her line,  
 And this ſhe left me, as a gift divine,  
 By all her anceſtors preserv'd with care ;  
 One heav'nly drop ſhall baniſh your deſpair.

Her flatt'ring nurſe's charm ſhe vainly tries,  
 For *Joſeph* ſtill her hateful paſſion flies :  
 But obſtinate in love, to gain her ends,  
 To ſam'd *Anſana Ipbicle* ſhe fends.

*Harpinus* there an uncouth dwelling own'd,  
 Planted with yew and mournful cypreſs round,  
 Whoſe ſhadows every pleaſing thought controul,  
 And fill with deep anxiety the ſoul.  
 Hither black fiends at dead of night advance,  
 The horned *Serim* thro' the darkneſs dance :  
 From earth, from air, and from the briny deep  
 They come, and here nocturnal revels keep,  
 From gloomy *Acheruſia*, and the fen  
 Of *Serbon*, and the foreſt of *Birdene* ;  
 From *Ophiodes*, the ſerpent iſle, they come,  
 And *Syrtes*, where fantaſtick ſpectres roam ;

From

From *Chabnus*, and the wild *Pfebarian* peak,  
Whose hoary cliffs the clouds long order break,

In hellish banquets, and obscene delights,  
The curst assembly here consume the nights.  
The sick'ning moon her feeble light witholds,  
In fable clouds her argent horns she folds ;  
The constellations quench their glimm'ring fire,  
And frighted far to distant skies retire.

Amidst these horrors, in his ecchoing cells,  
And winding vaults, the Necromancer dwells :  
Passing from room to room, the brazen doors  
Resound, as when exploded thunder roars.  
The day excluded thence, blue sulphur burns,  
With frightful splendour, in a thousand urns.  
The wizard here employs his mighty spells,  
And great events by divination tells ;  
Inscribing mystick figures on the ground,  
And mutt'ring words of an unlawful sound ;  
Which from their tombs the shiv'ring ghosts  
    compel,  
And force them future secrets to reveal.  
The stars he knew, when adverse, or benign ;  
When with malignant influence they shine,  
Or, darting prosp'rous rays, to love incline. }

The nurse a pleasing answer here obtain'd,  
And thus *Sabrina's* drooping thoughts sustain'd.

The third succeeding day shall crown your love,  
And every am'rous star propitious prove.

*Sabrina* feeds the while her guilty flame,  
And now the third appointed morning came ;  
When for the favour'd youth in haste she sends :  
The message with reluctance he attends.  
Silent she sits ; while waiting her commands,  
Fix'd at a formal distance long he stands.  
Her eyes still fix'd on *Josepb*'s beauteous face,  
A close contempt, and inward hatred trace ;  
Yet desp'rate to compleat her own disgrace.

Ungrateful youth ! she cries, too well I find  
By these cold looks, thy unrelenting mind.  
Thy savage temper, and unconquer'd pride,  
By words of sacred import thou wouldst hide.  
Thou talk'st of holy ties, and rules severe,  
Pretending some avenging God to fear.  
What God, alas ! does cruelty command ?  
Or human bliss maliciously withstand ?  
Such thoughts as these the heav'nly powers arraign,  
Efface their goodness, and their justice stain.  
Would they the gen'rous principle controul,  
Who gave this am'rous byass to the soul ?  
What nature is, they made it : nor can bind  
With servile laws the freedom of the mind :  
Were this our lot, happy the brutal kind,

That



That unmolested thro' the forest rove,  
Licentious in their choice, and unconfin'd in  
love!

Virtue! — a meer imaginary thing!  
Torment it may, but can no pleasure bring.  
Honour! — 'tis nothing but precarious fame,  
For empty breath, for a fantastick name.  
Wilt thou my soft entreaties still deny,  
And see me languish, and unpitied die?  
Consent at last to love's enchanting joys,  
While pleasure calls thee with her tempting voice:  
These folding curtains shall our blifs conceal,  
That no intruding eye our theft reveal.

Deluded fair! the noble youth replies,  
Could we some artful labyrinth devise  
To hide our sin, and far from mortal sight  
Retire, involv'd in all the shades of night;  
Yet there, — expos'd to heav'n's unclouded view,  
Its vengeance would our treachery pursue;  
Distinguish'd plagues would soon our guilt ex-  
pose,  
While all your sex's glory you must lose.  
To *Potiphar* alone your vows belong,  
In him a tender lover you must wrong.  
For me, where should I hide my hated face,  
Could I be conscious of a crime so base?



No, let me thro' the yawning earth descend,  
 Rather than with such insolence offend  
 The laws of God, and kindness of my friend !  
 My master's favours, endless to recite,  
 When I with such ingratitude requite ;  
 When with a thought so horrid and prophane,  
 My faith and spotless loyalty I stain ;  
 Let wrathful lightnings flashing round my head,  
 And bolts of raging thunder strike me dead !  
 Let execrations, and eternal shame  
 Destroy my peace, and blast my hated name !

These words with such an awful air he spoke,  
 Celestial virtue sparkling in his look,  
 His haughty mistress all her hopes resign'd,  
 And felt a diff'rent frenzy seize her mind :  
 Assisting fiends the hellish thought suggest,  
 And blot the tender passion from her breast.  
 A crimson scarf with ornamental pride  
 Was o'er his graceful shoulders loosely ty'd ;  
 This furiously she snatch'd, while from th' em-  
 brace  
 He frees himself, and quits the hated place.

She call'd aloud, her voice *Cyrena* hears,  
 And ent'ring saw her well-dissembled tears.  
 A tale of proffer'd violence she feigns,  
 And of the *Hebrew's* arrogance complains.

Alarm'd

Alarm'd at her repeated calls, she said,  
 The monster left his curst design, and fled.  
 His scarf the truth confirm'd : her lord the while  
 Returns ; her words his easy faith beguile :  
 Blinded with rage he calls the injur'd youth,  
 And thus upbraids his violated truth.

How can'st thou, wretch ! belie a mind so base,  
 With that undaunted air, and guileless face ?  
 Hypocrisy so steady and compleat,  
 A villain, cautious as thyself, might cheat ;  
 No wonder then thy practis'd faintly shews  
 Should on my honest artless mind impose.  
 My soul entire to thee I did resign ;  
 Except my bed, whate'er I had was thine,  
 In fetters let th' ungrateful slave be ty'd,  
 Some gloomy dungeon shall the monster hide.

Dungeons he said, and chains I can defy,  
 But would not, curst with your displeasure, die.  
 This sad reflexion aggravates my fate :  
 How shall I bear my gen'rous master's hate ?  
 Oh stay ! at last my vindication hear,  
 While by th' *Unutterable Name* I swear,  
 My thoughts are all from this injustice clear. }

He ceas'd, and still *Sabrina's* shame conceals,  
Nor one accusing word her fraud reveals.  
Now to a damp unwholsome vault convey'd,  
*Josepb* in ignominious chains is laid.



B O O K



## B O O K VII.

*An Angel visits Joseph in Prison, and in a prophetic Vision shews him his own Advancement, and the future Fate of his Father's Posterity, their Bondage and miraculous Deliverance. The Keeper of the Ward convinc'd of Joseph's Innocence, treats him with great Esteem. The Dreams of his Fellow Prisoners; and Joseph's Interpretation.*

'T WAS night, and now advanc'd the solemn hour;  
 The keeper of the prison, from his tow'r, ]  
 Astonish'd, sees a form divinely bright,  
 Smile thro' the shades, and dissipate the night;  
 With streaming splendor tracing all the way,  
 It enters where the new-come pris'ner lay.

Some God, he cries, who innocence defends,  
 Some God in that propitious light descends.  
 This stranger sure, whate'er the fact can be  
 Alledg'd against him, from the guilt is free.

The sacred vision to the youth appears,  
 His spirits with celestial fragrance cheers.  
 His heav'nly smiles would ev'n despair controul,  
 And with immortal rapture fill the soul.  
 His youthful brows a fair *Tiara* crown'd,  
 A folding zone his gaudy vestments bound, }  
 Embroider'd high with *Amaranthus* round.  
 Such wings th' *Arabian* Phoenix never wore,  
 Sprinkled with gold and shading purple o'er.  
 Beneficent his aspect and address,  
 His lips seraphick harmony expresses ;  
 His voice might stay th' invading sleep of death,  
 While these soft words flow with his balmy  
 breath.

From the unclouded realms of day above,  
 From endless pleasures, and unbounded love,  
 From painted fields deck'd with immortal flow'rs,  
 From blissful valleys, and ethereal bow'rs,  
 I come, commission'd by peculiar grace,  
 With great presages to thy future race.

This *Gabriel* spoke ; the pious *Hebrew's* breast  
 Prophetick flame and pow'r divine confest :  
 An awful silence, and profound suspence,  
 Clos'd the tumultuous avenues of sense ;

The heav'nly trance, each wand'ring thought  
 confin'd,  
 Collects the operations of the mind,  
 While *Gabriel* all the inward scene design'd.

Before him, rais'd to high dominion, all  
 His humble brethren in prostration fall ;  
 His joyful eyes again his father see,  
 He takes the blessing on his bended knee.  
 Vastly in numbers *Jacob's* sons encreas'd,  
 Poor vassals by th' *Egyptians* are distress'd,  
 And by a royal tyrant's yoke oppress'd :  
 To heav'n they cry, an aid that never fails,  
 Heav'n hears the cry, the potent pray'r prevails.

A mighty prophet, by divine command,  
 Does bold before the raging monarch stand,  
 And brings his great credentials in his hand.  
 Across the ground his wond'rous rod he throws ;  
 The rod transform'd a moving serpent grows,  
 Unfolds his speckled train, and o'er the pave-  
 ment flows.

A dazzling train of miracles ensue,  
 Which speak the prophet and his mission true.

The springs, the standing lakes, and running  
 flood,  
 His pow'rful word converts to reeking blood ;  
 The



The wounded billows stain the verdant shore,  
 Advancing slowly with a mournful roar.  
 Infernal night her fable wings extends,  
 And from the black unbottom'd deep ascends :  
 The fear denounces plagues on man and beast ;  
 Contagious torments soon the air infest ;  
 Aloud he bids a sudden tempest rise,  
 On rapid wings the storm obedient flies ;  
 Th' extended skies are rent from pole to pole,  
 Blue lightnings flash, and dreadful thunders roll.

Nor yet th' obdurate king the God reveres,  
 Whom ev'ry element obsequious fears ;  
 Till vengeful strokes of pow'r confess'd divine,  
 With clear, but terrible conviction shine.

The night was cover'd with unusual dread,  
 While ev'ry star malignant influence shed.  
 Pale spectres thro' the streets of *Zoan* roam,  
 From sepulchres amazing ecchoes come ;  
 While, like a flaming meteor, down the skies,  
 With threat'ning speed the fatal angel flies.  
 Reluctant justice, with a grace severe,  
 Sits in his looks, and triumphs in his air.  
 A crested helmet shades his awful brows ;  
 Behind his military vesture flows,  
 And like an ev'ning's ruddy meteor glows.

}  
 He

He grasps his sword, unsheath'd for certain fate,  
Destruction, death, and terror on him wait :  
Mortal the stroke, invisible the wound,  
While dying groans with mingled shrieks re-  
found.  
From house to house the dreadful rumour runs,  
While wretched fathers mourn their first-born  
sons.

Th' alarm'd *Egyptians*, at the breaking day,  
Hurry the sacred multitude away :  
But *Pharaoh* soon his daring sin renews,  
Blaspheming loud the rescu'd slaves pursues ;  
The fearful tribes stand trembling on the shore,  
The foe behind, a raging sea before.

Their glorious chief extends his pow'rful  
wand,  
And gives the mighty signal from the strand ;  
Th' obedient waves the mighty signal take,  
And parting, crowd the distant surges back ;  
On either hand, like chrystal hills, they rise,  
Between a wide stupendous valley lies :  
With joyful shouts the grateful *Hebrews* pass,  
Nor does the harden'd foe decline the chace ;  
'Till, heav'n's command the watry chain dissolves,  
And in the whelming deep their pride involves.

While

While *Israel* thro' the defart take their way,  
 Led by a cloud which marches on by day ;  
 But resting cheer'd th' encamping host by night,  
 With lambent flame, and unexampled light.

Where lofty *Sinab* shades the neighb'ring  
 plain,  
 Commanded now the sacred tribes remain ;  
 Prepar'd with myftick rites, to hear with awe,  
 Their Saviour God pronounce their future law :  
 Close bounds the mountain guard from all ap-  
 proach,  
 That rashly none the hallow'd place might touch.

Reluctant see th' appointed morning rife,  
 And fiery splendors glow around the skies.  
 While from th' etherial fummit God descends,  
 Beneath his feet the ftarry convex bends.  
 His radiant form majestick darknefs hides,  
 While on a tempeft's rapid wings he rides.  
 The trembling earth his awful prefence owns,  
 The forest flames, the cleaving defart groans,  
 Each river back his wand'ring current calls,  
 And rufhing down the fubterranean falls,  
 To the profoundeft caves affrighted flies,  
 Reveal'd and bare each fandy channel lies.  
 Their ftately heads the antient mountains fink,  
 And to a level with the vales would fhink ;

Again

Again secure in their primæval beds,  
Beneath the waves would hide their fearful heads.  
Old *Sinab* quakes at the tremendous weight,  
That prefs'd with awful feet his cloudy height ;  
Obscur'd with blackness, shades, and curling  
    smoak,  
Prodigious lightnings from the darkness broke ;  
While raging thunders round the welkin fly,  
'Th' etherial trumpet founding loud and high.

Adoring low the pious nation bend,  
And now the solemn voice of God attend :  
The angel shifts the scene, and leaves the rest  
Inimitable all, and not to be express'd.

The curtain'd *Tabernacle* next he paints,  
Nor colours for the gay pavilion wants ;  
The golden altar, with attending priests,  
Their sacred pomp, and instituted vests.  
Then brings the favour'd tribes where *Jordan*  
    flows,  
And all the well-known bord'ring landskip shews.

An airy conquest on *Bethoron's* plain,  
The warlike sons of *Jacob's* now obtain :  
Before the troops a glorious leader stands,  
A painted jav'lin ballanc'd in his hands ;  
He boldly thus the rolling orbs commands.

Thou

Thou sun ! to lengthen this victorious day,  
 With ling'ring beams on lofty *Gibeab* stay :  
 And thou, fair morn ! retard thy hasty flight,  
 And gild the vales of *Ajalon* at night.

This said, the flying army they pursue,  
 And all the *Amorean* kings o'erthrew.  
 The promis'd land entirely gain'd, they spread  
 Their peaceful dwellings round *Moriab's* head.

But with the night the pleasing vision flies ;  
*Gabriel* unseal'd the youthful prophet's eyes,  
 His senses from the heav'nly trance releas'd,  
 And all the sacred agitation ceas'd.  
 The thoughtful keeper early to the vault  
 Descends, and thence the injur'd pris'ner brought ;  
 Treats him with kindness, and a just regard,  
 And gave him all the freedom of the ward.

Of *Pharaoh's* servants two were here detain'd,  
 The steward, who his table did command,  
 With him that fill'd the royal cup with wine ;  
 Suspected both as traitors in design.

*Joseph*, observing a dejected air  
 Sate heavy in their eyes, with friendly care  
 Enquires the cause, which freely both reveal,  
 Mysterious dreams of the past night they tell.

And

And thus the first :—Methought a bulky vine  
 Grew up unprop'd, three waving branches  
     shine  
 With purple grapes, and to my hand incline :  
 I prefs'd the tempting fruit without controul,  
 Then gave to *Pharaoh's* hand the flowing bowl.

The next begins :—Three canisters replete  
 With royal viands, and luxurious meat,  
 Oppress'd my drooping head, while birds of prey  
 With direful croakings snatch'd the food away.

Unhappy man ! thy dream from God was sent,  
 The *Hebrew* said, and full of black portent :  
 The third returning day shall bring thy doom,  
 When thou a prey to vultures shalt become.

Then to the first, these joyful comments  
     found ;  
 Before the sun has twice fulfill'd his round,  
 Thou with thy former honours shalt be crown'd.  
 But in the triumph of thy prosp'rous fate,  
 Kindly remember my unhappy state,  
 Who by the blackest falshood here am stay'd ;  
 To this the man a courtier's promise made.





## B O O K V I I I .

*Joseph's Mistress languishes in Sorrow and Remorse for her Treachery ; which she confesses in the Agonies of Death. Pharaoh's prophetic Dreams interpreted by Joseph. His Grandeur and Marriage with the Daughter of an Egyptian Priest.*

**B**UT now *Sabrina's* guilty fire returns,  
 Her bosom with the raging passion burns :  
 She with a female tenderness relents,  
 And all her former cruelty repents.  
 By her accus'd, in chains the captive lies,  
 For whom she fondly languishes and dies.  
 Tormented, and enraged, she often curst  
 Her pride, her folly, and revengeful lust.  
 A deep remorse, from conscience of her sin,  
 With constant horrors vex her soul within.  
 Her thoughts ten thousand racking torments feel,  
 Yet in her treach'rous crime obdurate still.

Her

Her life and youthful spirits melt away,  
 Her beauty withers with a swift decay :  
 By day she wildly raves, consumes the night,  
 In thoughtless watchings, and imagin'd fright ; }  
 While airy terrors glide before her sight.  
 Pale ghosts with wide distorted eye-balls stare,  
 And burning spectres thro' the darkness glare.  
 Till forc'd by fate, and torments more intense,  
 To vindicate suspected innocence,  
 To *Potiphar* the hidden truth she tells,  
 And all the faithless mystery reveals.

And now he comes — insulting death ! she  
 cries,  
 Perpetual darkness swims before my eyes.  
 If there are Gods that human things regard,  
 My monstrous crimes will meet a just reward.  
 Oh sacred virtue ! at thine awful name  
 I start, and all my former thoughts disclaim ;  
 For thou art no fantastick empty thing,  
 From thee alone unmingled pleasures spring.  
 The world, the boundless universe I'd give,  
 My first unblemish'd honour to retrieve :  
 'Tis vainly wish'd !--- to some strange realms  
 below,  
 Some dark uncomfortable coasts I go.

She spoke, and gasping in the pangs of death,  
 With ling'ring agonies resign'd her breath :  
 While *Joseph* by the courtier was forgot ;  
 Till fate the period of his freedom brought.

Th' *Egyptian* monarch from a short repose,  
 And troubled visions, with the morning rose,  
 T' explain the doubtful omens in his breast,  
 He summons ev'ry planetary priest :  
 Their orders, which to diff'rent stars belong,  
 Were soon assembled, a surprizing throng ;  
 Sullen their looks, and varied was their vest,  
 A wild Devotion thro' the whole express'd.

One wore a mantle of a leaden hue,  
 Trailing behind a sweeping length it drew ;  
 With *Poppies*, *Aconite*, and *Hellebore*,  
*Mandrake*, and *Nightshade*, strangely figur'd o'er ;  
 A treble twist of serpents curling round,  
 With monstrous ornament the foldings bound.

With some a verdant forest seem'd to move,  
 Their flowing robes with palmy branches wove.  
 With panthers, bears, and every savage beast  
 Express'd in lively colours, some were dress'd.  
 On others eagles spread their wings ; on some  
 Appear'd the ostrich' hieroglyphick plume ;

While

While others wore a painted crocodile,  
With all the monstrous progeny of *Nile*.

*Nasar*, a youth vow'd to the morning star,  
With budding roses had adorn'd his hair.  
His raiment of inestimable cost  
Glitter'd with pearl, an imitated frost.  
O'erspread with landscapes wrought in miniature,  
Surprising scenes the ravish'd sight allure :  
Clear fountains, flow'ry walks, and myrtle  
groves,  
Peacocks with gaudy trains, and shining doves.

The prince with anxious looks relates his  
dreams,  
The doubtful fages search their heav'nly schemes :  
But all their stars were mute, the meaning flies  
In trackless darkness, and obscure disguise.

The bearer of the cup did now reflect  
On his past danger, and his base neglect ;  
And thus his royal master he address'd :  
Be *Pharaoh's* bounty, and my guilt confess'd,  
When with my fellow criminal detain'd,  
We by thy justice in the ward remain'd,  
A *Hebrew* youth, unjustly there confin'd,  
From nightly omens which perplex'd the mind,  
With clear conviction did our lot unfold ;  
My honour, and the steward's doom foretold.

Amidst the solemn darkness of the night,  
 His cell was glitter'd with ethereal light ;  
 For highly favour'd by th' immortal Gods,  
 To visit him they left their bright abodes.

*Joseph*, unfetter'd, they from prison bring,  
 By heav'n inspir'd, he stands before the King ;  
 Who thus repeats his dream : Methought I  
 stood

On the fair borders of our sacred flood :  
 While, curious, I survey'd the spreading stream,  
 Seven bulky oxen from the river came,  
 Fat and well-favour'd : o'er the verdant mead  
 They proudly rang'd, and on the pasture fed ;  
 When just their number rose, of aspect four,  
 Ill-shap'd, and meagre, who the first devour.  
 The scene was chang'd, when springing in my  
 walk,

Seven blades of corn adorn'd one bending stalk  
 Ripen'd and full ; when lo ! a second rears  
 His blasted top, with seven unfruitful ears ;  
 This swallow'd greedily the former store,  
 As the lean oxen did the fat before.  
 I woke with great anxiety oppress'd,  
 And for the meaning ev'ry God address'd.

The almighty God o'er earth and skies supream,  
 The youthful prophet cries, has sent this dream

To

To *Pharaoh*, which discovers future things ;  
 What changes on the world his pleasure brings.  
 With one intent the sacred vision came,  
 Of both the hidden meaning is the same.

Seven plenteous years begin their joyful round,  
 The fields with boundless harvests shall be  
 crown'd ;  
 Then seven unprop'rous years shall these devour,  
 And leave no remnant of the former store.

But that the people and the king may live,  
 This counsel heav'n commissions me to give,  
 That wasteful luxury should be restrain'd,  
 And wise intendants thro' the realm ordain'd :  
 Let these against the threat'ning ill provide,  
 Lay up the corn, and o'er the stores preside.

This youth by some propitious pow'r was sent,  
 The prince replies, our ruin to prevent :  
 Then bids them an imperial vestment bring,  
 And from his finger draws a costly ring :  
 And this, he said, a sacred pledge shall be  
 Of those bright honours I reserve for thee.  
 My pow'r, my kingdom I to thee resign,  
 The sov'reign title only shall be mine ;  
 To thee my noblest favourites shall bow,  
 Our guardian God, our great preserver thou !



His second chariot then the king ordains  
Should be prepar'd : white steeds with scarlet  
reins

The triumph drew ; they champ the golden bit,  
And spurn the dusty ground with airy feet.

On high with princely pomp the youth was  
plac'd,

With marks of pow'r, and regal ensigns grac'd ;  
Gay heralds, *bow the knee*, before him cry,  
The crowd adore him as he passes by :  
Nor here the royal favours were confin'd,  
Great *Pharaoh's* daughter is his bride design'd.

The night had twice in fable triumph reign'd,  
And twice the circling light its empire gain'd :  
When from his high apartment *Joseph* sees  
A lofty temple, thro' the waving trees,  
To *Isis* vow'd : He from the gilded dome,  
Ravish'd, beheld a beauteous virgin come.  
An artless modesty improves her face,  
An elegant reserve, and matchless grace ;  
A rosy tincture in her cheeks appears,  
Lovely as that the blooming morning wears :  
Her eyes a sprightly blue ; her length of hair  
Dishevell'd hung, like threads of silver fair.  
Long strings of jet and pearl, in mingled twists,  
Adorn'd her well-shap'd neck, and slender  
wrists.

Her

Her robes were heav'nly azure, sprinkled o'er  
With stars ; a crescent on her breast she wore.

The wounded *Hebrew* for the virgin figh'd,  
And felt a growing passion yet untry'd :  
Her lovely image, on his mind impres'd,  
Had fix'd her empire in his yielding breast.  
But oh ! what anguish did his soul invade,  
When he was told, the lov'd enchanting maid  
At *Isis* holy shrine devoutly bow'd,  
A virgin priestess to the goddess vow'd ?  
This, this, he cry'd, must all my hopes con-  
found,  
Helpless my grief, incurable my wound !

Mean time the fame uncontradicted goes,  
That he th' *Ægyptian* princess must espouse.  
Pain'd and distress'd, he hears the spreading  
news,  
And dreads the offer, which he must refuse,  
Or with dissembled vows the imperial maid  
abuse.

*Asenab's* pow'r (that was the priestess' name)  
Would in his breast admit no rival flame.

The royal maid no less unhappy prov'd,  
Who long illustrious *Orramel* had lov'd ;  
An *Ethiopian* prince, whose faultless face  
And shape exceeded all the tawny race.

His features nobly turn'd, his piercing eyes  
 Sparkl'd like stars amidst the gloomy skies ;  
 At once they dazled, and engag'd the sight  
 With awful lustre, and imperious light.  
 Black as a midnight cloud, his yielding hair  
 In easy curls waves to the gentle air.

The princess, pain'd with secret discontent,  
 Her father's purpose labours to prevent ;  
 In vain ! the king obstructs her young desires,  
 But first the pleasure of the gods enquires.

Just *Potiphera*, an unblemish'd priest,  
His piety sincere, but ill address'd,  
 While fragrant incense round the temple smokes,  
*Osiris* from the monarch he invokes.  
 The fiends, in hopes to cross the great design,  
 And awful will of providence divine,  
 With penalties forbid the king's intent,  
 The *Hebrew's* future greatness to prevent :  
 Then nam'd the fair *Asenath* for his bride,  
 And blindly with eternal fate comply'd :  
 Effecting heav'n's predestinated ends,  
 While *Josepb's* ruin envious hell intends ;  
 Nor doubts the young idolatress would prove  
 His snare, and soon seduce him with her love.

The priest, yet trembling, near the altar stance  
And dreads the sacrilege the god commands.  
My daughter nam'd ! he cries, to *Isis* vow'd  
By mystick rites, which no reverse allow'd !  
It must be so ! — The gods pronounce it fit,  
The priest his will, the king must his submit.

The maid reluctant leaves the holy shrine,  
But yields obedience to the pow'rs divine.  
The gift, as heav'n's, the joyful youth regards,  
Which thus bright virtue crowns, and sacred  
truth rewards.





## B O O K IX.

*The seven plenteous Years ; with the ensuing Years of Scarcity. Joseph's Character as Regent over the Land of Ægypt. Jacob distress'd with the Famine, sends his Sons thither for Corn. Joseph discovers his Brethren, but is unknown of them : Pretends to suspect them as publick Spies, and keeps them three Days in Prison ; at last sends them back, with a Charge to bring their younger Brother with them, and detains Simeon as an Hostage till their Return.*

**T**HE jocund years, with smiling plenty  
 crown'd,  
 In shining circles now advanc'd their round :  
 Unbounded crops reward the reaper's toil,  
 And rustick pleasures cheer the banks of Nile.  
 The *Hebrew*, late advanc'd by royal grace,  
 With dignity and splendor fills his place,  
 Still watchful for the publick good, with care  
 Restrains excess, by penalties severe,  
 While justice, truth, and temp'rate virtue, reign'd  
 Amidst the height of plenty thro' the land :

His

His prudent sway the grateful people bless,  
In all the calm serenity of peace.

But soon the smiling years their period run,  
A gloomy æra now its course begun :  
Pale famine comes, with her malignant train,  
Dries up the springs, and taints the fertile plain :  
The trees decay, each flow'r, and balmy plant  
Pine at their roots, and vital humor want :  
No pearly moisture on the meadow lies ;  
To fan the air no gentle breezes rise.  
The languid moon sheds from her silent sphere  
No cooling dews, the thirsty earth to cheer.  
A sultry night ensues a scorching day ;  
While dismal signs the fiery clouds display.

Nor *Ægypt* mourns alone her blasted ground,  
Pale famine stalks thro' all the regions round :  
*Moriab's* plain, and *Hermon's* flow'ry hill  
Wither'd and bare, the hot contagion feel :  
That fertile climate, by peculiar grace,  
Design'd the lot of *Abraham's* future race.  
Where long with peace, and fatal plenty gay,  
The pagan princes bore imperial sway,  
Their crimes not full : — While *Jacob* sojourn'd  
here  
A stranger, as his great forefathers were :  
The common fate he shares, with famine press'd,  
And for his num'rous family distress'd :

He



He fends his fons, by heav'nly conduct led,  
 To *Ægypt*'s plenteous granaries for bread :  
 Domestick wants require their utmost haste,  
 And *Zoan*'s regal tow'rs they reach at last.

With soft *Assyria*, now in all her pride  
 Of wealth and grandeur, *Pbaraob*'s palace vy'd :  
 More honour'd still the rising fav'rite grew,  
 No bounds his royal master's kindness knew :  
 His graceful person, charming to the sight,  
 Majestick, yet more mild than morning light :  
 His virtues every grateful tongue employ,  
 The people's boast, their wonder, and their joy.  
 All private views were to his soul unknown,  
 He made the kingdom's welfare still his own :  
 Th' oppressor's wrongs are by his power redress'd,  
 He guards the orphan, succours the distress'd ;  
 His fame to distant countries flies abroad,  
 While *Ægypt* names him as her guardian god.  
 Assiduous still his officers attend,  
 Where neighb'ring states their num'rous envoys  
     send ;  
 Who for themselves, and pining race, implore  
 The food of life from his abundant store.

Among the foremost of the suppliant crowd  
 The *Hebrew* swains with low submission bow'd ;

With

With stern regard each kindred face he views,  
 Their sight the late detested scene renews ;  
 Their parting malice and inhuman rage  
 To just revenge his swelling thoughts engage.  
 Long silent, in a gloomy pause he stands ;  
 At last their country, business, name, demands.

My lord, thy servants, (with a modest grace,  
*Judab* replies) are all of *Hebrew* race :  
 Twelve brethren late, a joyful father's boast,  
 Till one, by some unhappy chance was lost ;  
 The youngest with his aged fire remains  
 The darling, which his drooping life sustains :  
 To purchase corn we come, our falling breath,  
 And infant race, to save from ling'ring death.

Thy tale (he said) unfolds its own disguise ;  
 By *Pharaoh's* sacred life, you all are spies :  
 Then to the guards with stern command he turns,  
 While yet resentment in his bosom burns ;  
 In close confinement be these men retain'd,  
 Till we some knowledge of their plot have gain'd.

With just remorse, and secret horror struck,  
 The conscious *Hebrews* at each other look,  
 In foreign accents, to the guards unknown,  
 Their length of unrepented sin they own ;  
*Joseph*, not yet withdrawn, their language hears,  
 And hastes away, to hide the gushing tears.

Oh!

Oh! we are guilty of our brother's blood,  
 Tho' heav'n th' intended fratricide withstood :  
 With unrelenting hate, for fordid gold,  
 The gentle youth to *Midianites* we fold  
 A slave, and such perhaps he still may live ;  
 Almighty God, the monstrous crime forgive !  
Unmov'd we saw the anguish of his breast,  
In mournful looks, and flowing tears express'd :  
Unmov'd, and lost to nature, virtue, sense,  
Unmov'd we heard his tender eloquence.  
 Such beauty, innocence, and blooming grace  
 Would have subdu'd in wilds a savage race.  
 What caves, what dungeons, should such mon-  
 sters hide ?  
 We stand condemn'd, and Heav'n is justify'd.

When *Reuben*, who the barbarous fact disclaim'd,  
 In these sad terms their former malice blam'd ;  
 Would heav'n your flowing tears might wash  
 away

The bloody stains of that detested day ;  
 Its horror, with eternal grief, I trace ;  
 The soft impression of my brother's face,  
 Dwells on my heart, the tragick scene I view,  
 The mournful object is for ever new.  
 Methinks I see the anguish, the surprize,  
 The melting sorrow in his lovely eyes,

While

While kneeling, pleading all the tender claims  
 Of kindred blood, he singly call'd your names,  
 And one by one invok'd—what power I had,  
 Was all employ'd to save the guiltless lad :  
 His filial love and goodness, free from art,  
 Touch'd every tender motion in my heart,  
 When for his drooping father's hoary age  
 He try'd your soft compassion to engage :  
 I hear his cries, while round his suppliant hands,  
 Without remorse you ty'd the cruel bands ;  
 My soul is wounded with the farewell groan,  
 When to the yawning pit you forc'd him down.

What hellish frenzy did your bosoms fire  
 Against such youth and virtue to conspire ?  
 What was his mighty crime ? —a childish dream,  
 A sleeping fancy's visionary scheme :  
 His blood's aveng'd—while here we lie confin'd,  
 Our wretched offspring are with famine pin'd.

Their eldest brother's just reproach they own,  
 And humbly now address th' eternal throne,  
 With penitence sincere they inly mourn,  
 While thrice the day and tedious night return.

Mean time the thoughtful regent in his breast  
 The first vindictive motions had suppress'd,  
 When early for the *Hebrew* train he sends,  
 And kindness in a stern disguise intends ;

Conducted

Conducted to his presence, prostrate all  
 (As once their sheaves before his sheaf ) they fall.

The pow'r that sits above the stars I fear  
 (He said) nor shall you find injustice here :  
 To prove that you have no clandestine view,  
 Nor hostile aim, but are to honour true,  
 One of your kindred number left behind,  
 Th' attending guards shall as an hostage bind ;  
 Secure from wrong, the captive shall remain,  
 If at set limits you return again :  
 But be forever exiles from the place,  
 Nor ever hope again to see my face,  
 Unless you bring your youngest brother here,  
 No more on *Ægypt's* fatal coast appear ;  
 Be this a proof your words have no disguise,  
 Or you by *Pharaoh's* sacred life are spies.

Alas, my lord, in tents thy servants sleep,  
 (The swains reply) our herds and bleating sheep  
 Engross our humble cares, no martial claims  
 Disturb our minds, no wild ambitious aims ;  
 Strangers to pompous courts, the flow'ry field,  
 And tuneful grove, to us their pleasures yield ;  
 Unenvy'd there, secure from noise and strife,  
 In harmless ease we spend a peaceful life ;  
 Our costliest banquets in some balmy shade,  
 With nature's simple luxury are made ;



No dreams of grandeur, no aspiring thought,  
 Thy servants to the *Memphian* limits brought ;  
 Distress'd with famine, to this friendly shore  
 We came, your kind assistance to implore.

This said, they find themselves dismiss'd at last  
 With full supplies, and to their country haste.  
 When scarce arriv'd before their father's tent,  
 His busy thoughts presag'd some sad event ;  
 The captive son was miss'd — his fears t' expel,  
 Th' unpleasing truth in soothing words they tell.  
 With temper, every circumstance he hears,  
 Till the fond prop of his declining years,  
 His *Benjamin* was nam'd — that cruel part,  
 In spite of all their well-meant flatt'ring art,  
 With piercing anguish wounds his inmost soul,  
 No pleas of reason can its force controul.  
 His hoary head with weighty sorrow press'd,  
 Dejected sunk upon his pensive breast.  
 The careful trav'lers now their sacks unty'd,  
 Surpris'd, their coin restor'd again they spy'd.

What can these myst'ries mean, good *Jacob*  
 said,  
 What fatal storm is breaking o'er my head ?  
 Why is my life prolong'd ? of bliss bereft ?  
*Joseph* is not : — my single comfort left ;



To distant climes an exile you would bear,  
 Against me all these sad events appear ;  
 But know, the flame of life shall quit my heart  
 'Ere with the lovely blooming youth I part.

Content we then must sacrifice our lives,  
 Our guiltless offspring, and our tender wives,  
 (*Judah* replies) condemn'd to perish here,  
 And ne'er again on *Ægypt's* coasts appear :  
 The man, the mighty ruler of the land,  
 With eyes to heav'n address'd, and lifted hand,  
 The man protested with a solemn grace,  
 Not one of us should ever see his face,  
 Nor other proof our innocence should clear,  
 Unless we brought our youngest brother there.

And why would you that needless truth make  
 known,  
 Or that you had a younger brother own ?  
 The anxious parent said.—Alas could we,  
*Reuben* replies, the consequence foresee ?  
 Or had the certainty been fully known,  
 Could we, with specious lies, the fact disown ?  
 Or straitly question'd, by a man so great,  
 Conceal our publick or domestick state ?  
 Indeed he roughly talkt, but still there broke  
 Some secret pity thro' his fiercest look ;

However