THE

FALL OF JERUSALEM;

A Poem.

IN THREE PARTS.

BY J. CHURCH, JUN.

"My God will cast them away because they did not hearken unto him, and they shall be wanderers among the nations."—Hosea, c. ix. v. 17.

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TO

MRS. J. REVETT,

OR

BRANDESTON HALL,

SUFFOLK.

DEAR MADAM,

The particular kindness and regard with which you have ever honored our family, the liberality with which you have received my father's works, and a knowledge of your native goodness, embolden me to sue for your patronage and attention to this my first (and probably the last) essay, which, though it has no claim to merit, may afford
you a few moments amusement in your solitude; where, being surrounded by Nature, and free from the noise and bustle of the town, you have leisure to survey the wonders of Creation, and admire the incomprehensible power of the Creator;

"To look thro' nature up to nature's God;"

to look back at the revolutions of nations, and bless Him who has placed you in peace, and given you a longing for his heavenly rest.

It is customary with authors, either from the expectation of a fee, their knowledge of the weakness of those to whom they present their works, or some interested motives, to fill their dedications with the most ridiculous applause and fulsome adulation; but as I have no such motives or ideas, I shall not be under the painful necessity of saying any
thing foreign to my heart, or drawing a blush from the cheek of injured sensibility, which, though conscious of superiority, must ever feel insulted when attacked by flattery. — Reposing therefore in your friendship, and generosity to protect the humble effort of a young author, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Dear Madam,

Your most obliged and
very humble Servant,

J. CHURCH, JUN.

Tabernacle House,
April 22nd, 1823.
TO THE READER.

COURTEOUS READER,

(I must begin in the old style.)

In laying these sheets before a criticising public, the author has perhaps overstepped the bounds of decorum, and may be thought by some to impose upon the generosity of his friends—be it so—but, reader, you are aware that there is a spark of ambition in all; some to gain a name—some to rise in the state, and range at large the patriot and statesmen—some (far happier they) to rise in business, and retire to spend the remainder
of their lives in a snug little box a few miles from town: but none of these will suit the author—his education is too confined ever to expect publicity, his disposition too peaceful for political exaltation, and his imagination too boundless to look for pleasure or contentment in a mercantile gradation. What then is his ambition? To please his friends—at whose request he has ventured to bring forth this Poem, for whose commendation his gratitude is ever flowing, to whose reproof his heart is always open; then frown not, reader, while perusing the following, nor smile when looking over the handful of subscribers;—there are as many as the author wishes for, who is proud to say, that out of all those whose names he has sued for, but two have refused him, and those only from peculiar circumstances; is not this sufficient excuse
for his audacity,—enough to raise the vanity of a minor poet? But say you,—What does the author expect in return for his courage and condescension? merely, that when preparing to read the Fall of Jerusalem, you will lay the poets on the shelf, and criticism on the fire—descend from sublimity to plain jingling, and fancy yourself in company with John Church, who is repeating the tale in his homely style for your entertainment; by these means you will perhaps be led on with the subject to the scene he attempts to describe, and find a portion of that satisfaction he ever feels in trusting to the generosity of his friends.

A young lady, whose name as a subscriber does me much honor, once observed (when speaking of this work), she expected it would be sublimity itself; if my friend meant
it, I already tremble for my credit; but if sarcastically said, as no doubt it was, I shall feel delighted in hearing of her disappointment, and feel double pleasure in subscribing myself

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From the continual call for this Poem's publication, the Author has not had opportunity to attend to many of his friends, who, no doubt, would have become Subscribers; he therefore hopes they will not think him disrespectful, and should another edition be necessary, he will feel proud to insert their names, and convince them of his gratitude.
THE

FALL OF JERUSALEM.
ARGUMENT.

Approach of the Romans—Their procession—Omens of the city's downfall—The Romans' song—Raising the tents—Titus addresses the army—Hymn—An evening scene—Digression—Titus summons a council—His speech—Trajan's address—Placidus—His motive in joining the army—His advice—Titus's return—His promise—The officers regale themselves—Placidus retires to his tent—His wish—His slave's attention—Morning—The army assembled—Placidus approaches to the walls—The priest—His death—Treachery of the Jews—Retreat of Placidus—Discovery and death of Paulina—Placidus's justification to his comrades, and woeful end.

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THE

FALL OF JERUSALEM.

Part I.

JERUSALEM! no more above thy plains
Shall feather'd warblers echo forth their strains,
No more around thy lordly turrets fly,
E'en now they haste, and shun the low'ring sky:
For now, like clouds, the armies shine afar,
And speak the horrors of approaching war;
In phalanx strong they move in firm array,
And burn with ardor for the coming fray;
With double speed towards the town they haste,
Resolv'd to die, or yon proud city waste.
Before the army, stately Titus speeds,
Surrounded by a thousand ambling steeds,
Moves like a god, and high above the rest
Superior exalts his golden crest;
His noble courser, of unequall'd height,
Rears his broad front, and glories in the weight.
Then come twelve thousand of great Rome's allies,
Who view with joy th' already conquer'd prize;
Without one fear of death, they hail the town,
And see before them plunder and renown;
Their lofty forms, encas'd in shining mail,
Their native standards swelling in the gale.
Next, forty thousand pikemen march'd along,
Behind—their horse, eleven thousand strong.
Destructive engines then came rattling slow,
To hurl the stone, or bend the fatal bow.
And see (as if aspiring to the sky)
The Roman eagles mounted ride on high;
Their golden wings, resplendent in the sun,
Seem but to boast the murders they have done;
(So the great master bird, whose form they bear,
Unconquer'd flies, and all devoid of fear,
With iron pinions pounces on his prey,
And bears it bleeding on his homeward way;
Where in full shares he tears the murder'd food,
And proudly spreads it to his eager brood;
Then claps his wings, and vaunting of his force,
Full at the sun he drives his headstrong course.)
Then came of trumpeters a spreading row,
Their lofty strains bid ev'ry bosom glow;
While e'en the coursers feel the welcome sound,
And dance aloft, or paw the dusty ground.
Next Roman squadrons, press'd by squadrons still,
O'erspread the vale, and stretch the distant hill;
Battalion to battalion still succeeds,
Yet others rise, and steeds still follow steeds;
Till, like the corn on which they heedless tread,
In countless numbers, o'er the plains they spread.

Grand was the view, but to the trembling foe
It shew'd but conquest, slavery, and woe.
Jerusalem! thy fatal hour is near,
In vain alike your courage and your fear,
These are the armies long foreseen of old,
And this the end thy prophets e'er foretold.

High in the heav'n's, above the temple's spire,
Is seen a two edg'd sword of glowing fire:
Dark clouds surround, the sun withdraws his light,
A blazing comet, beautiful and bright,
Rides thro' the sky, and o'er the fated town
Contrasts the darkness of Jehovah's frown.
And hark! the foe with fearless haste draws nigh,
With martial songs they rend the cloudy sky;
Thus ran the strain, while each, as if by choice,
To aid the song, uplifts his manly voice.

Freedom is the Roman's word,
Freedom draws the Roman's sword,
Freedom leads him to the fight,
Freedom bids him shun the flight.

Freedom is the Roman's boast,
Freedom is the Roman's toast,
Freedom 'tis for which we stand,
Freedom and our native land.

Rome o'er all the world shall reign,
Or our bodies strew the plain;
Unto death ourselves we give,
But our children free shall live.
Nothing shall our arms impede,
Onward spur each foaming steed;
Banish ev'ry thought of love,
And to glory swiftly move.

Lame was the verse, but ev'ry bosom join'd,
And look'd on death and victory combin'd;
They rear their walls, the well-form'd camp they fix,
Whilst all the troops together toiling mix.
Full in their view the mant'ling towers rise,
Well stock'd with foes, to guard against surprise;
They see the Romans mow their rip'ning grain,
Their forests levell'd, and their cattle slain.
But now the trumpets sound, the task is done;
The loosen'd coursers neighing, gaily run;
Again the trumpets sound—the chiefs obey,
The summon'd army stands in bright array.
Now Titus comes—around each legion hies,
His ready joy stands glist'ning in his eyes—
"Aye, this looks well (he cries), it glads my heart
To see each Roman stedfast to his part;
You frowning walls, impregnable to view,
Must fall and crumble, if you still are true;
And that great God! whose wond'rous work we are,*
Can end, at once, our labour and the war.
Though thousands here believe in fabled tales,
All other gods to Him are creeping snails
By his great power form'd—and at a thrust
He hurls them, moulder'd, to their native dust;
Then to His throne alone our vows we'll pay,
And raise to heav'n our grateful ardent lay."

* Antient writers affirm, that Titus was converted to the Christian religion, during the Jewish war, by a high priest whom he had taken prisoner, though he afterwards espoused paganism.
Amidst the noisy din of clanking steel,
The wond’ring army as by instinct kneel,
And with their leader thus their vows reveal.

Only mighty, good, and great,
Who, enthron’d in matchless state,
   Now reigns on high,
   And thro’ the sky
Deals with unerring hand thy peace or curse,
   Attend our pray’r,
   Banish our care,
And we will e’er thy wond’rous deeds rehearse.

God of heaven! God of earth!
Without ending, without birth,
   Our victory
   Must come from thee,
From thee alone we have our life and breath.
Jerusalem.

Oh! hear us now,
To thee we bow,
Now give us victory, or give us death.

Pour thine anger on the foe,
Give our armies all to know,
It is by thee
That we are free;
And if we here must end our mortal race,
Permit us then
To die like men,
Oh! save our rising offspring from disgrace.

'*Tis finish'd, (and the sun from out the west
Sheds his bright rays on ev'ry plated breast.)
Still prostrate on the ground, in doubting awe,
'Till waken'd by the thrilling trump of war:
Then starting up, each draws his eager blade,
And pass before the king* in grand parade,
Who, like a god, in burnish'd glory stands,
And calmly issues forth his just commands.
Yet still the sun, as joyful at the sight,
Gleams on their mail, and shames the coming night;
E'en Titus sees his long protracted stay,
And tells his fortunes by the ling'ring day.
The troops, their martial exercises o'er,
Expend their tales, or sing of days of yore,
Lay by their arms, and, careless of their ends,
Speak of their wives, their babes, or distant friends;
Short-sighted fools!—but wherefore should ye learn
That thousands here shall never more return?

* Titus is called king by Josephus and others, though Vespasian reigned at that time.
Why should a fatal foresight damp our peace,
And all our short-liv’d miseries increase?
No—Providence has clos’d the book of fate,
And sight of future only comes too late:
We see not half the woes with which we cope—
They come, they overwhelm us—still we hope—
Yet woes come on, we drain the bitter cup;
But still we hope, and hoping bears us up.
So the poor trav’ller, o’er the dreary way,
Dark night o’erspreads—yet still he looks for day;
The forked lightnings flash before his eyes,
And torrents pour upon him from the skies;
The thunder rolls, the clouds are bursting fast,
Yet on he plods, and thinks it will not last;
He slips—he falls—amidst the tang’ling brake,
But not e’en this his hoping soul can shake;
Torn, wet, bespatter’d, out again he creeps,
And, weary’d on the bank, succumbent sleeps.
But to return—a council Titus calls,
To talk of peace, or fell the hardy walls.
First, Titus rises from his gilded throne,
And with a careless greatness all his own,
Bespeaks him thus: "Brave princes, Romans, men,
Who dare e'en brave the tyger in his den,
Your persevering courage meets my praise;
And could my words your well-known value raise,
The wond'ring world should echo with your names,
Old men respect you, and the Jewish dames,
Whose spouses fall by you, your wrath approve,
Forget their wrongs, and only think to love;
All future ages will your deeds enroll,
And tell our victories from pole to pole.
But to our subject—Certain headstrong Jews
Have leap'd to power, and that pow'r abuse;
From conquer'd cities hither have they fled,
And threat to pour destruction on our head,
But let them threat, our armies, void of fear,
Grown great by conquest, challenge them e'en here:
Then princes say, shall we proceed with war,
Or make a peace, and so our arms withdraw?
What thinks my brother? he is cool tho' brave,
Speak, Trajan, speak, your counsel let us have!
Trajan arose:—"Do we or not love Rome?
We do, and punish all who dare presume
To mock that love, or of vain greatness boast:
Our conq'ring deeds are spread along each coast,
Our cheerful squadrons for the field prepare,
And willing all to die, they greatly dare.
Then think, my comrades, what would be their woe
If they return, and leave the vaunting foe;
Think how we all should lose our well-got fame,
And Jews and Romans join to tell our shame.
Observe, my friends, within the city's verge
Dark clouds surround, and suck the tinted surge;
The thunders burst, whilst famine hoarsely sings,
And dark oppression claps his iron wings.
He who would sue for peace from such as these,
Or wish return to foul dishonor'd ease,
A coward I pronounce, and doubly base,
Will gain but hatred, and to Rome disgrace.”
So spake they round, till all but one had said,
Who, 'midst the numbers, hid his drooping head;
By name Placidus, Roman, brave and young,
Of noble mien, fair face, and gentle tongue.
Within his heart, young Cupid held his reign,
He lov'd a maid, and was belov'd again;
But ah! her parents would their love divide,
In vain she strove her rising love to hide,
They saw—and to another made her bride:
But bride alone she was, for on that day,
When all beside herself was free and gay,
The marriage rites scarce finish'd by the priest,
And vassals bustled for the promis'd feast,
The maiden fled, and to her what befell,
No one could dare suppose, no one could tell.
The fond Placidus wip'd his tearful eye,
Join'd in the war, and only sought to die;
To die with glory as a Roman ought,
For this he conquer'd and for this he fought.
And yet the fates denied him even this,
He wish'd for death, but death was too much bliss:
In vain he singly fac'd a line of foes,
In vain he fell—his faithful servant rose,
And sav'd a life, which yielded nought but woes.

Within the tent he heedless stands aloof,
Entranc'd from all but Titus's reproof:
"Great sir (he cries) the world is nought to me,
And I'm content, if native Rome be free:"
These are our foes; and 'tis a Roman's pride
(For which what thousands of our friends have died)
To strive with all who would our pow'r withstand,
Or mar the honor of our native land.
Then let us on, and quell these daring fools,
Nor talking stand, nor calmly wait for rules;
I, with my band, will call them to the fight,
And hilt to hilt will quickly prove our right:
But if, like cowards, they the combat shun,
Or beaten by our army basely run,
Pursue them to the walls, our fortune try,
And nobly enter, or as nobly die.
There raise our banners in their very jaws,
Or fall together in the common cause."
Each breast with double fury feels inspir'd,
No tongue but with Placidus' praise is fir'd;
Titus himself with noble envy swells,
The man gives way, but yet the king rebels,
And thus he speaks: "Thy words and deeds are great,
But we are men, then wherefore tempt our fate:
He is but fool who of his lot complains,
Yet greater far is he who life disdains;
They only noble are whose deeds are good,
Whose virtues have the shocks of fate withstood,
Who fight their country's battles as their own,
And die to gain them victory alone.
If such thy wish, and such thy pious thought,
If with such Roman aims thy breast is fraught,
Thy daring soul the giddy height shall soar,
Till, fully cloy'd, it drops to mount no more.
Yet if you meet that death you wildly seek,
And with bright honor's scars thy frame grows weak,
Remember Titus, call him to thy side,
(He will not mock thy zeal, nor proudly chide,)
Pour in his friendly bosom all thy wrongs,
The fatal cause that now thy woe prolongs;
Repose in him, as friend, thy last request,  
Or aught to give thy parting spirit rest;  
And here he swears in face of all—of thee  
To 'tend thy wish, whatever it may be.”

With heart o'erfill'd the lone Placidus bow'd,  
And silent mix'd among the list'ning crowd.

Now round the tent the flowing goblet moves,  
Some pledge their friends, and some their distant loves;  
Nought but full pleasure can their hearts approach,  
While flask by flask the sparkling wine they broach;  
Glee, mirth, and laughter, with each bowl increase,  
And ev'ry thought of bloodshed feels release.

Not so Placidus, destitute of joys,  
He seeks his tent, and shuns their lively noise;  
There sits him down, while on his mournful face  
The love-lorn pearly shower falls apace.
Jerusalem.

Oft on his lost Paulina’s name he calls,
Oft casts his eyes around the strengthen’d walls,
Forebodings pleasing on his spirits flock,
He longs for death, nor fears the dreadful shock:
But oh! (he cries) were fair Paulina here,
And with her love my dying hour would cheer,
I then resign’d should close my eyes to rest,
Shed my last fleeting breath upon her breast;
For her blest safety all the gods implore,
And haste contented to the dismal shore.

In vain my wish!—My faithful slave, draw nigh,
Let me have music—wherefore dost thou sigh;
You only know my grief, my gallant boy,
And thy soft tales alone e’er yield me joy;
For when I look, or hear thy soft’ning strains,
My heart rebounds, and all my dreary pains
Retire in peace, and, like their subject mute,
Own the sweet magic of thy quiv’ring lute.
THE FALL OF

Strike—strike, my boy—attune thy keys anew,
Chaunt some fond lay of parted lovers true,
Let thy sweet music waft my soul above,
And with thy words remind me of my love."
The lovely slave with cheerfulness obeys,
Sweeps o'er the strings, now loud—now softly plays;
Responsive through his heart the murmurs creep,
His grief is gone—and calmness lulls to sleep.
The slave with care his weighty helm removes,
And though a willing slave, a friend he proves;
O'er his succumbent frame he gently bends,
Echos each sigh his tortur'd breast that rends,
Thinks on each woe by which his heart is torn,
And watches near him till the waking morn.

Now fill'd with war, he grasps his sword and shield,
To join the common bustle of the field;
Where Titus in his burning arms encas'd
(Each giddy thought of merriment eras'd)
Sends forth his orders with a gentle mien,
While bright anticipation cheers the scene.
Placidus comes, his foaming courser neighs,
Shakes his long mane, and shares his rider's praise,
Who with a party, burning for the fray,
Towards the city takes his quick'ning way.
The Jews with expectation see him near,
The priests convene, and slay the lowing steer.
Not so the rebel chieftain's artful bands,
They thirst for blood, and arm their eager hands.
Unmindful of the truce Placidus bears,
The stately walls soon throng with shafts and spears;
Yet still he hastens heedless to the walls,
Nor hosts of enemies his soul appals.
Great soul! no deep laid treachery he views,
And by the wall addresses thus the Jews:
"Attend my words—foes, Isr'alites, and men,
Brist'ling like tigers pent within their den,
When will ye own cool reason's easy sway?
When join in peace, and shun the rude affray?
In vain I speak—you shake your gleaming swords,
Then hear from me the Roman monarch's words:
Unless you open wide yon rusting gate,
Admit and hail him to the regal state,
Our 'vengeful army, with a mighty force,
Like rolling Tyber in its foaming course,
Shall wash away each vestige of your town,
And, 'midst the horror, bury your renown;
Not one shall live of sire, child, or dame,
But on your heads we'll climb to peace and fame."

A priest appears the hostile Jews among,
With peace and soft persuasion on his tongue,
Accedes to all the terms of Roman law,
And Titus owns, to shun the dreadful war.
Soon as his peace-fraught eloquence was done,
Ill fated man! his course on earth was run:
A harden'd rebel's well-aim'd barbed dart
Rends his fine robe, and pierces to his heart.
"Woe to Jerusalem! (he calls aloud)
Thy end is come—observe, ye foolish crowd,
God by his prophets this thy fall foretold,
Be cruel still, and, if ye can, be bold;
For all you must—the sword is pois'd on high,
Darkness o'erspreads and hides the shining sky"—
He stops—he strives—alas! can say no more,
And dying wallows in his smoking gore.
A joyful shout his last sad murmurs drown,
Placidus hears, and bends his brow to frown;
When swift as flashing lightnings ever sped,
Wing'd darts and jav'lns fly around his head.
His little army, planted thick around,
Return the show'r, and dying bite the ground.
Placidus views his comrades round him lie,
He bids the rest give back, and leaves a sigh;
Yet still they fall, the coward and the brave,
Till none are left but firm Placidus' slave,
Who, when they mark his master for their prey,
Uplifts his shield, and turns each death away:
But ah! what fury glows in yonder crew,
Now flush'd with blood, their treachery pursue.
Thick fly the darts around the noble pair,
Who now like brothers in the danger share;
Yet fate omnipotent will e'en prevail,
And—(must I tell the sad, the dreary tale)—
A venom'd shaft, more cruel than the rest,
Now takes its standing in the poor slave's breast;
Sighing he falls upon his bleeding friends;
With tears his master him alone defends,
Then mounts him moaning with him on the steed,
And spurs towards the camp with utmost speed;
Fatigued with toil, and heated with the rage,
Within his tent he rests his wounded page,
Extracts the dart, returns each rising groan,
And weeping feels the sufferings as his own.
The youth in anguish bids him stop the tear,
And turn his thoughts to her he still holds dear;
While yet he speaks, his lightsome helm lays by;
Oh, heav'ns! what rapture strikes his master's eye!
Amaz'd he stands, and views the smiling youth,
Who faintly utters thus the pleasing truth:
"In me the lost Paulina you behold,
The constant lover of Placidus bold,
You only my fond heart could ever gain,
For you I've suffer'd toil, now suffer pain;
For you a life of sweeten'd woe I've spent,
But heaven now a kind relief has sent;
My hopes, my fears, my earthly joys, are past,
Then on thy faithful breast I'll breathe my last;
To guard your life I fought, and guarding fell,
Remember thy Paulina,—and farewell!"
Annihilation strikes the wond'ring chief,
And every sense with her is lost in grief,
Till in his tent, with Titus at their head,
His steel-clad comrades their refulgence shed:
With fell reproach to wound his ear they came,
To call him coward, and his flying blame.
"Oh! cease (he cried) your foul inventives spare,
Your eyes and tongues have own'd how much I dare;
But if unsatisfied you still remain,
Thus—thus—I dare ye singly to the plain.
'Twas not from hope of life, or paltry fear,
I flew to save the maid who now lies here;
You saw the youth with zealous ardor glow,
And shield me from each death-impending blow,
Beheld her burning with a passion pure,
Receive her death my safety to secure.
Think'st thou I could my brave defender see
Lie scarr'd with wounds, and those receiv'd for me:
Does your new faith such horrid doctrine teach?
Do your fam'd prophets such delusion preach?
Would you such notions into Rome instill?
Oh! let me first the tomb's cold darkness fill.
My leader frowns—my tie to earth is broke,
And thus I willing hail the welcome stroke."
Swift glides the steel, attacks the seat of life,
He calmly smiles amid the parting strife;
Salutes the corse—his frame no more respires,
Reclines his head, and on her breast expires!
THE

FALL OF JERUSALEM.

PART II.
ARGUMENT.

Survey of the ascension of Christ—The consequences of the Jews rejecting him—State of the city—A description of the leaders of the rebels, with their situations—The Romans effect a breach—The rebels join and resist them—A battle which lasts till night—Titus is awakened by a dream—Walks among the dead—Encounters a dying Jew and his daughter, whom he swears to protect—The Jew's death—Titus bears the lady to his tent—Morning—The siege renewed—Antiochus of Macedon begs leave to attack the Jews—Titus consents—Antiochus's defeat and narrow escape—The Romans gain the second and third wall—A view of the city.
See how he shines! the wondrous, great, God-man,
Archangels' wings the rising breezes fan;
Their trumpets shake the joyful realms above,
And hail his coming to a Father's love:
Th' angelic choir the golden harps prepare,
And waft their joyful strains to nether air,
More sweet they chant, more vigorous their lays,
They sing his love—a fond Redeemer's praise;
They sing of him who shed his peaceful blood,
Who in the place of ruin'd mortals stood;
Who, now the task is done, his throne resumes,
'Till sleeping men shall issue from their tombs.
See how the cherubim their homage pay,
And raise their hallelujahs thro' the day;
Around his throne the lovely rainbow* gleams,
On His bright face its added glory beams:
Yet this Eternal, fallen man to save,
Hung on the cross, descended to the grave,
Was marr'd with thorns, bore man's vast load of guilt,
To save e'en Jews his precious blood was spilt;
But they, perverse, his promis'd ransom scorn'd,
And lost in sin, to sin their safety pawn'd.

* And there was a rainbow round about the throne, &c.—
Revelations, c. iv. v. 3.
Now comes the tainting force of sin's harsh breath,
War, famine, murder, slavery, and death.
Now view the holy temple's chequered floor
Strew'd o'er with bodies welt'ring in their gore;
Their op'ning veins send forth a crimson flood,
The marble steps are overflown with blood;
The rev'rend priest before the mob recedes,
And sacrifice with sacrificer bleeds:
Sons, fathers, brothers, 'gainst each other strive,
And as their victims fall, with joy revive;
While gnawing hunger, horror, and despair,
Pervade each breast, and in their faces stare.
A tender mother, by hard famine prest,
Views her dear infant die upon her breast;
The spouse returning sucks his partner's breath,
And with her sinks into the arms of death;
A loving brother hears his sister's cries,
Kisses her haggard cheek, and with her dies.
Now through the streets the mad'ning rabble pour,
Thousands by thousands with their leaders—four;
Ambitious souls, who strive to win the crown,
Four able chieftains, and of great renown.
First came Eleazer, Simon's headstrong son,
Whose fame was sullied e'er his deeds begun;
His fiery soul by gentle love was sway'd,
He sought for Judah's crown to win the maid:
A Jewish dame, possessing ev'ry grace,
A splendid fortune and a lovely face;
But high of birth, proud, arrogant, and vain,
Such was the fair, Eleazer strove to gain;
For her the claims of pity he withstood,
And swore to gain her, tho' through fields of blood
Unhappy youth! with grief we see thy state,
And think thee worthy of a better fate;
By him oppos'd was Chezron, luckless fool,
What claims are his that he alone should rule?
Devoid of sense, impetuous and proud,
Heedless in war, and in the senate loud;
Cruel, revengeful, deadly in his hate,
Fit man, indeed, to save a falling state.

The next was John, a Jew of noble birth,
Who thought that he was born to rule the earth;
His father told him so, and he believ'd,
Nor doubted but the world would be reliev'd
From Roman tyranny.—Mistaken youth,
Had some kind friend inclin'd thine heart to truth,
How many husbands' groans and fathers' fears,
How many mothers had been spar'd their tears;
But such is man; his restless passions' slave,
He seeks for happiness, and finds a grave.
Spurr'd by ambition and a thirst for fame,
He gains his end, then dies and leaves—a name:
He hears that joys are found beyond the skies,
And not on earth, yet after joys he flies,
Gives up the chase, pursues again, and dies.

The other murd'ring chief,
Who fill'd Jerusalem with woe and grief,
Was Simeon, Eleazer's haughty sire,
A Jew by birth, and fill'd with Jewish fire,
By some call'd Simon—dreadful in array,
He swore to Judah's throne to cut his way.
Eight thousand men of war his power own'd,
Beneath whose swords how many thousands groan'd!
Eleazer and his bands the temple gain'd,
And with their horrid deeds the place profan'd;
In blood they walk'd, breathing defiance round,
The vaulted roof their awful oaths resound;
Madly they rush, like tygers on their prey,
And murder all who dare oppose their way,
Without was John's and Chezron's savage bands,
In bloody strife engag'd, clos'd hands to hands,
While from the hill above the shafts were pour'd,
To fell those wretches who escap'd the sword.
By Simon's party was the hill possess'd,
And wing'd their darts, whilst others closely press'd;
But hark! the Romans shout, "It's down! it's down!
A breach is made, and we possess the town!"
The wall so long by Roman arms assail'd,
The wall which long o'er Roman arts prevail'd,
But now, deserted by the city's feud,
Gives way, at last, by Roman pow'r subdu'd.

"Hold, fools! (Eleazer cries) and cease your rage,
Shall we like lions here with friends engage,
While pagan dogs lay this our city low,
And trample on our laws without a blow?"
No, never be it said; but follow me,
And with me die, or share my victory."
The bands inspir'd, forget their civil thrall,
And join'd like brothers, rush towards the wall;
The mounted Romans view their coming foes,
Whilst ev'ry breast with double ardour glows:
The Jews approach—a bloody scene ensues,
Whole hosts of Romans fall on hosts of Jews.
The Jews retreat—the inner wall they gain,
And there with fury still the fight maintain;
Till lively Day had spun her golden thread,
And dusky Night her sable pinions spread.
Each warrior then, with toil and fury worn,
Unclasps the armour he so long has borne;
The sombre god their weary eyelids close,
And void of fear they taste a sweet repose;
Save the drear centinel, whose measur'd pace
Suits well the gloomy horrors of the place:
He gazes round upon the slaughter'd hosts,
Now thinks of blood, and now of fleeting ghosts,
And sighing cries—"I wish the war was o'er,
I safe at home within my cottage door."
The conq'ring Titus now securely rests,
Freed from the cares of war and hostile guests;
But flitting fancies now around him play,
In wanton song they bid him to be gay;
Imagination points the city's doom,
And he triumphant welcom'd into Rome:
The crown of laurels on his brow he feels,
And Jewish slaves attend his weighty wheels,
While Mars, o'ercome by Cupid's well-known pow'r,
Destroys his tent, and rears a shady bow'r;
Here Love and Pleasure hail his wish'd return,
Here pomp and adulation round him burn,
Here joyous nymphs their graceful forms display
In mazy dance, and glad the happy day
With merry songs, and Titus is the theme,
But Titus wakes, and finds 'tis but a dream;
Still unresolv'd he looks around with pain,
Then sinks upon his couch to dream again,
Yet sleep flies from him, while his roving sense
Recalls past scenes—a paltry recompense.
Now, peerless Cynthia, goddess of the night,
In bright array she sheds her silver light:
Her splendid beams shine on the waking chief,
Dispel the cloud, and smile away his grief.
"Shame! shame! (he cries) shall fancy thus controul,
And shall a dream unman a Roman soul?
Shall fleeting visions thwart my well try'd aim?
Forbid it manliness, forbid it fame."
Whilst speaking thus, the Roman king arose,
And wanders forth 'midst heaps of slaughter'd foes;
Now join'd with dying friends, whose deepen'd sighs
In mournful echoes play along the skies.
Here thrifty Jews regret their ill-got coin,
Here Romans bold with bleeding cowards join;
The haughty chiefs in life o'erspread with pride,
Now grovel with the peasant side by side;
These Titus view'd with pain and downcast eye,
And strove in vain to stop the coming sigh;
Lost in himself, he wanders to and fro,
His eyes cast upward now—now down below,
While Cynthia still, in all her splendor deck'd,
Smiles on the bloody scene by clouds uncheck'd.
He hears a sound, and, aided by her beams,
Moves on his way— then stops, and thinks he dreams;
Listens again, and hears a female's words:
"Oh, men! more cruel than your shining swords,
Could ye not spare my father's hoary age?
Would not my three brave brothers glut your rage?
Would not a mother, by keen famine slain?
Return, my father! back to life again,
Return to share again thy daughter's kiss!
Or bear me with you to yon scenes of bliss,
Where war and blood ne'er fright the peaceful shore,
And Jews or Romans trouble us no more."

Great Titus melts, his flashing eyes o'erflow,
He weeps with pity—pity for a foe.
"Fair maid (said he) why spring these flowing tears?
Repose your grief with me, drive hence your fears,
Suppress those sighs, your parent yet may live,
He shall not fall for aught that I can give."
The dying father at these words awoke,
And stares with vacancy on him who spoke,
Then mournful lisps, "Oh, man! if man thou art,
Attend my last poor wish e'er I depart,
And, if thou hop'st for peace beyond the grave,
Preserve an orphan, and my daughter save;
Oh! cheer my Jezra, pity her despair,
With you I leave her, take her to your care:
I was your deadly enemy 'tis true,
For thou a Roman art, and I a Jew.
But ah! that starting tear now speaks thee friend,
Then promise thou my Jezra to defend;
Thou swearest by thy sword!—Enough, enough;—
Oh! may thy path through life be never rough.
Here, take this casket, all I now have left,
For I have been of wealth and house bereft;
Give Jezra part, and then keep thou the rest,
Protect and guard her—so shalt thou be blest;
Farewell! farewell! the tide of life ebbs fast,
Soon will my dreary sorrows all be past,
Soon shall I meet my sons and martyr'd wife,
And feel no more the woes of war and strife.
I can no more—my wand'ring sight grows dark,
Jezra, adieu! death sinks my shattered bark,
My wound bursts forth, my spirit mounts on high,
To gain a happy home—I sink, I die!"
A dreadful pause, all nature seems to sleep,
The moon retires involv'd in clouds to sleep;
The scene around looks naked and forlorn,
And black'ning clouds obscure the welcome morn;
The maid in anguish wrings her lily hands,
Then flings her fragile form upon the sands.
Titus, transfix'd with love and fear, still kneels,
Hears ev'ry sob, and all her sorrow feels;
Raises the lovely burden in his arms,
Wipes off the tear, and gazes on her charms:
Then checks his sighs, which strive in vain for vent,
And bears the senseless maiden to his tent.

The sun now rises, and with him the troops,
Some singly go and some in chatting groups;
Some shew how they might gain the second wall,
Some plan th' attack, and tell the city's fall.
The trumpets sound, each hastens to his post,
Till straggling numbers form a dreadful host,
Their brighten'd arms with polish'd lustre glows.
To strike with dazzling awe their bearded foes;
Whilst neighing chargers, eager for the fight,
Now prance around with joy—a goodly sight.

Brave Titus now in warlike pomp array'd,
For war's dread clangor leaves the weeping maid,
And mounted on his lofty milk-white steed
Surveys his armies—ready all to bleed;
With lofty shouts they rend the troubled air,
And joyful for the crimson field prepare.
"This joys my soul (cries Titus) comrades all,
Who dare oppose such bravery must fall;
Then let not eager rashness mark your way,
But dart like serpents on your yielding prey;
Let not dissension part our peaceful hive,
And oh! reflect, that you with madmen strive—
Madmen who, careless of their city's fate,
Meet death like tigers, and like tigers hate:
Be crafty then, be steady, but be brave,
And dim with Jewish blood each shining glaive;
Remember your forefathers' mighty deeds,
This poise your darts, this urge your well-train'd steeds;
Here let our Roman banners be unfurl'd,
Rome still shall be the mistress of the world."
Again the army their loud voices raise,
And in loud accents echo forth his praise:
"Down with Jerusalem! great Titus, live!
Titus shall reign; to him our lives we give,
For him we'll fight 'till Jewish tongues shall own,
That only he is worthy Judah's throne."
They raise their spears, their shining weapons wield,
And strike their arms against the sounding shield;
Their eager coursers paw the beaten ground,
While e'en the city hears the lengthen'd sound.

"Approach, brave Antiochus (Titus cries)
Why bends that brow? why sink those gloomy eyes?
Has aught been done to shame thy father's shade?
Great Alexander! does thy courage fade,
That courage which has e'er undoubted stood,
That tips thy weighty spear so oft with blood?
Or does this dreary siege your spirits tire,
And still restrain your youthful warlike fire?
Speak freely, prince, brave Alexander's heir,
Believe me, friend, your weal shall be my care."

"Most mighty sir (the youthful chief returns)
My lofty soul for speedy conquest burns,
Which ne'er can be attain'd if thus we stay,
And with such boyish tremours shun the fray:
Six hundred hardy youths attend my word,
All skill'd to fling the dart or wield the sword,
Of Macedonia all, a lofty race,
And sprung from fathers they will ne'er disgrace.
Permit us then, brave sir, these Jews to tame,
And die, at least, with glory on our name;
At once like lions on our foes we'll rush,
Like lions perish, or like lions crush."

"Prince (answers Titus) you're, I fear, too bold,
But yet in Rome it never shall be told,
That Titus check'd the ardor of his hosts:
No, lead them on, we still maintain our posts,
And if thou fall'st, as much I fear thou wilt,
Thy comrades' blood be on thee, thine the guilt."
The headstrong youths now spur their foaming steeds
Straight to the walls, and Antiochus leads;
The walls are lin'd with Jews, a mighty show,
Who pour their jav'lins thick upon the foe:
The jav'lings ring upon each brazen shield,
Rebound aloft, and sink upon the field.
Machines for scaling 'gainst the wall they fix,
And then undaunted mount them six by six;
But six by six they fall, a gory heap,
And with their fathers now in darkness sleep.
Five thousand Jews now issue from the gate,
All fram'd for slaughter, big with 'venging fate;
Surrounding Antiochus's brave band,
Their angry songs are heard through Judah's land.
Buckler to buckler, clashing steel to steel,
Ring thro' the air with harsh and dismal peal;
In vain the Macedonians strive to fly,
Hemm'd in with foes they fight, and fighting die.
Titus afar beholds them cut and slain,
And bids his willing army scour the plain;
But all too late—the Jews hard pressing still,
Like reapers mow till none are left to kill;
Save Antiochus—he, amidst the fray,
Brake their close ranks, and through them cut his way:
His courser wounded fell, on foot he fled,
Whilst whizzing arrows flew around his head.
The Jews pursue, each goads his tiring steed;
The flying prince defies their angry speed,
And gains the camp, from fear and danger freed;
Then turns his eyes towards the fatal walls,
Gazes on Titus, staggers;—pants,—and falls.
Just so the bounding stag by hunters chac'd,
Its lovely limbs by sweat and dust defac'd;
Escapes their toils, regains his native glade,
And trembling sinks to rest beneath the shade.
But now the Roman army move along,
Around the walls the Jewish rebels throng;
They meet, the fight begins, with blow for blow,
While hostile blood in foaming currents flow.
Breast-plates resound, spears crack on shatter'd helms,
The Romans press, their fury overwhelms;
Death stalks triumphant o'er the purpled scene,
And fills his hungry jaws from wounds yet green,
Scoffs at his victim's courage to his face,
And joyous clasps him in his cold embrace.
The Jews retire, o'erpress'd with dire fatigue,
Within the gate to mourn their broken league,
To mourn the bleeding comrades they now lack,
And breathless wait the Romans' fierce attack.
The Romans, with their new success elate,
Place batt'ring rams, and force each pond'rous gate;
A breach they make, then mount—the Jews oppose,
And pour destruction on their rising foes:
Whole legions fall, yet legions still appear,
And mount the breach, devoid of puny fear.
The rebel Jews dismay'd the wall forsake,
And Roman arms the second wall retake;
Soon mounted high the golden eagle shines,
And spreads new life, thro' all the weary'd lines.
They shout aloud, their sun-burnt faces glow,
Heedless they pass, their comrades now laid low;
No thoughts but war and victory they own,
Of conq'ring Romans and of Jews o'erthrown,
Of easy plunder to reward their toils,
Of massive gold and weighty Jewish spoils.

A sad reverse within the city reigns,
Here all is dying groans and bleeding veins;
Here Famine still in all its horrors clad,
Press some to death, and leave the living mad;
Here restless Faction rides in deadly strife,
And pleas'd with blood now takes the long-sought life;
Here sore oppression gripes with iron hand,
And darts with fury o'er the bleeding land;
Here houses blaze, here wealt'ring bodies lay,
And fright with deep-fetch'd groans the dark'ning day;
Wild desolation holds his murd'ring reign,
While pity heedless bleeds at ev'ry vein.
Ill-fated city, Judah's greatest pride,
Thy boasted strength all distant lands deride,
Now laugh to see thy boding towers gone,
To view thy fertile meadows left forlorn;
To view thy chiefs, with blood and rapine strong,
Now spread destruction o'er the famish'd throug,
Whose wealth nor pow'r can aught assistance give,
Or let their starving owners longer live.
So the firm oak, proud monarch of the wood,
Which for whole ages has undaunted stood,
56

THE FALL OF

When lightnings flash, and thunders roll afar,
Gives way, o'ercome by elemental war.
THE

FALL OF JERUSALEM.

PART III.
ARGUMENT.

The Romans assembled by the walls are addressed by Titus, who approves of their bravery, and incites them to pursue their conquest—Chezron and his band fire the towers and retake the inner wall—Chezron, in the act of erecting his standard, is killed. —His troops rush into the flames—Eleazer meets the Romans—Retreats to the temple, where the battle is renewed—Simon fires the outer courts of the temple—Jezra, wandering in the Roman camp, sees the flames, hurries to Titus, and implores him to stop their progress—The Jews retreating to Lebanon are followed by their foes, whom they entice within the walls, and then burn the place—Jezra ascends to a pinnacle, and perishes among the ruins—Simon and Eleazer attack the Romans—Their flight—Eleazer's death—Plunder of the city—Simon gives himself up—Final overthrow of the city—And conclusion.
Near to the conquer'd walls the Romans meet,
And long to see their victory complete;
With conquest flush'd in eagerness they wait
The word "attack," to seal the city's fate.
But Titus comes, his laurel'd brow serene,
Nor cross'd with frowns, nor wrinkled o'er with spleen,
But in his well-bought honors slowly moves,
Turns to his men, and thus their deeds approves:
Behold, my friends, Jerusalem's proud walls
O'erthrown by bravery and inward brawls,
By Roman bravery, which never droops,
By Rome's allies and Roman well-try'd troops;
With grateful heart I 'plaud your mighty deeds,
And honor him who for his country bleeds;
Yes, happy he who in our cause has fell,
For fall we must, and who can fall so well
As for his country's freedom—Who would shrink,
And, like a dog diseas'd, forgotten sink?
Is there one present holds a soul so base,
That would the name of Roman so disgrace?
Is there one here of all Rome's fighting friends,
Who to such grov'ling baseness e'er descends?
Why do I pause—Let's ask yon bleeding foe,
And why—yon falling towers answer—no?
Look at yon sturdy walls no longer such,
Those clouds of dust will tell you've done too much;
The walls no longer stop our great career,
Those headstrong rebel Jews no longer jeer.
Then on, my friends, nor check your flowing rage,
E'en to the temple's steps the war we'll wage,
There from its rocky height we'll dash them slain,
And save the holy place themselves profane;
There pay our vows to Him, whose frowning nod
Makes nations tremble, Rome's benignant God;
To whose great pow'r we owe each great success,
The king of all in heav'n, on earth not less."

As Titus spoke, a band by Chezron led
Descend with each a torch of blazing red,
Down to the conquer'd inner wall they haste,
To move the Romans or the wall lay waste;
They mount the tow'rs, the Roman guards destroy,
And glut their deep revenge with savage joy;
Chezron, the foremost, tears the standard down,
And in its place exulting rears his own:
A well pois'd shaft now trembles in the air,
Which, e'er he can his weighty shield prepare,
 Strikes to his brain.—"Save me!" aloud he cries,
With anguish mad, turns up his glaring eyes,
Reels, struggles, groans, then curses God, and dies.
His followers with frenzy view his end,
And lose at once their leader and their friend;
Wild in despair the destin'd wall they fire,
Then rushing headlong in the flames expire.
Three hundred Jews thus fearless sought a grave,
And fell with Chezron—all as Chezron brave;
Thus fell three hundred renegading Jews
To endless night (as all who God abuse),
Neglected fell, and fell no more to rise,
For ever banish'd from the happy skies.

Eleazer's troops now on the Romans rush,
Resolv'd to perish or at once to crush,
JERUSALEM.

With double speed their weighty jav'lin's fly,
They kill with fury, and with fury die;
Yet all their courage now avails but nought,
For Roman ranks, with glowing freedom fraught,
Pursue their conquest, spite of breasted files,
Through falling ruins and o'er smoking piles.
The Jews retreat, the Romans follow hard,
Nor can assistant troops their steps retard;
Back to the guarded temple's sloping height
The Jews retire, and there renew the fight;
There head to head they press both man and horse,
As striving vultures o'er the mould'ring corse,
Or, like two lions, eager both for blood,
Wage with their fangs to grasp the trembling flood.

But see!—the holy house—it smokes, it burns,
By Simon fir'd (who all devotion spurns),
The holy house, the temple's outer court,
'Till now held sacred—stands a blazing fort.

Now 'midst the war, poor Jezra, sunk in woe,
Prays for her lofty friend—her city's foe;
Around the Roman camp she walks and wails,
Tears her dark locks, and spreads them to the gales;
Like a young plantain, nipp'd by raging frost,
Droops for her friends—her native city lost;
Now wildly gazes on her once fair home,
Now views the 'spiring temple's shining dome,
Beneath whose concave she so oft hath knelt,
Warm'd by that mercy angels never felt:
Angels ne'er felt?—nay, reader, do not pause,
What sav'd us from the curse of broken laws?
For what did Jesus undertake our cause?
For what did Jesus take a mortal form?
For what did Jesus bear each angry storm?
For what did Jesus tread our earthly road?
For what did Jesus bear our heavy load?
For what did Jesus sweat, did Jesus sigh?
And oh! for what did Jesus groan and die?
To save fall’n man from gaping hell—and prove
The strength of mercy and his saving love;
Redeeming love, to angels e’en unknown,
Redeeming mercy, ne’er to angels shown:
’Twas this that Jezra’s pious bosom fill’d,
’Twas this that ev’ry rising passion still’d;
’Twas this, when at the altar’s foot she lay,
Cheer’d her young soul, and bade her fears give way;
’Twas thoughts of this, and happy days gone by,
That now made Jezra roll her languid eye.

The curling smoke the stately building hides,
The flames dart round its well-built glossy sides;
The Jews fly thro' their gory streets with fear,
Their groans and shouts reach even Jezra's ear;
"The temple's fir'd (they cry in piercing tones)
No shelter left to rest our weary bones!
God is the strongest, all our hopes are vain,
We strive 'gainst him, and therefore suffer pain;
Great God! restrain thy wrath, in pity save,
And penitent we'll seek the silent grave."
O'er dead and dying frantic Jezra speeds,
Through ranks of footmen, and 'midst frothy steeds,
To where brave Titus, struggling with the rest,
Inspires his men, and shews his dazzling crest;
There mid' the din of war she dauntless stands,
And to the Roman lifts her lily hands:
"Great conqueror—invincible—my friend,
Oh! save the temple, and some pity lend;
Oh! let not distant ages proudly tell,
God's consecrated house by Romans fell.
No—no—to check the flames then give your word,  
And victory accompany your sword,  
Think on my dying father's last behest,  
Think how he clasp'd you to his heaving breast,  
Think how he gave me to your willing care,  
Think how he bade you all my troubles share;  
Preserve this casket, which again I give,  
For if the temple falls I cease to live;  
Oh! may'st thou ever conquer, ever quell,  
Oh! may'st thou ever—Ah! that crash, farewell!"
Thus spake the maid, then seiz'd a fallen blade,  
And cut her way, of foes nor death afraid;  
Through smoke and dust she gains the silver'd door,  
And flings herself upon the burning floor.

Around the roof the uncloy'd flames still roll,  
While fear and madness fill each Jewish soul;
The Romans fight with more than mortal pow'r,
And press the Jews to Lebanon's high tow'r,
(A place of strength, where Solomon abode,
And prov'd his wisdom in each new-penn'd code).
By hateful craft, in which the Jews excel,
Two hundred thousand manly Romans fell,
With twice as many Jews, who mur'd'ring died,
And with their victims grovel side by side.
Titus with grief beholds his falling troops,
But still his youthful courage nothing droops,
He goads his steed, repeats his leader's names,
And bids them risk their lives to stop the flames:
But useless all, th' increasing flames arise,
With dreadful glare illumeth the low'ring skies.
Amidst the flames is Jezra rising seen,
Around her neck a scarf of shining green,
The gift of Titus, which she always wore
In token of the stifled love she bore:
on a pinnacle she stands, and there

s forth in dying tears her deep despair.

Warriors and men of might,
Great in peace and strong in fight,

Strive and slay

While you may,

God inspires you.—He is right.

Sacrilegious rebels all,
You have fought, and you must fall,

In these fires

Hope expires,

Death your drooping heads enthrall.

Wake the trumpet, still the song,
Wield your weapons firm and strong,
Bravely rush, 
Die or crush, 
Round the burning temple throng.

Bid your famish'd children moan, 
Bid your dying partners groan, 
View the grave, 
Nought can save, 
Titus reigns on Judah's throne.

Angels now around me sing, 
Now aloft they take their wing, 
See him here, 
Father dear, 
Oh! descend, and comfort bring.

See my murder'd mother's shade, 
Now of Rome nor Jews afraid,
JERUSALEM.

Bids me die,
To her fly,
E'er this house in ruin's laid.

Rebel Jews for death prepare,
Nought is left ye but despair;
'Twas foretold
You were sold,
When you built your temple square.

Conq'ring Titus, fare-thee-well,
Let not after ages tell,
Never know
Judah's foe
Bade my breast with passion swell.

God of Light, who rules the whole,
Take, oh! take my fleeting soul,
THE FALL OF

Quit me—breath,
Welcome death,
Let me reach the long’d-for goal.

Father, mother, brothers, stay,
Bear me on your wings away,
Oh! descend,
Comfort lend,
Now my mortal pow’rs decay.

No more was heard—she groans,—she clasps the sash,
And silent falls amid the dreadful crash;
From ev’ry breast bursts forth a lengthen’d groan,
Aspiring Titus e’en forgets his throne:
He looks for her he ne’er shall see again,
And turns to weep, but weeping now is vain;
Awhile the troops with grief inactive stand,
Like shipwreck’d sailors on a barren strand,
Which having gain'd, lie murm'ring on the brink,
And view their comrades die, their vessel sink,
Without the pow'r to save,—while thro' the sky
The pealing thunders roll and lightnings fly.

"Charge, Jews, with spirit (Simon madly cries)
And let them see their vaunting we despise;
Your temple's lost, your wealthy city won,
'Tis slavery to yield, and death to run:
Then since these Christian dogs have taken all,
We'll have revenge, and in revenging fall;
We'll sell our lives as dearly as we may,
And end at once our sorrows and the fray."
Again each soldier wakes to new alarms,
Again resounds the dreadful clang of arms,
Again they use their utmost force and skill,
Again each other's blood with pleasure spill,
Again the Jews with eager glow assail,
And yet again must Roman arms prevail.
This Simon saw, and basely taking flight,
_escapes unknown amid the shades of night;
His famish'd troops beneath the Roman's ire
Can scarcely stand—they strike, and then expire.

Next flies Eleazer to his native town,
And lost to hope of wearing Judah's crown,
He mars his face, his fine wove garment rends,
Then fires his palace, calls his weeping friends,
And thus addresses them—"Now all is o'er,
In vain my fighting, I can do no more;
Him whom we crucify'd now mocks our woe,
And gives our once proud city to the foe;
In vain we strove, in vain their blood we've spilt,
'Tis ours to sin, and theirs to punish guilt,"
Then do not weep—but die—'tis all we can."—
He said,—and to his heart the weapon ran;
Forth flies the darken'd gore in foaming streams,
Around are heard deep groans and stifled screams,
In suffocating volumes rolls the smoke,
And all must die—each tie to earth is broke.

They seize Eleazer's sword, and at each breast
They strike, and from their mortal sorrows rest;
Freed from their pride, and from ambition's lust,
They, with their lordly palace, sink to dust.

Meanwhile, the Romans having conquer'd all,
And having kill'd till none was left to fall,
Like hunters ride through ev'ry blood-wash'd street,
Securing ev'ry valued prize they meet,
Uncheck'd by Titus, who within his tent
Thinks of his home, and gives his sorrows vent;
Thinks of his promis'd joys for ever fled,
For Jezra now is number'd with the dead.
"Ill-fated girl! (he cries) thy lot was hard,
But who can now thy heav'nly steps retard?
No Titus conquers there to mock thy love,
No murd'ring rebels spoil thy peace above:
But had'st thou liv'd thy charms had broke my vow,
On thy smooth breast had sold my faith—but now,
My hard-earn'd honor's safe, and happy thou."
With this he ope'st the casket Jezra gave,
And drops the silent tear, as on her grave;
Gems, bars of gold, and glitt'ring ingots glow,
And strike upon his sight in costly show;
But these to him were now as gilded toys,
For she is gone, and with her all his joys.
A graven plate of gold soon meets his eyes,
And o'er its sides with eager haste he flies:
"To Titus—Roman, lover, friend, and king,
Jezra no more thy martial deeds shall sing;
No more, when hast'ning from the bloody plain,
Shall be the first to share thy joy or pain;
No more to wipe the sweaty drops away,
And hear thee tell the fortunes of the day;
No more will she thy glossy helm remove,
And bid thee war forego—to talk of love;
No more, when shines the moon, with thee she'll roam,
No more she'll point thee to thy heav'nly home;
No more the mercy of thy God she'll show,
And tell what Jesus suffer'd here below.
But ah! if wounded to your tent you're borne,
And that proud form by gnawing anguish torn,
Then look on these, poor Jezra's dying gift,
Think of her, and thy soul to heaven lift,
Where now she dwells from ev'ry trouble free,
Where she has fled from earth, from Jews, and thee."
Great Titus wept, and who could well refrain,
Her love avouch'd but now increas'd his pain.
Back to the blazing town again he rides,
Where death still stalks, and floats in bloody tides,
While near the temple's ruins, once so gay,
Stood captur'd Simon, cloth'd in bright array,*
And calls aloud for Titus—he appears,
Nor mocks his fallen foe, nor proudly jeers,
But pours his anger thus to Simon's ears.
"Thou most accursed of thy griping race,
Thy crimes are painted on that wrinkled face;
Yes, each foul hair that forms thy gristly beard,
Which speaks an age by all to be rever'd,
Would, had they fifty tongues, and each tongue free,
Could tell a murder basely done by thee.

* This man, when about to surrender himself, put on kingly apparel, and with the utmost assurance called for the Roman general, saying, he would not give himself up to any one but him.—Wars of the Jews.
Look on yon dying heaps, then look again,
Where in full pomp once stood your sacred fane;
See how its ruins jag the sacred hill,
Look round and view your city blazing still,
Then think that thou the author art of all,
Thy kindred's murders, and thy city's fall;
But now thy days shall know but woe and fear,
No hope shall point thee to the coming year,
But ev'ry minute bring some torment new,
Till you shall own none ever felt like you,
And in deep anguish bid the world adieu.'
Simon but answers with a dreary frown,
While Romans lead him through the conquer'd town,
Through trackless wastes, where palaces once stood,
O'er hills of slain, and streams of darken'd blood:
Still Titus rides amidst the awful roar,
Recalls his men, and bids them burn no more;
But vain his threats, and lost his loud commands,
They think of nought but what their rage demands.
With crash on crash the flames with force profound
Run thro' whole streets, and hurl them to the ground,
There swamp'd in gore the ruins smoking lay,
While clouds of smoke obscure the shining day;
A sight like this was never seen before,
A sight so horrid shall be seen no more,
Till the last trump shall wake the slumb'ring dead,
And bid them rise from out their clayey bed;
Till Jesus' blood-cross'd banner be unfurl'd,
And God's avenging fire shall strike the world,
When fearing men and fiends shall dread the hour,
But all shall own the Saviour's mighty pow'r,
Till Jews and Romans shall like friends arise,
And take their flight together through the skies;
There lost to anger and the love of fame
Shall join to bless the Tri-une's sacred name;
Or like their native cities, burning go,
And sink for ever to eternal woe.

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