

OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES

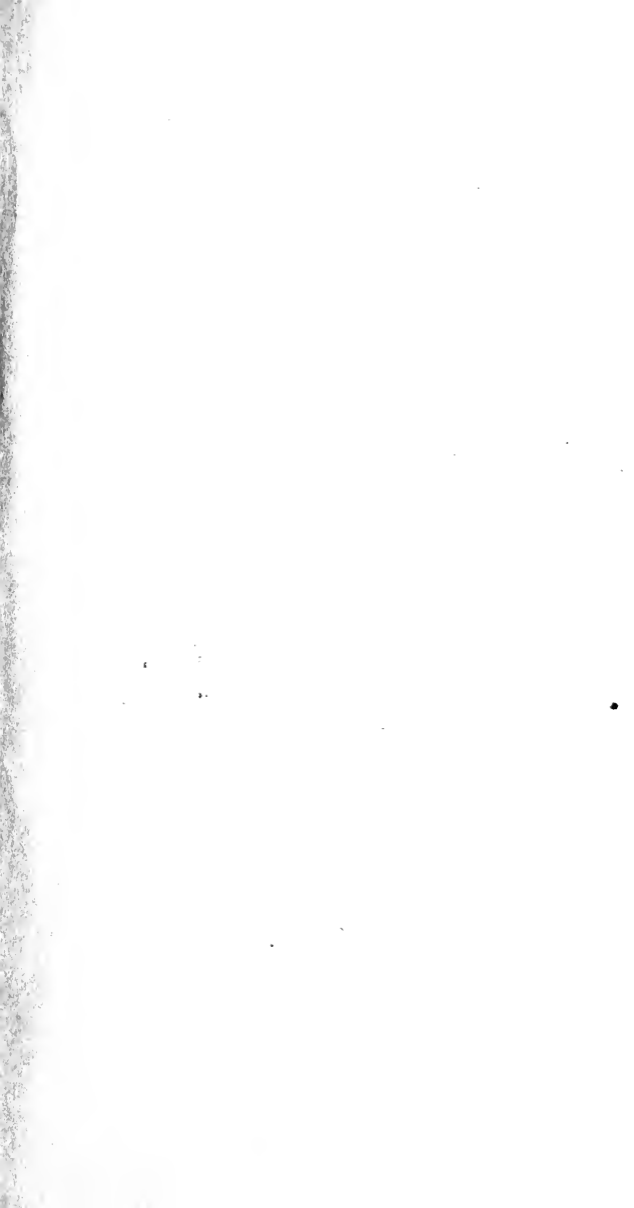
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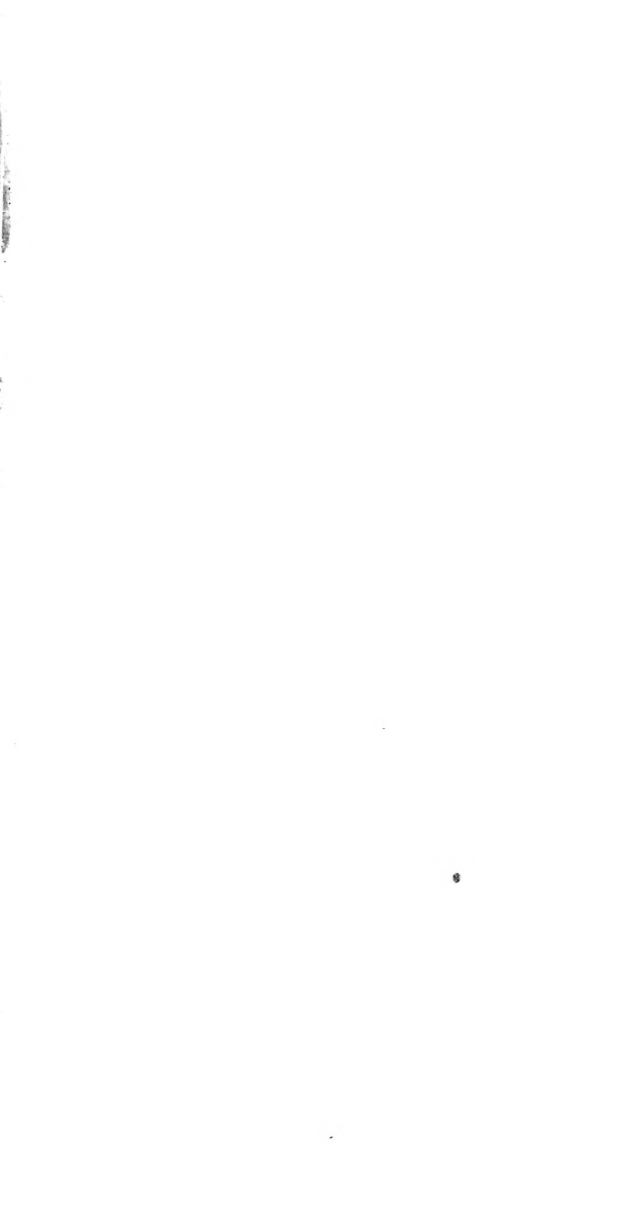


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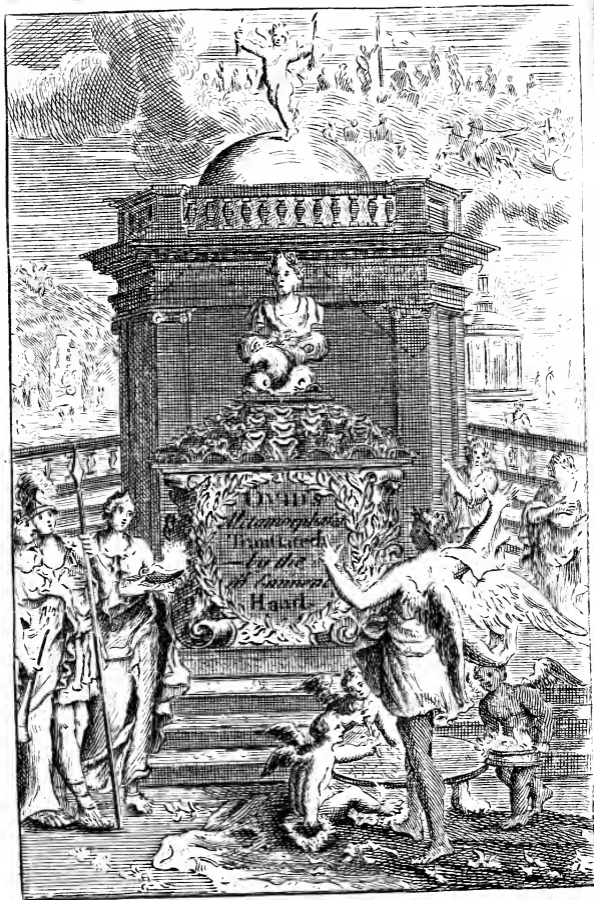












Wm M D'Arleington
O V I D's

METAMORPHOSES,

I N

FIFTEEN BOOKS.

Translated by the most Eminent Hands.

Adorn'd with SCULPTURES.

VOLUME *the* SECOND.

The FOURTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the *Strand*.

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To the
the Lady



By the
Hon.
Comper.



OVID'S

METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK VII.

Translated by Mr. TATE and
Mr. STONESTREET.

The Story of MEDEA and JASON.



THE *Argonauts* now stemm'd the foaming
Tide,

And to *Arcadia's* Shore their Course
apply'd;

Where fightless *Phineus* spent his Age in
Grief,

But *Boreas'* Sons engage in his Relief;

And those unwelcome Guests, the odious Race
Of *Harpyes*, from the Monarch's Table chase.

With *Jason* then they greater Toils sustain,
And *Phasis'* slimy Banks at last they gain.

Here boldly they demand the Golden Prize
Of *Scythia's* King, who sternly thus replies:

That mighty Labours they must first o'ercome,
Or fail their *Argo* thence unfreighted home.

Mean-while *Medea*, seiz'd with fierce Desire,
By Reason strives to quench the raging Fire;
But strives in vain!—Some God (she said) withstands,
And Reason's baffl'd Counsel countermands.

What unseen Pow'r does this Disorder move?

'Tis Love,—at least 'tis like, what Men call Love.
Else wherefore shou'd the King's Commands appear
To me too hard?—But so indeed they are.

Why shou'd I for a Stranger fear, lest he
Shou'd perish, whom I did but lately see?

His Death, or Safety, what are they to me?

Wretch, from thy Virgin-Breast this Flame expel,
And soon—Oh cou'd I, all wou'd then be well!

But Love, resistless Love, my Soul invades;

Discretion this, Affection that persuades.

I see the Right, and I approve it too,

Condemn the Wrong—and yet the Wrong pursue.

Why, Royal Maid, shou'dst thou desire to wed
A Wanderer, and court a foreign Bed?

Thy native Land, tho' barb'rous, can present
A Bridegroom worth a Royal Bride's Consent:

And whether this Advent'rer lives, or dies,
In Fate, and Fortune's fickle Pleasure lies.

Yet may be live! for to the Pow'rs above,

A Virgin, led by no Impulse of Love,

So just a Suit may, for the Guiltless, move.

Whom wou'd not *Jason's* Valour, Youth and Blood
Invite? or cou'd these Merits be withstood,

At least his charming Person must encline

The hardest Heart—I'm sure 'tis so with mine!

Yet, if I help him not, the flaming Breath
 Of Bulls, and Earth-born Foes, must be his Death.
 Or, should he through these Dangers force his way,
 At last he must be made the Dragon's Prey.
 If no Remorse for such Distress I feel,
 I am a Tigress, and my Breast is Steel.
 Why do I scruple then to see him slain,
 And with the tragick Scene my Eyes prophane?
 My Magick's Art employ, not to assuage
 The *Salvages*, but to enflame their Rage?
 His Earth-born Foes to fiercer Fury move,
 And necessary to his Murder prove?
 The Gods forbid—But Pray'rs are idle Breath,
 When Action only can prevent his Death.
 Shall I betray my Father, and the State,
 To intercept a rambling Hero's Fate;
 Who may fall off next Hour, and sav'd from Harms
 By my Assistance, bless another's Arms?
 Whilst I, not only of my Hopes bereft,
 But to unpity'd Punishment am left.
 If he is false, let the Ingrateful bleed!
 But no such Symptom in his Looks I read.
 Nature wou'd ne'er have lavish'd so much Grace
 Upon his Person, if his Soul were base.
 Besides, he first shall plight his Faith, and swear
 By all the Gods; what therefore can'st thou fear?
Medea haste, from Danger set him free,
Jason shall thy eternal Debtor be.
 And thou, his Queen, with Sov'reign State enstall'd,
 By *Græcian* Dames the *Kind Preserver* call'd.
 Hence idle Dreams, by Love-sick Fancy bred!
 Wilt thou, *Medea*, by vain Wishes led,

To Sister, Brother, Father bid adieu?
 Forfake thy Country's Gods, and Country too?
 My Father's harsh, my Brother but a Child,
 My Sister rivals me, my Country's wild;
 And for its Gods, the greatest of 'em all
 Inspires my Breast, and I obey his Call.
 That great Endearments I forsake, is true,
 But greater far the Hopes that I pursue:
 'The Pride of having fav'd the Youths of *Greece*,
 (Each Life more precious than our Golden Fleece;)
 A nobler Soil by me shall be possess'd,
 I shall see Towns with Arts and Manners blest;
 And, what I prize above the World beside,
 Enjoy my *Jason*—and when once his Bride,
 Be more than Mortal, and to Gods ally'd.
 They talk of Hazards I must first sustain,
 Of floating Islands jostling in the Main;
 Our tender Barque expos'd to dreadful Shocks
 Of fierce *Charybdis*' Gulf, and *Scylla*'s Rocks,
 Where breaking Waves in whirling Eddies rowl,
 And rav'nous Dogs that in deep Caverns howl:
 Amidst these Terrors, while I lie possess'd
 Of him I love, and lean on *Jason*'s Breast,
 In Tempells unconcern'd I will appear,
 Or, only for my Husband's Safety fear.
 Didst thou say Husband?—canst thou so deceive
 Thy self, fond Maid, and thy own Cheat believe?
 In vain thou striv'st to varnish o'er thy Shame,
 And grace thy Guilt with Wedlock's sacred Name.
 Pull off the cozz'ning Masque, and oh! in time
 Discover and avoid the fatal Crime.

Book VII. OVID'S *Metamorphoses*.

She ceas'd—the Graces now, with kind Surprise,
And Virtue's lovely Train, before her Eyes
Present themselves, and vanquish'd *Cupid* flies.

She then retires to *Hecate's* Shrine, that stood
Far in the Covert of a shady Wood:

She finds the Fury of her Flames assuag'd,
But, seeing *Jason* there, again they rag'd.
Blushes, and Paleness did by turns invade
Her tender Cheeks, and secret Grief betray'd.

As Fire, that sleeping under Ashes lies,
Fresh-blown, and rous'd, does up in Blazes rise,
So flam'd the Virgin's Breast—

New kindled by her Lover's sparkling Eyes.
For Chance, that Day, had with uncommon Grace

Adorn'd the lovely Youth, and through his Face
Display'd an Air so pleasing, as might charm

A Goddess, and a Vestal's Bosom warm.
Her ravish'd Eyes survey him o'er and o'er,

As some gay Wonder never seen before ;
Transported to the Skies she seems to be,

And thinks she gazes on a Deity.

But when he spoke, and prest her trembling Hand,

And did with tender Words her Aid demand,

With Vows, and Oaths to make her soon his Bride,

She wept a Flood of Tears, and thus reply'd ;

I see my Error, yet to Ruin move,

Nor owe my Fate to Ignorance, but Love:

Your Life I'll guard, and only crave of you.

To swear once more—and to your Oath be true.

He swears by *Hecate* he would all fulfil,

And by her Grandfather's prophetick Skill,

By ev'ry thing that doubting Love cou'd press,

His present Danger, and desir'd Success.

She credits him, and kindly does produce
 Enchanted Herbs, and teaches him their Use:
 Their myfick Names, and Virtues he admires,
 And with his Booty joyfully retires.

The Dragon's Teeth transform'd to Men.

Impatient for the Wonders of the Day,
Aurora drives the loit'ring Stars away.
 Now *Mars's* Mount the preffing People fill,
 The Crowd below, the Nobles crown the Hill;
 The King himself high-thron'd above the rest,
 With Iv'ry Scepter, and in Purple drest.

Forthwith the Bräs-hoof'd Bulls are fet at large,
 Whose furious Nostrils fulph'rous Flame discharge:
 The blasted Herbage by their Breath expires;
 As Forges rumble with exceffive Fires,
 And Furnaces with fiercer Fury glow,
 When Water on the panting Mafs ye throw;
 With fuch a Noife, from their convulfive Breaft,
 Thro' bellowing Throats, the fruggling Vapour preft.

Yet *Jason* marches up without Concern,
 While on th' advent'rous Youth the Monsters turn
 Their glaring Eyes, and eager to engage,
 Brandish their Steel-tipt Horns in threatenng Rage:
 With brazen Hoofs they beat the Ground, and choak
 The ambient Air with Clouds of Duft and Smoak:
 Each gazing *Græcian* for his Champion shakes,
 While bold Advances he fe curely makes
 Thro' fingeing Blafts; fuch Wonders Magick Art
 Can work, when Love confpires, and plays his Part.
 The paffive Savages like Statues ftand,
 While he their Dew-laps ftroaks with foothering Hand;

Book VII. OVID'S *Metamorphoses*. 7

To unknown Yokes their brawny Necks they yield,
 And, like tame Oxen, plow the wond'ring Field.
 The *Colchians* stare; the *Græcians* shout, and raise
 Their Champion's Courage with inspiring Praise.

Embolden'd now, on fresh Attempts he goes,
 With Serpent's Teeth the fertile Furrows sows;
 The Glebe, fermenting with enchanted Juice,
 Makes the Snake's Teeth a human Crop produce.
 For as an Infant, Pris'ner to the Womb,
 Contented sleeps, 'till to Perfection come,
 Then does the Cell's obscure Confinement scorn,
 He tosses, throbs, and presses to be born;
 So from the lab'ring Earth no single Birth,
 But a whole Troop of lusty Youths rush forth;
 And, what's more strange, with Martial Fury warm'd,
 And for Encounter all compleatly arm'd;
 In Rank and File, as they were sow'd, they stand,
 Impatient for the Signal of Command.
 No Foe but the *Æmonian* Youth appears;
 At him they level their Steel-pointed Spears;
 His frighted Friends, who triumph'd just before,
 With Peals of Sighs his desp'rate Case deplore:
 And where such hardy Warriors are afraid,
 What must the tender, and enamour'd Maid?
 Her Spirits sink, the Blood her Cheek forsook;
 She fears, who for his Safety undertook:
 She knew the Virtue of the Spells she gave,
 She knew the Force, and knew her Lover brave;
 But what's a single Champion to an Host?
 Yet scorning thus to see him tamely lost,
 Her strong Reserve of secret Arts she brings,
 And last, her never-failing Song she sings.

8 OVID'S *Metamorphoses*. Book VII.

Wonders ensue; among his gazing Foes
 The massy Fragment of a Rock he throws;
 This Charm in Civil War engag'd 'em all;
 By mutual Wounds those Earth-born Brothers fall.

The *Greeks*, transported with the strange Success,
 Leap from their Seats the Conqu'ror to caress;
 Commend, and kiss, and clasp him in their Arms:
 So would the kind Contriver of the Charms;
 But her, who felt the tenderest Concern,
 Honour condemns in secret Flames to burn;
 Committed to a double Guard of Fame,
 Aw'd by a Virgin's, and a Princess' Name.
 But Thoughts are free, and Fancy unconfin'd,¹
 She kisses, courts, and hugs him in her Mind;
 To fav'ring Pow'ers her silent Thanks she gives,
 By whose Indulgence her lov'd Heroe lives.

One Labour more remains, and, tho' the last,
 In Danger far surmounting all the past;
 That Enterprize by Fates in store was kept.
 To make the Dragon sleep that never slept,
 Whose Crest shoots dreadful Lustre; from his Jaws
 A triple Tire of forked Stings he draws,
 With Fangs, and Wings of a prodigious Size:
 Such was the Guardian of the Golden Prize.
 Yet him, besprinkled with *Lethæan* Dew,
 The fair Inchantress into Slumber threw;
 And then, to fix him, thrice she did repeat
 The Rhyme, that makes the raging Winds retreat;
 In stormy Seas can halcyon Seasons make,
 Turn rapid Streams into a standing Lake;
 While the soft Guest his drowzy Eye-lids seals,
 Th' unguarded Golden Fleece the Stranger steals;

Proud

Book VII. OVID's *Metamorphoses*.

9

Proud to possess the Purchase of the Toil,
Proud of his Royal Bride, the richer Spoil;
To Sea both Prize, and Patroness he bore,
And lands triumphant on his native Shore.

Old Æson restor'd to Youth.

Æmonian Matrons, who their Absence mourn'd,
Rejoice to see their prosp'rous Sons return'd:
Rich curling Fumes of Incense feast the Skies,
An Hecatomb of voted Victims dies,
With gilded Horns, and Garlands on their Head,
And all the Pomp of Death, to th' Altar led.
Congratulating Bowls go briskly round,
Triumphant Shouts in louder Musick drown'd.
Amidst these Revels, why that Cloud of Care
On *Jason's* Brow? (to whom the largest Share
Of Mirth was due)—— His Father was not there.

}

Æson was absent, once the Young, and Brave,
Now crush'd with Years, and bending to the Grave.
At last withdrawn, and by the Crowd unseen,
Pressing her Hand, (with starting Sighs between)
He supplicates his kind, and skilful Queen.

}

O Patroness! Preserver of my Life!
(Dear when my Mistress, and much dearer Wife)
Your Favours to so vast a Sum amount,
'Tis past the Pow'r of Numbers to recount;
Or cou'd they be to Computation brought,
The History would a Romance be thought:
And yet, unless you add one Favour more,
Greater than all that you confer'd before,
But not too hard for Love and Magick Skill,
Your past are thrown away, and *Jason's* wretched still.

The Morning of my Life is just begun,
 But my declining Father's Race is run;
 From my large Stock retrench the long Arrears,
 And add 'em to expiring *Æson's* Years.

Thus spake the gen'rous Youth, and wept the rest:
 Mov'd with the Piety of his Request,
 To his ag'd Sire such filial Duty shown,
 So different from her Treatment of her own,
 But still endeav'ring her Remorse to hide,
 She check'd her rising Sighs, and thus reply'd.

How cou'd the Thought of such inhuman Wrong
 Escape (said she) from pious *Jason's* Tongue?
 Does the whole World another *Jason* bear,
 Whose Life *Medea* can to yours prefer?
 Or cou'd I with so dire a Change dispense,
Hecate will never join in that Offence:
 Unjust is the Request you make, and I
 In Kindness your Petition shall deny;
 Yet she that grants not what you do implore,
 Shall yet essay to give her *Jason* more;
 Find Means t'encrease the Stock of *Æson's* Years,
 Without Retrenchment of your Life's Arrears;
 Provided that the Triple Goddess join
 A strong Confed'rate in my bold Design.

Thus was her Enterprize resolv'd; but still
 Three tedious Nights are wanting to fulfil
 The circling Crescents of th' encreasing Moon;
 Then, in the Height of her Nocturnal Noon,
Medea steals from Court; her Ankles bare,
 Her Garments closely girt, but loose her Hair;
 Thus sally'd, like a solitary Sprite,
 She traverses the Terrors of the Night.

Book VII. OVID'S *Metamorphoses*. II

Men, Beasts, and Birds in soft Repose lay charm'd,
No boist'rous Wind the Mountain-Woods alarm'd;
Nor did those Walks of Love, the Myrtle-Trees,
Of am'rous *Zephyr* hear the whisp'ring Breeze;
All Elements chain'd in unactive Rest,
No Sense but what the twinkling Stars exprest;
To them (that only wak'd) she rears her Arms,
And thus commences her mysterious Charms.

She turn'd her thrice about, as oft she threw
On her pale Tresses the Nocturnal Dew;
Then yelling thrice a most enormous Sound,
Her bare Knee bended on the flinty Ground,
O Night (said she) thou Confident and Guide
Of Secrets, such as Darknes ought to hide;
Ye Stars and Moon, that, when the Sun retires,
Support his Empire with succeeding Fires;
And thou, great *Hecate*, Friend to my Design;
Songs, mut'ring Spells, your magick Forces join;
And thou, O Earth, the Magazine that yields
The Midnight Sorc'rer Drugs; Skies, Mountains, Fields;
Ye wat'ry Pow'rs of Fountain, Stream, and Lake;
Ye Sylvan Gods, and Gods of Night, awake,
And gen'rously your Parts in my Adventure take.

Oft by your Aid swift Currents I have led,
Thro' wand'ring Banks, back to their Fountain Head;
Transform'd the Prospect of the briny Deep,
Made sleeping Billows rave, and raving Billows sleep;
Made Clouds, or Sunshine; Tempests rise, or fall;
And stubborn lawless Winds obey my Call:
With mutter'd Words disarm'd the Viper's Jaw;
Up by the Roots vast Oaks, and Rocks cou'd draw,

Make Forests dance, and trembling Mountains come,
 Like Malefactors, to receive their Doom;
 Earth groan, and frighted Ghosts forsake their Tomb.
 Thee, *Cynthia*, my resistless Rhymes drew down,
 When tinkling Cymbals strove my Voice to drown;
 Nor stronger *Titan* could their Force sustain,
 In full career compell'd to stop his Wain:
 Nor could *Aurora's* Virgin Blush avail,
 With pois'nous Herbs I turn'd her Roses pale:
 The Fury of the fiery Bulls I broke,
 Their stubborn Necks submitting to my Yoke;
 And when the Sons of Earth with Fury burn'd,
 Their hostile Rage upon themselves I turn'd;
 The Brothers made with mutual Wounds to bleed,
 And by their fatal Strife my Lover freed;
 And, while the Dragon slept, to distant *Greece*,
 'Thro' cheated Guards, convey'd the Golden Fleece.
 But now to bolder Action I proceed,
 Of such prevailing Juices now have need,
 That wither'd Years back to their Bloom can bring,
 And in dead Winter raise a second Spring.
 And you'll perform't——

You will; for lo! the Stars, with sparkling Fires,
 Prefage as bright Success to my Desires:
 And now another happy Omen see!
 A Chariot drawn by Dragons waits for me.

With these last Words she leaps into the Wain,
 Strokes the Snakes Necks, and shakes the Golden Rein;
 That Signal giv'n, they mount up to the Skies,
 And now beneath her fruitful *Tempè* lies,
 Whose Stores she ransacks, then to *Crete* she flies;
 There *Ossa*, *Pelion*, *Othrys*, *Pindus*, all
 To the fair Ravisher a Booty fall;

The Tribute of their Verdure she collects,
 Nor proud *Olympus*' Height his Plants protects.
 Some by the Roots she plucks; the tender Tops
 Of others with her culling Sickle crops.
 Nor could the Plunder of the Hills suffice,
 Down to the humble Vales, and Meads she flies;
Apidanus, *Amphrysus*, the next Rape
 Sustain, nor could *Enipeus*' Bank escape;
 Thro' *Beebè*'s Marsh, and thro' the Border rang'd
 Whose Pasture *Glaucus* to a Triton chang'd.

Now the Ninth Day, and Ninth successive Night,
 Had wonder'd at the restless Rover's Flight;
 Mean-while her Dragons, fed with no Repast,
 But her exhaling Simples od'rous Blast,
 Their tarnish'd Scales, and wrinkled Skins had cast.
 At last return'd before her Palace Gate,
 Quitting her Chariot, on the Ground she fate,
 The Sky her only Canopy of State.

All Conversation with her Sex she fled,
 Shun'd the Caresses of the Nuptial Bed:
 Two Altars next of Grassy Turf she rears,
 This *Hecate*'s Name, that *Youth*'s Inscription bears;
 With Forest-Boughs, and Vervain these she crown'd;
 Then delves a double Trench in lower Ground,
 And sticks a black-fleec'd Ram, that ready stood,
 And drench'd the Ditches with devoted Blood:
 New Wine she pours, and Milk from th' Udder warm,
 With mystick Murmurs to compleat the Charm,
 And subterranean Deities alarm.

To the stern King of Ghosts she next apply'd,
 And gentle *Proserpine*, his ravish'd Bride,
 That for old *Æson* with the Laws of Fate
 They would dispense, and lengthen his short Date;

Thus with repeated Pray'rs she long affails
 Th' Infernal Tyrant, and at last prevails;
 Then calls to have decrepit *Æson* brought,
 And stupifies him with a sleeping Draught;
 On Earth his Body, like a Corpse, extends,
 Then charges *Jafon* and his waiting Friends
 To quit the Place, that no unhallow'd Eye
 Into her Art's forbidden Secrets pry.

This done, th' Inchantress, with her Locks unbound,
 About her Altars trips a frantick Round;
 Piece-meal the consecrated Wood she splits,
 And dips the Splinters in the bloody Pits,
 Then hurls 'em on the Piles; the sleeping Sire
 She lustrates thrice, with Sulphur, Water, Fire.

In a large Cauldron now the Med'cine boils,
 Compounded of her late collected Spoils,
 Blending into the Mesh the various Pow'rs
 Of Wonder-working Juices, Roots, and Flow'rs;
 With Gems i'th' Eastern Ocean's Cell refin'd,
 And such as ebbing Tides had left behind;
 To them the Midnight's pearly Dew she flings,
 A Screech-Owl's Carcase, and ill-boding Wings;
 Nor could the Wizard Wolf's warm Entrails scape;
 (That Wolf who counterfeits a Human Shape.)
 Then, from the Bottom of her conj'ring Bag,
 Snakes Skins, and Liver of a long-liv'd Stag;
 Last a Crow's Head, to such an Age arriv'd,
 That he had now nine Centuries surviv'd;
 These, and with these a thousand more that grew
 In sundry Soils, into her Pot she threw;
 Then with a wither'd Olive-Bough she rakes
 The bubbling Broth; the Bough fresh Verdure takes;

Green Leaves at first the perish'd Plant surround,
 Which the next Minute with ripe Fruit were crown'd.
 The foaming Juices now the Brink o'er-swell;
 The barren Heath, where-e'er the Liquor fell,
 Sprang out with vernal Grass, and all the Pride
 Of blooming *May*—When this *Medea* spy'd,
 She cuts her Patient's Throat; th' exhausted Blood
 Recruiting with her new-enchanted Flood;
 While at his Mouth, and thro' his op'ning Wound,
 A double Inlet her Infusion found;
 His feeble Frame resumes a youthful Air,
 A glossy Brown his hoary Beard and Hair.
 The meager Paleness from his Aspect fled,
 And in its Room sprang up a florid Red;
 Thro' all his Limbs a youthful Vigour flies,
 His empty'd Art'ries swell with fresh Supplies:
 Gazing Spectators scarce believe their Eyes.
 But *Æson* is the most surpriz'd to find
 A happy Change in Body and in Mind;
 In Sense and Constitution the same Man,
 As when his Fortieth active Year began.

Bacchus, who from the Clouds this Wonder view'd,
Medea's Method instantly pursu'd,
 And his indulgent Nurse's Youth renew'd.

The Death of PELIAS.

Thus far obliging Love employ'd her Art,
 But now Revenge must act a tragick Part;
Medea feigns a mortal Quarrel bred
 Betwixt her, and the Partner of her Bed;
 On this Pretence to *Pelias'* Court she flies,
 Who languishing with Age and Sickness lies:

His guiltless Daughters, with inveigling Wiles;
 And well dissembled Friendship, she beguiles:
 The strange Achievements of her Art she tells,
 With *Æson's* Cure, and long on that she dwells,
 'Till them to firm Persuasion she has won,
 The same for their old Father may be done:
 For him they court her to employ her Skill,
 And put upon the Cure what Price she will.
 At first she's mute, and with a grave Pretence
 Of Difficulty, holds 'em in Suspense;
 Then promises, and bids 'em, from the Fold
 Chuse out a Ram, the most infirm and old;
 That so by Fact their Doubts may be remov'd,
 And first on him the Operation prov'd.

A wreath-horn'd Ram is brought, so far o'er-grown
 With Years, his Age was to that Age unknown;
 Of Sense too dull the piercing Point to feel,
 And scarce sufficient Blood to stain the Steel.
 His Carcass she into a Cauldron threw,
 With Drugs whose vital Qualities she knew;
 His Limbs grow less, he casts his Horns, and Years,
 And tender Bleatings strike their wond'ring Ears.
 Then instantly leaps forth a frisking Lamb,
 'That seeks (too young to graze) a suckling Dam.
 'The Sisters, thus confirm'd with the Success,
 Her Promise with renew'd Entreaty press;
 To countenance the Cheat, three Nights and Days
 Before Experiment th' Inchantress stays;
 Then into limpid Water, from the Springs,
 Weeds, and Ingredients of no Force she flings;
 With antique Ceremonies for Pretence,
 And rambling Rhymes without a Word of Sense.

Mean-while the King with all his Guards lay bound
 In Magick Sleep, scarce that of Death so found;
 The Daughters now are by the Sorc'ers led
 Into his Chamber, and surround his Bed.
 Your Father's Health's concern'd, and can ye stay?
 Unnat'ral Nymphs, why this unkind Delay?
 Unsheathe your Swords, dismiss his lifeless Blood,
 And I'll recruit it with a vital Flood:
 Your Father's Life and Health is in your Hand,
 And can ye thus like idle Gazers stand?
 Unless you are of common Sense bereft,
 If yet one Spark of Piety is left,
 Dispatch a Father's Cure, and disengage
 The Monarch from his toilsome Load of Age:
 Come—drench your Weapons in his putrid Gore;
 'Tis Charity to wound, when wounding will restore.

Thus urg'd, the poor deluded Maids proceed,
 Betray'd by Zeal, to an inhumane Deed,
 And, in Compassion, make a Father bleed.
 Yes, she who had the kindest, tend'rest Heart,
 Is foremost to perform the bloody Part.

3

Yet, tho' to act the Butchery betray'd,
 They could not bear to see the Wounds they made;
 With Looks averted, backward they advance,
 Then strike, and stab, and leave the Blows to Chance.

Waking in Consternation, he essays
 (Weltring in Blood) his feeble Arms to raise,
 Environ'd with so many Swords——From whence
 This barb'rous Usage? what is my Offence?
 What fatal Fury, what infernal Charm,
 'Gainst a kind Father does his Daughters arm?

Hearing his Voice, as Thunder-struck they stopt,
 Their Resolution, and their Weapons dropt:

Medea then the mortal Blow bestows,
 And that perform'd, the tragick Scene to close,
 His Corpse into the boiling Cauldron throws.

Then, dreading the Revenge that must ensue,
 High mounted on her Dragon-Coach she flew;
 And in her stately Progress thro' the Skies,
 Beneath her shady *Pelion* first she spies,
 With *Otbrys*, that above the Clouds did rise;
 With skilful *Chiron's* Cave, and neighb'ring Ground,
 For old *Cerambus'* strange Escape renown'd,
 By Nymphs deliver'd, when the World was drown'd;
 Who him with unexpected Wings supply'd,
 When delug'd Hills a safe Retreat deny'd.

Æolian Pitane on her Left Hand

She saw, and there the statu'd Dragon stand;
 With *Ida's* Grove, where *Bacchus*, to disguise
 His Son's bold Theft, and to secure the Prize,
 Made the stoln Steer a Stag to represent;
Cocytus' Father's sandy Monument;
 And Fields that held the murder'd Sire's Remains,
 Where howling *Mæra* frights the startled Plains.
Euryphilus' high Town, with Tow'rs defac'd
 By *Hercules*, and Matrons more disgrac'd
 With sprouting Horns, in signal Punishment,
 From *Juno*, or resenting *Venus* sent.

Then *Rhodes*, which *Phæbus* did so dearly prize,
 And *Jove* no less severely did chastise;
 For he the Wizard Native's pois'ning Sight,
 That us'd the Farmer's hopeful Crops to blight,
 In Rage o'erwhelm'd with everlasting Night.
Cartheia's ancient Walls come next in view,
 Where once the Sire almost a Statue grew

With Wonder, which a strange Event did move,
 His Daughter turn'd into a Turtle-Dove.
 Then *Hyrie's* Lake, and *Tempè's* Field o'er-ran,
 Fam'd for the Boy who there became a Swan;
 For there enamour'd *Phyllius*, like a Slave,
 Perform'd what Tasks his Paramour would crave.
 For Presents he had Mountain-Vultures caught,
 And from the Desert a tame Lion brought;
 Then a wild Bull commanded to subdue,
 The conquer'd Savage by the Horns he drew;
 But, mock'd so oft, the Treatment he disdains,
 And from the craving Boy this Prize detains.
 Then thus in Choler the resenting Lad;
 Won't you deliver him? ——— You'll wish you had;
 No sooner said, but in a peevish Mood,
 Leapt from the Precipice on which he stood:
 The Standers-by were struck with fresh Surprise,
 Instead of falling, to behold him rise
 A snowy Swan, and soaring to the Skies.

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But dearly the rash Prank his Mother cost,
 Who ignorantly gave her Son for lost;
 For his Misfortune wept, 'till she became
 A Lake, and still renown'd with *Hyrie's* Name.

Thence to *Latona's* Isle, where once were seen,
 Transform'd to Birds, a Monarch, and his Queen.
 Far off she saw how old *Cephisus* mourn'd
 His Son, into a Seele by *Phæbus* turn'd;
 And where, astonish'd at a stranger Sight,
Eumelus gaz'd on his wing'd Daughter's Flight.

Ætolian Pleuron she did next survey,
 Where Sons a Mother's Murder did essay,
 But sudden Plumes the Matron bore away.

}

OR

On her Right Hand, *Cyllenè*, a fair Soil,
 Fair, 'till *Menephron* there the beauteous Hill
 Attempted with foul Incest to defile.

Her harness'd Dragons now direct she drives
 For *Corinth*, and at *Corinth* she arrives ;
 Where, if what old Tradition tells, be true,
 In former Ages Men from Mushrooms grew.

But here *Medea* finds her Bed supply'd,
 During her Absence, by another Bride ;
 And hopeless to recover her, lost Game,
 She sets both Bride and Palace in a Flame.
 Nor could a Rival's Death her Wrath assuage,
 Nor stopt at *Creon's* Family her Rage,
 She murders her own Infants, in Despight
 To faithless *Jason*, and in *Jason's* Sight ;
 Yet ere his Sword could reach her, up she springs,
 Securely mounted on her Dragons Wings.

The Story of ÆGEUS.

From hence to *Athens* she directs her Flight,
 Where *Phineus*, so renown'd for doing Right ;
 Where *Periphas*, and *Polyphemon's* Niece,
 Soaring with sudden Plumes amaz'd the Towns of *Greece*.

Here *Ægeus* so engaging she address,
 That first he treats her like a Royal Guest ;
 Then takes the Sorceress for his wedded Wife ;
 The only Blemish of his prudent Life.

Mean-while his Son, from Actions of Renown,
 Arrives at Court, but to his Sire unknown.

Medea, to dispatch a dangerous Heir,
 (She knew him) did a pois'nous Draught prepare :

Drawn from a Drug, was long reserv'd in Store
 For desp'rate Uses, from the *Scythian* Shore;
 That from the *Echydnean* Monster's Jaws
 Deriv'd it's Origin, and this the Cause.

Thro' a dark Cave a craggy Passage lies,
 To ours ascending from the nether Skies;
 Thro' which, by Strength of Hand, *Alcides* drew
 Chain'd *Cerberus*, who lagg'd, and restive grew,
 With his blear'd Eyes our brighter Day to view.
 Thrice he repeated his enormous Yell,
 With which he scares the Ghosts, and startles Hell;
 At last outrageous (tho' compell'd to yield)
 He sheds his Foam in Fury on the Field;
 Which, with its own, and Rankness of the Ground,
 Produc'd a Weed, by Sorcerers renown'd,
 The strongest Constitution to confound;
 Call'd *Aconite*, because it can unlock
 All Bars, and force its Passage thro' a Rock.

The pious Father, by her Wheedles won,
 Presents this deadly Potion to his Son;
 Who, with the same Assurance takes the Cup,
 And to the Monarch's Health had drank it up,
 But in the very Instant he apply'd
 The Goblet to his Lips, old *Ægeus* spy'd
 The Iv'ry-hilted Sword that grac'd his Side.
 That certain Signal of his Son he knew,
 And snatcht the Bowl away; the Sword he drew,
 Resolv'd, for such a Son's endanger'd Life,
 To sacrifice the most perfidious Wife.
 Revenge is swift, but her more active Charms
 A Whirlwind rais'd, that snatch'd her from his Arms.

While

While conjur'd Clouds their baffled Sense surprize,
 She vanishes from their 'deluded Eyes,
 And thro' the Hurricane triumphant flies.

The gen'rous King, altho' o'er-joy'd to find
 His Son was safe, yet bearing still in mind
 The Mischief by his treach'rous Queen design'd ;
 The Horror of the Deed, and then how near
 The Danger drew, he stands congeal'd with Fear.
 But soon that Fear into Devotion turns,
 With grateful Incense ev'ry Altar burns ;
 Proud Victims, and unconscious of their Fate,
 Stalk to the Temple, there to die in State.

In *Athens* never had a Day been found
 For Mirth, like that grand Festival, renown'd.
 Promiscuously the Peers, and People dine,
 Promiscuously their thankful Voices join,
 In Songs of Wit, sublim'd by spritely Wine.
 To list'ning Spheres their joint Applause they raise,
 And thus resound their matchless *Theseus'* Praise.

Great *Theseus!* Thee the *Marathonian* Plain
 Admires, and wears with Pride the noble Stain
 Of the dire Monster's Blood, by valiant *Theseus* slain.
 That now *Cromyon's* Swains in Safety sow,
 And reap their fertile Field, to Thee they owe.
 By Thee th' infested *Epidaurian* Coast
 Was clear'd, and now can a free Commerce boast.
 The Traveller his Journey can pursue,
 With Pleasure the late dreadful Valley view,
 And cry, Here *Theseus* the grand Robber slew.
Cephus' Flood cries to his rescu'd Shore,
 The merciless *Procrustes* is no more.
 In Peace, *Eleusis*, *Ceres'* Rites renew,
 Since *Theseus'* Sword the fierce *Cercyon* slew.

By him the Tort'rer *Sinis* was destroy'd,
 Of Strength (but Strength to barb'rous use employ'd)
 That Tops of tallest Pines to Earth could bend,
 And thus in Pieces wretched Captives rend.
 Inhuman *Scyron* now has breath'd his last,
 And now *Alcatho's* Roads securely past;
 By *Theseus* slain, and thrown into the Deep:
 But Earth nor Sea his scatter'd Bones wou'd keep,
 Which, after floating long, a Rock became,
 Still infamous with *Scyron's* hated Name.
 When Fame to count thy Acts and Years proceeds,
 Thy Years appear but Cyphers to thy Deeds.
 For Thee, brave Youth, as for our Common-wealth,
 We pray; and drink, in yours, the Publick Health.
 Your Praise the Senate, and Plebeians sing,
 With your lov'd Name the Court, and Cottage ring.
 You make our Shepherds and our Sailors glad,
 And not a House in this vast City's sad.

But mortal Bliss will never come sincere,
 Pleasure may lead, but Grief brings up the Rear;
 While for his Son's Arrival, rev'ling Joy
Aegeus, and all his Subjects does employ;
 While they for only costly Feasts prepare,
 His neighb'ring Monarch, *Minos*, threatens War:
 Weak in Land-Forces, nor by Sea more strong,
 But pow'rful in a deep-resented Wrong
 For a Son's Murder, arm'd with pious Rage;
 Yet prudently before he would engage,
 To raise Auxiliaries resolv'd to fail,
 And with the pow'rful Princes to prevail.

First *Anaphè*, then proud *Astypalæa* gains,
 By Presents that, and this by Threats obtains:

Low *Myconè*, *Cymolus*, chalky Soil,
 Tall *Cythnos*, *Scyros*, flat *Seriphos*' Isle ;
Paros, with Marble Cliffs afar display'd ;
 Impregnable *Sithonia* ; yet betray'd
 To a weak Foe by a Gold-admiring Maid,
 Who, chang'd into a Daw of fable Hue,
 Still hoards up Gold, and hides it from the View.

But as these Islands chearfully combine,
 Others refuse t'embark in his Design.
 Now Leftward with an easy Sail he bore,
 And prosp'rous Passage to *OEnopia*'s Shore ;
OEnopia once, but now *Ægina* call'd,
 And with his Royal Mother's Name install'd
 By *Æacus*, under whose Reign did spring
 The *Myrmidons*, and now their reigning King.

Down to the Port, amidst the Rabble, run
 The Princes of the Blood ; with *Telamon*,
Peleus the next, and *Phocus* the third Son :
 Then *Æacus*, altho' oppress'd with Years,
 To ask the Cause of their Approach appears.

That Question does the *Gnoffian*'s Grief renew,
 And Sighs from his afflicted Bosom drew ;
 Yet after a short solemn Respite made,
 The Ruler of the Hundred Cities said ;

Assist our Arms, rais'd for a murder'd Son,
 In this religious War no Risque you'll run :
 Revenge the Dead — for who refuse to give
 Rest to their Urns, unworthy are to live.

What you request, thus *Æacus* replies,
 Not I, but Truth and common Faith denies ;
Athens and we have long been sworn Allies :
 Our Leagues are fix'd, confed'rate are our Pow'rs,
 And who declare themselves Their Foes, are Ours.

Minos rejoins, Your League shall dearly cost ;
 (Yet, mindful how much safer 'twas to boast,
 Than there to waste his Forces, and his Fame,
 Before in Field with his grand Foe he came)
 Parts without Blows—Nor long had left the Shore,
 Ere into Port another Navy bore,
 With *Cephalus*, and all his jolly Crew ;
 Th' *Æacides* their old Acquaintance knew :
 The Princes bid him welcome, and in State
 Conduct the Heroe to their Palace Gate ;
 Who ent'ring, seem'd the charming Mein to wear,
 As when in Youth he paid his Visit there.
 In his Right Hand an Olive-branch he holds,
 And, Salutation past, the Chief unfolds
 His Embassy from the *Athenian* State,
 Their mutual Friendship, Leagues of ancient Date ;
 Their common Danger, ev'ry thing cou'd wake
 Concern, and his Address successful make :
 Strength'ning his Plea with all the Charms of Sense,
 And those, with all the Charms of Eloquence.

Then thus the King : Like Suitors do you stand
 For that Assistance which you may command ?
Athenians, all our lifted Forces use,
 (They're such as no bold Service will refuse ;)
 And when y've drawn them off, the Gods be prais'd,
 Fresh Legions can within our Isle be rais'd :
 So stock'd with People, that we can prepare
 Both for domestick, and for distant War,
 Ours, or our Friends Insulters to chastize.

Long may ye flourish thus, the Prince replies.
 Strange Transport seiz'd me as I pass'd along,
 To meet so many Troops, and all so young,

As if your Army did of Twins consist ;
 Yet amongst them my late Acquaintance mis'd :
 Ev'n all that to your Palace did resort,
 When first you entertain'd me at your Court ;
 And cannot guess the Cause from whence cou'd spring
 So vast a Change — Then thus the fighting King :
 Illustrious Guest, to my strange Tale attend,
 Of sad Beginning, but a joyful End :
 The whole to a vast History wou'd swell,
 I shall but half, and that confus'dly, tell.
 That Race whom so deserv'dly you admir'd,
 Are all into their silent Tombs retir'd :
 They fell ; and falling, how they shook my State,
 Thought may conceive, but Words can ne'er relate.

The Story of Ants chang'd to Men.

By Mr. STONESTREET.

A dreadful Plague from angry *Juno* came,
 To scourge the Land, that bore her Rival's Name ;
 Before her fatal Anger was reveal'd,
 And teeming Malice lay as yet conceal'd,
 All Remedies we try, all Med'cines use,
 Which Nature cou'd supply, or Art produce ;
 Th' unconquer'd Foe derides the vain Design,
 And Art, and Nature foil'd, declare the Cause Divine.

At first we only felt th' oppressive Weight
 Of gloomy Clouds, then teeming with our Fate,
 And lab'ring to discharge unactive Heat :
 But ere four Moons alternate Changes knew,
 With deadly Blasts the fatal *South-wind* blew,
 Infected all the Air, and poison'd as it flew.

Our Fountains too a dire Infection yield,
 For Crowds of Vipers creep along the Field,
 And with polluted Gore, and baneful Steams,
 Taint all the Lakes, and venom all the Streams.

The young Disease with milder Force began,
 And rag'd on Birds, and Beasts, excusing Man.
 The lab'ring Oxen fall before the Plow,
 Th' unhappy Plow-men stare, and wonder how:
 The tabid Sheep, with sickly Bleatings, pines;
 Its Wooll decreasing, as its Strength declines:
 The Warlike Steed, by inward Foes compell'd,
 Neglects his Honours, and deserts the Field;
 Unnerv'd, and languid, seeks a base Retreat,
 And at the Manger groans, but wish'd a nobler Fate:
 The Stags forget their Speed, the Boars their Rage,
 Nor can the Bears the stronger Herds engage:
 A gen'ral Faintness does invade 'em all,
 And in the Woods, and Fields, promiscuously they fall.
 The Air receives the Stench, and (strange to say)
 The rav'nous Birds and Beasts avoid the Prey:
 Th' offensive Bodies rot upon the Ground,
 And spread the dire Contagion all around.

But now the Plague, grown to a larger Size,
 Riots on Man, and scorns a meaner Prize.
 Intestine Heats begin the Civil War,
 And Flushings first the latent Flame declare,
 And Breath inspir'd, which seem'd like fiery Air. }
 Their black dry Tongues are swell'd, and scarce can
 move,

And short thick Sighs from panting Lungs are drove.
 They gape for Air, with flatt'ring Hopes t'abate
 Their raging Flames, but that augments their Heat.

No Bed, no Cov'ring can the Wretches bear,
 But on the Ground, expos'd to open Air,
 They lie, and hope to find a pleasing Coolness there.
 The suff'ring Earth, with that Oppression curst,
 Returns the Heat which they imparted first.

In vain Physicians would bestow their Aid,
 Vain all their Art, and useles all their Trade;
 And they, ev'n they, who fleeting Life recall,
 Feel the same Pow'rs, and undistinguish'd fall.
 If any proves so daring to attend

His sick Companion, or his darling Friend,
 Th' officious Wretch sucks in contagious Breath,
 And with his Friend does sympathize in Death.

And now the Care and Hopes of Life are past,
 They please their Fancies, and indulge their Taste;
 At Brooks and Streams, regardless of their Shame,
 Each Sex, promiscuous, strives to quench their Flame;
 Nor do they strive in vain to quench it there,
 For Thirst, and Life at once extinguish'd are.
 Thus in the Brooks the dying Bodies sink,
 But heedless still the rash Survivors drink.

So much uneasy Down the Wretches hate,
 They fly their Beds, to struggle with their Fate;
 But if decaying Strength forbids to rise,
 The Victim crawls and rous, 'till on the Ground he lies.
 Each shuns his Bed, as each wou'd shun his 'Tomb,
 And thinks th' Infection only lodg'd at home.

Here one, with fainting Steps, does slowly creep
 O'er Heaps of Dead, and strait augments the Heap;
 Another, while his Strength and Tongue prevail'd,
 Bewails his Friend, and falls himself bewail'd:

This with imploring Looks surveys the Skies,
 The last dear Office of his closing Eyes,
 But finds the Heav'ns implacable, and dies.

What now, ah! what employ'd my troubled Mind,
 But only Hopes my Subjects Fate to find?
 What Place see'er my weeping Eyes survey,
 There in lamented Heaps the Vulgar lay;
 As Acorns scatter when the Winds prevail,
 Or mellow Fruit from shaken Branches fall.

You see that Dome which rears its Front so high:
 'Tis sacred to the Monarch of the Sky:
 How many there, with unregarded Tears,
 And fruitless Vows, sent up successful Pray'rs?
 There Fathers for expiring Sons implor'd,
 And there the Wife bewail'd her gasping Lord;
 With pious Off'rings they appease the Skies,
 But they, ere yet th' attoning Vapours rise,
 Before the Altars fall, themselves a Sacrifice;
 They fall, while yet their Hands the Gums contain,
 Their Gums surviving, but their Off'ers slain.

The destin'd Ox, with holy Garlands crown'd,
 Prevents the Blow, and feels an unexpected Wound:
 When I my self invok'd the Pow'rs Divine,
 To drive the fatal Pest from Me and Mine;
 When now the Priest with Hands uplifted stood,
 Prepar'd to strike, and shed the sacred Blood,
 The Gods themselves the mortal Stroke bestow,
 The Victim falls, but They impart the Blow:
 Scarce was the Knife with the pale Purple stain'd,
 And no Presages cou'd be then obtain'd,
 From putrid Entrails, where th' Infection reign'd.

Death stalk'd around with such resistless Sway,
 The Temples of the Gods his Force obey,
 And Suppliants feel his Stroke, while yet they pray.
 Go now, said he, your Deities implore
 For fruitless Aid, for I defy their Pow'r.
 Then with a curst malicious Joy survey'd
 The very Altars, stain'd with Trophies of the Dead.

The rest grown mad, and frantick with Despair,
 Urge their own Fate, and so prevent the Fear.
 Strange Madness that, when Death pursu'd so fast,
 T' anticipate the Blow with impious Haste.

No decent Honour to their Urns are paid,
 Nor cou'd the Graves receive the num'rous Dead;
 For, or they lay unbury'd on the Ground,
 Or unadorn'd a needy Fun'ral found:
 All Rev'rence past, the fainting Wretches fight
 For Fun'ral Piles which were another's Right.

Unmourn'd they fall: for, who surviv'd to mourn?
 And Sires, and Mothers unlamented burn:
 Parent, and Sons sustain an equal Fate,
 And wand'ring Ghosts their kindred Shadows meet.
 The Dead a larger Space of Ground require,
 Nor are the Trees sufficient for the Fire.

Despairing under Grief's oppressive Weight,
 And sunk by these tempestuous Blasts of Fate,
 O *Jove*, said I, if common Fame says true,
 If e'er *Ægina* gave those Joys to you,
 If e'er you lay enclos'd in her Embrace,
 Fond of her Charms, and eager to possess;
 O Father, if you do not yet disclaim
 Paternal Care, nor yet disown the Name;

Grant my Petitions, and with Speed restore
 My Subjects num'rous as they were before,
 Or make me Partner of the Fate they bore.
 I spoke, and glorious Lightning shone around,
 And rattling Thunder gave a prosp'rous Sound;
 So let it be, and may these Omens prove
 A Pledge, said I, of your returning Love.

By chance a rev'rend Oak was near the Place,
 Sacred to *Jove*, and of *Dodona's* Race,
 Where frugal Ants laid up their Winter Meat,
 Whose little Bodies bear a mighty Weight:
 We saw them march along, and hide their Store,
 And much admir'd their Number, and their Pow'r;
 Admir'd at first, but after envy'd more.
 Full of Amazement, thus to *Jove* I pray'd,
 O grant, since thus my Subjects are decay'd,
 As many Subjects to supply the Dead.
 I pray'd, and strange Convulsions mov'd the Oak,
 Which murmur'd, tho' by ambient Winds unshook:
 My trembling Hands, and stiff-erected Hair,
 Express all Tokens of uncommon Fear;
 Yet both the Earth and sacred Oak I kist,
 And scarce cou'd hope, yet still I hop'd the best;
 For Wretches, whatsoe'er the Fates divine,
 Expound all Omens to their own Design.

But now 'twas Night, when ev'n Distraction wears
 A pleasing Look, and Dreams beguile our Cares.
 Lo! the same Oak appears before my Eyes,
 Nor alter'd in his Shape, nor former Size;
 As many Ants the num'rous Branches bear,
 The same their Labour, and their frugal Care;
 The Branches too a like Commotion found,
 And shook th' industrious Creatures on the Ground,

Who, by degrees (what's scarce to be believ'd)
 A nobler Form, and larger Bulk receiv'd,
 And on the Earth walk'd an unusual Pace,
 With manly Strides, and an erected Face;
 Their num'rous Legs, and former Colour lost,
 The Insects cou'd a Human Figure boast.

I wake, and waking find my Cares again,
 And to the unperforming Gods complain,
 And call their Promise, and Pretences, vain. }
 Yet in my Court I heard the murm'ring Voice
 Of Strangers, and a mixt uncommon Noise:
 But I suspected all was still a Dream,
 'Till *Telamon* to my Apartment came,
 Op'ning the Door with an impetuous Haste,
 O come, said he, and see your Faith and Hopes surpass:
 I follow, and, confus'd with Wonder, view
 Those Shapes which my presaging Slumbers drew:
 I saw, and own'd, and call'd them Subjects; they
 Confest my Pow'r, submissive to my Sway.
 To *Jove*, Restorer of my Race decay'd,
 My Vows were first with due Oblations paid.
 I then divide with an impartial Hand
 My empty City, and my ruin'd Land,
 To give the New-born Youth an equal Share,
 And call them *Myrmidons*, from what they were.
 You saw their Persons, and they still retain
 The Thrift of Ants, tho' now transform'd to Men.
 A frugal People, and inur'd to Sweat,
 Lab'ring to gain, and keeping what they get.
 These, equal both in Strength and Years, shall join
 Their willing Aid, and follow your Design,
 With the first Southern Gale that shall present
 To fill your Sails, and favour your Intent.

Continu'd by Mr. TATE.

With such Discourse they entertain the Day ;
The Ev'ning past in Banquets, Sport, and Play :
Then, having crown'd the Night with sweet Repose,
Aurora (with the Wind at East) arose.

Now *Pallas*' Sons to *Cephalus* resort,
And *Cephalus* with *Pallas*' Sons to Court,
To the King's Levee ; him Sleep's silken Chain,
And pleasing Dreams, beyond his Hour detain ;
But then the Princes of the Blood, in State,
Expect, and meet 'em at the Palace Gate.

The Story of CEPHALUS and PROCRIS.

To th' inmost Courts the *Grecian* Youths were led,
And plac'd by *Phocus* on a *Tyrian* Bed ;
Who, soon observing *Cephalus* to hold
A Dart of unknown Wood, but arm'd with Gold ;
None better loves (said he) the Huntsman's Sport,
Or does more often to the Woods resort ;
Yet I that Jav'lin's Stem with Wonder view,
Too brown for Box, too smooth a Grain for Yew.
I cannot guess the Tree ; but never Art
Did form, or Eyes behold so fair a Dart !
The Guest then interrupts him—— 'Twou'd produce
Still greater Wonder, if you knew its Use.
It never fails to strike the Game, and then
Comes bloody back into your Hand again.
Then *Phocus* each Particular desires,
And th' Author of the wond'rous Gift enquires.
To which the Owner thus, with weeping Eyes,
And Sorrow for his Wife's sad Fate, replies,

This Weapon here (O Prince!) can you believe
 This Dart the Cause for which so much I grieve;
 And shall continue to grieve on, 'till Fate
 Afford such wretched Life no longer Date.
 Would I this fatal Gift had ne'er enjoy'd,
 This fatal Gift my tender Wife destroy'd:
Procris her Name, ally'd in Charms and Blood
 To fair *Orythia* courted by a God.
 Her Father seal'd my Hopes with Rites Divine,
 But firmer Love before had made her mine.
 Men call'd me blest, and blest I was indeed.
 The second Month our Nuptials did succeed;
 When (as upon *Hymettus*' dewy Head,
 For Mountain Stags my Net betimes I spread)
Aurora spy'd, and ravish'd me away,
 With Rev'rence to the Goddess, I must say,
 Against my Will, for *Procris* had my Heart,
 Nor wou'd her Image from my Thoughts depart.
 At last, in Rage she cry'd, Ingrateful Boy,
 Go to your *Procris*, take your fatal Joy;
 And so dismiss'd me: Musing, as I went,
 What those Expressions of the Goddess meant,
 A thousand jealous Fears possess me now,
 Lest *Procris* had prophan'd her Nuptial Vow:
 Her Youth and Charms did to my Fancy paint
 A leud Adulteress, but her Life a Saint.
 Yet I was absent long, the Goddess too
 Taught me how far a Woman cou'd be true.
Aurora's Treatment much Suspicion bred;
 Besides, who truly love, ev'n Shadows dread.
 I strait impatient for the Tryal grew,
 What Courtship back'd with richest Gifts cou'd do.

Aurora's Envy aided my Design,
And lent me Features far unlike to mine.
In this Disguise to my own House I came,
But all was chaste, no conscious Sign of Blame :
With thousand Arts I scarce Admittance found,
And then beheld her weeping on the Ground
For her lost Husband ; hardly I retain'd
My Purpose, scarce the wish'd Embrace refrain'd.
How charming was her Grief ! Then, *Phocus*, guess
What killing Beauties waited on her Dress.
Her constant Answer, when my Suit I prest,
Forbear, my Lord's dear Image guards this Breast ;
Where-e'er he is, whatever Cause detains,
Who-e'er has his, my Heart unmov'd remains.
What greater Proofs of Truth than these cou'd be ?
Yet I persist, and urge my Destiny.
At length, she found, when my own Form return'd,
Her jealous Lover there, whose Loss she mourn'd.
Enrag'd with my Suspicion, swift as Wind,
She fled at once from me and all Mankind ;
And so became, her Purpose to retain,
A Nymph, and Huntress in *Diana's* Train :
Forfaken thus, I found my Flames encrease,
I own'd my Folly, and I su'd for Peace.
It was a Fault, but not of Guilt, to move
Such Punishment, a Fault of too much Love.
Thus I retriev'd her to my longing Arms,
And many happy Days possess'd her Charms.
But with herself she kindly did confer
What Gifts the Goddess had bestow'd on her ;
The fleetest Grey-hound, with this lovely Dart,
And I of both have Wonders to impart.

Near *Thebes* a Savage Beast, of Race unknown,
 Laid waste the Field, and bore the Vineyards down;
 The Swains fled from him, and with one Consent
 Our *Grecian* Youth to chase the Monster went;
 More swift than Light'ning he the Toils surpast,
 And in his Course Spears, Men, and Trees o'er cast.
 We slipt our Dogs, and last my *Lelaps* too,
 When none of all the mortal Race wou'd do:
 He long before was struggling from my Hands,
 And, ere we cou'd unloose him, broke his Bands.
 That Minute where he was, we cou'd not find,
 And only saw the Dust he left behind.
 I climb'd a neighb'ring Hill to view the Chace,
 While in the Plain they held an equal Race;
 The Savage now seems caught, and now by Force
 To quit himself, nor holds the same strait Course;
 But running counter, from the Foe withdraws,
 And with short Turning cheats his gaping Jaws:
 Which he retrieves, and still so closely prest,
 You'd fear at ev'ry Stretch he were possess'd;
 Yet for the Gripe his Fangs in vain prepare;
 The Game shoots from him, and he chops the Air.
 To cast my Jav'lin then I took my Stand;
 But as the Thongs were fitting to my Hand,
 While to the Valley I o'er-look'd the Wood,
 Before my Eyes two Marble Statues stood;
 That, as pursu'd appearing at full Stretch,
 This, barking after, and at point to catch:
 Some God their Course did with this Wonder grace,
 That neither might be conquer'd in the Chace.
 A sudden Silence here his Tongue suppress,
 He here stops short, and fain wou'd wave the rest.

The eager Prince then urg'd him to impart
 The Fortune that attended on the Dart.
 First then (said he) past Joys let me relate,
 For Bliss was the Foundation of my Fate.
 No Language can those happy Hours express,
 Did from our Nuptials me and *Procris* bless:
 The kindest Pair! What more cou'd Heav'n confer?
 For she was all to me, and I to her.
 Had *Jove* made Love, great *Jove* had been despis'd;
 And I my *Procris* more than *Venus* priz'd:
 Thus while no other Joy we did aspire,
 We grew at last one Soul, and one Desire.
 Forth to the Woods I went at Break of Day,
 (The constant Practice of my Youth) for Prey:
 Nor yet for Servant, Horse, or Dog did call,
 I found this single Dart to serve for all.
 With Slaughter tir'd, I sought the cooler Shade,
 And Winds that from the Mountains pierc'd the Glade:
 Come, gentle Air, (so was I wont to say)
 Come, gentle Air, sweet *Aura* come away.
 This always was the Burden of my Song,
 Come 'swage my Flames, sweet *Aura* come along.
 Thou always art most welcome to my Breast;
 I faint; approach, thou dearest, kindest Guest!
 These Blandishments, and more than these, I said,
 (By Fate to unsuspected Ruin led)
 Thou art my Joy, for thy dear sake I love
 Each desert Hill, and solitary Grove;
 When (faint with Labour) I Refreshment need,
 For Cordials on thy fragrant Breath I feed.
 At last a wand'ring Swain in hearing came,
 And cheated with the Sound of *Aura's* Name,

He thought I had some Affignation made ;
 And to my *Procris*' Ear the News convey'd.
 Great Love is soonest with Suspicion fir'd :
 She swoon'd, and with the Tale almost expir'd.
 Ah ! wretched Heart ! (she cry'd) ah ! faithless Man !
 And then to curse th' imagin'd Nymph began :
 Yet oft she doubts, oft hopes she is deceiv'd,
 And chides herself, that ever she believ'd
 Her Lord to such Injustice cou'd proceed,
 'Till she her self were Witness of the Deed.
 Next Morn I to the Woods again repair,
 And, weary with the Chace, invoke the Air ;
 Approach, dear *Aura*, and my Bosom chear :
 At which a mournful Sound did strike my Ear ;
 Yet I proceeded, 'till the Thicket by,
 With rustling Noise and Motion, drew my Eye :
 I thought some Beast of Prey was shelter'd there,
 And to the Covert threw my certain Spear ;
 From whence a tender Sigh my Soul did wound,
 Ah me ! it cry'd, and did like *Procris* sound.
Procris was there, too well the Voice I knew,
 And to the Place with headlong Horror flew ;
 Where I beheld her gasping on the Ground,
 In vain attempting from the deadly Wound
 To draw the Dart, her Love's dear fatal Gift !
 My guilty Arms had scarce the Strength to lift
 The beauteous Load ; my Silks, and Hair I tore
 (If possible) to stanch the pressing Gore ;
 For Pity beg'd her keep her flitting Breath,
 And not to leave me guilty of her Death.
 While I intreat she fainted fast away,
 And these few Words had only Strength to say ;

Book VII. OVID'S *Metamorphoses*.

By all the sacred Bonds of plighted Love,
By all your Rev'rence to the Pow'rs above,
By all that made me charming once appear,
By all the Truth for which you held me dear,
And last by Love, the Cause through which I bleed,
Let *Aura* never to my Bed succeed.

I then perceiv'd the Error of our Fate,
And told it her, but found and told too late!
I felt her lower to my Bosom fall,
And while her Eyes had any Sight at all,
On mine she fix'd them; in her Pangs still prest
My Hand, and sigh'd her Soul into my Breast;
Yet, being undeceiv'd, resign'd her Breath
Methought more chearfully, and smil'd in Death.

With such Concern the weeping Heroe told
This Tale, that none who heard him cou'd with-hold
From melting into sympathizing Tears,
'Till *Æacus* with his two Sons appears;
Whom he commits, with their new-levy'd Bands,
To Fortune's, and so brave a Gen'ral's Hands.

The End of the Seventh Book.



OVID'S

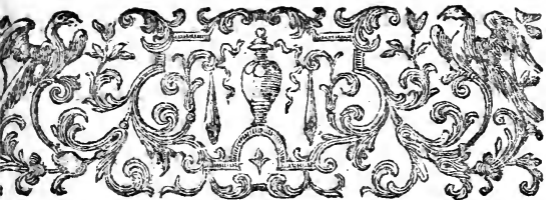






To Her Grace the
Dutchess of Rutland





OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES.
BOOK VIII.

Translated by Mr. DRYDEN and Others.

The Story of NISUS and SCYLLA.

By Mr. CROXALL.



OW shone the Morning Star in bright
Array,
To vanquish Night, and usher in the
Day:
The Wind veers Southward, and moist
Clouds arise,

That blot with Shades the Blue Meridian Skies.
Cephalus feels with Joy the kindly Gales,
His new Allies unfurl the swelling Sails;
Steady their Course, they cleave the yielding Main,
And, with a Wish, th' intended Harbour gain.

Mean-

Mean-while King *Minos*, on the *Attick* Strand,
 Displays his martial Skill, and wastes the Land.
 His Army lies encampt upon the Plains,
 Before *Alcatboë's* Walls, where *Nisus* reigns;
 On whose grey Head a Lock of Purple Hue,
 The Strength, and Fortune of his Kingdom, grew.

Six Moons were gone, and past, when still from far
Victoria hover'd o'er the doubtful War.

So long, to both inclin'd, th' impartial Maid
 Between 'em both her equal Wings display'd.

High on the Walls, by *Phæbus* vocal made,
 A Turret of the Palace rais'd its Head;
 And where the God his tuneful Harp resign'd,
 The Sound within the Stones still lay enshrin'd:
 Hither the Daughter of the Purple King
 Ascended oft, to hear its Musick ring;
 And, striking with a Pebble, wou'd release
 Th' enchanted Notes, in Times of happy Peace.
 But now, from thence, the curious Maid beheld
 Rough Feats of Arms, and Combats of the Field:
 And, since the Siege was long, had learnt the Name
 Of ev'ry Chief, his Character, and Fame;
 Their Arms, their Horse, and Quiver she descry'd,
 Nor cou'd the Dress of War the Warriour hide.

Europa's Son she knew above the Rest,
 And more, than well became a Virgin Breast:
 In vain the crested Morion veils his Face,
 She thinks it adds a more peculiar Grace:
 His ample Shield, embost with burnish'd Gold,
 Still makes the Bearer lovelier to behold:
 When the tough Jav'lin, with a Whirl, he sends,
 His Strength and Skill the fighting Maid commends;

Or, when he strains to draw the circling Bow,
 And his fine Limbs a manly Posture show,
 Compar'd with *Phæbus*, he performs so well,
 Let her be Judge, and *Minos* shall excel.

But when the Helm put off, display'd to Sight,
 And set his Features in an open Light;
 When, vaulting to his Seat, his Steed he prest,
 Caparison'd in Gold, and richly drest;
 Himself in Scarlet sumptuously array'd,
 New Passions rise, and fire the frantick Maid.
 O happy Spear! she cries, that feels his Touch;
 Nay, ev'n the Reins he holds are blest too much.
 Oh! were it lawful, she cou'd wing her Way
 Thro' the stern hostile Troops without Dismay;
 Or throw her Body to the distant Ground,
 And in the *Cretans* happy Camp be found.
 Wou'd *Minos* but desire it! she'd expose
 Her native Country to her Country's Foes;
 Unbar the Gates, the Town with Flames infest,
 Or any thing that *Minos* shou'd request.

And as she fate, and pleas'd her longing Sight,
 Viewing the King's Pavilion veil'd with White,
 Shou'd Joy, or Grief, she said, possess my Breast,
 To see my Country by a War oppress?
 I'm in Suspense! For, tho' 'tis Grief to know
 I love a Man that is declar'd my Foe;
 Yet, in my own Despite, I must approve
 That lucky War, which brought the Man I love.
 Yet, were I tender'd as a Pledge of Peace,
 The Cruelties of War might quickly cease.
 Oh! with what Joy I'd wear the Chains he gave!
 A patient Hostage, and a willing Slave.

Thou

Thou lovely Object! if the Nymph that bare
 Thy charming Person, were but half so fair;
 Well might a God her Virgin Bloom desire,
 And with a Rape indulge his amorous Fire.
 Oh! had I Wings to glide along the Air,
 To his dear Tent I'd fly, and settle there:
 There tell my Quality, confess my Flame,
 And grant him any Dowry that he'd name.
 All, all I'd give; only my native Land,
 My dearest Country, shou'd excepted stand.
 For, perish Love, and all expected Joys,
 Ere with so base a Thought my Soul complies.
 Yet, oft the Vanquish'd some Advantage find,
 When conquer'd by a noble, gen'rous Mind.
 Brave *Minos* justly has the War begun,
 Fir'd with Resentment for his murder'd Son:
 The righteous Gods a righteous Cause regard,
 And will, with Victory, his Arms reward:
 We must be conquer'd; and the Captive's Fate
 Will surely seize us, tho' it seize us late.
 Why then shou'd Love be idle, and neglect
 What *Mars*, by Arms and Perils, will effect?
 Oh! Prince, I die, with anxious Fear oppress'd,
 Lest some rash Hand shou'd wound my Charmer's Breast:
 For, if they saw, no barb'rous Mind cou'd dare
 Against that lovely Form to raise a Spear.

But I'm resolv'd, and fix'd in this Decree,
 My Father's Country shall my Dowry be.
 Thus I prevent the Loss of Life and Blood,
 And, in Effect, the Action must be good.
 Vain Resolution! for, at ev'ry Gate
 The trusty Centinels, successive, wait:

Book VIII. OVID'S *Metamorphoses*. 47

The Keys my Father keeps; ah! there's my Grief;
'Tis he obstructs all Hopes of my Relief.

Gods! that this hated Light I'd never seen!

Or, all my Life, without a Father been!

But Gods we all may be; for those that dare,
Are Gods, and Fortune's chiefest Favours share.

The ruling Pow'rs a lazy Pray'r detest,

The bold Adventurer succeeds the best.

What other Maid, inspir'd with such a Flame,

But wou'd take Courage, and abandon Shame?

But wou'd tho' Ruin shou'd ensue, remove

Whate'er oppos'd, and clear the Way to Love?

This, shall another's feeble Passion dare,

While I sit tame, and languish in Despair?

No; for tho' Fire and Sword before me lay,

Impatient Love thro' both shou'd force it's Way.

Yet I have no such Enemies to fear,

My sole Obstruction is my Father's Hair;

His Purple Lock my sanguine Hope destroys,

And clouds the Prospect of my rising Joys.

Whilst thus she spoke, amid the thick'ning Air

Night supervenes, the greatest Nurse of Care:

And, as the Goddess spreads her sable Wings,

The Virgin's Fears decay, and Courage springs.

The Hour was come, when Man's o'er-labour'd Breast

Surceas'd its Care, by downy Sleep possess'd:

All things now hush'd, *Scylla* with silent Tread

Urg'd her Approach to *Nisus*' Royal Bed:

There, of the fatal Lock (accursed Theft!)

She her unwitting Father's Head bereft.

In safe Possession of her impious Prey,

Out at a Postern Gate she takes her Way.

Embolden'd, by the Merit of the Deed,
 She traverses the adverse Camp with Speed,
 'Till *Minos*' Tent she reach'd: The righteous King
 She thus bespoke, who shiver'd at the thing.

Behold th' Effect of Love's resistless Sway!
 I, *Nisus*' Royal Seed, to thee betray
 My Country, and my Gods. For this strange Task,
Minos, no other Boon but Thee I ask.
 This Purple Lock, a Pledge of Love, receive;
 No worthless Present, since in it I give
 My Father's Head.—Mov'd at a Crime so new,
 And with Abhorrence fill'd, back *Minos* drew,
 Nor touch'd th' unhallow'd Gift; but thus exclaim'd,
 (With Mein indignant, and with Eyes inflam'd)
 Perdition seize thee, thou, thy Kind's Disgrace!
 May thy devoted Carcass find no Place
 In Earth, on Air, or Sea, by all out-cast!
 Shall *Minos*, with so foul a Monster, blast
 His *Cretan* World, where cradled *Jove* was nurs'd?
 Forbid it Heav'n!—away, thou most accurst!

And now *Alcathœ*, its Lord exchange'd,
 Was under *Minos*' Domination rang'd.
 While the most equal King his Care applies
 To curb the Conquer'd, and new Laws devise,
 The Fleet, by his Command, with hoisted Sails,
 And ready Oars, invites the murm'ring Gales.
 At length the *Cretan* Heroe Anchor weigh'd,
 Repaying, with Neglect, th' abandon'd Maid.
 Deaf to her Cries, he furrows up the Main:
 In vain she prays, solicits him in vain.

And now she furious grows in wild Despair,
 She wrings her Hands, and throws aloft her Hair.

Where

Book VIII. OVID'S *Metamorphoses*. 49

Where run'st thou? (thus she vents her deep Distress)
Why shun'st thou her that crown'd thee with Success?
Her, whose fond Love to thee cou'd sacrifice
Her Country, and her Parent, sacred Ties!
Can nor my Love, nor proffer'd Presents find
A Passage to thy Heart, and make thee kind?
Can nothing move thy Pity? O Ingrate,
Can'st thou behold my lost, forlorn Estate,
And not be soften'd? Can'st thou throw off One
Who has no Refuge left but Thee alone?
Where shall I seek for Comfort? whither fly?
My native Country does in Ashes lie:
Or were't not so, my Treason bars me there,
And bids me wander. Shall I next repair
To a wrong'd Father, by my Guilt undone? —
Me all Mankind deservedly will shun.
I, out of all the World, my self have thrown,
To purchase an Access to *Crete* alone;
Which, since refus'd, ungen'rous Man, give o'er
To boast thy Race; *Europa* never bore
A thing so savage. Thee some Tygrés bred,
On the bleak *Syrt's* inhospitable Bed;
Or where *Charybdis* pours its rapid Tide
Tempestuous. Thou art not to *Jove* ally'd;
Nor did the King of Gods thy Mother meet
Beneath a Bull's forg'd Shape, and bear to *Crete*.
That Fable of thy glorious Birth is feign'd;
Some wild outrageous Bull thy Dam sustain'd.
O Father *Nisus*, now my Death behold;
Exult, O City, by my Baseness fold:
Minos, obdurate, has aveng'd ye all;
But 'twere more just by those I wrong'd to fall:

For why shou'dst thou, who only didst subdue
 By my offending, my Offence pursue?
 Well art thou matcht to one whose am'rous Flame
 Too fiercely rag'd, for Humankind to tame;
 One who, within a wooden Heifer thrust,
 Courted a low'ring Bull's mistaken Lust;
 And, from whose Monster-teeming Womb, the Earth
 Receiv'd, what much it mourn'd, a bi-form Birth.
 But what avails my Plaints? the whistling Wind,
 Which bears him far away, leaves them behind.
 Well weigh'd *Pasiphaë*, when she prefer'd
 A Bull to thee, more brutish than the Herd.
 But ah! Time presses, and the labour'd Oars
 To Distance drives the Fleet, and lose the less'ning Shores.
 Think not, ungrateful Man, the liquid Way
 And threat'ning Billows shall inforce my Stay.
 I'll follow thee in Spite: My Arms I'll throw
 Around thy Oars, or grasp thy crooked Prow,
 And drag through drenching Seas. Her eager Tongue
 Had hardly clos'd the Speech, when forth she sprung
 And prov'd the Deep. *Cupid* with added Force
 Recruits each Nerve, and aids her wat'ry Course.
 Soon she the Ship attains, unwelcome Guest;]
 And, as with close Embrace its Sides she prest,
 A Hawk from upper Air came' pouring down,
 ('Twas *Nisus* cleft the Sky with Wings new-grown.)
 At *Scylla*'s Head his horny Bill he aims;
 She, fearful of the Blow, the Ship disclaims,
 Quitting her Hold: And yet she fell not far,
 But wond'ring, finds her self sustain'd in Air.
 Chang'd to a Lark, she mottled Pinions shook,
 And, from the ravish'd Lock, the Name of *Cixis* took

The Labyrinth.

Now *Minos*, landed on the *Cretan* Shore,
 Performs his Vows to *Jove's* protecting Pow'r;
 A hundred Bulls of the largest Breed,
 With Flowrets crown'd, before his Altar bleed:
 While Trophies of the Vanquish'd, brought from far,
 Adorn the Palace with the Spoils of War.

Mean-while the Monster of a Human-Beast,
 His Family's Reproach, and Stain, increas'd.
 His double Kind the Rumour swiftly spread,
 And evidenc'd the Mother's beastly Deed.
 When *Minos*, willing to conceal the Shame
 That sprung from the Reports of tatling Fame,
 Resolves a dark Inclosure to provide,
 And, far from Sight, the two-form'd Creature hide.

Great *Dædalus* of *Athens* was the Man
 That made the Draught, and form'd the wondrous Plan;
 Where Rooms, within themselves encircled lie,
 With various Windings, to deceive the Eye.
 As soft *Mæander's* wanton Current plays,
 When thro' the *Phrygian* Fields it loosely strays;
 Backward and forward rouls the dimpl'd Tide,
 Seeming, at once, two different Ways to glide:
 While circling Streams their former Banks survey,
 And Waters past succeeding Waters see:
 Now floating to the Sea with downward Course,
 Now pointing upward to its ancient Source:
 Such was the Work, so intricate the Place,
 That scarce the Workman all its Turns cou'd trace:
 And *Dædalus* was puzzled how to find
 The secret Ways of what himself design'd.

These private Walls the *Minotaure* include,
 Who twice was glutted with *Athenian* Blood:
 But the third Tribute more successful prov'd,
 Slew the foul Monster, and the Plague remov'd.
 When *Theseus*, aided by the Virgin's Art,
 Had trac'd the guiding Thread thro' ev'ry Part,
 He took the gentle Maid, that set him free,
 And, bound for *Dias*, cut the briny Sea.
 There, quickly cloy'd, ungrateful, and unkind,
 Left his fair Consort in the Isle behind.
 Whom *Bacchus* saw. and straining in his Arms
 Her rifled Bloom, and violated Charms,
 Resolves, for this, the dear engaging Dame
 Shou'd shine for ever in the Rolls of Fame;
 And bids her Crown among the Stars be plac'd,
 With an eternal Constellation grac'd.
 The golden Circlet mounts; and, as it flies,
 Its Diamonds twinkle in the distant Skies;
 There, in their pristin Form, the gemmy Rays
 Between *Alcides* and the Dragon blaze.

The Story of DÆDALUS and ICARUS.

In tedious Exile now too long detain'd,
Dædalus languish'd for his native Land:
 The Sea foreclos'd his Flight; yet thus he said;
 Tho' Earth and Water in Subjection laid,
 O cruel *Minos*, thy Dominion be,
 We'll go thro' Air; for sure the Air is free.
 Then to new Arts his cunning Thought applies,
 And to improve the Work of Nature tries.
 A Row of Quills in gradual Order plac'd,
 Rise by Degrees in Length from first to last;

As on a Cliff th' ascending Thicket grows,
 Or, different Reeds the rural Pipe compose.
 Along the Middle runs a Twine of Flax,
 The Bottom Stems are joyn'd by pliant Wax.
 Thus, well compact, a hollow Bending brings
 The fine Composure into real Wings.

His Boy, young *Icarus*, that near him stood,
 Unthinking of his Fate, with Smiles pursu'd
 The floating Feathers, which the moving Air
 Bore loosely from the Ground, and wafted here and there.
 Or with the Wax impertinently play'd,
 And with his childish Tricks the great Design delay'd.

The final Master-stroke at last impos'd,
 And now the neat Machine compleatly clos'd ;
 Fitting his Pinions on, a Flight he tries,
 And hung self-ballanc'd in the beaten Skies.
 Then thus instructs his Child ; My Boy, take Care
 To wing your Course along the middle Air ;
 If low, the Surges wet your flagging Plumes ;
 If high, the Sun the melting Wax consumes :
 Steer between both : Nor to the Northern Skies,
 Nor South *Orion* turn your giddy Eyes ;
 But follow me : Let me before you lay
 Rules for the Flight, and mark the pathless Way.
 Then teaching, with a fond Concern, his Son,
 He took the untry'd Wings, and fix'd 'em on ;
 But fix'd with trembling Hands ; and as he speaks,
 The Tears roul gently down his aged Cheeks.
 Then kiss'd, and in his Arms embrac'd him fast,
 But knew not this Embrace must be the last.
 And mounting upward, as he wings his Flight,
 Back on his Charge he turns his aking Sight ;

As Parent Birds, when first their callow Care
 Leave the high Nest to tempt the liquid Air.
 Then cheers him on, and oft, with fatal Art,
 Reminds the Stripling to perform his Part.

These, as the Angler at the silent Brook,
 Or Mountain-Shepherd leaning on his Crook,
 Or gaping Plowman, from the Vale descries,
 They stare, and view 'em with religious Eyes,
 And strait conclude 'em Gods; since none, but they,
 Thro' their own azure Skies cou'd find a Way.

Now *Delos*, *Paros* on the Left are seen,
 And *Samos*, favour'd by *Jove's* haughty Queen;
 Upon the Right, the Isle *Lebynthos* nam'd,
 And fair *Calymnè* for its Honey fam'd.
 When now the Boy, whose childish Thoughts aspire
 To loftier Aims, and make him ramble high'r,
 Grown wild, and wanton, more embolden'd flies
 Far from his Guide, and soars among the Skies.
 The soft'ning Wax, that felt a nearer Sun,
 Dissolv'd apace, and soon began to run.

The Youth in vain his melting Pinions shakes,
 His Feathers gone, no longer Air he takes:
 Oh! Father, Father, as he strove to cry,
 Down to the Sea he tumbled from on high,
 And found his Fate; yet still subsists by Fame,
 Among those Waters that retain his Name.

The Father, now no more a Father, cries,
 Ho *Icarus!* where are are you? as he flies;
 Where shall I seek my Boy? he cries again,
 And saw his Feathers scatter'd on the Main.
 Then curs'd his Art; and fun'ral Rites confer'd,
 Naming the Country from the Youth interr'd.

A Partridge, from a neighb'ring Stump, beheld
 The Sire his monumental Marble build;
 Who, with peculiar Call, and flutt'ring Wing,
 Chirpt joyful, and malicious seem'd to sing:
 The only Bird of all its Kind, and late
 Transform'd in Pity to a feather'd State:
 From whence, O *Dædalus*, thy Guilt we date.

}
 }

His Sister's Son, when now twelve Years were past,
 Was, with his Uncle, as a Scholar plac'd;
 The unsuspecting Mother saw his Parts,
 And Genius fitted for the finest Arts.
 This soon appear'd; for when the Spiny Bone
 In Fishes Backs was by the Stripling known,
 A rare Invention thence he learnt to draw,
 Fil'd Teeth in Ir'n, and made the grating Saw.
 He was the first, that from a Knob of Brass
 Made two strait Arms with widening Stretch to pass;
 That, while one stood upon the Center's Place,
 The other round it drew a circling Space.
Dædalus envy'd this, and from the Top
 Of fair *Minerva's* Temple let him drop;
 Feigning, that, as he lean'd upon the Tow'r,
 Careless he stoop'd too much, and tumbled o'er.

The Goddess, who th' Ingenious still befriends,
 On this Occasion her Assistance lends;
 His Arms with Feathers, as he fell, she veils,
 And in the Air a new-made Bird he sails.
 The Quickness of his Genius, once so fleet,
 Still in his Wings remains, and in his Feet:
 Still, tho' transform'd, his ancient Name he keeps,
 And with low Flight the new-shorn Stubble sweeps,
 Declines the lofty Trees, and thinks it best
 To brood in Hedge-rows o'er its humble Nest;

And, in Remembrance of the former Ill,
Avoids the Heights, and Precipices still.

At length, fatigu'd with long laborious Flights,
On fair *Sicilia's* Plains the Artist lights;
Where *Cocalus* the King, that gave him Aid,
Was, for his Kindness, with Esteem repaid.

Athens no more her doleful Tribute sent,
That Hardship gallant *Theseus* did prevent;
Their Temples hung with Garlands, they adore
Each friendly God, but most *Minerva's* Pow'r:
To her, to *Jove*, to All, their Altars smook,
They each with Victims, and Perfumes invoke.

Now talking Fame, thro' every *Grecian* Town,
Had spread, immortal *Theseus*, thy Renown.
From him the neighb'ring Nations in Distress,
In suppliant Terms implore a kind Redress.

The Story of MELEAGER and ATALANTA.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

From him the *Caledonians* sought Relief;
Though valiant *Meleagrus* was their Chief.
The Cause, a Boar, who ravag'd far and near:
Of *Cynthia's* Wrath th' avenging Minister.
For *Oeneus* with Autumnal Plenty bless'd,
By Gifts to Heav'n his Gratitude express'd:
Cull'd Sheafs, to *Ceres*; to *Lyæus*, Wine;
To *Pan*, and *Pales*, offer'd Sheep and Kine;
And Fat of Olives, to *Minerva's* Shrine.
Beginning from the Rural Gods, his Hand
Was lib'ral to the Pow'rs of high Command:

Each

Each Deity in ev'ry Kind was blest'd,
'Till at *Diana's* Fane th' invidious Honour ceas'd.

Wrath touches ev'n the Gods ; the Queen of Night,
Fir'd with Disdain, and jealous of her Right,
Unhonour'd though I am, at least, said she,
Not unreveng'd that impious Act shall be.
Swift as the Word, she sped the Boar away,
With Charge on those devoted Fields to prey.
No larger Bulls th' *Aegyptian* Pastures feed,
And none so large *Sicilian* Meadows breed :
His Eye-balls glare with Fire suffus'd with Blood ;
His Neck shoots up a thick-set thorny Wood ;
His bristled Back a Trench impal'd appears,
And stands erected, like a Field of Spears ;
Froth fills his Chaps, he sends a grunting Sound,
And part he churns, and part befoams the Ground.
For Tusks with *Indian* Elephants he strove,
And *Jove's* own Thunder from his Mouth he drove.
He burns the Leaves ; the scorching Blast invades
The tender Corn, and shrivels up the Blades :
Or suff'ring not their yellow Beards to rear,
He tramples down the Spikes, and intercepts the Year.
In vain the Barns expect their promis'd Load,
Nor Barns at home, nor Ricks are heap'd abroad :
In vain the Hinds the Threshing Floor prepare,
And exercise their Flails in empty Air.
With Olives ever-green the Ground is strow'd,
And Grapes ungather'd shed their gen'rous Blood.
Amid the Fold he rages, nor the Sheep
Their Shepherds, nor the Grooms their Bulls can keep.

From Fields to Walls the frighted Rabble run,
Nor think themselves secure within the Town :

'Till *Meleagrus*, and his chosen Crew,
 Contemn the Danger, and the Praise pursue.
 Fair *Leda's* Twins (in time to Stars decreed)
 One fought on Foot, one curb'd the fiery Steed;
 Then issu'd forth fam'd *Jason* after these,
 Who mann'd the foremost Ship that sail'd the Seas;
 Then *Theseus* join'd with bold *Pirithous* came;
 A single Concord in a double Name:
 The *Thestian* Sons, *Idas* who swiftly ran,
 And *Ceneus*, once a Woman, now a Man.
Lynceus, with Eagle's Eyes, and Lion's Heart;
Leucippus, with his never-erring Dart;
Acastus, *Phileus*, *Phœnix*, *Telamon*,
Ecbion, *Lelix*, and *Eurytion*,
Achilles' Father, and great *Phœbus'* Son;
Dryas the Fierce, and *Hippasus* the Strong;
 With twice old *Iolas*, and *Nestor* then but young.
Laertes active, and *Anceus* bold;
Mopsus the Sage, who future things foretold;
 And t'other Seer, yet by his Wife * unfold.
 A thousand others of immortal Fame;
 Among the rest, fair *Atalanta* came,
 Grace of the Woods: A Diamond Buckle bound
 Her Vest behind, that else had flow'd upon the Ground,
 And shew'd her buskin'd Legs; her Head was bare,
 But for her native Ornament of Hair;
 Which in a simple Knot was ty'd above,
 Sweet Negligence! unheeded Bait of Love!
 Her sounding Quiver, on her Shoulder ty'd,
 One Hand a Dart, and one a Bow supply'd.

* *Amphiaræus*.

Such was her Face, as in a Nymph display'd
 A fair fierce Boy, or in a Boy betray'd
 The blushing Beauties of a modest Maid.

}
}

The *Caledonian* Chief at once the Dame
 Beheld, at once his Heart receiv'd the Flame,
 With Heav'n's averse. O happy Youth, he cry'd,
 For whom thy Fates reserve so fair a Bride!
 He sigh'd, and had no Leisure more to say;
 His Honour call'd his Eyes another way,
 And forc'd him to pursue the now-neglected Prey.

}
}

There stood a Forest on a Mountain's Brow,
 Which over-look'd the shaded Plains below.
 No sounding Ax presum'd those Trees to bite;
 Coeval with the World, a venerable Sight.

The Heroes there arriv'd, some spread around
 The Toils; some search the Footsteps on the Ground:
 Some from the Chains the faithful Dogs unbound,
 Of Action eager, and intent in Thought,
 The Chiefs their honourable Danger sought:

}
}

A Valley stood below; the common Drain
 Of Waters from above, and falling Rain:
 The Bottom was a moist, and marshy Ground,
 Whose Edges were with bending Oziers crown'd:
 The knotty Bulrush next in order stood,
 And all within of Reeds a trembling Wood.

From hence the Boar was rous'd, and sprung amain,
 Like Lightning sudden, on the Warrior Train;
 Beats down the Trees before him, shakes the Ground.
 The Forest echoes to the crackling Sound;
 Shout the fierce Youth, and Ciamours ring around.
 All stood with their protended Spears prepar'd,
 With broad Steel Heads the brandish'd Weapons glar'd.

}
}

The Beast impetuous with his Tusks aside
Deals glancing Wounds; the fearful Dogs divide:
All spend their Mouths aloof, but none abide.

}

Echion threw the first, but mis'd his Mark,
And stuck his Boar-spear on a Maple's Bark.
Then *Jason*; and his Javelin seem'd to take,
But fail'd with Over-force, and whiz'd above his Back.

Mopsus was next; but ere he threw, address'd
To *Phœbus*, thus: O Patron, help thy Priest:
If I adore, and ever have ador'd

Thy Pow'r Divine, thy present Aid afford;
That I may reach the Beast. The God allow'd
His Pray'r, and smiling, gave him what he cou'd:
He reach'd the Savage, but no Blood he drew:
Dian unarm'd the Javelin, as it flew.

This chaf'd the Boar, his Nostrils Flames expire,
And his red Eye-balls roul with living Fire.
Whirl'd from a Sling, or from an Engine thrown,
Amid her Foes, so flies a mighty Stone,
As flew the Beast: The Left Wing put to Flight,
The Chiefs o'er-born, he rushes on the Right.

Empalamos and *Pelagon* he laid
In Dust, and next to Death, but for their Fellows Aid.
Onesimus far'd worse, prepar'd to fly,
'The fatal Fang drove deep within his Thigh,
And cut the Nerves: The Nerves no more sustain
The Bulk; the Bulk unprop'd, falls headlong on the

Nestor had fail'd the Fall of *Troy* to see, [Plain.
But leaning on his Lance, he vaulted on a Tree;
Then gath'ring up his Feet, look'd down with Fear,
And thought his monstrous Foe was still too near.
Against a Stump his Tusk the Monster grinds,
And in the sharpen'd Edge new Vigour finds;

Them

Book VIII. OVID'S *Metamorphoses*. 61

Then, trusting to his Arms, young *Othrys* found,
And ranch'd his Hips with one continu'd Wound.

Now *Leda's* Twins, the future Stars, appear;
White were their Habits, white their Horses were:
Conspicuous both, and both in Act to throw,
Their trembling Lances brandish'd at the Foe:
Nor had they miss'd; but he to Thickets fled,
Conceal'd from aiming Spears, not pervious to the Steed.
But *Telamon* rush'd in, and happ'd to meet
A rising Root, that held his fastned Feet;
So down he fell, whom, sprawling on the Ground,
His Brother from the wooden Gyves unbound.

Mean-time the Virgin-Huntress was not slow
T' expel the Shaft from her contracted Bow:
Beneath his Ear the fastned Arrow stood,
And from the Wound appear'd the trickling Blood.
She blush'd for Joy: But *Meleagrus* rais'd
His Voice with loud Applause, and the fair Archer prais'd.
He was the first to see, and first to show
His Friends the Mark of the successful Blow.
Nor shall thy Valour want the Praises due,
He said; a virtuous Envy seiz'd the Crew.
They shout; the Shouting animates their Hearts,
And all at once employ their thronging Darts:
But out of Order thrown, in Air they join,
And Multitude makes frustrate the Design.
With both his Hands the proud *Ancæus* takes,
And flourishes his double-biting Ax:
Then, forward to his Fate, he took a Stride
Before the rest, and to his Fellows cry'd,
Give place, and mark the Diff'rence, if you can,
Between a Woman Warrior, and a Man.

The Boar is doom'd; nor though *Diana* lend
Her Aid, *Diana* can her Beast defend.

Thus boasted he; then stretch'd, on Tiptoe stood,
Secure to make his empty Promise good.

But the more wary Beast prevents the Blow,
And upward rips the Groin of his audacious Foe.

Ancæus falls; his Bowels from the Wound
Rush out, and clotted Blood distains the Ground.

Pirithous, no small Portion of the War,
Press'd on, and shook his Lance: To whom from far

Thus *Theseus* cry'd; O stay, my better Part,
My more than Mistress; of my Heart, the Heart.

The Strong may fight aloof; *Ancæus* try'd
His Force too near, and by presuming dy'd:

He said, and while he spake his Javelin threw,
Hissing in Air th' unerring Weapon flew;

But on an Arm of Oak, that stood betwixt
The Marks-man and the Mark, his Lance he fixt.

Once more bold *Jason* threw, but fail'd to wound
The Boar, and slew an undeserving Hound,

And thro' the Dog the Dart was nail'd to Ground. }
}

Two Spears from *Meleager's* Hand were sent,
With equal Force, but various in th' Event:

The first was fix'd in Earth, the second stood
On the Boar's bristled Back, and deeply drank his Blood.

Now while the tortur'd Savage turns around,
And flings about his Foam, impatient of the Wound,

The Wound's great Author close at Hand provokes
His Rage, and plies him with redoubled Strokes;

Wheels, as he wheels; and with his pointed Dart
Explores the nearest Passage to his Heart.

Quick, and more quick he spins in giddy Gyres,
'Then falls, and in much Foam his Soul expires.

This Act with Shouts Heav'n-high the friendly Band
 Applaud, and strain in theirs the Victor's Hand.
 Then all approach the Slain with vast Surprize,
 Admire on what a Breadth of Earth he lies,
 And scarce secure, reach out their Spears afar,
 And blood their Points, to prove their Partnership of War.

But he, the conqu'ring Chief, his Foot impress'd
 On the strong Neck of that destructive Beast;
 And gazing on the Nymph with ardent Eyes,
 Accept, said he, fair *Nonacrine*, my Prize,
 And, though inferior, suffer me to join
 My Labours, and my Part of Praise, with thine:
 At this presents her with the Tusky Head,
 And Chine, with rising Bristles roughly spread:
 Glad she receiv'd the Gift; and seem'd to take
 With double Pleasure, for the Giver's sake.
 The rest were seiz'd with sudden Discontent,
 And a deaf Murmur through the Squadron went:
 All envy'd; but the *Thebſyan* Brethren show'd
 The least Respect, and thus they vent their Spleen aloud;
 Lay down those honour'd Spoils, nor think to share,
 Weak Woman as thou art, the Prize of War:
 Ours is the Title, thine a foreign Claim,
 Since *Meleagrus* from our Lineage came.
 Trust not thy Beauty; but restore the Prize,
 Which he, besotted on that Face, and Eyes,
 Would rend from us: At this, inflam'd with Spite,
 From her they snatch the Gift, from him the Giver's Right.

But soon th' impatient Prince his Fauchion drew,
 And cry'd, Ye Robbers of another's Due,
 Now learn the Diff'rence, at your proper Cost,
 Betwixt true Valour, and an empty Boast.

At this advanc'd, and sudden as the Word,
 In proud *Plexippus*' Bosom plung'd the Sword :
Toxeus amaz'd, and with Amazement flow,
 Or to revenge, or ward the coming Blow,
 Stood doubting ; and while doubting thus he stood,
 Receiv'd the Steel bath'd in his Brother's Blood.

Pleas'd with the first, unknown the second News,
Althæa to the Temples pays their Dues
 For her Son's Conquest ; when at length appear
 Her grisly Brethren stretch'd upon the Bier :
 Pale at the sudden Sight, she chang'd her Cheer,
 And with her Cheer her Robes ; but hearing tell
 The Cause, the Manner, and by whom they fell,
 'Twas Grief no more, or Grief and Rage were one
 Within her Soul ; at last 'twas Rage alone ;
 Which burning upwards in Succession, dries
 The Tears, that stood confid'ring in her Eyes.

There lay a Log unlighted on the Hearth,
 When she was lab'ring in the Throws of Birth
 For th' unborn Chief ; the fatal Sisters came,
 And rais'd it up, and toss'd it on the Flame :
 Then on the Rock a scanty Measure place
 Of vital Flax, and turn'd the Wheel apace ;
 And turning fung, To this red Brand and thee,
 O new-born Babe, we give an equal Destiny ;
 So vanish'd out of View. The frighted Dame
 Sprung hasty from her Bed, and quench'd the Flame :
 The Log, in secret lock'd, she kept with Care,
 And that, while thus preserv'd, preserv'd her Heir.
 This Branch she now produc'd ; and first she strows
 The Hearth with Heaps of Chips, and after blows ;

Thrice heav'd her Hand, and heav'd, she thrice repress'd :

The Sister and the Mother long contest,

Two doubtful Titles, in one tender Breast :

And now her Eyes, and Cheeks with Fury glow,

Now pale her Cheeks, her Eyes with Pity flow :

Now low'ring Looks presage approaching Storms,

And now prevailing Love her Face reforms :

Resolv'd, she doubts again; the Tears she dry'd

With burning Rage, are by new Tears supply'd :

And as a Ship, which Winds and Waves assail,

Now with the Current drives, now with the Gale,

Both opposite, and neither long prevail :

She feels a double Force, by Turns obeys

Th' imperious Tempest, and th' impetuous Seas :

So fares *Althæa's* Mind, she first relents

With Pity, of that Pity then repents :

Sister and Mother long the Scales divide,

But the Beam nodded on the Sister's Side.

Sometimes she softly sigh'd, then roar'd aloud ;

But Sighs were stifled in the Cries of Blood.

The pious impious Wretch at length decreed,

To please her Brothers Ghost, her Son should bleed :

And when the fun'ral Flames began to rise,

Receive, she said, a Sister's Sacrifice ;

A Mother's Bowels burn : High in her Hand,

Thus while she spoke, she held the fatal Brand ;

Then thrice before the kindled Pile she bow'd,

And the three Furies thrice invok'd aloud :

Come, come, revenging Sisters, come, and view

A Sister paying her dead Brothers Due :

A Crime I punish, and a Crime commit ;

But Blood for Blood, and Death for Death is fit :

Great Crimes must be with greater Crimes repaid,
And second Fun'ral on the former laid.

Let the whole Household in one Ruin fall,

And may *Diana's* Curse o'ertake us all.

Shall Fate to happy *Oeneus* still allow

One Son, while *Thestius* stands depriv'd of two? }

Better Three lost, than One unpunish'd go.

Take then, dear Ghosts, (while yet admitted new

In Hell you wait my Duty) take your Due:

A costly Off'ring on your Tomb is laid,

When with my Blood the Price of yours is paid.

Ah! whither am I hurry'd? Ah! forgive,

Ye Shades, and let your Sister's Issue live;

A Mother cannot give him Death; tho' he

Deserves it, he deserves it not from me.

Then shall th' unpunish'd Wretch insult the Slain,

Triumphant live, nor only live, but reign?

While you, thin Shades, the Sport of Winds are tost.

O'er dreary Plains, or tread the burning Coast.

I cannot, cannot bear; 'tis past, 'tis done;

Perish this impious, this detested Son:

Perish his Sire, and perish I withal!

And let the House's Heir, and the hop'd Kingdom fall!

Where is the Mother fled, her pious Love,

And where the Pains with which ten Months I strove!

Ah! had'st thou dy'd, my Son, in Infant Years,

Thy little Herse had been bedew'd with Tears.

Thou liv'st by me; to me thy Breath resign;

Mine is the Merit, the Demerit thine.

Thy Life by double Title I require;

Once giv'n at Birth, and once preserv'd from Fire:

One Murder pay, or add one Murder more,

And me to them who fell by thee restore.

I would, but cannot: My Son's Image stands
 Before my Sight; and now their angry Hands
 My Brothers hold, and Vengeance these exact;
 This pleads Compassion, and repents the Fact.

He pleads in vain, and I pronounce his Doom:
 My Brothers, though unjustly, shall o'ercome.
 But having paid their injur'd Ghosts their Due,
 My Son requires my Death, and mine shall his pursue.

At this, for the last time, she lifts her Hand,
 Averts her Eyes, and half unwilling, drops the Brand.
 The Brand, amid the flaming Fewel thrown,
 Or drew, or seem'd to draw, a dying Groan;
 The Fires themselves but faintly lick'd their Prey,
 Then loath'd their impious Food, and would have shrunk

Just then the Heroe cast a doleful Cry, [away.
 And in those absent Flames began to fry:
 The blind Contagion rag'd within his Veins;
 But he with manly Patience bore his Pains:
 He fear'd not Fate, but only griev'd to die
 Without an honest Wound, and by a Death so dry.
 Happy *Ancæus*, thrice aloud he cry'd,
 With what becoming Fate in Arms he dy'd!
 Then call'd his Brothers, Sisters, Sire around,
 And, her to whom his Nuptial Vows were bound,
 Perhaps his Mother; a long Sigh he drew,
 And his Voice failing, took his last Adieu.
 For as the Flames augment, and as they stay
 At their full Height, then languish to decay,
 They rise and sink by Fits; at last they soar
 In one bright Blaze, and then descend no more:
 Just so his inward Heats, at height, impair,
 Till the last burning Breath shoots out the Soul in Air.

Now lofty *Calidon* in Ruins lies;
 All Ages, all Degrees unfluce their Eyes, [and Cries. }
 And Heav'n, and Earth resound with Murmurs, Groans, }
 Matrons and Maidens beat their Breasts, and tear
 Their Habits, and root up their scatter'd Hair:
 The wretched Father, Father now no more,
 With Sorrow sunk, lies prostrate on the Floor,
 Deforms his hoary Locks with Dust obscene,
 And curses Age, and loaths a Life prolong'd with Pain.
 By Steel her stubborn Soul his Mother freed,
 And punish'd on her self her impious Deed.

Had I a hundred Tongues, a Wit so large
 As could their hundred Offices discharge;
 Had *Phœbus* all his *Helicon* bestow'd
 In all the Streams, inspiring all the God;
 Those Tongues, that Wit, those Streams, that God in vain
 Would offer to describe his Sisters' Pain:
 They beat their Breasts with many a bruizing Blow,
 'Till they turn livid, and corrupt the Snow.
 The Corps they cherish, while the Corps remains,
 And exercise, and rub with fruitless Pains;
 And when to fun'ral Flames 'tis born away,
 They kiss the Bed on which the Body lay:
 And when those fun'ral Flames no longer burn,
 (The Dust compos'd within a pious Urn)
 Ev'n in that Urn their Brother they confess,
 And hug it in their Arms, and to their Bosoms press.
 His Tomb is rais'd; then, stretch'd along the Ground,
 Those living Monuments his Tomb surround:
 Ev'n to his Name, inscrib'd, their Tears they pay,
 'Till Tears, and Kisses wear his Name away,
 But *Cynthia* now had all her Fury spent,
 Not with less Ruin than a Race content:

Excepting

Excepting *Gorgè*, perish'd all the Seed,
 And * her whom Heav'n for *Hercules* decreed.
 Sate at last, no longer she pursu'd
 The weeping Sisters; but with Wings endu'd,
 And horny Beaks, and sent to flit in Air;
 Who yearly round the Tomb in feather'd Flocks repair.

The Transformation of the NAIADS.

By Mr. VERNON.

Theseus mean-while acquitting well his Share
 In the bold Chace confed'rate like a War,
 To *Athens*' lofty Tow'rs his March ordain'd,
 By *Pallas* lov'd, and where *Erethèus* reign'd.
 But *Achelous* stop'd him on the Way,
 By Rains a Deluge, and constrain'd his Stay.

O fam'd for glorious Deeds, and great by Blood;
 Rest here, says he, nor trust the rapid Flood;
 It solid Oaks has from its Margin tore,
 And rocky Fragments down its Current bore,
 The Murmur hoarse, and terrible the Roar.
 Oft have I seen Herds with their shelt'ring Fold
 Forc'd from the Banks, and in the Torrent roll'd;
 Nor Strength the bulky Steer from Ruin freed,
 Nor matchless Swiftnefs sav'd the racing Steed.
 In Cataracts when the dissolving Snow
 Falls from the Hills, and floods the Plains below;
 Toss'd by the Eddies with a giddy Round,
 Strong Youths are in the sucking Whirlpools drown'd.
 'Tis best with me in Safety to abide,
 'Till usual Bounds restrain the ebbing Tide,
 And the low Waters in their Channel glide.

* *Dejanira*.

Theseus

Theseus persuaded, in Compliance bow'd;
 So kind an Offer, and Advice so good,
 O *Acheloüs*, cannot be refus'd;
 I'll use them both, said he; and both he us'd.

The Grot he enter'd, Pumice built the Hall,
 And Tophi made the Rustick of the Wall;
 The Floor, soft Moss, an humid Carpet spread,
 And various Shells the chequer'd Roof inlaid.
 'Twas now the Hour when the declining Sun
 Two Thirds had of his daily Journey run;
 At the spread Table *Theseus* took his Place,
 Next his Companions in the daring Chace;
Pirithous here, the elder *Lelex* lay,
 His Locks betraying Age with sprinkled Grey.
Acharnia's River-God dispos'd the rest,
 Grac'd with the equal Honour of the Feast,
 Elate with Joy, and proud of such a Guest.
 The Nymphs were Waiters, and with naked Feet
 In order serv'd the Courses of the Meat.
 The Banquet done, delicious Wine they brought,
 Of one transparent Gem the Cup was wrought.

Then the great Heroe of this gallant Train,
 Surveying far the Prospect of the Main;
 What is that Land, says he, the Waves embrace?
 (And with his Finger pointed at the Place;)
 Is it one parted Isle which stands alone?
 How nam'd? and yet methinks it seems not one.
 To whom the watry God made this Reply;
 'Tis not one Isle, but five; distinct they lie;
 'Tis Distance which deceives the cheated Eye.
 But that *Diana's* Act may seem less strange,
 These once proud *Naiads* were, before their Change.

'Twas

'Twas on a Day more solemn than the rest,
 Ten Bulls, a Sacrificial Feast:
 The rural Gods of all the Region near
 They bid to dance, and taste the hallow'd Cheer.
 Me they forgot: Affronted with the Slight,
 My Rage, and Stream swell'd to the greatest Height;
 And with the Torrent of my flooding Store,
 Large Woods from Woods, and Fields from Fields I tore.
 The guilty Nymphs, Oh! then, remembering me,
 I, with their Country, wash'd into the Sea;
 And joining Waters with the social Main,
 Rent the gross Land, and split the firm Champagne.
 Since, the *Echinades*, remote from Shore
 Are view'd as many Isles, as Nymphs before.

PERIMELE turn'd into an Island.

But yonder far, lo, yonder does appear
 An Isle, a Part to me for ever dear.
 From that (it Sailors *Perimele* name)
 I doating, forc'd by Rape a Virgin's Fame.
Hippodamas's Passion grew so strong,
 Gall'd with th' Abuse, and fretted at the Wrong,
 He cast his pregnant Daughter from a Rock;
 I spread my Waves beneath, and broke the Shock;
 And as her swimming Weight my Stream convey'd,
 I su'd for Help Divine, and thus I pray'd:
 O pow'rful Thou, whose Trident does command
 The Realm of Waters, which surround the Land;
 We sacred Rivers, wheresoe'er begun,
 End in thy Lot, and to thy Empire run.
 With Favour hear, and help with present Aid;
 Her whom I bear 'twas guilty I betray'd.

Yet if her Father had been just, or mild,
 He would have been less impious to his Child;
 In her, have pity'd Force in the Abuse;
 In me, admitted Love for my Excuse.
 O let Relief for her hard Case be found,
 Her, whom Paternal Rage expell'd from Ground,
 Her, whom Paternal Rage relentless drown'd. }
 Grant her some Place, or change her to a Place,
 Which I may ever clasp with my Embrace.

His nodding Head the Sea's great Ruler bent,
 And all his Waters shook with his Assent.
 The Nymph still swam, tho' with the Fright distress'd,
 I felt her Heart leap trembling in her Breast;
 But hardning soon, whilst I her Pulse explore,
 A crust'g Earth cas'd her stiff Body o'er;
 And as Accretions of new-cleaving Soil
 Inlarg'd the Mass, the Nymph became an Isle.

The Story of BAUCIS and PHILEMON.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Thus *Acheloüs* ends: His Audience hear
 With Admiration, and admiring, fear
 The Pow'rs of Heav'n; except *Ixion's* Son,
 Who laugh'd at all the Gods, believ'd in none:
 He shook his impious Head, and thus replies;
 These Legends are no more than pious Lyes:
 You attribute too much to Heav'nly Sway,
 To think they gave us Forms, and take away.

The rest of better Minds, their Sense declar'd
 Against this Doctrine, and with Horror heard.
 Then *Lelex* rose, an old experienc'd Man,
 And thus with sober Gravity began;

Heav'n's

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Heav'n's Pow'r is infinite : Earth, Air, and Sea,
The Manufacture Mafs, the making Pow'r obey :
By Proof to clear your Doubt ; In *Phrygian* Ground
Two neighb'ring Trees, with Walls encompass'd round,
Stand on a mod'rate Rife, with Wonder shown,
One a hard Oak, a fofter Linden one :

I faw the Place, and them, by *Pittheus* fent
To *Phrygian* Realms ; my Grandfire's Government.
Not far from thence is feen a Lake, the Haunt
Of Coots, and of the fifhing Cormorant :

Here *Jove* with *Hermes* came ; but in Difguife
Of mortal Men conceal'd their Deities ;
One laid afide his Thunder, one his Rod ;
And many toilfome Steps together trod :

For Harbour at a thoufand Doors they knock'd,
Not one of all the thoufand but was lock'd.

At laft an hospitable Houfe they found,
A homely Shed ; the Roof, not far from Ground,
Was thatch'd with Reeds, and Straw, together bound. }

There *Baucis* and *Philemon* liv'd, and there
Had liv'd long marry'd, and a happy Pair :
Now old in Love, though little was their Store,
Inur'd to Want, their Poverty they bore, }

Nor aim'd at Wealth, profefling to be poor.
For Mafter, or for Servant here to call,
Was all alike, where only Two were All.

Command was none, where equal Love was paid,
Or rather both commanded, both obey'd.

From lofty Roofs the Gods repuls'd before,
Now flooping, enter'd through the little Door :

The Man (their hearty Welcome firft exprefs'd)
A common Settle drew for either Gueft, }

Inviting each his weary Limbs to reft.

But ere they fate, officious *Baucis* lays
 Two Cushions stuff'd with Straw, the Seat to raise;
 Coarse, but the best she had; then rakes the Load
 Of Ashes from the Hearth, and spreads abroad
 The living Coals; and, lest they should expire,
 With Leaves, and Bark she feeds her Infant Fire:
 It smoaks; and then with trembling Breath she blows,
 'Till in a chearful Blaze the Flames arose.

With Brush-wood, and with Chips she strengthens these,
 And adds at last the Boughs of rotten Trees.

The Fire thus form'd, she sets the Kettle on,
 (Like burnish'd Gold the little Seether shone)

Next took the Coleworts which her Husband got
 From his own Ground, (a small well-water'd Spot;)

She stripp'd the Stalks of all their Leaves; the best
 She cull'd, and them with handy Care she drest.

High o'er the Hearth a Chine of Bacon hung;

Good old *Philemon* seiz'd it with a Prong,

And from the sooty Rafter drew it down,

Then cut a Slice, but scarce enough for one;

Yet a large Portion of a little Store,

Which for their Sakes alone he wish'd were more.

This in the Pot he plung'd without Delay,

To tame the Flesh, and drain the Salt away.

The Time between, before the Fire they sat,

And shorten'd the Delay by pleasing Chat.

A Beam there was, on which a Beechen Pail
 Hung by the Handle, on a driven Nail:

This fill'd with Water, gently warm'd, they set
 Before their Guests; in this they bath'd their Feet,

And after with clean Towels dry'd their Sweat.

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This done, the Host produc'd the genial Bed,
Sallow the Feet, the Borders, and the Sted,
Which with no costly Coverlet they spread,
But coarse old Garments; yet such Robes as these
They laid alone, at Feasts, on Holidays.
The good old Housewife, tucking up her Gown,
The Table sets; th' invited Gods lie down.
The Trivet-Table of a Foot was lame,
A Blot which prudent *Baucis* overcame,
Who thrusts beneath the limping Leg a Sherd,
So was the mended Board exactly rear'd:
Then rubb'd it o'er with newly gather'd Mint,
A wholsom Herb, that breath'd a grateful Scent.
Pallas began the Feast, where first was seen
The Party-colour'd Olive, Black, and Green:
Autumnal Cornels next in order serv'd,
In Lees of Wine well pickled, and preserv'd.
A Garden-Sallad was the third Supply,
Of Endive, Radishes, and Succory:
Then Curds, and Cream, the Flow'r of Country Fare,
And new-laid Eggs, which *Baucis*' busie Care
Turn'd by a gentle Fire, and roasted rare.
All these in Earthen Ware were serv'd to Board;
And next in place, an Earthen Pitcher stor'd,
With Liquor of the best the Cottage could afford.
This was the Table's Ornament and Pride,
With Figures wrought: Like Pages at his Side
Stood Beechen Bowls; and these were shining clean,
Varnish'd with Wax without, and lin'd within.
By this the boiling Kettle had prepar'd,
And to the Table sent the smoaking Lard;
On which with eager Appetite they dine,
A sav'ry Bit, that serv'd to relish Wine:

The Wine itself was suiting to the rest,
 Still working in the Must, and lately press'd.
 The second Course succeeds like that before,
 Plums, Apples, Nuts, and of their wintry Store
 Dry Figs, and Grapes, and wrinkled Dates were set
 In Canisters, t'enlarge the little Treat:
 All these a Milk-white Honey-Comb surround,
 Which in the midst the Country-Banquet crown'd:
 But the kind Hosts their Entertainment grace
 With hearty Welcome, and an open Face:
 In all they did, you might discern with Ease,
 A willing Mind, and a Desire to please.

Mean-time the Beechen Bowls went round, and still,
 Though often empty'd, were observ'd to fill;
 Fill'd without Hands, and of their own Accord
 Ran without Feet, and danc'd about the Board.
 Devotion seiz'd the Pair, to see the Feast
 With Wine, and of no common Grape, increas'd;
 And up they held their Hands, and fell to Pray'r,
 Excusing, as they could, their Country Fare.

One Goose they had, ('twas all they could allow)
 A wakeful Centry, and on Duty now,
 Whom to the Gods for Sacrifice they vow:
 Her with malicious Zeal the Couple view'd;
 She ran for Life, and limping they pursu'd:
 Full well the Fowl perceiv'd their bad Intent,
 And would not make her Master's Compliment;
 But persecuted, to the Pow'rs she flies,
 And close between the Legs of *Jove* she lies:
 He with a gracious Ear the Suppliant heard,
 And sav'd her Life; then what he has declar'd,
 And own'd the God. The Neighbourhood, said he,
 Shall justly perish for Impiety:

You stand alone exempted; but obey
 With Speed, and follow where we lead the Way:
 Leave these Accurs'd; and to the Mountain's Height
 Ascend; nor once look backward in your Flight.

They haste, and what their tardy Feet deny'd,
 The trusty Staff (their better Leg) supply'd.
 An Arrow's Flight they wanted to the Top,
 And there secure, but spent with Travel, stop;
 Then turn their now no more forbidden Eyes;
 Lost in a Lake the floated Level lies:
 A watry Desert covers all the Plains,
 Their Cot alone, as in an Isle, remains.
 Wondring, with weeping Eyes, while they deplore
 Their Neighbours Fate, and Country now no more,
 Their little Shed, scarce large enough for two,
 Seems, from the Ground increas'd, in Height and Bulk
 to grow.

A stately Temple shoots within the Skies,
 The Crotches of their Cot in Columns rise:
 The Pavement polish'd Marble they behold, [of Gold:
 The Gates with Sculpture grac'd, the Spires and Tiles

Then thus the Sire of Gods, with Looks serene,
 Speak thy Desire, thou only Just of Men;
 And thou, O Woman, only worthy found
 To be with such a Man in Marriage bound.

A-while they whisper; then, to *Jove* address'd,
Philemon thus prefers their joint Request:
 We crave to serve before your sacred Shrine,
 And offer at your Altar Rites Divine:
 And since not any Action of our Life
 Has been polluted with Domestick Strife;
 We beg one Hour of Death, that neither she
 With Widow's Tears may live to bury me,

Nor weeping I, with wither'd Arms, may bear
My breathless *Baucis* to the Sepulcher.

The Godheads sign their Suit. They run the Race
In the same Tenour all th' appointed Space :
Then, when their Hour was come, while they relate
These past Adventures at the Temple Gate,
Old *Baucis* is by old *Philemon* seen
Sprouting with sudden Leaves of spritely Green :
Old *Baucis* look'd where old *Philemon* stood,
And saw his lengthen'd Arms a sprouting Wood :
New Roots their fasten'd Feet begin to bind,
Their Bodies stiffen in a rising Rind :
Then, ere the Bark above their Shoulders grew,
They give, and take at once their last Adieu.
At once, Farewell, O faithful Spouse, they said ;
At once th' incroaching Rinds their closing Lips invade.
Ev'n yet, an ancient *Tyanæan* shows
A spreading Oak, th' at near a Linden grows ;
The Neighbourhood confirm the Prodigy,
Grave Men, not vain of Tongue, or like to lye.
I saw my self the Garlands on their Boughs,
And Tablets hung for Gifts of granted Vows,
And off'ring fresher up, with pious Pray'r,
The Good, said I, are God's peculiar Care,
And such as honour Heav'n, shall heav'nly Honour share.

Continu'd by Mr. VERNON.

The Changes of PROTEUS.

He ceas'd in his Relation to proceed,
Whilst all admir'd the Author, and the Deed ;
But *Theseus* most, inquisitive to know
From Gods what wondrous Alterations grow.

Whom

Whom thus the *Calydonian* Stream address'd,
 Rais'd high to speak, the Couch his Elbow press'd.
 Some, when transform'd, fix in the lasting Change;
 Some, with more Right, thro' various Figures range.
Proteus, thus large thy Privilege was found,
 Thou Inmate of the Seas, which Earth furround.
 Sometimes a blooming Youth you grac'd the Shore;
 Oft a fierce Lion, or a furious Boar:
 With glitt'ring Spires now seem'd an hissing Snake,
 The Bold would tremble in his Hands to take:
 With Horns assum'd a Bull; sometimes you prov'd
 A Tree by Roots, a Stone by Weight unmov'd:
 Sometimes two wav'ring Contraries became,
 Flow'd down in Water, or aspir'd in Flame.

The Story of ERISICHTHON.

In various Shapes thus to deceive the Eyes,
 Without a settled Stint of her Disguise;
 Rash *Erisichthon's* Daughter had the Pow'r,
 And brought it to *Autolycus* in Dow'r.
 Her Atheist Sire the slighted Gods defy'd,
 And ritual Honours to their Shrines deny'd.
 As Fame reports, his Hand an Ax sustain'd,
 Which *Ceres'* consecrated Grove prophan'd;
 Which durst the venerable Gloom invade,
 And violate with Light the awful Shade.
 An ancient Oak in the dark Center stood,
 The Covert's Glory, and it self a Wood:
 Garlands embrac'd its Shaft, and from the Boughs
 Hung Tablets, Monuments of prosp'rous Vows.
 In the cool Dusk its unpierc'd Verdure spread,
 The *Dryads* oft their hallow'd Dances led;

So OVID's *Metamorphoses*. Book VIII.

And oft, when round their gaging Arms they cast,
Full fifteen Ells it measur'd in the Waste :
Its Height all Under-Standards did surpass,
As they aspir'd above the humbler Grass.

These Motives, which would gentler Minds restrain
Could not make *Triope's* bold Son abstain ;
He sternly charg'd his Slaves with strict Decree,
To fell with gashing Steel the sacred Tree.
But whilst they, lingring, his Commands delay'd,
He snatch'd an Ax, and thus blaspheming said ;
Was this no Oak, nor *Ceres'* favourite Care,
But *Ceres'* self, this Arm, unaw'd, shou'd dare
Its leafy Honours in the Dust to spread,
And level with the Earth its airy Head.
He spoke, and as he poiz'd a flanting Stroke,
Sighs heav'd, and Tremblings shook the frighted Oak ;
It Leaves look'd sickly, pale its Acorns grew,
And its long Branches sweat a chilly Dew.
But when his impious Hand a Wound bestow'd,
Blood from the mangled Bark in Currents flow'd.
When a devoted Bull of mighty Size,
A sinning Nation's grand Atonement, dies ;
With such a Plenty from the spouting Veins,
A crimson Stream the turfy Altars stains.

The Wonder all amaz'd ; yet one more bold,
The Fact dissuading, strove his Ax to hold.
But the *Theffalian*, obstinately bent,
Too proud to change, too harden'd to repent,
On his kind Monitor his Eyes, which burn'd
With Rage, and with his Eyes his Weapon turn'd ;
Take the Reward, says he, of pious Dread :
Then with a Blow lopp'd off his parted Head.

No longer check'd, the Wretch his Crime pursu'd,
 Doubled his Strokes, and Sacrilege renew'd ;
 When from the groaning Trunk a Voice was heard ;
 A *Dryad* I, by *Ceres*' Love preferr'd,
 Within the Circle of this clasping Rind.
 Coëval grew, and now in Ruin join'd ;
 But instant Vengeance shall thy Sin pursue,
 And Death is cheer'd with this prophetick View.

At last the Oak with Cords enforc'd to bow,
 Strain'd from the Top, and sap'd with Wounds below ;
 The humbler Wood, Partaker of its Fate,
 Crush'd with its Fall, and shiver'd with its Weight.

The Grove destroy'd, the Sister *Dryads* moan,
 Griev'd at its Loss, and frighted at their own.
 Strait, Suppliants for Revenge to *Ceres* go,
 In sable Weeds, expressive of their Woe.

The beauteous Goddess with a graceful Air
 Bow'd in Consent, and nodded to their Pray'r.
 The awful Motion shook the fruitful Ground,
 And wav'd the Fields with golden Harvests crown'd ;
 Soon she contriv'd in her projecting Mind,
 A Plague severe, and piteous in its Kind,
 (If Plagues for Crimes of such presumptuous Height
 Could Pity in the softest Breast create.)

With pinching Want, and Hunger's keenest Smart,
 To tear his Vitals, and corrode his Heart.

But since her near Approach by Fate's deny'd
 To *Famine*, and broad Climes their Pow'rs divide,
 A Nymph, the Mountain's Ranger, she address'd,
 And thus resolv'd, her high Commands express'd.

The Description of F A M I N E.

Where frozen *Scythia's* utmost Bound is plac'd,
 A Desert lies, a melancholy Waste:
 In yellow Crops there Nature never smil'd,
 No fruitful Tree to shade the barren Wild.
 There sluggish Cold its icy Station makes,
 There Paleness, Frights, and agonish Trembling shakes,
 Of pining *Famine* this the fated Seat,
 To whom my Orders in these Words repeat:
 Bid her this Miscreant with her sharpest Pains
 Chastise, and sheath herself into his Veins;
 Be unobdu'd by Plenty's baffled Store,
 Reject my Empire, and defeat my Pow'r.
 And lest the Distance, and the tedious Way,
 Should with the Toil, and long Fatigue dismay,
 Ascend my Chariot, and convey'd on high,
 Guide the rein'd Dragons thro' the parting Sky.

The Nymph, accepting of the granted Carr,
 Sprung to the Seat, and posted thro' the Air;
 Nor stop'd 'till she to a bleak Mountain came
 Of wondrous Height, and *Caucasus* its Name.
 There in a stony Field the Fiend she found,
 Herbs gnawing, and Roots scratching from the Ground,
 Her Elfelock Hair in matted Tresses grew,
 Sunk were her Eyes, and pale her ghastly Hue,
 Wan were her Lips, and foul with clammy Glew. }
 Her Throat was furr'd, her Guts appear'd within
 With snaky Crawlings thro' her Parchment Skin.
 Her jutting Hips seem'd starting from their Place,
 And for a Belly was a Belly's Space.

Her

Her Dugs hung dangling from her craggy Spine,
 Loose to her Breast, and fasten'd to her Chine.
 Her Joints protuberant by Leanness grown,
 Consumption sunk the Flesh, and rais'd the Bone.
 Her Knees large Orbits bunch'd to monstrous Size,
 And Ancles to undue Proportion rise.

This Plague the Nymph, not daring to draw near,
 At Distance hail'd, and greeted from afar.
 And tho' she told her Charge without Delay,
 Tho' her Arrival late, and short her Stay,
 She felt keen *Famine*, or she seem'd to feel,
 Invade her Blood, and on her Vitals steal.
 She turn'd, from the Infection to remove,
 And back to *Thessaly* the Serpents drove.

The Fiend obey'd the Goddess's Command,
 (Tho' their Effects in Opposition stand)
 She cut her Way, supported by the Wind,
 And reach'd the Mansion by the Nymph assign'd.
 'Twas Night, when entering *Erisichton's* Room,
 Dissolv'd in Sleep, and thoughtless of his Doom,
 She clasp'd his Limbs, by impious Labour tir'd,
 With battish Wings, but her whole self inspir'd;
 Breath'd on his Throat and Chest a tainting Blast,
 And in his Veins infus'd an endless Fast.

The Task dispatch'd, away the Fury flies
 From plenteous Regions, and from rip'ning Skies;
 To her old barren North she wings her Speed,
 And Cottages distress'd with pinching Need.

Still Slumbers *Erisichton's* Senses drown,
 And sooth his Fancy with their softest Down.
 He dreams of Viands delicate to eat,
 And revels on imaginary Meat.

Chaws with his working Mouth, but chaws in vain,
 And tires his grinding Teeth with fruitless Pain;
 Deludes his Throat with visionary Fare,
 Feasts on the Wind, and banquets on the Air.

The Morning came, the Night and Slumbers past,
 But still the furious Pangs of Hunger last;
 The cank'rous Rage still gnaws with griping Pains,
 Stings in his Throat, and in his Bowels reigns.

Strait he requires, impatient in Demand,
 Provisions from the Air, the Seas, the Land.
 But tho' the Land, Air, Seas, Provisions grant,
 Starves at full Tables, and complains of Want.
 What to a People might in Dole be paid,
 Or virtual Cities for a long Blockade,
 Could not one Wolfish Appetite assuage;
 For glutting Nourishment increas'd its Rage.
 As Rivers pour'd from ev'ry distant Shore
 The Sea insatiate drinks, and thirsts for more;
 Or as the Fire, which all Materials burns,
 And wasted Forests into Ashes turns,
 Grows more voracious, as the more it preys,
 Recruits dilate the Flame, and spread the Blaze:
 So impious *Erisichthon's* Hunger raves,
 Receives Refreshments, and Refreshments craves:
 Food raises a Desire for Food, and Meat
 Is but a new Provocative to eat.
 He grows more empty, as the more supply'd,
 And endless Cramming but extends the Void:

*The Transformations of ERISICHTHON'S
Daughter.*

Now Riches hoarded by Paternal Care
 Were sunk, the Glutton swallowing up the Heir.
 Yet the devouring Flame no Stores abate,
 Nor less the Hunger grew with his Estate.
 One Daughter left, as left his keen Desire;
 A Daughter worthy of a better Sire:
 Her too he sold, spent Nature to sustain;
 She scorn'd a Lord with generous Disdain,
 And flying, spread her Hands upon the Main.
 Then pray'd; Grant, Thou, I Bondage may escape,
 And with my Liberty reward thy Rape;
 Repay my Virgin Treasure with thy Aid.
 ('Twas *Neptune* who deflower'd the beautiful Maid.)

The God was mov'd, at what the Fair had su'd,
 When she so lately by her Master view'd
 In her known Figure, on a sudden took
 A Fisher's Habit, and a manly Look.
 To whom her Owner hasted to enquire;
 O thou, said he, whose Baits hide treach'rous Wire;
 Whose Art can manage, and experienc'd Skill
 The taper Angle, and the bobbing Quill,
 So may the Sea be ruffled with no Storm,
 But smooth with Calms, as you the Truth inform;
 So your Deceit may no shy Fishes feel,
 'Till struck, and fasten'd on the bearded Steel.
 Did not you standing view upon the Strand
 A wand'ring Maid? I'm sure I saw her stand;

Her Hair disorder'd, and her homely Dress
Betray'd her Want, and witness'd her Distress.

Me heedless, she reply'd, whoe'er you are,
Excuse, attentive to another Care.

I settled on the Deep my steady Eye;
Fix'd on my Float, and bent on my Employ.
And that you may not doubt what I impart,
So may the Ocean's God assist my Art,
If on the Beach since I my Sport pursu'd,
Or Man, or Woman but my self I view'd.
Back o'er the Sands, deluded, he withdrew,
Whilst she for her old Form put off her new.

Her Sire her shifting Pow'r to change perceiv'd,
And various Chapmen by her Sale deceiv'd.
A Fowl with spangled Plumes, a brinded Steer,
Sometimes a crested Mare, or antler'd Deer:
Sold for a Price, she parted, to maintain
Her starving Parent with dishonest Gain.

At last all Means, as all Provisions, fail'd;
For the Disease by Remedies prevail'd;
His Muscles with a furious Bite he tore,
Gorg'd his own tatter'd Flesh, and gulph'd his Gore:
Wounds were his Feast, his Life to Life a Prey,
Supporting Nature by its own Decay.

But foreign Stories why shou'd I relate?
I too my self can to new Forms translate,
Tho' the Variety's not unconfi'd,
But fix'd in Number, and restrain'd in Kind:
For often I this present Shape retain,
Oft curl a Snake the Volumes of my Train.
Sometimes my Strength into my Horns transfer'd,
A Bull I march, the Captain of the Herd.

But whilst I once those goring Weapons wore,
Vast wresting Force one from my Forehead tore.
Lo, my maim'd Brows the Injury still own ;
He ceas'd ; his Words concluding with a Groan.

The End of the Eighth Book.







To the
the Countess
R. Hen.
of Lincoln
B. 9.





OVID'S

METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK IX.

Translated by Mr. DRYDEN and Others.

The Story of ACHELOÛS and HERCULES:

By Mr. GAY.



Hesius requests the God to tell his Woes,
Whence his maim'd Brow, and whence
his Groans arose:

When thus the *Calydonian* Stream re-
ply'd,

With twining Reeds his careless Tresses ty'd:
Ungrateful is the Tale; for who can bear,
When conquer'd, to rehearse the shameful War?
Yet I'll the melancholy Story trace;
So great a Conqu'ror softens the Disgrace:
Nor was it still so mean the Prize to yield,
As great and glorious to dispute the Field.

Perhaps

Perhaps you've heard of *Deianira's* Name,
 For all the Country spoke her Beauty's Fame.
 Long was the Nymph by num'rous Suitors woo'd,
 Each with Address his envy'd Hopes pursu'd :
 I joyn'd the loving Band ; to gain the Fair,
 Reveal'd my Passion to her Father's Ear.
 Their vain Pretensions all the rest resign,
Alcides only strove to equal mine ;
 He boasts his Birth from *Jove*, recounts his Spoils,
 His Step-dame's Hate subdu'd, and finish'd Toils.

Can Mortals then, (said I) with Gods compare ?
 Behold a God ; mine is the watry Care :
 Through your wide Realms I take my mazy Way,
 Branch into Streams, and o'er the Region stray :
 No foreign Guest your Daughter's Charms adores,
 But one who rises in your native Shores.
 Let not his Punishment your Pity move ;
 Is *Juno's* Hate an Argument for Love ?
 Though you your Life from fair *Alcmena* drew,
Jove's a feign'd Father, or by Fraud a true.
 Chuse then ; confess thy Mother's Honour lost,
 Or thy Descent from *Jove* no longer boast.

While thus I spoke, he look'd with stern Disdain,
 Nor could the Sallies of his Wrath restrain,
 Which thus break forth. This Arm decides our Right ;
 Vanquish in Words, be mine the Prize in Fight.

Bold he rush'd on. My Honour to maintain,
 I fling my verdant Garments on the Plain,
 My Arms stretch forth, my pliant Limbs prepare,
 And with bent Hands expect the furious War.
 O'er my fleek Skin now gather'd Dust he throws,
 And yellow Sand his mighty Muscles strows.

Oft he my Neck, and nimble Legs assails,
 He seems to grasp me, but as often fails.
 Each Part he now invades with eager Hand;
 Safe in my Bulk, immoveable I stand.
 So when loud Storms break high, and foam and roar
 Against some Mole that stretches from the Shore;
 The firm Foundation lasting Tempests braves,
 Defies the warring Winds, and driving Waves.

A-while we breathe, then forward rush amain,
 Renew the Combat, and our Ground maintain;
 Foot strove with Foot, I prone extend my Breast,
 Hands war with Hands, and Forehead Forehead prest.
 Thus have I seen two furious Bulls engage,
 Inflam'd with equal Love, and equal Rage;
 Each claims the fairest Heifer of the Grove,
 And Conquest only can decide their Love:
 The trembling Herds survey the Fight from far,
 'Till Victory decides th' important War.
 Three times in vain he strove my Joints to wrest;
 To force my Hold, and throw me from his Breast;
 The fourth he broke my Gripe, that clasp'd him round,
 Then with new Force he stretch'd me on the Ground;
 Close to my Back the mighty Burthen clung,
 As if a Mountain o'er my Limbs were flung.
 Believe my Tale; nor do I, boastful, aim
 By feign'd Narration to extol my Fame.
 No sooner from his Grasp I Freedom get,
 Unlock my Arms, that flow'd with trickling Sweat,
 But quick he seiz'd me, and renew'd the Strife,
 As my exhausted Bosom pants for Life: †
 My Neck he gripes, my Knee to Earth he strains;
 I fall, and bite the Sand with Shame, and Pains.

O'er-match'd in Strength, to Wiles, and Arts I take,
 And slip his Hold, in Form of speckled Snake;
 Who, when I wreath'd in Spires my Body round,
 Or show'd my forky Tongue with hissing Sound,
 Smiles at my Threats; Such Foes my Cradle knew,
 He cries, dire Snakes my Infant Hand o'erthrew;
 A Dragon's Form might other Conquests gain,
 To war with me you take that Shape in vain.
 Art thou proportion'd to the *Hydra's* Length,
 Who by his Wounds receiv'd augmented Strength?
 He rais'd a hundred hissing Heads in Air;
 When one I lopt, up-sprung a dreadful Pair.
 By his Wounds fertile, and with Slaughter strong,
 Singly I quell'd him, and stretch'd dead along.
 What canst thou do, a Form precarious, prone,
 To rouse my Rage with Terrors not thy own?
 He said; and round my Neck his Hands he cast,
 And with his straining Fingers wrung me fast;
 My Throat he tortur'd, close as Pincers clasp,
 In vain I strove to loose the forceful Grasp.

Thus vanquish'd too, a third Form still remains,
 Chang'd to a Bull, my Lowing fills the Plains.
 Strait on the Left his nervous Arms were thrown
 Upon my brindled Neck, and tugg'd it down;
 Then deep he struck my Horn into the Sand,
 And fell'd my Bulk along the dusty Land.
 Nor yet his Fury cool'd; 'twixt Rage and Scorn,
 From my maim'd Front he tore the stubborn Horn;
 This, heap'd with Flow'rs, and Fruits, the *Naiads* bear,
 Sacred to Plenty, and the bounteous Year.

He spoke; when lo, a beauteous Nymph appears,
 Girt like *Diana's* Train, with flowing Hairs;

The Horn she brings in which all Autumn's stor'd,
And ruddy Apples for the second Board.

Now Morn begins to dawn, the Sun's bright Fire
Gilds the high Mountains, and the Youths retire;
Nor stay'd they, 'till the troubled Stream subsides,
And in its Bounds with peaceful Current glides.
But *Acheloüs* in his oozy Bed
Deep hides his Brow deform'd, and rustick Head:
No real Wound the Victor's Triumph show'd,
But his lost Honours griev'd the watry God;
Yet ev'n that Loss the Willow's Leaves o'erspread,
And verdant Reeds, in Garlands, bind his Head.

The Death of NESSUS the Centaur.

This Virgin too, thy Love, O *Nessus*, found,
To her alone you owe the fatal Wound.
As the strong Son of *Jove* his Bride conveys,
Where his Paternal Lands their Bulwarks raise;
Where from her slopy Urn *Evenus* pours
Her rapid Current, swell'd by wintry Show'rs,
He came. The frequent Eddies whirl'd the Tide,
And the deep rolling Waves all Pass deny'd.
As for himself, he stood unmov'd by Fears,
For now his Bridal Charge employ'd his Cares.
The strong limb'd *Nessus* thus officious cry'd,
(For he the Shallows of the Stream had try'd)
Swim thou, *Alcides*, all thy Strength prepare,
On yonder Bank I'll lodge thy nuptial Care.

Th' *Aonian* Chief to *Nessus* trusts his Wife,
All pale, and trembling for her Heroe's Life:
Cloath'd as he stood in the fierce Lion's Hide,
The laden Quiver o'er his Shoulder ty'd,

(For cross the Stream his Bow and Club were cast)
 Swift he plung'd in; These Billows shall be past,
 He said, nor sought where smoother Waters glide,
 But stem'd the rapid Dangers of the Tide.
 The Bank he reach'd; again the Bow he bears;
 When, hark! his Bride's known Voice alarms his Ears.
Nessus, to thee I call (aloud he cries)
 Vain is thy Trust in Flight, be timely wise:
 Thou Monster double-shap'd, my Right set free;
 If thou no Rev'ence owe my Fame and me,
 Yet Kindred should thy lawless Lust deny.
 Think not, perfidious Wretch, from me to fly,
 Tho' wing'd with Horse's Speed; Wounds shall pursue:
 Swift as his Words the fatal Arrow flew:
 The Centaur's Back admits the feather'd Wood,
 And thro' his Breast the barbed Weapon stood;
 Which when, in Anguish, thro' the Flesh he tore,
 From both the Wounds gush'd forth the spumy Gore
 Mix'd with *Lernaean* Venom; this he took,
 Nor dire Revenge his dying Breast forsook.
 His Garment, in the reeking Purple dy'd,
 To rouse Love's Passion, he presents the Bride.

The Death of HERCULES.

Now a long Interval of Time succeeds,
 When the great Son of *Jove's* immortal Deeds,
 And Step-dame's Hate, had fill'd Earth's utmost Round;
 He from *OEchalia*, with new Lawrels crown'd,
 In Triumph was return'd. He Rites prepares,
 And to the King of Gods directs his Pray'rs;
 When Fame (who Falshood cloaths in Truth's Disguise,
 And swells her little Bulk with growing Lyes)

Thy

Thy tender Ear, O *Deianira*, mov'd,

That *Hercules* the fair *Iole* lov'd.

Her Love believes the Tale; the Truth she fears

Of his new Passion, and gives way to Tears.

The flowing Tears diffus'd her wretched Grief,

Why seek I thus, from streaming Eyes, Relief?

She cries; indulge not thus these fruitless Cares,

The Harlot will but triumph in thy Tears:

Let something be resolv'd, while yet there's Time;

My Bed not conscious of a Rival's Crime.

In Silence shall I mourn, or loud complain?

Shall I seek *Calydon*, or here remain?

What tho' ally'd to *Meleager's* Fame,

I boast the Honours of a Sister's Name?

My Wrongs, perhaps, now urge me to pursue

Some desp'rate Deed, by which the World shall view

How far Revenge, and Woman's Rage can rise,

When weltring in her Blood the Harlot dies.

Thus various Passions rul'd by turns her Breast.

She now resolves to send the fatal Vest,

Dy'd with *Lernean* Gore, whose Pow'r might move

His Soul anew, and rouse declining Love.

Nor knew she what her sudden Rage bestows,

When she to *Lychas* trusts her future Woes;

With soft Endearments she the Boy commands

To bear the Garment to her Husband's Hands.

Th' unwitting Heroe takes the Gift in haste,

And o'er his Shoulders *Lerna's* Poison cast,

As first the Fire with Frankincense he strows,

And utters to the Gods his holy Vows;

And on the Marble Altar's polish'd Frame

Pours forth the grapy Stream; the rising Flame

Sudden dissolves the subtle pois'nous Juice,
 Which taints his Blood, and all his Nerves bedews.
 With wonted Fortitude he bore the Smart,
 And not a Groan confess'd his burning Heart.
 At length his Patience was subdu'd by Pain,
 He rends the sacred Altar from the Plain ;
 O *Ete*'s wide Forests echo with his Cries :
 Now to rip off the deathful Robe he tries.
 Where-e'er he plucks the Vest, the Skin he tears,
 The mangled Muscles and huge Bones he bares,
 (A ghastful Sight!) or raging with his Pain,
 To rend the sticking Plague he tugs in vain.

As the red Iron hisses in the Flood,
 So boils the Venom in his curdling Blood.
 Now with the greedy Flame his Entrails glow,
 And livid Sweats down all his Body flow ;
 The cracking Nerves burnt up are burst in twain,
 The lurking Venom melts his swimming Brain.

Then, lifting both his Hands aloft, he cries,
 Glut thy Revenge, dread Empress of the Skies ;
 Sate with my Death the Rancour of thy Heart,
 Look down with Pleasure, and enjoy my Smart.
 Or, if e'er Pity mov'd a hostile Breast,
 (For here I stand thy Enemy profess)
 Take hence this hateful Life, with Tortures torn,
 Inur'd to Trouble, and to Labours born.
 Death is the Gift most welcome to my Woe,
 And such a Gift a Stepdame may bestow.
 Was it for this *Busiris* was subdu'd,
 Whose barb'rous Temples reek'd with Strangers' Blood ;
 Press'd in these Arms his Fate *Antæus* found,
 Nor gain'd recruited Vigour from the Ground.

Did I not triple-form'd *Geryon* fell?
 Or did I fear the triple Dog of Hell?
 Did not these Hands the Bull's arm'd Forehead hold?
 Are not our mighty Toils in *Elis* told?
 Do not *Stymphalian* Lakes proclaim thy Fame?
 And fair *Parthenian* Woods resound thy Name?
 Who seiz'd the golden Belt of *Thermodon*?
 And who the Dragon-guarded Apples won?
 Could the fierce Centaur's Strength my Force withstand,
 Or the fell Boar that spoil'd th' *Arcadian* Land?
 Did not these Arms the *Hydra's* Rage subdue,
 Who from his Wounds to double Fury grew?
 What if the *Thracian* Horses, fat with Gore,
 Who human Bodies in their Mangers tore,
 I saw, and with their barb'rous Lord o'erthrew?
 What if these Hands *Nemæa's* Lion slew?
 Did not this Neck the heav'nly Globe sustain?
 The Female Partner of the Thund'rer's Reign
 Fatigu'd, at length suspends her harsh Commands,
 Yet no Fatigue hath slack'd these valiant Hands.
 But now new Plagues pursue me, neither Force,
 Nor Arms, nor Darts can stop their raging Course.
 Devouring Flame thro' my rack'd Entrails strays,
 And on my Lungs and shrivel'd Muscles preys.
 Yet still *Eurystheus* breathes the vital Air.
 What Mortal now shall seek the Gods with Pray'r?

The Transformation of LYCHAS into a Rock.

The Heroe said; and with the Torture stung,
 Furious o'er *OËte's* lofty Hills he sprung.
 Stuck with the Shaft, thus scours the Tyger round,
 And seeks the flying Author of his Wound.

Now might you see him trembling, now he vents
 His anguish'd Soul in Groans, and loud Laments;
 He strives to tear the clinging Vest in vain,
 And with up-rooted Forests strows the Plain;
 Now kindling into Rage, his Hands he rears,
 And to his kindred Gods directs his Pray'rs.
 When *Lychas*, lo, he spies; who trembling flew,
 And in a hollow Rock conceal'd from View,
 Had shun'd his Wrath. Now Grief renew'd his Pain,
 His Madness chaf'd, and thus he raves again.

Lychas, to thee alone my Fate I owe,
 Who bore the Gift, the Cause of all my Woe.
 The Youth all pale with shiv'ring Fear was stung,
 And vain Excuses falter'd on his Tongue.
Alcides snatch'd him, as with suppliant Face
 He strove to clasp his Knees, and beg for Grace:
 He toss'd him o'er his Head with airy Course,
 And hurl'd with more than with an Engine's Force;
 Far o'er th' *Eubæan* Main aloof he flies,
 And hardens by Degrees amid the Skies.]
 So show'ry Drops, when chilly Tempests blow,
 Thicken at first, then whiten into Snow,
 In Balls congeal'd the rolling Fleeces bound,
 In solid Hail result upon the Ground.
 Thus, whiri'd with nervous Force thro' distant Air,
 The Purple Tide forsook his Veins, with Fear;
 All Moisture left his Limbs. Transform'd to Stone,
 In ancient Days the craggy Flint was known:
 Still in th' *Eubæan* Waves his Front he rears,
 Still the small Rock in human Form appears,
 And still the Name of hapless *Lychas* bears.

The Apotheosis of HERCULES.

But now the Heroe of immortal Birth
 Fells *OEtus's* Forests on the groaning Earth;
 A Pile he builds; to *Philoctetes's* Care
 He leaves his deathful Instruments of War;
 To him commits those Arrows, which again
 Shall see the Bulwarks of the *Trojan* Reign.
 The Son of *Pæan* lights the lofty Pyre,
 High round the Structure climbs the greedy Fire;
 Plac'd on the Top, thy nervous Shoulders spread
 With the *Nemæan* Spoils, thy careless Head
 Rais'd on the knotty Club, with Look Divine,
 Here thou, dread Heroe, of Celestial Line,
 Wert stretch'd at Ease; as when a chearful Guest,
 Wine crown'd thy Bowls, and Flow'rs thy Temples dress'd.

Now on all sides the potent Flames aspire,
 And crackle round those Limbs that mock the Fire.
 A sudden Terror seiz'd th' immortal Host,
 Who thought the World's profess'd Defender lost.
 This when the Thund'rer saw, with Smiles he cries,
 'Tis from your Fears, ye Gods, my Pleasures rise;
 Joy swells my Breast, that my all-ruling Hand
 O'er such a grateful People boasts Command;
 That you my suff'ring Progeny would aid;
 Tho' to his Deeds this just Respect be paid,
 Me you've oblig'd. Be all your Fears forborn,
 Th' *OEtæan* Fires do thou, great Heroe, scorn.
 Who vanquish'd all things, shall subdue the Flame.
 That Part alone of gross maternal Frame
 Fire shall devour; while what from me he drew
 Shall live immortal, and its Force subdue;

That, when he's dead, I'll raise to Realms above;
 May all the Pow'rs the righteous Act approve.
 If any God dissent, and judge too great
 The sacred Honours of the heav'nly Seat,
 Ev'n he shall own his Deeds deserve the Sky,
 Ev'n he reluctant shall at length comply.
 Th' assembled Pow'rs assent. No Frown 'till now
 Had mark'd with Passion vengeful *Juno's* Brow.
 Mean while whate'er was in the Pow'r of Flame
 Was all consum'd, his Body's nervous Frame
 No more was known, of human Form bereft,
 Th' eternal Part of *Jove* alone was left.
 As an old Serpent casts his scaly Vest,
 Wreathes in the Sun, in youthful Glory drest;
 So when *Alcides* mortal Mold resign'd,
 His better Part enlarg'd, and grew refin'd;
 August his Visage shone; Almighty *Jove*
 In his swift Carr his honour'd Offspring drove;
 High o'er the hollow Clouds the Coursers fly,
 And lodge the Heroe in the starry Sky.

The Transformation of GALANTHIS.

Atlas perceiv'd the Load of Heav'n's new Guest.
 Revenge still rancour'd in *Eurystheus'* Breast
 Against *Alcides'* Race. *Alcmena* goes
 To *Iole*, to vent maternal Woes;
 Here she pours forth her Grief, recounts the Spoils
 Her Son had bravely reap'd in glorious Toils.
 This *Iole*, by *Hercules'* Commands,
Hyllus had lov'd, and joyn'd in Nuptial Bands.
 Her swelling Womb the teeming Birth confess'd,
 To whom *Alcmena* thus her Speech address'd.

O, may the Gods protect thee, in that Hour,
 When, midst thy Throws, thou call'st th' *Ilihyiau* Pow'r!
 May no Delays prolong thy racking Pain,
 As when I su'd for *Juno's* Aid in vain.

When now *Akides'* mighty Birth drew nigh,
 And the tenth Sign roll'd forward on the Sky,
 My Womb extends with such a mighty Load,
 As *Jove* the Parent of the Burthen show'd.
 I could no more th' encreasing Smart sustain,
 My Horror kindles to recount the Pain;
 Cold chills my Limbs while I the Tale pursue,
 And now methinks I feel my Pangs anew.
 Seven Days and Nights amidst incessant Thrues,
 Fatigu'd with Ills I lay, nor knew Repose;
 When lifting high my Hands, in Shrieks I pray'd,
 Implor'd the Gods, and call'd *Lucina's* Aid.
 She came, but prejudic'd, to give my Fate
 A Sacrifice to vengeful *Juno's* Hate.

She hears the groaning Anguish of my Fits,
 And on the Altar at my Door she fits.
 O'er her left Knee her crossing Leg she cast,
 Then knits her Fingers close, and wrings them fast:
 This stay'd the Birth; in mutt'ring Verse she pray'd,
 The mutt'ring Verse th' unfinish'd Birth delay'd.
 Now with fierce Struggles, raging with my Pain,
 At *Jove's* Ingratitude I rave in vain.
 How did I wish for Death! such Groans I sent,
 As might have made the flinty Heart relent.

Now the *Cadmeian* Matrons round me press,
 Offer their Vows, and seek to bring Redress;
 Among the *Theban* Dames *Galanthis* stands,
 Strong-limb'd, red-hair'd, and just to my Commands:

She first perceiv'd that all these racking Woes
 From the persisting Hate of *Juno* rose.
 As here and there she pass'd, by chance she sees
 The seated Goddess; on her close-press'd Knees
 Her fast-knit Hands she leans; with chearful Voice
Galanthis cries, Whoe'er thou art, rejoyce,
 Congratulate the Dame, she lies at Rest,
 At length the Gods *Alcmena's* Womb have blest.
 Swift from her Seat the startled Goddess springs,
 No more conceal'd her Hands abroad she flings;
 The Charm unloos'd, the Birth my Pangs reliev'd;
Galanthis' Laughter vex'd the Pow'r deceiv'd.
 Fame says, the Goddess dragg'd the laughing Maid
 Fast by the Hair; in vain her Force essay'd
 Her grov'ling Body from the Ground to rear;
 Chang'd to Fore-feet her shrinking Arms appear:
 Her hairy Back her former Hue retains,
 The Form alone is lost; her Strength remains;
 Who, since the Lye did from her Mouth proceed,
 Shall from her pregnant Mouth bring forth her Breed;
 Nor shall she quit her long-frequented Home,
 But haunt those Houses where she lov'd to roam.

The Fable of DRYOPE.

By Mr. POPE.

She said, and for her lost *Galanthis* sighs;
 When the fair Consort of her Son replies;
 Since you a Servant's ravish'd Form bemoan,
 And kindly sigh for Sorrows not your own,
 Let me (if Tears and Griefs permit) relate
 A nearer Woe, a Sister's stranger Fate.

No Nymph of all *Oechalia* could compare
 For beauteous Form with *Dryopè* the Fair;
 Her tender Mother's only Hope and Pride,
 (My self the Offspring of a second Bride.)
 This Nymph, compress'd by him who rules the Day,
 Whom *Delphi*, and the *Delian* Isle obey,
Andræmon lov'd; and blest in all those Charms
 That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her Arms.

A Lake there was, with shelving Banks around,
 Whose verdant Summit fragrant Myrtles crown'd.
 Those Shades, unknowing of the Fates, she sought:
 And to the *Naiads* flow'ry Garlands brought;
 Her smiling Babe (a pleasing Charge) she prest
 Between her Arms, and nourish'd at her Breast.

Not distant far a watry Lotos grows;
 The Spring was new, and all the verdant Boughs,
 Adorn'd with Blossoms, promis'd Fruits that vie
 In glowing Colours with the *Tyrian* Dye.

Of these she cropt, to please her Infant Son,
 And I my self the same rash Act had done,
 But, lo! I saw (as near her Side I stood)
 The violated Blossoms drop with Blood;
 Upon the Tree I cast a frightful Look,
 The Trembling Tree with sudden Horror shook;
Lotis the Nymph (if rural Tales be true)
 As from *Priapus*' lawless Lust she flew,
 Forsook her Form; and fixing here became
 A flow'ry Plant, which still preserves her Name.

This Change unknown, astonish'd at the Sight,
 My trembling Sister strove to urge the Flight;
 Yet first the Pardon of the *Nymphs* implor'd,
 And those offended *Sylvan* Pow'rs ador'd:

But when she backward would have fled, she found
 Her stiff'ning Feet were rooted to the Ground :
 In vain to free her fasten'd Feet she strove,
 And as she struggles only moves above ;
 She feels th' incroaching Bark around her grow,
 By slow Degrees, and cover all below :
 Surpriz'd at this, her trembling Hand she heaves
 To rend her Hair ; her Hand is fill'd with Leaves ;
 Where late was Hair, the shooting Leaves are seen
 To rise, and shade her with a sudden Green.
 The Child *Amphifus*, to her Bosom prest,
 Perceiv'd a colder and a harder Breast,
 And found the Springs, that ne'er till then deny'd
 Their milky Moisture, on a sudden dry'd.
 I saw, unhappy, what I now relate,
 And stood the helpless Witness of thy Fate ;
 Embrac'd thy Boughs, the rising Bark delay'd,
 There wish'd to grow, and mingle Shade with Shade.

Behold *Andramon*, and th' unhappy Sire
 Appear, and for their *Dryopè* enquire ;
 A springing Tree for *Dryopè* they find,
 And print warm Kisses on the panting Rind ;
 Prostrate, with Tears their Kindred Plant bedew,
 And close embrac'd, as to the Roots they grew ;
 The Face was all that now remain'd of thee ;
 No more a Woman, nor yet quite a Tree :
 Thy Branches hung with humid Pearls appear,
 From ev'ry Leaf distills a trickling Tear ;
 And strait a Voice, while yet a Voice remains,
 Thus thro' the trembling Boughs in Sighs complains.

If to the Wretched any Faith be giv'n,
 I swear by all th' unpitying Pow'rs of Heav'n,

No wilful Crime this heavy Vengeance bred,
 In mutual Innocence our Lives we led.
 If this be false, let these new Greens decay,
 Let sounding Axes lops my Limbs away,
 And crackling Flames on all my Honours prey.
 Now from my branching Arms this Infant bear,
 Let some kind Nurse supply a Mother's Care;
 Yet to his Mother let him oft be led,
 Sport in her Shades, and in her Shades be fed;
 Teach him, when first his Infant Voice shall frame
 Imperfect Words, and lisp his Mother's Name,
 To hail this Tree, and say with weeping Eyes,
 Within this Plant my hapless Parent lies;
 And when in Youth he seeks the shady Woods,
 Oh, let him fly the crystal Lakes and Floods,
 Nor touch the fatal Flow'rs; but warn'd by me,
 Believe a Goddess shrin'd in ev'ry Tree.
 My Sire, my Sister, and my Spouse farewell!
 If in your Breasts or Love, or Pity, dwell,
 Protect your Plant, nor let my Branches feel
 The browsing Cattle, or the piercing Steel.
 Farewel! and since I cannot bend to join
 My Lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
 My Son, thy Mother's parting Kifs receive,
 While yet thy Mother has a Kifs to give.
 I can no more, the creeping Rind invades
 My closing Lips, and hides my Head in Shades:
 Remove your Hands; the Bark shall soon suffice,
 Without their Aid, to seal these dying Eyes.
 She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be;
 And all the Nymph was lost within the Tree:
 Yet latent Life thro' her new Branches reign'd,
 And long the Plant a human Heat retain'd.

Continu'd by Mr. GAY.

IOLAUS restor'd to Youth.

While *Iolè* the fatal Change declares,
Alcmena's pitying Hand oft wip'd her Tears.
 Grief too stream'd down her Cheeks; soon Sorrow flies,
 And rising Joy the trickling Moisture dries,
 Lo *Iolaus* stands before their Eyes. }
 A Youth he stood; and the soft Down began
 O'er his smooth Chin to spread, and promise Man.
Hebe submitted to her Husband's Pray'rs,
 Instill'd new Vigour, and restor'd his Years.

The Prophecy of THEMIS.

Now from her Lips a solemn Oath had pass'd,
 That *Iolaus* this Gift alone shou'd taste,
 Had not just *Themis* thus maturely said,
 (Which check'd her Vow, and aw'd the blooming Maid.)

Thebes is embroil'd in War. *Capaneus* stands
 Invincible, but by the Thund'rer's Hands.
 Ambition shall the guilty * Brothers fire,
 Both rush to mutual Wounds, and both expire.
 The reeling Earth shall ope her gloomy Womb,
 Where the † yet breathing Bard shall find his Tomb.
 The ‡ Son shall bathe his Hands in Parents' Blood,
 And in one Act be both unjust and good.
 Of Home, and Sense depriv'd, where-e'er he flies,
 The Furies, and his Mother's Ghost he spies.
 His Wife the fatal Bracelet shall implore,
 And *Phegeus* stain his Sword in Kindred Gore.

Callirhœe

* Eteocles and Polynices. † Amphiaraus. ‡ Alcmaeon.

Callirhœe shall then with suppliant Pray'r
 Prevail on *Jupiter's* relenting Ear.
Jove shall with Youth her Infant Sons inspire,
 And bid their Bosoms glow with manly Fire.

The Debate of the Gods.

When *Themis* thus with prescient Voice had spoke,
 Among the Gods a various Murmur broke ;
 Dissension rose in each immortal Breast,
 That one should grant what was deny'd the rest.
Aurora for her aged Spouse complains,
 And *Ceres* grieves for *Jason's* freezing Veins ;
Vulcan would *Erichthonius' Years* renew ;
 Her future Race the Care of *Venus* drew,
 She would *Anchises' blooming Age* restore ;
 A diff'rent Care employ'd each heav'nly Pow'r :
 Thus various Int'rests did their Jarrs encrease,
 'Till *Jove* arose ; he spoke, their Tumults cease.

Is any Rev'rence, to our Presence giv'n,
 Then why this Discord 'mong the Pow'rs of Heav'n ?
 Who can the settled Will of Fate subdue ?
 'Twas by the Fates that *Iolaus* knew
 A second Youth. The Fates determin'd Doom
 Shall give *Callirhœe's Race* a youthful Bloom.
 Arms nor Ambition can this Pow'r obtain ;
 Quell your Desires ; ev'n me the Fates restrain.
 Could I their Will controul, no rolling Years
 Had *Æacus* bent down with Silver Hairs ;
 Then *Rhadamanthus* still had Youth possess'd,
 And *Minos* with eternal Bloom been bless'd.
Jove's Words the Synod mov'd ; the Pow'rs give o'er,
 And urge in vain unjust Complaint no more.

Since

Since *Rhadamanthus*' Veins now slowly flow'd,
 And *Æacus*, and *Minos* bore the Load ;
Minos, who in the Flow'r of Youth, and Fame,
 Made mighty Nations tremble at his Name,
 Infirm with Age, the proud *Miletus* fears,
 Vain of his Birth, and in the Strength of Years ;
 And now regarding all his Realms as lost,
 He durst not force him from his native Coast.
 But you by Choice, *Miletus*, fled his Reign,
 And thy swift Vessel plow'd th' *Ægean* Main ;
 On *Asiatick* Shores a Town you frame,
 Which still is honour'd with the Founder's Name.
 Here you *Cyanée* knew, the beauteous Maid,
 As on her * Father's winding Banks she stray'd :
Caunus and *Byblis* hence their Lineage trace,
 The double Offspring of your warm Embrace.

The Passion of BYBLIS.

By STEPHEN HARVEY, Esq;

Let the sad Fate of wretched *Byblis* prove
 A dismal Warning to unlawful Love ;
 One Birth gave Being to the hapless Pair,
 But more was *Caunus* than a Sister's Care ;
 Unknown she lov'd, for yet the gentle Fire
 Rose not in Flames, nor kindled to Desire ;
 'Twas thought no Sin to wonder at his Charms,
 Hang on his Neck, and languish in his Arms ;
 Thus wing'd with Joy fled the soft Hours away,
 And all the fatal Guilt on harmless Nature lay.

But Love (too soon from Piety declin'd)
 Insensibly deprav'd her yielding Mind.

* *Mæander.*

Dress'd she appears, with nicest Art adorn'd,
 And ev'ry Youth, but her lov'd Brother, scorn'd ;
 For him alone she labour'd to be fair,
 And curs'd all Charms that might with hers compare.
 'Twas she, and only she, must *Caunus* please,
 Sick at her Heart, yet knew not her Disease :
 She call'd him Lord, for Brother was a Name
 Too cold and dull for her aspiring Flame ;
 And when he spoke, if Sister he reply'd,
 For *Byblis* change that frozen Word, she cry'd.
 Yet waking still she watch'd her struggling Breast,
 And Love's Approaches were in vain address'd,
 'Till gentle Sleep an easy Conquest made,
 And in her soft Embrace the Conqueror was laid.
 But oh too soon the pleasing Vision fled,
 And left her blushing on the conscious Bed :
 Ah me ! (she cry'd) how monstrous do I seem !
 Why these wild Thoughts ? and this incestuous Dream ?
 Envy her self ('tis true) must own his Charms,
 But what is Beauty in a Sister's Arms ?
 Oh were I not that despicable She,
 How bless'd, how pleas'd, how happy shou'd I be !
 But unregarded now must bear my Pain,
 And but in Dreams my Wishes can obtain.
 O Sea-born Goddess ! with thy wanton Boy !
 Was ever such a charming Scene of Joy ?
 Such perfect Bliss ! such ravishing Delight !
 Ne'er hid before in the kind Shades of Night.
 How pleas'd my Heart ! in what sweet Raptures tost ?
 Ev'n Life it self in the soft Combat lost,
 While breathless he on my heav'd Bosom lay,
 And snatch'd the Treasures of my Soul away.

If the bare Fancy so affects my Mind,
 How shou'd I rave if to the Substance join'd?
 Oh, gentle *Caunus*! quit thy hated Line,
 Or let thy Parents be no longer mine!
 Oh that in common all things were enjoy'd,
 But those alone who have our Hopes destroy'd.
 Were I a Princess, thou an humble Swain,
 The proudest Kings shou'd rival thee in vain.
 It cannot be, alas! the dreadful Ill
 Is fix'd by Fate, and he's my Brother still.
 Hear me, ye Gods! I must have Friends in Heav'n,
 For *Jove* himself was to a Sister giv'n:
 But what are their Prerogatives above,
 To the short Liberties of human Love?
 Fantastick Thoughts! down, down, forbidden Fires,
 Or instant Death extinguish my Desires.
 Strict Virtue, then, with thy malicious Leave,
 Without a Crime I may a Kiss receive:
 But say shou'd I in spite of Laws comply,
 Yet cruel *Caunus* might himself deny,
 No Pity take of an afflicted Maid,
 (For Love's sweet Game must be by Couples play'd.)
 Yet why shou'd Youth, and Charms like mine, despair?
 Such Fears ne'er startled the *Æolian* Pair;
 No Ties of Blood could their full Hopes destroy,
 They broke thro' all, for the prevailing Joy;
 And who can tell but *Caunus* too may be
 Rack'd and tormented in his Breast for me?
 Like me, to the extreamest Anguish drove,
 Like me, just waking from a Dream of Love?
 But stay! Oh whither wou'd my Fury run!
 What Arguments I urge to be undone!

Away

Away fond *Byblis*, quench these guilty Flames;
Caunus thy Love but as a Brother claims;
 Yet had he first been touch'd with Love of me,
 The charming Youth cou'd I despairing see?
 Oppress'd with Grief, and dying by Disdain?
 Ah no! too sure I shou'd have eas'd his Pain!
 Since then, if *Caunus* ask'd me, it were done;
 Asking my self, what Dangers can I run?
 But canst thou ask? and see that Right betray'd,
 From *Pyrrha* down to thy whole Sex convey'd?
 That self-denying Gift we all enjoy,
 Of wishing to be won, yet seeming to be coy.
 Well then, for once, let a fond Mistress woe;
 The Force of Love no Custom can subdue;
 This frantick Passion he by Words shall know,
 Soft as the melting Heart from whence they flow.
 The Pencil then in her fair Hand she held,
 By Fear discourag'd, but by Love compell'd;
 She writes, then blots, writes on, and blots again,
 Likes it as fit, then razes it as vain:
 Shame and Assurance in her Face appear,
 And a faint Hope just yielding to Despair;
 Sister was wrote, and blotted as a Word
 Which she, and *Caunus* too (she hop'd) abhorr'd;
 But now resolv'd to be no more controul'd
 By scrup'lous Virtue, thus her Grief she told.

Thy Lover (gentle *Caunus*) wishes thee
 That Health, which thou alone canst give to me.
 O charming Youth! the Gift I ask bestow,
 Ere thou the Name of the fond Writer know;
 To thee without a Name I would be known,
 Since knowing that, my Frailty I must own.

Yet why shou'd I my wretched Name conceal?
 When thousand Instances my Flames reveal:
 Wan Looks, and weeping Eyes have spoke my Pain,
 And Sighs discharg'd from my heav'd Heart in vain;
 Had I not wish'd my Passion might be seen,
 What cou'd such Fondness and Embraces mean?
 Such Kisses too! (Oh heedless lovely Boy)
 Without a Crime no Sister cou'd enjoy:
 Yet (tho' extreamest Rage has rack'd my Soul,
 And raging Fires in my parch'd Bosom roul)
 Be Witness, Gods! how piously I strove
 To rid my Thoughts of this enchanting Love.
 But who cou'd 'scape so fierce, and sure a Dart,
 Aim'd at a tender, a defenceless Heart?
 Alas! what Maid cou'd suffer, I have born,
 Ere the dire Secret from my Breast was torn;
 To thee a helpless vanquish'd Wretch I come,
 'Tis you alone can save, or give my Doom;
 My Life or Death this Moment you may chuse.
 Yet think, Oh think, no hated Stranger sues,
 No Foe; but one, alas! too near ally'd,
 And wishing still much nearer to be ty'd.
 The Forms of Decency let Age debate,
 And Virtue's Rules by their cold Morals state;
 Their ebbing Joys give Leisure to enquire,
 And blame those noble Flights our Youth inspire:
 Where Nature kindly summons let us go,
 Our sprightly Years no Bounds in Love shou'd know,
 Shou'd feel no Check of Guilt, and fear no Ill:
 Lovers and Gods act all things at their Will:
 We gain one Blessing from our hated Kin,
 Since our Paternal Freedom hides the Sin;

Uncensur'd in each other's Arms we lie,
 Think then how easie to compleat our Joy.
 Oh, pardon and oblige a blushing Maid,
 Whose Rage the Pride of her vain Sex betray'd;
 Nor let my Tomb thus mournfully complain,
 Here *Byblis* lies, by her lov'd *Caunus* slain.

Forc'd here to end, she with a falling Tear
 Temper'd the pliant Wax, which did the Signet bear:
 The curious Cypher was impress'd by Art,
 But Love had stamp'd one deeper in her Heart;
 Her Page, a Youth of Confidence, and Skill,
 (Secret as Night) stood waiting on her Will;
 Sighing (she cry'd) Bear this, thou faithful Boy,
 To my sweet Partner in eternal Joy:

Here a long Pause her secret Guilt confess'd,
 And when at length she would have spoke the rest,
 Half the dear Name lay bury'd in her Breast. }

Thus as he listned to her vain Command,
 Down fell the Letter from her trembling Hand.
 The Omen shock'd her Soul. Yet go, she cry'd;
 Can a Request from *Byblis* be deny'd?

To the *Mæandrian* Youth this Message's born,
 The half-read Lines by his fierce Rage were torn;
 Hence, hence, he cry'd, thou Pandar to her Lust,
 Bear hence the Triumph of thy impious Trust:
 Thy instant Death will but divulge her Shame,
 Or thy Life's Blood shou'd quench the guilty Flame.
 Frighted, from threatenng *Caunus* he withdrew,
 And with the dreadful News to his lost Mistress flew.
 The sad Repulse so struck the wounded Fair,
 Her Sense was bury'd in her wild Despair;
 Pale was her Visage, as the ghastly Dead;
 And her scar'd Soul from the sweet Mansion fled;

Yet

Yet with her Life renew'd, her Love returns,
 And faintly thus her cruel Fate she mourns:
 'Tis just, ye Gods! was my false Reason blind?
 To write a Secret of this tender Kind?
 With female Craft I shou'd at first have strove,
 By dubious Hints to sound his distant Love;
 And try'd those useful, tho' dissembled, Arts,
 Which Women practise on disdainful Hearts:
 I shou'd have watch'd whence the black Storm might rise,
 Ere I had trusted the unfaithful Skies.
 Now on the rouling Billows I am tost,
 And with extended Sails on the blind Shelves am lost.
 Did not indulgent Heav'n my Doom foretell,
 When from my Hand the fatal Letter fell?
 What Madness seiz'd my Soul? and urg'd me on
 To take the only Course to be undone?
 I cou'd my self have told the moving Tale
 With such alluring Grace as must prevail;
 Then had his Eyes beheld my blushing Fears,
 My rising Sighs, and my descending Tears;
 Round his dear Neck these Arms I then had spread,
 And, if rejected, at his Feet been dead:
 If singly these had not his Thoughts inclin'd,
 Yet all united would have shock'd his Mind.
 Perhaps, my careless Page might be in fault,
 And in a luckless Hour the fatal Message brought;
 Business, and worldly Thoughts might fill his Breast,
 Sometimes ev'n Love itself may be an irksome Guest:
 He cou'd not else have treated me with Scorn,
 For *Caunus* was not of a Tygres born;
 Nor Steel, nor Adamant has fenc'd his Heart;
 Like mine, 'tis naked to the burning Dart.

Away

Away false Fears! he must, he shall be mine;
 In Death alone I will my Claim resign;
 'Tis vain to wish my written Crime unknown,
 And for my Guilt much vainer to atone.
 Repuls'd and baffled, fiercer still she burns,
 And *Caunus* with Disdain her impious Love returns.
 He saw no End of her injurious Flame,
 And fled his Country to avoid the Shame.
 Forsaken *Byblis*, who had Hopes no more,
 Burst out in Rage, and her loose Robes she tore;
 With her fair Hands she smote her tender Breast,
 And to the wond'ring World her Love confess'd:
 O'er Hills and Dales, o'er Rocks and Streams she flew,
 But still in vain did her wild Lust pursue:
 Wearied at length, on the cold Earth she fell,
 And now in Tears alone could her sad Story tell.
 Relenting Gods in Pity fix'd her there,
 And to a Fountain turn'd the weeping Fair.

The Fable of IPHIS and IANTHE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

The Fame of this, perhaps, thro' *Crete* had flown:
 But *Crete* had newer Wonders of her own,
 In *Iphis* chang'd; For near the *Gnosian* Bounds,
 (As loud Report the Miracle resounds)
 At *Phæstus* dwelt a Man of honest Blood,
 But meanly born, and not so rich as good;
 Esteem'd, and lov'd by all the Neighbourhood;
 Who to his Wife, before the Time assign'd
 For Child-birth came, thus bluntly spoke his Mind.

}

If

If Heav'n, said *Lygdus*, will vouchsafe to hear,
 I have but two Petitions to prefer ;
 Short Pains for thee, for me a Son and Heir.
 Girls cost as many Throes in bringing forth ;
 Beside, when born, the Tits are little worth ;
 Weak puling things, unable to sustain
 Their Share of Labour, and their Bread to gain.
 If, therefore, thou a Creature shalt produce,
 Of so great Charges, and so little Use,
 (Bear Witness, Heav'n, with what Reluctancy)
 Her hapless Innocence I doom to die.
 He said, and Tears the common Grief display,
 Of him who bad, and her who must obey.

Yet *Teletbusa* still persists, to find
 Fit Arguments to move a Father's Mind ;
 T' extend his Wishes to a larger Scope,
 And in one Vessel not confine his Hope.
Lygdus continues hard : Her Time drew near,
 And she her heavy Load could scarcely bear ;
 When slumbring, in the latter Shades of Night,
 Before th' Approaches of returning Light,
 She saw, or thought she saw, before her Bed,
 A glorious Train, and *Isis* at their Head :
 Her moony Horns were on her Forehead plac'd,
 And yellow Sheaves her shining Temples grac'd ;
 A Mitre, for a Crown, she wore on high ;
 The Dog, and dappl'd Bull were waiting by ;
Osiris, fought along the Banks of *Nile* ;
 The Silent God ; the sacred Crocodile ;
 And, last, a long Procession moving on,
 With Timbrels, that assist the lab'ring Moon.
 Her Slumbers seem'd dispell'd, and, broad awake,
 She heard a Voice, that thus distinctly spake.

My Votary, thy Babe from Death defend,
 Nor fear to save whate'er the Gods will fend.
 Delude with Art thy Husband's dire Decree :
 When Danger calls, repose thy Trust on me :
 And know thou hadst not serv'd a thankless Deity. }
 This Promise made, with Night the Goddess fled :
 With Joy the Woman wakes, and leaves her Bed ;
 Devoutly lifts her spotless Hands on high,
 And prays the Pow'rs their Gift to ratifie.

Now grinding Pains proceed to Bearing Throes,
 'Till its own Weight the Burden did disclose.
 'Twas of the beauteous Kind, and brought to Light
 With Secrecy, to shun the Father's Sight.
 Th' indulgent Mother did her Care employ,
 And pass'd it on her Husband for a Boy.
 The Nurse was conscious of the Fact alone ;
 The Father paid his Vows as for a Son ;
 And call'd him *Iphis*, by a common Name,
 Which either Sex with equal Right may claim.
Iphis his Grandfire was ; the Wife was pleas'd,
 Of half the Fraud by Fortune's Favour eas'd :
 The doubtful Name was us'd without Deceit,
 And Truth was cover'd with a pious Cheat.
 The Habit shew'd a Boy, the beauteous Face
 With Manly Fierceness mingled Female Grace.

Now thirteen Years of Age were swiftly run,
 When the fond Father thought the Time drew on }
 Of settling in the World his only Son.
Iantbe was his Choice ; so wondrous fair,
 Her Form alone with *Iphis* cou'd compare ;
 A Neighbour's Daughter of his own Degree,
 And not more bless'd with Fortune's Goods than he.
 They

They soon espous'd ; for they with ease were join'd,
 Who were before contracted in the Mind.
 Their Age the same, their Inclinations too ;
 And bred together, in one School they grew.
 Thus, fatally dispos'd to mutual Fires,
 They felt, before they knew, the same Desires.
 Equal their Flame, unequal was their Care ;
 One lov'd with Hope, one languish'd in Despair.
 The Maid accus'd the ling'ring Days alone :
 For whom she thought a Man, she thought her own.
 But *Iphis* bends beneath a greater Grief ;
 As fiercely burns, but hopes for no Relief.
 Ev'n her Despair adds Fuel to her Fire ;
 A Maid with Madness does a Maid desire.
 And, scarce refraining Tears, Alas, said she,
 What Issue of my Love remains for me !
 How wild a Passion works within my Breast !
 With what prodigious Flames am I possess'd !
 Could I the Care of Providence deserve,
 Heav'n must destroy me, if it would preserve.
 And that's my Fate, or sure it would have sent
 Some usual Evil for my Punishment :
 Not this unkindly Curse ; to rage, and burn,
 Where Nature shews no Prospect of Return.
 Nor Cows for Cows consume with fruitless Fire ;
 Nor Mares, when hot, their Fellow-Mares desire :
 The Father of the Fold supplies his Ewes ;
 The Stag through secret Woods his Hind pursues ;
 And Birds for Mates the Males of their own Species
 chuse.

Her Females Nature guards from Female Flame,
 And joins two Sexes to preserve the Game :
 Wou'd I were nothing, or not what I am !

Crete, fam'd for Monsters, wanted of her Store,
 'Till my new Love produc'd one Monster more.
 The Daughter of the Sun a Bull desir'd,
 And yet ev'n then a Male a Female fir'd:
 Her Passion was extravagantly new,
 But mine is much the madder of the two.
 To things impossible she was not bent,
 But found the Means to compass her Intent.
 To cheat his Eyes she took a different Shape;
 Yet still she gain'd a Lover, and a Leap.
 Shou'd all the Wit of all the World conspire,
 Shou'd *Dædalus* assist my wild Desire,
 What Art can make me able to enjoy,
 Or what can change *Iantbe* to a Boy?
 Extinguish then thy Passion, hopeless Maid,
 And recollect thy Reason for thy Aid.
 Know what thou art, and love as Maidens ought,
 And drive these Golden Wishes from thy Thought.
 Thou canst not hope thy fond Desires to gain;
 Where Hope is wanting, Wishes are in vain.
 And yet no Guards against our Joys conspire;
 No jealous Husband hinders our Desire;
 My Parents are propitious to my Wish,
 And she her self consenting to the Bliss.
 All things concur to prosper our Design;
 All things to prosper any Love but mine.
 And yet I never can enjoy the Fair;
 'Tis past the Pow'r of Heav'n to grant my Pray'r.
 Heav'n has been kind, as far as Heav'n can be;
 Our Parents with our own Desires agree;
 But Nature, stronger than the Gods above,
 Refuses her Assistance to my Love;

She sets the Bar that causes all my Pain;
 One Gift refus'd makes all their Bounty vain.
 And now the happy Day is just at hand,
 To bind our Hearts in *Hymen's* holy Band:
 Our Hearts, but not our Bodies: Thus accurs'd,
 In midst of Water I complain of Thirst.

Why com'st thou, *Juno*, to these barren Rites,
 To bless a Bed defrauded of Delights?

But why shou'd *Hymen* lift his Torch on high,
 To see two Brides in cold Embraces lie?

Thus Love-sick *Iphis* her vain Passion mourns;
 With equal Ardour fair *Ianthe* burns,

Invoking *Hymen's* Name, and *Juno's* Pow'r,
 To speed the Work, and haste the happy Hour.

She hopes, while *Teletbusa* fears the Day,
 And strives to interpose some new Delay:
 Now feigns a Sickness, now is in a Fright
 For this bad Omen, or that boding Sight.
 But having done whate'er she could devise,
 And empty'd all her Magazine of Lyes,
 The Time approach'd; the next ensuing Day
 The fatal Secret must to Light betray.

Then *Teletbusa* had recourse to Pray'r,
 She, and her Daughter with dishevell'd Hair;
 Trembling with Fear, great *Isis* they ador'd,
 Embrac'd her Altar, and her Aid implor'd.

Fair Queen, who dost on fruitful *Egypt* smile,
 Who sway'st the Sceptre of the *Pharian* Isle,
 And sev'n-fold Falls of disemboguing *Nile*,
 Relieve, in this our last Distress, she said,
 A suppliant Mother, and a mournful Maid.
 Thou, Goddess, thou wert present to my Sight;
 Reveal'd I saw thee by thy own fair Light:

I saw thee in my Dream, as now I see,
 With all thy Marks of awful Majesty:
 The glorious Train that compass'd thee around;
 And heard the hollow Timbrels holy Sound.
 Thy Words I noted, which I still retain;
 Let not thy sacred Oracles be vain.

That *Iphis* lives, that I my self am free
 From Shame, and Punishment, I owe to thee.

On thy Protection all our Hopes depend.
 Thy Counsel sav'd us, let thy Pow'r defend.

Her Tears pursu'd her Words, and while she spoke
 The Goddesses nodded, and her Altar shook:
 The Temple Doors, as with a Blast of Wind,
 Were heard to clap; the Lunar Horns that bind
 The Brows of *Isis* cast a Blaze around;
 The trembling Timbrel made a murm'ring Sound.

Some Hopes these happy Omens did impart;
 Forth went the Mother with a beating Heart:
 Not much in Fear, nor fully satisfy'd;
 But *Iphis* follow'd with a larger Stride:
 The Whiteness of her Skin forsook her Face;
 Her Looks embolden'd with an awful Grace;
 Her Features and her Strength together grew,
 And her long Hair to curling Locks withdrew.
 Her sparkling Eyes with manly Vigour shone,
 Big was her Voice, audacious was her Tone.
 The latent Parts, at length reveal'd, began
 To shoot, and spread, and burnish into Man.
 The Maid becomes a Youth; no more delay
 Your Vows, but look, and confidently pay.
 Their Gifts the Parents to the Temple bear:
 The Votive Tables this Inscription wear;

Iphis, the Man, has to the Goddess paid
The Vows, that *Iphis* offer'd when a Maid.

Now when the Star of Day had shewn his Face,
Venus and *Juno* with their Presence grace
The Nuptial Rites, and *Hymen* from above
Descending to compleat their happy Love;
The Gods of Marriage lend their mutual Aid;
And the warm Youth enjoys the lovely Maid.

The End of the Ninth Book.





To the R^t Hon^{ble} Lady
 Viscountess
 Scudamore

SCUTO AMORIS DIVINI

B. 10



OVID'S

METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK X.

Translated by Mr. DRYDEN, Mr. CONGREGVE, and Others.

The Story of ORPHEUS and EURYDICE.

By Mr. CONGREGVE.



HENCE, in his Saffron Robe, for distant
Thrace,

Hymen departs, thro' Air's unmeasur'd
Space;

By *Orpheus* call'd, the Nuptial Pow'r
attends,

But with ill-omen'd Augury descends ;
Nor chearful look'd the God, nor prosp'rous spoke,
Nor blaz'd his Torch, but wept in hissing Smoke.
In vain they whirl it round, in vain they shake,
No rapid Motion can its Flames awake.]

With Dread these inauspicious Signs were view'd,
 And soon a more disastrous End ensu'd;
 For as the Bride, amid the *Naiad* Train,
 Ran joyful, sporting o'er the flow'ry Plain,
 A venom'd Viper bit her as she pass'd;
 Instant she fell, and sudden breath'd her last.

When long his Loss the *Thracian* had deplor'd,
 Not by superior Pow'rs to be restor'd;
 Inflam'd by Love, and urg'd by deep Despair,
 He leaves the Realms of Light, and upper Air;
 Daring to tread the dark *Tenarian* Road,
 And tempt the Shades in their obscure Abode;
 Thro' gliding Spectres of th' Interr'd to go,
 And Phantom People of the World below:
Persephonè he seeks, and him who reigns
 O'er Ghosts, and Hell's uncomfortable Plains.
 Arriv'd, he, tuning to his Voice his Strings,
 Thus to the King and Queen of Shadows sings.

Ye Pow'rs, who under Earth your Realms extend,
 To whom all Mortals must one Day descend;
 If here 'tis granted sacred Truth to tell,
 I come not curious to explore your Hell;
 Nor come to boast (by vain Ambition fir'd)
 How *Cerberus* at my Approach retir'd.
 My Wife alone I seek; for her lov'd sake
 These Terrors I support, this Journey take.
 She, luckless wandring, or by Fate mis-led,
 Chanc'd on a lurking Viper's Crest to tread;
 The vengeful Beast, inflam'd with Fury, starts,
 And thro' her Heel his deathful Venom darts.
 Thus was she snatch'd untimely to her Tomb;
 Her growing Years cut short, and springing Bloom.

Long I my Loss endeavour'd to sustain,
And strongly strove, but strove, alas, in vain:
At length I yielded, won by mighty Love;
Well known is that Omnipotence above!
But here, I doubt, his unfeelt Influence fails;
And yet a Hope within my Heart prevails,
That here, ev'n here, he has been known of old;
At least if Truth be by Tradition told;
If Fame of former Rapes Belief may find,
You both by Love, and Love alone, were join'd.
Now, by the Horrors which these Realms surround;
By the vast Chaos of these Depths profound;
By the sad Silence which eternal reigns
O'er all the Waste of these wide-stretching Plains;
Let me again *Eurydicè* receive,
Let Fate her quick-spun Thread of Life re-weave:
All our Possessions are but Loans from you,
And soon, or late, you must be paid your Due;
Hither we haste to Human-kind's last Seat,
Your endless Empire, and our sure Retreat.
She too, when ripen'd Years she shall attain,
Must, of avoidless Right, be yours again:
I but the transient Use of that require,
Which soon, too soon, I must resign entire.
But if the Destinies refuse my Vow,
And no Remission of her Doom allow;
Know, I'm determin'd to return no more;
So both retain, or both to Life restore.

Thus, while the Bard melodiously complains,
And to his Lyre accords his vocal Strains,
The very bloodless Shades Attention keep,
And silent, seem compassionate to weep:

Ev'n *Tantalus* his Flood unthirsty views,
 Nor flies the Stream, nor he the Stream pursues;
Ixion's wond'ring Wheel its Whirl suspends,
 And the voracious Vultur, charm'd, attends;
 No more the *Belides* their Toil bemoan,
 And *Sisyphus* reclin'd, sits list'ning on his Stone.

Then first ('tis said) by sacred Verse subdu'd,
 The Furies felt their Cheeks with Tears bedew'd.
 Nor could the rigid King, or Queen of Hell,
 Th' Impulse of Pity in their Hearts repell.

Now, from a Troop of Shades that last arriv'd,
Eurydicè was call'd, and stood reviv'd:
 Slow she advanc'd, and halting seem'd to feel
 The fatal Wound, yet painful in her Heel.
 Thus he obtains the Suit so much desir'd,
 On strict Observance of the Terms requir'd:
 For if, before he reach the Realms of Air,
 He backward cast his Eyes to view the Fair,
 The forfeit Grant, that Instant, void is made,
 And she for ever left a lifeless Shade.

Now thro' the noiseless Throng their Way they bend,
 And both with Pain the rugged Road ascend;
 Dark was the Path, and difficult, and steep,
 And thick with Vapours from the smoaky Deep.
 They well-nigh now had pass'd the Bounds of Night,
 And just approach'd the Margin of the Light,
 When he, mistrusting lest her Steps might stray,
 And gladsome of the Glimpse of dawning Day,
 His longing Eyes, impatient, backward cast
 To catch a Lover's Look, but look'd his last;
 For, instant dying, she again descends,
 While he to empty Air his Arm extends.

Again.

Again she dy'd, nor yet her Lord reprov'd ;
What could she say, but that too well he lov'd ?
One last Farewell she spoke, which scarce he heard ;
So soon she drop'd, so sudden disappear'd.

All stunn'd he stood, when thus his Wife he view'd
By second Fate, and double Death subdu'd :
Not more Amazement by that Wretch was shown,
Whom *Cerberus* beholding turn'd to Stone ;
Nor *Olenus* cou'd more astonish'd look,
When on himself *Lethea's* Fault he took,
His beauteous Wife, who too secure had dar'd
Her Face to vye with Goddeses compar'd :
Once join'd by Love, they stand united still,
Turn'd to contiguous Rocks on *Ida's* Hill.

Now to repass the *Styx* in vain he tries,
Charon averse, his pressing Suit denies.
Sev'n Days entire, along th' infernal Shores,
Disconsolate, the Bard *Eurydicè* deplores ;
Defil'd with Filth his Robe, with Tears his Cheeks,
No Sustainance but Grief, and Cares, he seeks :
Of rigid Fate incessant he complains,
And Hell's inexorable Gods arraigns.
This ended, to high *Rhodopè* he hastes,
And *Hæmus'* Mountain, bleak with Northern Blasts.

And now his yearly Race the circling Sun
Had thrice compleat thro' wat'ry *Pisces* run,
Since *Orpheus* fled the Face of Womankind,
And all soft Union with the Sex declin'd.
Whether his ill Success this Change had bred,
Or binding Vows made to his former Bed ;
Whate'er the Cause, in vain the Nymphs contest ;
With rival Eyes to warm his frozen Breast :

For ev'ry Nymph with Love his Lays inspir'd,
But ev'ry Nymph repuls'd, with Grief retir'd.

A Hill there was, and on that Hill a Mead,
With Verdure thick, but destitute of Shade.
Where, now, the Muse's Son no sooner sings,
No sooner strikes his sweet-resounding Strings,
But distant Groves the flying Sounds receive,
And list'ning Trees their rooted Stations leave;
Themselves transplanting, all around they grow,
And various Shades their various Kinds bestow.
Here, tall *Chaonian* Oaks their Branches spread,
While weeping Poplars there erect their Head.
The foodful *Esculus* here shoots his Leaves,
That Turf soft Lime-tree, this, fat Beech receives;
Here, brittle Hazels, Laurels here advance,
And there tough Ash to form the Heroe's Lance;
Here silver Firs with knotless Trunks ascend,
There, Scarlet Oaks beneath their Acorns bend.
That Spot admits the hospitable Plane,
On this, the Maple grows with clouded Grain;
Here, watry Willows are with *Lotus* seen;
There, Tamarisk, and Box for ever green.
With double Hue here Myrtles grace the Ground,
And Laurestines, with purple Berries crown'd.
With pliant Feet, now, Ivies this way wind,
Vines yonder rise, and Elms with Vines entwin'd.
Wild *Ornus* now, the Pitch-tree next takes root,
And *Arbutus* adorn'd with blushing Fruit.
Then easy-bending Palms, the Victor's Prize,
And Pines erect with bristly Tops arise.
For *Rhea* grateful still the Pine remains,
For *Atys* still some Favour she retains;

He once in human Shape her Breast had warm'd,
And now is cherish'd, to a Tree transform'd.

The Fable of CYPARISSUS.

Amid the Throng of this promiscuous Wood,
With pointed Top, the taper Cypress stood ;
A Tree, which once a Youth, and heav'nly fair,
Was of that Deity the darling Care,
Whose Hand adapts, with equal Skill, the Strings
To Bows with which he kills, and Harps to which he
sings.

For heretofore, a mighty Stag was bred,
Which on the fertile Fields of *Cæa* fed ;
In Shape and Size he all his Kind excell'd,
And to *Carthæan* Nymphs was sacred held.
His beamy Head, with Branches high display'd,
Afforded to itself an ample Shade ;
His Horns were gilt, and his smooth Neck was grac'd
With Silver Collars thick with Gems enchas'd :
A Silver Bos upon his Forehead hung,
And brazen Pendants in his Ear-rings rung.
Frequenting Houses, he familiar grew,
And learnt by Custom Nature to subdue ;
'Till by Degrees, of Fear, and Wildness, broke,
Ev'n stranger Hands his proffer'd Neck might stroke.

Much was the Beast by *Cæa's* Youth caref'd,
But thou, sweet *Cyparissus*, lov'dst him best :
By thee, to Pastures fresh, he oft was led,
By thee oft water'd at the Fountain's Head :
His Horns with Garlands, now, by thee were ty'd,
And, now, thou on his Back wou'dst wanton ride ;
Now here, now there wou'dst bound along the Plains,
Ruling his tender Mouth with purple Reins.

'Twas when the Summer Sun, at Noon of Day,
 Thro' glowing *Cancer* shot his burning Ray,
 'Twas then, the fav'rite Stag, in cool Retreat,
 Had sought a Shelter from the scorching Heat;
 Along the Grass his weary Limbs he laid,
 Inhaling Freshness from the breezy Shade:
 When *Cyparissus* with his pointed Dart,
 Unknowing, pierc'd him to the panting Heart.
 But when the Youth, surpriz'd, his Error found,
 And saw him dying of the cruel Wound,
 Himself he would have slain thro' desp'rate Grief.
 What said not *Phæbus*, that might yield Relief!
 To cease his Mourning he the Boy desir'd,
 Or mourn no more than such a Loss requir'd.
 But he incessant griev'd: At length address'd
 To the superior Pow'rs a last Request;
 Praying, in Expiation of his Crime,
 Thenceforth to mourn to all succeeding Time.

And now, of Blood exhausted he appears,
 Drain'd by a Torrent of continual Tears;
 The fleshy Colour in his Body fades,
 And a green Tincture all his Limbs invades;
 From his fair Head, where curling Locks late hung,
 A horrid Bush with bristled Branches sprung,
 Which stiffning by Degrees, its Stem extends,
 'Till to the starry Skies the Spire ascends.

Apollo sad look'd on, and sighing, cry'd,
 Then, be for ever, what thy Pray'r imply'd:
 Bemoan'd by me, in others Grief excite;
 And still preside at ev'ry Fun'ral Rite.

Continu'd by Mr. CROXALL.

Thus the sweet Artift in a wond'rous Shade
Of verdant Trees, which Harmony had made;
Encircled fate, with his own Triumphs crown'd,
Of lifning Birds, and Savages around.
Again the trembling Strings he dext'rous tries,
Again from Discord makes foft Mufick rife.
Then tunes his Voice: O Mufe, from whom I fprung,
Jove be my Theme, and thou inspire my Song.
To *Jove* my grateful Voice I oft have rais'd,
Oft his Almighty Pow'r with Pleafure prais'd.
I fung the Giants in a folemn Strain,
Blafted, and Thunder-ftuck on *Pblegra's* Plain.
Now be my Lyre in fofter Accents mov'd,
To fing of blooming Boys by Gods belov'd;
And to relate what Virgins, void of Shame,
Have fuffer'd Vengeance for a lawlefs Flame.

The King of Gods, once felt the burning Joy,
And figh'd for lovely *Ganymede* of *Troy*:
Long was he puzzled to affume a Shape
Moft fit, and expeditious for the Rape;
A Bird's was proper, yet he fcorns to wear
Any but That which might his Thunder bear.
Down with his mafquerading Wings he flies,
And bears the little *Trojan* to the Skies;
Where now, in Robes of heav'nly Purple drest,
He ferves the Nectar at th' Almighty's Feaft,
To flighted *Juno* an unwelcome Gueft.

HYACINTH

HYACINTHUS transform'd into a Flower.

By Mr. OZELL.

Phæbus for Thee too, *Hyacinth*, design'd
 A Place among the Gods, had Fate been kind :
 Yet this he gave ; as oft as wintry Rains
 Are past, and vernal Breezes sooth the Plains,
 From the green Turf a purple Flow'r you rise,
 And with your fragrant Breath perfume the Skies.

You when alive were *Phæbus*' darling Boy ;
 In you he plac'd his Heav'n, and fix'd his Joy ;
 Their God the *Delphic* Priests consult in vain ;
Eurotas now he loves, and *Sparta*'s Plain :
 His Hands the use of Bow and Harp forget,
 And hold the Dogs, or bear the corded Net ;
 O'er hanging Cliffs swift he pursues the Game ;
 Each Hour his Pleasure, each augments his Flame.

The mid-day Sun now shone with equal Light
 Between the past and the succeeding Light ;
 They strip, then, smooth'd with suppling Oyl, essay
 To pitch the rounded Quoit, their wonted Play :
 A well-pois'd Disk first hasty *Phæbus* threw,
 It cleft the Air, and whistled as it flew ;
 It reach'd the Mark, a most surprizing Length ;
 Which spoke an equal Share of Art and Strength.
 Scarce was it fall'n, when with too eager Hand
 Young *Hyacinth* ran to snatch it from the Sand ;
 But the curst Orb, which met a stony Soil,
 Flew in his Face with violent Recoil.
 Both faint, both pale, and breathless now appear,
 The Boy with Pain, the am'rous God with Fear.

He ran, and rais'd him bleeding from the Ground,
 Chafes his cold Limbs, and wipes the fatal Wound :
 Then Herbs of noblest Juice in vain applies ;
 The Wound is mortal, and his Skill defies.

As in a water'd Garden's blooming Walk,
 When some rude Hand has bruis'd its tender Stalk,
 A fading Lily droops its languid Head,
 And bends to Earth, its Life and Beauty fled :
 So *Hyacinth*, with Head reclin'd, decays,
 And, sickning, now no more his Charms displays.

O thou art gone, my Boy, *Apollo* cry'd,
 Defrauded of thy Youth in all its Pride !
 Thou, once my Joy, art all my Sorrow now ;
 And to my guilty Hand my Grief I owe.
 Yet from my self I might the Fault remove,
 Unless to sport, and play, a Fault should prove,
 Unless it too were call'd a Fault to love. }
 Oh cou'd I for thee, or but with thee, die !
 But cruel Fates to me that Pow'r deny.
 Yet on my Tongue thou shalt for ever dwell ;
 Thy Name my Lyre shall sound, my Verse shall tell ;
 And to a Flow'r transform'd, unheard-of yet,
 Stamp'd on thy Leaves my Cries thou shalt repeat.
 The Time shall come, prophetick I foreknow,
 When, joyn'd to thee, a mighty * Chief shall grow, }
 And with my Plaints his Name thy Leaf shall show.

While *Phæbus* thus the Laws of Fate reveal'd,
 Behold, the Blood which stain'd the verdant Field,
 Is Blood no longer ; but a Flow'r full-blown,
 Far brighter than the *Tyrian* Scarlet, shone.
 A Lily's Form it took ; its purple Hue
 Was all that made a Diff'rence to the View.

* *Ajax*.

Nor stop'd he here; the God upon its Leaves
 The sad Expression of his Sorrow weaves;
 And to this Hour the mournful Purple wears
Ai, Ai, inscrib'd in funeral Characters.
 Nor are the *Spartans*, who so much are fam'd
 For Virtue, of their *Hyacinth* asham'd;
 But still with pompous Woe, and solemn State,
 The *Hyacinthian* Feasts they yearly celebrate.

*The Transformations of the CERASTÆ,
 and PROPÆTIDES.*

Enquire of *Amathus*, whose wealthy Ground
 With Veins of every Metal does abound,
 If she to her *Propætides* wou'd show
 The Honour *Sparta* does to him allow;
 No more, she'd say, such Wretches wou'd we grace,
 Than those whose crooked Horns deform'd their Face,
 From thence *Cerastæ* call'd, an impious Race:
 Before whose Gates a rev'rend Altar stood,
 To *Jove* inscrib'd, the Hospitable God:
 This had some Stranger seen with Gore besmear'd,
 The Blood of Lambs and Bulls it had appear'd:
 Their slaughter'd Guests it was; not Flock nor Herd.

Venus these barb'rous Sacrifices view'd
 With just Abhorrence, and with Wrath pursu'd:
 At first, to punish such nefarious Crimes,
 Their Towns she meant to leave, her once-lov'd Climes:
 But why, said she, for their Offence shou'd I
 My dear delightful Plains, and Cities fly?
 No, let the impious People, who have sinn'd,
 A Punishment in Death, or Exile, find:

If Death, or Exile too severe be thought,
 Let them in some vile Shape bemoan their Fault.
 While next her Mind a proper Form employs,
 Admonish'd by their Horns, she fix'd her Choice.
 Their former Crest remains upon their Heads,
 And their strong Limbs an Ox's Shape invades.

The blasphemous *Propætides* deny'd
 Worship of *Venus*, and her Pow'r defy'd:
 But soon that Pow'r they felt, the first that fold
 Their lewd Embraces to the World for Gold.
 Unknowing how to blush, and shameless grown,
 A small Transition changes them to Stone.

The Story of PYGMALION and the STATUE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Pygmalion loathing their lascivious Life,
 Abhorr'd all Womankind, but most a Wife:
 So single chose to live, and shunn'd to wed,
 Well pleas'd to want a Consort of his Bed.
 Yet fearing Idleness, the Nurse of Ill,
 In Sculpture exercis'd his happy Skill;
 And carv'd in Iv'ry such a Maid, so fair,
 As Nature could not with his Art compare,
 Were she to work; but in her own Defence
 Must take her Pattern here, and copy hence.
 Pleas'd with his Idol, he commends, admires,
 Adores; and last, the Thing ador'd, desires.
 A very Virgin in her Face was seen,
 And had she mov'd, a living Maid had been:
 One wou'd have thought she cou'd have stirr'd, but strove
 With Modesty, and was asham'd to move.

Art hid with Art, so well perform'd the Cheat,
It caught the Carver with his own Deceit:
He knows 'tis Madness, yet he must adore,
And still the more he knows it, loves the more:
The Flesh, or what so seems, he touches oft,
Which feels so smooth, that he believes it soft.
Fir'd with this Thought, at once he strain'd the Breast,
And on the Lips a burning Kiss impress'd.
'Tis true, the harden'd Breast resists the Gripe,
And the cold Lips return a Kiss unripe:
But when, retiring back, he look'd again,
To think it Iv'ry, was a Thought too mean:
So wou'd believe she kiss'd, and courting more,
Again embrac'd her naked Body o'er;
And straining hard the Statue, was afraid
His Hands had made a Dint, and hurt his Maid:
Explor'd her Limb by Limb, and fear'd to find
So rude a Gripe had left a livid Mark behind:
With Flatt'ry now he seeks her Mind to move,
And now with Gifts (the pow'ful Bribes of Love :)
He furnishes her Closet first; and fills
The crowded Shelves with Rarities of Shells;
Adds Orient Pearls, which from the Conchs he drew,
And all the sparkling Stones of various Hue:
And Parrots, imitating Human Tongue,
And Singing-birds in Silver Cages hung:
And ev'ry fragrant Flow'r, and od'rous Green,
Were sort'd well, with Lumps of Amber, laid between:
Rich fashionable Robes her Person deck,
Pendants her Ears, and Pearls adorn her Neck:
Her taper'd Fingers too with Rings are grac'd,
And an embroider'd Zone surrounds her slender Waist.

Thus like a Queen array'd, so richly dress'd,
 Beauteous she shew'd, but naked shew'd the best.
 Then, from the Floor, he rais'd a Royal Bed,
 With Cov'rings of *Sidonian* Purple spread:
 The solemn Rites perform'd, he calls her Bride,
 With Blandishments invites her to his Side;
 And as she were with vital Sense possess'd,
 Her Head did on a plummy Pillow rest.

The Feast of *Venus* came, a solemn Day,
 To which the *Cypriots* due Devotion pay;
 With gilded Horns the Milk-white Heifers led,
 Slaughter'd before the sacred Altars, bled.

Pygmalion off'ring, first approach'd the Shrine,
 And then with Pray'rs implor'd the Pow'rs Divine:
 Almighty Gods, if all we Mortals want,
 If all we can require, be yours to grant;
 Make this fair Statue mine, he wou'd have said,
 But chang'd his Words for Shame; and only pray'd }
 Give me the Likeness of my Iv'ry Maid.

The Golden Goddess, present at the Pray'r,
 Well knew he meant th' inanimated Fair,
 And gave the Sign of granting his Desire;
 For thrice in chearful Flames ascends the Fire.
 The Youth, returning to his Mistress, hies, }
 And impudent in Hope, with ardent Eyes,
 And beating Breast, by the dear Statue lies.
 He kisses her white Lips, renews the Bliss,
 And looks, and thinks they redden at the Kiss;
 He thought them warm before; Nor longer stays,
 But next his Hand on her hard Bosom lays:
 Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
 It seem'd, the Breast beneath his Fingers bent;

He felt again, his Fingers made a Print,
 'Twas Flesh, but Flesh so firm, it rose against the Dint:
 The pleasing Task he fails not to renew;
 Soft, and more soft at ev'ry Touch it grew;
 Like pliant Wax, when chafing Hands reduce
 The former Mass to Form, and frame for Use.
 He would believe, but yet is still in Pain,
 And tries his Argument of Sense again,
 Presses the Pulse, and feels the leaping Vein.
 Convinc'd, o'er-joy'd, his studied Thanks, and Praise,
 To her, who made the Miracle, he pays:
 Then Lips to Lips he join'd; now freed from Fear,
 He found the Savour of the Kiss sincere:
 At this the waken'd Image op'd her Eyes,
 And view'd at once the Light, and Lover with Surprise.
 The Goddess, present at the Match she made,
 So bless'd the Bed, such Fruitfulness convey'd,
 That ere ten Months had sharpen'd either Horn,
 To crown their Bliss, a lovely Boy was born:
Paphos his Name, who grown to Manhood wall'd
 The City *Paphos*, from the Founder call'd.

The Story of CINYRAS and MYRRHA.

Nor him alone produc'd the fruitful Queen;
 But *Cinyras*, who like his Sire had been
 A happy Prince, had he not been a Sire.
 Daughters, and Fathers, from my Song retire;
 I sing of Horror; and could I prevail,
 You shou'd not hear, or not believe my Tale.
 Yet if the Pleasure of my Song be such,
 That you will hear, and credit me too much,
 Attentive listen to the last Event,
 And, with the Sin, believe the Punishment:

Since

Since Nature cou'd behold so dire a Crime,
 I gratulate at least my Native Clime,
 That such a Land, which such a Monster bore,
 So far is distant from our *Thracian* Shore.
 Let *Araby* extol her happy Coast,
 Her Cinamon, and sweet *Amomum* boast,
 Her fragrant Flow'rs, her Trees with precious Tears,
 Her second Harvests, and her double Years;
 How can the Land be call'd so blest'd, that *Myrrha* }
 bears ?

Nor all her od'rous Tears can cleanse her Crime;
 Her Plant alone deforms the happy Clime :
Cupid denies to have inflam'd thy Heart,
 Disowns thy Love, and vindicates his Dart :
 Some Fury gave thee those infernal Pains,
 And shot her venom'd Vipers in thy Veins.
 To hate thy Sire, had merited a Curse ;
 But such an impious Love deserv'd a worse.
 The neighb'ring Monarchs, by thy Beauty led,
 Contend in Crouds, ambitious of thy Bed :
 The World is at thy Choice ; except but one,
 Except but him, thou canst not chuse, alone.
 She knew it too, the miserable Maid,
 Ere impious Love her better Thoughts betray'd, }
 And thus within her secret Soul she said :
 Ah *Myrrha* ! whither wou'd thy Wishes tend ?
 Ye Gods, ye sacred Laws, my Soul defend
 From such a Crime as all Mankind detest,
 And never lodg'd before in Human Breast !
 But is it Sin ? Or makes my Mind alone
 Th' imagin'd Sin ? For Nature makes it none.
 What Tyrant then these envious Laws began,
 Made not for any other Beast, but Man !

The Father-Bull his Daughter may bestride,
 The Horse may make his Mother-Mare a Bride ;
 What Piety forbids the lusty Ram,
 Or more falacious Goat, to rut their Dam ?
 The Hen is free to wed the Chick she bore,
 And make a Husband, whom she hatch'd before.
 All Creatures else are of a happier Kind,
 Whom nor ill-natur'd Laws from Pleasure bind,
 Nor Thoughts of Sin disturb their Peace of Mind.
 But Man a Slave of his own making lives ;
 The Fool denies himself what Nature gives :
 Too busy Senates, with an Over-care,
 To make us better than our Kind can bear,
 Have dash'd a Spice of Envy in the Laws,
 And straining up too high, have spoil'd the Cause.
 Yet some wise Nations break their cruel Chains,
 And own no Laws, but those which Love ordains ;
 Where happy Daughters with their Sires are join'd,
 And Piety is doubly paid in Kind.
 O that I had been born in such a Clime,
 Not here, where 'tis the Country makes the Crime !
 But whither wou'd my impious Fancy stray ?
 Hence Hopes, and ye forbidden Thoughts away !
 His Worth deserves to kindle my Desires,
 But with the Love, that Daughters bear to Sires.
 Then had not *Cinyras* my Father been,
 What hinder'd *Myrrha's* Hopes to be his Queen ?
 But the Perverseness of my Fate is such,
 That he's not mine, because he's mine too much :
 Our Kindred-blood debars a better Tie ;
 He might be nearer, were he not so nigh.
 Eyes, and their Objects, never must unite ;
 Some Distance is requir'd to help the Sight :

Fain wou'd I travel to some foreign Shore,
 Never to see my native Country more,
 So might I to my self my self restore;
 So might my Mind these impious Thoughts remove,
 And ceasing to behold, might cease to love.
 But stay I must, to feed my famish'd Sight,
 To talk, to kiss, and more, if more I might:
 More, impious Maid! What more canst thou design?
 To make a monstrous Mixture in thy Line,
 And break all Statutes Human and Divine!
 Can'st thou be call'd (to save thy wretched Life)
 Thy Mother's Rival, and thy Father's Wife?
 Confound so many sacred Names in one,
 Thy Brother's Mother! Sister to thy Son!
 And fear'st thou not to see th' Infernal Bands,
 Their Heads with Snakes, with Torches arm'd their Hands,
 Full at thy Face th' avenging Brands to bear,
 And shake the Serpents from their hissing Hair;
 But thou in time th' increasing Ill controul,
 Nor first debauch the Body by the Soul;
 Secure the sacred Quiet of thy Mind,
 And keep the Sanctions Nature has design'd.
 Suppose I shou'd attempt, th' Attempt were vain,
 No Thoughts like mine, his sinless Soul profane;
 Observant of the Right: and O that he
 Cou'd cure my Madness, or be mad like me!
 Thus she: But *Cinyras*, who daily sees
 A Crowd of noble Suitors at his Knees,
 Among so many, knew not whom to chuse,
 Irresolute to grant, or to refuse.
 But having told their Names, enquir'd of her
 Who pleas'd her best, and whom she would prefer.

The blushing Maid stood silent with Surprise,
 And on her Father fix'd her ardent Eyes,
 And looking sigh'd, and as she sigh'd, began
 Round Tears to shed, that scalded as they ran.
 The tender Sire, who saw her blush, and cry,
 Ascrib'd it all to Maiden Modesty,
 And dry'd the falling Drops, and yet more kind,
 He strok'd her Cheeks, and holy Kisses join'd.
 She felt a secret Venom fire her Blood,
 And found more Pleasure, than a Daughter shou'd;
 And, ask'd again what Lover of the Crew
 She lik'd the best, she answer'd, One like you.
 Mistaking what she meant, her pious Will
 He prais'd, and bid her so continue still:
 The Word of Pious heard, she blush'd with Shame
 Of secret Guilt, and cou'd not bear the Name.

'Twas now the Mid of Night, when Slumbers close
 Our Eyes, and sooth our Cares with soft Repose;
 But no Repose cou'd wretched *Myrrha* find,
 Her Body rolling, as she roll'd her Mind:
 Mad with Desire, she ruminates her Sin,
 And wishes all her Wishes o'er again:
 Now she despairs, and now resolves to try;
 Wou'd not, and wou'd again, she knows not why;
 Stops, and returns; makes and retracts the Vow;
 Fain wou'd begin, but understands not how.
 As when a Pine is hew'd upon the Plains,
 And the last mortal Stroke alone remains,
 Lab'ring in Pangs of Death, and threaten'g all,
 This way, and that she nods, confid'ring where to fall:
 So *Myrrha's* Mind, impell'd on either Side,
 Takes ev'ry Bent, but cannot long abide;

Irresolute on which she shou'd relie,
At last, unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die.
On that sad Thought she rests, resolv'd on Death,
She rises, and prepares to choke her Breath:
Then while about the Beam her Zone she ties,
Dear *Cinyras* farewell, she softly cries;
For thee I die, and only wish to be
Not hated, when thou know'st I die for thee:
Pardon the Crime, in Pity to the Cause:
This said, about her Neck the Noose she draws.
The Nurse, who lay without, her faithful Guard,
Though not the Words, the Murmurs over-heard,
And Sighs, and hollow Sounds: Surpriz'd with Fright,
She starts, and leaves her Bed, and springs a Light;
Unlocks the Door, and entring out of Breath,
The Dying saw, and Instruments of Death;
She shrieks, she cuts the Zone with trembling Haste,
And in her Arms her fainting Charge embrac'd:
Next, (for she now had Leisure for her Tears)
She weeping ask'd, in these her blooming Years,
What unforeseen Misfortune caus'd her Care,
To loath her Life, and languish in Despair!
The Maid with down-cast Eyes, and mute with Grief
For Death unfinish'd, and ill-tim'd Relief,
Stood fullen to her Suit: The Beldame press'd
The more to know, and bar'd her wither'd Breast,
Adjur'd her by the kindly Food she drew
From those dry Founts, her secret Ill to shew.
Sad *Myrrha* sigh'd, and turn'd her Eyes aside:
The Nurse still urg'd, and wou'd not be deny'd:
Nor only promis'd Secresie, but pray'd
She might have Leave to give her offer'd Aid.

Good-will, she said, my Want of Strength supplies,
 And Diligence shall give what Age denies:
 If strong Desires thy Mind to Fury move,
 With Charms and Med'cines I can cure thy Love:
 If envious Eyes their hurtful Rays have cast,
 More pow'rful Verse shall free thee from the Blast:
 If Heav'n offended sends thee this Disease,
 Offended Heav'n with Pray'rs we can appease.
 What then remains, that can these Cares procure?
 Thy House is flourishing, thy Fortune sure:
 Thy careful Mother yet in Health survives,
 And to thy Comfort, thy kind Father lives.
 The Virgin started at her Father's Name,
 And sigh'd profoundly, conscious of the Shame:
 Nor yet the Nurse her impious Love divin'd,
 But yet surmis'd that Love disturb'd her Mind:
 Thus thinking, she pursu'd her Point, and laid,
 And lull'd within her Lap the mourning Maid;
 Then softly sooth'd her thus; I guess your Grief:
 You love, my Child; your Love shall find Relief.
 My long-experienc'd Age shall be your Guide;
 Rely on that, and lay Distrust aside:
 No Breath of Air shall on the Secret blow,
 Nor shall (what most you fear) your Father know.
 Struck once again, as with a Thunder-Clap,
 The guilty Virgin bounded from her Lap,
 And threw her Body prostrate on the Bed,
 And to conceal her Blushes, hid her Head;
 There silent lay, and warn'd her with her Hand
 To go: But she receiv'd not the Command;
 Remaining still importunate to know:
 Then *Myrrha* thus; Or ask no more, or go;

I pr'ythee go, or staying spare my Shame ;
 What thou would'st hear, is impious ev'n to name.
 At this, on high the Beldame holds her Hands,
 And trembling both with Age, and Terror, stands;
 Adjures, and falling at her Feet intreats,
 Sooths her with Blandishments, and frights with Threats,
 To tell the Crime intended, or disclose
 What Part of it she knew, if she no farther knows.
 And last, if conscious to her Counsel made,
 Confirms anew the Promise of her Aid.
 Now *Myrrha* rais'd her Head, but soon oppress'd
 With Shame, reclin'd it on her Nurse's Breast;
 Bath'd it with Tears, and strove to have confess'd:
 Twice she began, and stopp'd; again she try'd;
 The salt'ring Tongue its Office still deny'd.
 At last her Veil before her Face she spread,
 And drew a long preluding Sigh, and said,
 O happy Mother, in thy Marriage Bed!
 Then groan'd, and ceas'd. The good old Woman shook,
 Stiff were her Eyes, and ghastly was her Look:
 Her hoary Hair upright with Horror stood,
 Made (to her Grief) more knowing than she wou'd.
 Much she reproach'd, and many things she said,
 To cure the Madness of th' unhappy Maid,
 In vain : For *Myrrha* stood convict of Ill;
 Her Reason vanquish'd, but unchang'd her Will:
 Perverse of Mind, unable to reply;
 She stood resolv'd, or to possess, or die.
 At length the Fondness of a Nurse prevail'd
 Against her better Sense, and Virtue fail'd:
 Enjoy, my Child, since such is thy Desire,
 Thy Love, she said; she durst not say, thy Sire:

Live, though unhappy, live on any Terms;
Then with a second Oath her Faith confirms.

The solemn Feast of *Ceres* now was near,
When long white Linen Stoles the Matrons wear;
Rank'd in Procession walk the pious Train,
Off'ring First-fruits, and Spikes of yellow Grain:
For nine long Nights the Nuptial-Bed they shun,
And sanctifying Harvest, lie alone.

Mix'd with the Croud, the Queen forsook her Lord,
And *Ceres*' Pow'r with secret Rites ador'd:
The Royal Couch, now vacant for a Time,
The crafty Crone, officious in her Crime,
The first Occasion took: The King she found
Easy with Wine, and deep in Pleasures drown'd,
Prepar'd for Love: The Beldame blew the Flame,
Confess'd the Passion, but conceal'd the Name.
Her Form she prais'd; the Monarch ask'd her Years;
And she reply'd, The same thy *Myrrha* bears.
Wine, and commended Beauty fir'd his Thought;
Impatient, he commands her to be brought.
Pleas'd with her Charge perform'd, she hies her home,
And gratulates the Nymph, the Task was overcome.
Myrrha was joy'd the welcome News to hear;
But clog'd with Guilt, the Joy was un sincere:
So various, so discordant is the Mind,
That in our Will a diff'rent Will we find.
Ill she presag'd, and yet pursu'd her Lust;
For guilty Pleasures give a double Gust.
'Twas Depth of Night: *Arctophylax* had driv'n]
His lazy Wain half-round the Northern Heav'n,
When *Myrrha* hasten'd to the Crime desir'd:
The Moon beheld her first, and first retir'd:

The Stars amaz'd, ran backward from the Sight,
And (shunk within their Sockets) lost their Light.

Icarus first withdraws his holy Flame :

The Virgin Sign, in Heav'n the second Name,
Slides down the Belt, and from her Station flies,
And Night with fable Clouds involves the Skies.

Bold *Myrrha* still pursues her black Intent ;
She stumbled thrice, (an Omen of th' Event ;)
Thrice shriek'd the Fun'ral Owl, yet on she went,
Secure of Shame, because secure of Sight ;
Ev'n bashful Sins are impudent by Night.

Link'd Hand in Hand, th' Accomplice, and the Dame,
Their Way exploring, to the Chamber came :

The Door was ope, they blindly grope their Way,
Where dark in Bed th' expecting Monarch lay.

Thus far her Courage held, but here forsakes ;
Her faint Knees knock at ev'ry Step she makes.

The nearer to her Crime, the more within
She feels Remorse, and Horror of her Sin ;
Repents too late her criminal Desire,

And wishes, that unknown she could retire.

Her ling'ring thus, the Nurse, (who fear'd Delay
The fatal Secret might at length betray)

Pull'd forward, to compleat the Work begun,
And said to *Cinyras*, Receive thy own.

Thus saying, she deliver'd Kind to Kind,
Accurs'd, and their devoted Bodies join'd.

The Sire, unknowing of the Crime, admits

His Bowels, and prophanes the hallow'd Sheets ;

He found she trembled, but believ'd she strove

With Maiden Modesty against her Love,

And sought with flatt'ring Words vain Fancies to remove

Perhaps he said, My Daughter, cease thy Fears,
 (Because the Title suited with her Years ;)
 And, Father, she might whisper him again,
 That Names might not be wanting to the Sin.
 Full of her Sire, she left th' incestuous Bed,
 And carry'd in her Womb the Crime she bred.
 Another, and another Night she came ;
 For frequent Sin had left no Sense of Shame :
 'Till *Cinyras* desir'd to see her Face,
 Whose Body he had held in close Embrace,
 And brought a Taper ; the Revealer, Light,
 Expos'd both Crime and Criminal to Sight.
 Grief, Rage, Amazement, could no Speech afford,
 But from the Sheath he drew th' avenging Sword :
 The Guilty fled : The Benefit of Night,
 That favour'd first the Sin, secur'd the Flight.
 Long wand'ring thro' the spacious Fields, she bent
 Her Voyage to th' *Arabian* Continent ;
 Then pass'd the Region which *Panchæa* join'd,
 And flying, left the palmy Plains behind.
 Nine times the Moon had mew'd her Horns ; at length
 With Travel weary, unsupply'd with Strength,
 And with the Burden of her Womb oppress'd,
Sabæan Fields afford her needful Rest :
 There, loathing Life, and yet of Death afraid,
 In Anguish of her Spirit, thus she pray'd.
 Ye Pow'rs, if any so propitious are
 T' accept my Penitence, and hear my Pray'r ;
 Your Judgments, I confess, are justly sent ;
 Great Sins deserve as great a Punishment :
 Yet since my Life the Living will profane,
 And since my Death the happy Dead will stain,

A middle State your Mercy may bestow,
Betwixt the Realms above, and those below:
Some other Form to wretched *Myrrha* give,
Nor let her wholly die, nor wholly live.

The Pray'rs of Penitents are never vain;
At least she did her last Request obtain:
For while she spoke, the Ground began to rise,
And gather'd round her Feet, her Legs, and Thighs;
Her Toes in Roots descend, and spreading wide,
A firm Foundation for the Trunk provide:
Her solid Bones convert to solid Wood,
To Pitch her Marrow, and to Sap her Blood:
Her Arms are Boughs, her Fingers change their Kind,
Her tender Skin is harden'd into Rind.

And now the rising Tree her Womb invests,
Now shooting upwards still, invades her Breasts,
And shades the Neck; when weary with Delay,
She sunk her Head within, and met it half the way.
And tho' with outward Shape she lost her Sense,
With bitter Tears she wept her last Offence;
And still she weeps, nor sheds her Tears in vain;
For still the precious Drops her Name retain.

Mean time the mis-begotten Infant grows,
And ripe for Birth, distends with deadly Throes
The swelling Rind, with unavailing Strife,
To leave the wooden Womb, and pushes into Life.
The Mother-Tree, as if oppress'd with Pain,
Writhes here, and there, to break the Bark, in vain;
And, like a labouring Woman, wou'd have pray'd,
But wants a Voice to call *Lucina's* Aid:
The bending Bole sends out a hollow Sound,
And trickling Tears fall thicker on the Ground.

The mild *Lucina* came uncall'd, and stood [Wood;
Beside the struggling Boughs, and heard the groaning
Then reach'd her Midwife Hand to speed her Throes,
And spoke the pow'rful Spells, that Babes to Birth disclose.
The Bark divides, the living Load to free,
And safe delivers the Convulsive Tree.

The ready Nymphs receive the crying Child,
And wash him in the Tears the Parent Plant distill'd.
They swath'd him with their Scarfs; beneath him spread
The Ground with Herbs; with Roses rais'd his Head.
The lovely Babe was born with ev'ry Grace,
Ev'n Envy must have prais'd so fair a Face:
Such was his Form, as Painters, when they show
Their utmost Art, on naked Loves bestow:
And that their Arms no Diff'rence might betray,
Give him a Bow, or his from *Cupid* take away.
Time glides along with undiscover'd Haste,
The Future but a Length behind the Past;
So swift are Years. The Babe, whom just before
His Grandfire got, and whom his Sister bore;
The Drop, the Thing, which late the Tree inclos'd,
And late the yawning Bark to Life expos'd;
A Babe, a Boy, a beauteous Youth appears,
And lovelier than himself at riper Years.
Now to the Queen of Love he gave Desires,
And, with her Pains, reveng'd his Mother's Fires.

The Story of VENUS and ADONIS.

By Mr. E U S D E N.

For *Cytheræa's* Lips while *Cupid* prest,
He with a heedless Arrow raz'd her Breast.

The Goddess felt it, and with Fury stung,
 The wanton Mischief from her Bosom flung:
 Yet thought at first the Danger slight, but found
 The Dart too faithful, and too deep the Wound.
 Fir'd with a mortal Beauty, she disdains
 To haunt th' *Idalian* Mount, or *Phrygian* Plains.
 She seeks not *Cnidos*, nor her *Paphian* Shrines,
 Nor *Amathus*, that teems with brazen Mines:
 Ev'n Heav'n itself with all its Sweets unsought,
Adonis far a sweeter Heav'n is thought.
 On him she hangs, and fonds with ev'ry Art,
 And never, never knows from him to part.
 She, whose soft Limbs had only been display'd
 On rose Beds beneath the Myrtle Shade,
 Whose pleasing Care was to improve each Grace,
 And add more Charms to an unrival'd Face,
 Now buskin'd, like the Virgin Huntress, goes
 Thro' Woods, and pathless Wilds, and Mountain-Snows.
 With her own tuneful Voice she joys to cheer
 The panting Hounds, that chase the flying Deer.
 She runs the Labyrinth of fearful Hares,
 But fearless Beasts, and dang'rous Prey forbears:
 Hunts not the grinning Wolf, or foamy Boar,
 And trembles at the Lion's hungry Roar.
 Thee too, *Adonis*, with a Lover's Care
 She warns, if warn'd thou wou'dst avoid the Snare
 To furious Animals advance not nigh,
 Fly those that follow, follow those that fly;
 'Tis Chance alone must the Survivors save,
 Whene'er brave Spirits will attempt the Brave.
 O! lovely Youth! in harmless Sports delight;
 Provoke not Beasts, which, arm'd by Nature, fight.

For me, if not thy self, vouchsafe to fear;
 Let not thy Thirst of Glory cost me dear.
 Boars know not how to spare a blooming Age;
 No sparkling Eyes can sooth the Lion's Rage.
 Not all thy Charms a savage Breast can move,
 Which have so deeply touch'd the Queen of Love,
 When bristled Boars from beaten Thickets spring,
 In grinded Tusks a Thunderbolt they bring.
 The daring Hunters Lions rous'd devour,
 Vast is their Fury, and as vast their Pow'r:
 Curst be their tawny Race! If thou would'st hear
 What kindled thus my Hate, then lend an Ear:
 The wond'rous Tale I will to thee unfold,
 How the fell Monsters rose from Crimes of old.
 But by long Toils I faint: See! wide display'd,
 A grateful Poplar courts us with a Shade.
 The grassy Turf, beneath, so verdant shows,
 We may secure delightfully repose.
 With her *Adonis* here be *Venus* blest;
 And swift at once the Grass and him she prest.
 Then sweetly smiling, with a raptur'd Mind,
 On his lov'd Bosom she her Head reclin'd,
 And thus began; but mindful still of Bliss,
 Seal'd the soft Accents with a softer Kiss.

Perhaps thou may'st have heard a Virgin's Name,
 Who still in Swiftnes swiftest Youths o'ercame.
 Wondrous! that female Weakness should outdo
 A manly Strength; the Wonder yet is true.
 'Twas doubtful, if her Triumphs in the Field
 Did to her Form's triumphant Glories yield;
 Whether her Face could with more Ease decoy
 A Crowd of Lovers, or her Feet destroy.

For once *Apollo* she implor'd to show
If courteous Fates a Consort would allow :
A Consort brings thy Ruin, he reply'd ;
O ! learn to want the Pleasures of a Bride !
Nor shalt thou want them to thy wretched Cost,
And *Atalanta* living shall be lost.
With such a rueful Fate th' affrighted Maid
Sought green Recesses in the wood-land Glade.
Nor sighing Suiters her Resolves could move,
She bad them show their Speed, to show their Love.
He only, who could conquer in the Race,
Might hope the conquer'd Virgin to embrace ;
While he, whose tardy Feet had lagg'd behind,
Was doom'd the sad Reward of Death to find.
Tho' great the Prize, yet rigid the Decree,
But blind with Beauty, who can Rigour see ?
Ev'n on these Laws the Fair they rashly fought,
And Danger in Excess of Love forgot.

There sat *Hippomenes*, prepar'd to blame
In Lovers such Extravagance of Flame.
And must, he said, the Blessing of a Wife
Be dearly purchas'd by a Risk of Life ?
But when he saw the Wonders of her Face,
And her Limbs naked, springing to the Race,
Her Limbs, as exquisitely turn'd, as mine,
Or if a Woman thou, might vie with thine,
With lifted Hands, he cry'd, Forgive the Tongue
Which durst, ye Youths, your well-tim'd Courage wrong.
I knew not that the Nymph, for whom you strove,
Deserv'd th' unbounded Transports of your Love.
He saw, admir'd, and thus her spotless Frame
He prais'd, and praising, kindled his own Flame.

A Rival now to all the Youths who run,
 Envious, he fears they should not be undone.
 But why (reflects he) idly thus is shown
 The Fate of others, yet untry'd my own?
 The Coward must not on Love's Aid depend;
 The God was ever to the Bold a Friend.
 Mean-time the Virgin flies, or seems to fly,
 Swift as a *Scythian* Arrow cleaves the Sky:
 Still more and more the Youth her Charms admires,
 The Race itself t' exalt her Charms conspires.
 The golden Pinions, which her Feet adorn,
 In wanton Flutt'rings by the Winds are born.
 Down from her Head, the long, fair Tresses flow,
 And sport with lovely Negligence below.
 The waving Ribbands, which her Buskins tie,
 Her snowy Skin with waving Purple die;
 As crimson Veils in Palaces display'd,
 To the white Marble lend a blushing Shade.
 Nor long he gaz'd, yet while he gaz'd, she gain'd
 The Goal, and the victorious Wreath obtain'd.
 The Vanquish'd sigh, and, as the Law decreed,
 Pay the dire Forfeit, and prepare to bleed.

Then rose *Hippomenes*, not yet afraid,
 And fix'd his Eyes full on the beauteous Maid.
 Where is (he cry'd) the mighty Conquest won,
 To distance those, who want the Nerves to run?
 Here prove superior Strength, nor shall it be
 Thy Loss of Glory, if excell'd by me.
 High my Descent, near *Neptune* I aspire,
 For *Neptune* was Grand-Parent to my Sire.
 From that great God the fourth my self I trace,
 Nor sink my Virtues yet beneath my Race.

Thou from *Hippomenes*, o'ercome, may'ft claim
 An envy'd Triumph, and a deathlefs Fame.

While thus the Youth the Virgin Pow'r defies,
 Silent ſhe views him ſtill with ſofter Eyes.

Thoughts in her Breaft a doubtful Strife begin,
 If 'tis not happier now to loſe, than win.

What God, a Foe to Beauty, would deſtroy
 The promis'd Ripeneſs of this blooming Boy?
 With his Life's Danger does he ſeek my Bed?

Scarce am I half ſo greatly worth, ſhe ſaid.

Nor has his Beauty mov'd my Breaft to love,
 And yet, I own, ſuch Beauty well might move:

'Tis not his Charms, 'tis Pity would engage
 My Soul to ſpare the Greenneſs of his Age.

What, that heroick Courage fires his Breaft,
 And ſhines thro' brave Diſdain of Fate confeſt?

What, that his Patronage by cloſe Degrees
 Springs from th' imperial Ruler of the Seas?

Then add the Love, which bids him undertake
 The Race, and dare to periſh for my ſake.

Of bloody Nuptials, heedleſs Youth, beware!

Fly, timely fly from a too barb'rous Fair.

At Pleaſure chuſe; thy Love will be repaid
 By a leſs fooliſh, and more beauteous Maid.

But why this Tenderneſs, before unknown?

Why beats and pants my Breaft for him alone?

His Eyes have ſeen his num'rous Rivals yield;

Let him too ſhare the Rigour of the Field,

Since, by their Fates untaught, his own he courts,

And thus with Ruin inſolently ſports.

Yet for what Crime ſhall he his Death receive?

Is it a Crime with me to wiſh to live?

Shall his kind Passion his Destruction prove?
 Is this the fatal Recompence of Love?
 So fair a Youth, destroy'd, would Conquest shame,
 And Nymphs eternally detest my Fame.
 Still why should Nymphs my guiltless Fame upbraid?
 Did I the fond Adventurer persuade?
 Alas! I wish thou would'st the Course decline,
 Or that my Swiftneſs was excell'd by thine.
 See! what a Virgin's Bloom adorns the Boy!
 Why wilt thou run, and why thy ſelf deſtroy?
Hippomenes! O that I ne'er had been
 By thoſe bright Eyes unfortunately ſeen!
 Ah! tempt not thus a ſwift, untimely Fate;
 Thy Life is worthy of the longeſt Date.
 Were I leſs wretched, did the galling Chain
 Of rigid Gods not my free Choice reſtrain,
 By thee alone I could with Joy be led
 To taſte the Raptures of a Nuptial Bed.

Thus ſhe diſclos'd the Woman's ſecret Heart,
 Young, innocent, and new to *Cupid's* Dart.
 Her Thoughts, her Words, her Actions wildly rove,
 With Love ſhe burns, yet knows not that 'tis Love.

Her Royal Sire now with the murm'ring Crowd
 Demands the Race impatiently aloud.

Hippomenes then with true Fervour pray'd,
 My bold Attempt let *Venus* kindly aid.
 By her ſweet Pow'r I felt this am'rous Fire,
 Still may ſhe ſuccour, whom ſhe did inſpire.
 A ſoft, unenvious Wind, with ſpeedy Care,
 Waſted to Heav'n the Lover's tender Pray'r.
 Pity, I own, ſoon gain'd the wiſh'd Conſent,
 And all th' Aſſiſtance he implor'd I lent.

The *Cyprian* Lands, tho' rich, in Richness yield
 To that, furnam'd the *Tamasiian* Field.
 That Field of old was added to my Shrine,
 And its choice Products consecrated mine.
 A Tree there stands, full glorious to behold,
 Gold are the Leafs, the crackling Branches Gold.
 It chanc'd, three Apples in my Hands I bore,
 Which newly from the Tree I sportive tore;
 Seen by the Youth alone, to him I brought
 The Fruit, and when, and how to use it, taught.
 The Signal sounding by the King's Command,
 Both start at once, and sweep th' imprinted Sand.
 So swiftly mov'd their Feet, they might with Ease,
 Scarce moisten'd, skim along the glassy Seas;
 Or with a wondrous Levity be born
 O'er yellow Harvests of unbending Corn.
 Now fav'ring Peals resound from ev'ry Part,
 Spirit the Youth, and fire his fainting Heart.
Hippomenes! (they cry'd) thy Life preserve,
 Intensely labour, and stretch ev'ry Nerve.
 Base Fear alone can baffle thy Design,
 Shoot boldly onward, and the Goal is thine.
 'Tis doubtful whether Shouts, like these, convey'd
 More Pleasures to the Youth, or to the Maid.
 When a long Distance oft she could have gain'd,
 She check'd her Swiftness, and her Feet restrain'd:
 She sigh'd, and dwelt, and languish'd on his Face,
 Then with unwilling Speed pursu'd the Race.
 O'er-spent with Heat, his Breath he faintly drew,
 Parch'd was his Mouth, nor yet the Goal in view,
 And the first Apple on the Plain he threw. }
 The Nymph stop'd sudden at th' unusual Sight,
 Struck with the Fruit so beautifully bright.

Aside she starts, the Wonder to behold,
 And eager stoops to catch the rousing Gold.
 Th' observant Youth past by, and scour'd along,
 While Peals of Joy rung from th' applauding Throng,
 Unkindly she corrects the short Delay,
 And to redeem the Time fleets swift away,
 Swift, as the Lightning, or the Northern Wind,
 And far she leaves the panting Youth behind.
 Again he strives the flying Nymph to hold
 With the Temptation of the second Gold:
 The bright Temptation fruitlessly was tost,
 So soon, alas! she won the Distance lost.
 Now but a little Interval of Space
 Remain'd for the Decision of the Race.
 Fair Author of the precious Gift, he said,
 Be thou, O Goddess, Author of my Aid!
 Then of the shining Fruit the last he drew,
 And with his full collected Vigour threw:
 The Virgin still the longer to detain,
 Threw not directly, but a-cross the Plain.
 She seem'd a while perplex'd in dubious Thought,
 If the far-distant Apple should be sought:
 I lur'd her backward Mind to seize the Bait,
 And to the massy Gold gave double Weight.
 My Favour to my Votary was show'd,
 Her Speed I lessen'd, and increas'd her Load.
 But lest, tho' long, the rapid Race be run,
 Before my longer, tedious Tale is done,
 The Youth the Goal, and so the Virgin won.

Might I, *Adonis*, now not hope to see
 His grateful Thanks pour'd out for Victory?
 His pious Incense on my Altars laid?
 But he nor grateful Thanks, nor Incense paid.

Enrag'd I vow'd, that with the Youth the Fair,
 For his Contempt, should my keen Vengeance share;
 That future Lovers might my Pow'r revere,
 And, from their sad Examples, learn to fear.
 The silent Fanes, the sanctify'd Abodes,
 Of *Cybelè*, great Mother of the Gods,
 Rais'd by *Echion* in a lonely Wood,
 And full of brown, religious Horror stood.
 By a long painful Journey faint, they chose
 Their weary Limbs here secret to repose.
 But soon my Pow'r inflam'd the lustful Boy,
 Careless of Rest he sought untimely Joy.
 A hallow'd gloomy Cave, with Moss o'er-grown,
 The Temple join'd, of native Pumice Stone,
 Where antique Images by Priests were kept,
 And wooden Deities securely slept.
 Thither the rash *Hippomenes* retires,
 And gives a Loose to all his wild Desires,
 And the chaste Cell pollutes with wanton Fires. }
 The sacred Statues trembled with Surprise,
 The tow'ry Goddess, blushing, veil'd her Eyes;
 And the lewd Pair to *Stygian* Sounds had sent,
 But unrevengeful seem'd that Punishment.
 A heavier Doom such black Prophaneness draws,
 Their taper Fingers turn to crooked Paws.
 No more their Necks the Smoothness can retain,
 Now cover'd sudden with a yellow Mane.
 Arms change to Legs: Each finds the hard'ning Breast
 Of Rage unknown, and wond'rous Strength possess.
 Their alter'd Looks with Fury grim appear,
 And on the Ground their brushing Tails they bear.
 They haunt the Woods: Their Voices, which before
 Were musically sweet, now hoarsely roar.

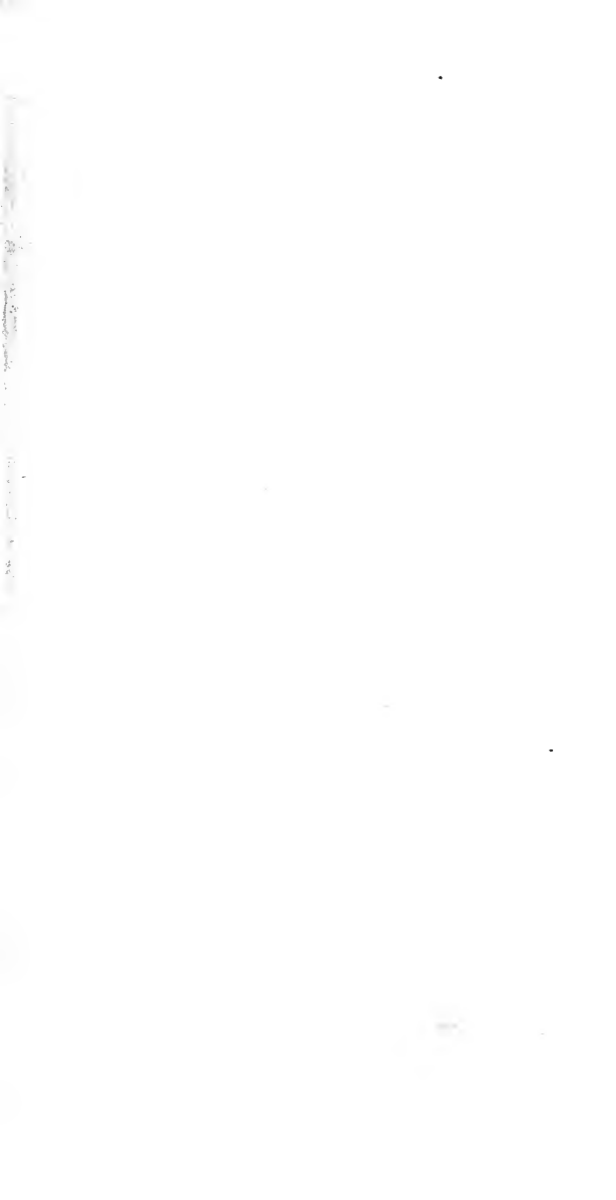
Hence Lions, dreadful to the lab'ring Swains,
 Are tam'd by *Cybelè*, and curb'd with Reins,
 And humbly draw her Car along the Plains.
 But thou, *Adonis*, my delightful Care,
 Of these, and Beasts, as fierce as these, beware!
 The Savage, which not shuns thee, timely shun,
 For by rash Prowess should'st thou be undone,
 A double Ruin is contain'd in one.
 Thus cautious *Venus* school'd her fav'rite Boy;
 But youthful Heat all Cautions will destroy.
 His sprightly Soul beyond grave Counsels flies,
 While with yok'd Swans the Goddess cuts the Skies.
 His faithful Hounds, led by the tainted Wind,
 Lodg'd in thick Coverts chanc'd a Boar to find.
 The callow Heroe show'd a manly Heart,
 And pierc'd the Savage with a side-long Dart.
 The flying Savage, wounded, turn'd again,
 Wrench'd out the gory Dart, and foam'd with Pain.
 The trembling Boy by Flight his Safety fought,
 And now recall'd the Lore, which *Venus* taught;
 But now too late to fly the Boar he strove,
 Who in the Groin his Tusks impetuous drove;
 On the discolour'd Grass *Adonis* lay,
 The Monster trampling o'er his beauteous Prey.

Fair *Cytherëa*, *Cyprus* scarce in view,
 Heard from afar his Groans, and own'd them true,
 And turn'd her snowy Swans, and backward flew.
 But as she saw him gasp his latest Breath,
 And quiv'ring agonize in Pangs of Death,
 Down with swift Flight she plung'd, nor Rage forbore,
 At once her Garments, and her Hair she tore.
 With cruel Blows she beat her guiltless Breast,
 The Fates upbraided, and her Love confess.

Nor shall they yet (she cry'd) the Whole devour
With uncontroul'd, inexorable Pow'r :
For thee, lost Youth, my Tears, and restless Pain
Shall in immortal Monuments remain.
With solemn Pomp in annual Rites return'd,
Be thou for ever, my *Adonis*, mourn'd.
Could *Pluto's* Queen with jealous Fury storm,
And *Menthè* to a fragrant Herb transform ?
Yet dares not *Venus* with a Change surprize,
And in a Flow'r bid her fall'n Heroe rise ?
Then on the Blood sweet Nectar she bestows,
The scented Blood in little Bubbles rose :
Little as rainy Drops, which flutt'ring fly,
Born by the Winds, along a low'ring Sky.
Short time ensu'd, 'till where the Blood was shed,
A Flow'r began to rear its purple Head :
Such, as on *Punick* Apples is reveal'd,
Or in the filmy Rind but half conceal'd.
Still here the Fate of lovely Forms we see,
So sudden fades the sweet *Anemonè*.
The feeble Stems, to stormy Blasts a Prey,
Their sickly Beauties droop, and pine away.
The Winds forbid the Flow'rs to flourish long,
Which owe to Winds their Names in *Grecian* Song.

The End of the Tenth Book.







To the R^t. Hon^{ble}. the Lady
 Viscountess Torrington



D. 11.



OVID'S

METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XI.

Translated by Mr. DRYDEN and Others.

The Death of ORPHEUS.

By Mr. CROXALL.



HERE, while the *Thracian* Bard's enchant-
ing Strain
Sooths Beasts, and Woods, and all the
list'ning Plain,
The Female *Bacchanals*, devoutly mad,
In shaggy Skins, like savage Creatures, clad,
Warbling in Air perceiv'd his lovely Lay,
And from a rising Ground beheld him play.
When one, the wildest, with dishevel'd Hair,
That loosely stream'd, and ruffled in the Air;
Soon as her frantick Eye the Lyrick spy'd,
See, see! the Hater of our Sex, she cry'd.

Then at his Face her missive Javelin sent,
 Which whiz'd along, and brusht him as it went;
 But the soft Wreathes of Ivy twisted round,
 Prevent a deep Impression of the Wound.
 Another, for a Weapon, hurls a Stone,
 Which, by the Sound subdu'd as soon as thrown,
 Falls at his Feet, and with a seeming Sense
 Implores his Pardon for its late Offence.

But now their frantick Rage unbounded grows,
 Turns all to Madness, and no Measure knows:
 Yet this the Charms of Musick might subdue,
 But that, with all its Charms, is conquer'd too;
 In louder Strains their hideous Yellings rise,
 And squeaking Horn-pipes echo thro' the Skies,
 Which, in hoarse Consort with the Drum, confound
 The moving Lyre, and ev'ry gentle Sound:
 Then 'twas the deafen'd Stones flew on with Speed,
 And saw, unsooth'd, their tuneful Poet bleed.
 The Birds, the Beasts, and all the Savage Crew
 Which the sweet Lyrist to Attention drew,
 Now, by the Female Mob's more furious Rage,
 Are driv'n, and forc'd to quit the shady Stage.
 Next their fierce Hands the Bard himself assail,
 Nor can his Song against their Wrath prevail:
 They flock, like Birds, when in a clustring Flight,
 By Day they chase the boding Fowl of Night.
 So crowded Amphitheatres survey
 The Stag, to greedy Dogs a future Prey.
 Their steely Javelins, which soft Curles entwine
 Of budding Tendrils from the leafy Vine,
 For sacred Rites of mild Religion made,
 Are slung promiscuous at the Poet's Head.

Those Clods of Earth or Flints discharge, and These
 Hurl prickly Branches fliver'd from the Trees.
 And, lest their Passion shou'd be unsupply'd,
 The rabble Crew, by chance, at Distance spy'd
 Where Oxen, straining at the heavy Yoke,
 The fallow'd Field with slow Advances broke;
 Nigh which the brawny Peasants dug the Soil,
 Procuring Food with long laborious Toil.
 These, when they saw the ranting Throng draw near,
 Quitted their Tools, and fled, possess'd with Fear.
 Long Spades, and Rakes of mighty Size were found,
 Carelessly left upon the broken Ground.
 With these the furious Lunaticks engage,
 And first the lab'ring Oxen feel their Rage;
 Then to the Poet they return with Speed,
 Whose Fate was, past Prevention, now decreed:
 In vain he lifts his suppliant Hands, in vain
 He tries, before, his never-failing Strain.
 And, from those sacred Lips, whose thrilling Sound
 Fierce Tygers, and insensate Rocks cou'd wound,
 Ah Gods! how moving was the mournful Sight!
 To see the fleeting Soul now take its Flight.
 Thee the soft Warblers of the feather'd Kind
 Bewail'd; for Thee thy savage Audience pin'd;
 Those Rocks and Woods that oft thy Strain had led,
 Mourn for their Charmer, and lament him dead;
 And drooping Trees their leafy Glories shed.

Naiads and *Dryads* with dishevel'd Hair
 Promiscuous weep, and Scarfs of Sable wear;
 Nor cou'd the River-Gods conceal their Moan,
 But with new Floods of Tears augment their own.

His mangled Limbs lay scatter'd all around,
 His Head, and Harp a better Fortune found;
 In *Hebrus'* Streams they gently roul'd along,
 And footh'd the Waters with a mournful Song.
 Soft deadly Notes the lifeless Tongue inspire,
 A doleful Tune sounds from the floating Lyre;
 The hollow Banks in solemn Consort mourn,
 And the sad Strain in echoing Groans return.
 Now with the Current to the Sea they glide,
 Born by the Billows of the briny Tide;
 And driv'n where Waves round rocky *Lesbos* roar,
 They strand, and lodge upon *Methymna's* Shore.

But here, when landed on the foreign Soil,
 A venom'd Snake, the Product of the Isle
 Attempts the Head, and sacred Locks embru'd
 With clotted Gore, and still fresh-dropping Blood.
Phæbus, at last, his kind Protection gives,
 And from the Fact the greedy Monster drives:
 Whose marbled Jaws his impious Crime atone,
 Still grinning ghastly, tho' transform'd to Stone.

His Ghost flies downward to the *Stygian* Shore,
 And knows the Places it had seen before:
 Among the Shadows of the pious Train
 He finds *Eurydicè*, and loves again;
 With Pleasure views the beauteous Phantom's Charms,
 And clasps her in his unsubstantial Arms.
 There Side by Side they unmolested walk,
 Or pass their blissful Hours in pleasing Talk;
 Aft or before the Bard securely goes,
 And, without Danger, can review his Spouse.

*The THRACIAN Women transform'd to
Trees.*

Bacchus, resolving to revenge the Wrong,
 Of *Orpheus* murder'd, on the madding Throng,
 Decreed that each Accomplice Dame should stand
 Fix'd by the Roots along the conscious Land.
 Their wicked Feet, that late so nimbly ran
 To wreak their Malice on the guiltless Man,
 Sudden with twisted Ligatures were bound,
 Like Trees, deep planted in the turfy Ground.
 And, as the Fowler with his subtle Gins,
 His feather'd Captives by the Feet entwines,
 That flutt'ring pant, and struggle to get loose,
 Yet only closer draw the fatal Noose;
 So these were caught; and, as they strove in vain
 To quit the Place, they but increas'd their Pain.
 They flounce and toil, yet find themselves controul'd;
 The Root, tho' pliant, toughly keeps its Hold.
 In vain their Toes and Feet they look to find,
 For ev'n their shapely Legs are cloath'd with Rind.
 One smites her Thighs with a lamenting Stroke,
 And finds the Flesh transform'd to solid Oak;
 Another, with Surprize, and Grief distress,
 Lays on above, but beats a wooden Breast.
 A rugged Bark their softer Neck invades,
 Their branching Arms shoot up delightful Shades;
 At once they seem, and are, a real Grove,
 With mossy Trunks below, and verdant Leaves above.

The Fable of MIDAS.

Nor this suffic'd ; the God's Disgust remains,
 And he resolves to quit their hated Plains ;
 The Vineyards of *Tymole* ingross his Care,
 And, with a better Choir, he fixes there ;
 Where the smooth Streams of clear *Pactolus* roll'd,
 Then undistinguish'd for its Sands of Gold.
 The Satyrs with the Nymphs, his usual Throng,
 Come to salute their God, and jovial danc'd along.
Silenus only mis'd ; for while he reel'd,
 Feeble with Age, and Wine, about the Field,
 The hoary Drunkard had forgot his Way,
 And to the *Phrygian* Clowns became a Prey ;
 Who to King *Midas* drag the Captive God,
 While on his totty Pate the Wreaths of Ivy nod.

Midas from *Orpheus* had been taught his Lore,
 And knew the Rites of *Bacchus* long before.
 He, when he saw his venerable Guest,
 In Honour of the God ordain'd a Feast.
 Ten Days in Course, with each continu'd Night,
 Were spent in genial Mirth, and brisk Delight :
 Then on th' Eleventh, when with brighter Ray
Phosphor had chas'd the fading Stars away,
 The King thro' *Lydia's* Fields young *Bacchus* fought,
 And to the God his Foster-Father brought.
 Pleas'd with the welcome Sight, he bids him soon
 But name his Wish, and swears to grant the Boon.
 A glorious Offer ! yet but ill bestow'd
 On him whose Choice so little Judgment show'd.
 Give me, says he, (nor thought he ask'd too much)
 That with my Body whatsoe'er I touch,

Chang'd

Chang'd from the Nature which it held of old,
May be converted into yellow Gold.

He had his Wish; but yet the God repin'd,
To think the Fool no better Wish could find.

But the brave King departed from the Place,
With Smiles of Gladness sparkling in his Face:
Nor could contain, but, as he took his Way,
Impatient longs to make the first Essay.

Down from a lowly Branch a Twig he drew,
The Twig strait glitter'd with a golden Hue:
He takes a Stone, the Stone was turn'd to Gold;
A Clod he touches, and the crumbling Mold
Acknowledg'd soon the great transforming Pow'r,
In Weight and Substance like a Mass of Ore.

He pluck'd the Corn, and strait his Grasp appears
Fill'd with a bending Tuft of Golden Ears.

An Apple next he takes, and seems to hold
The bright *Hesperian* vegetable Gold.

His Hand he careless on a Pillar lays,
With shining Gold the fluted Pillars blaze:
And while he washes, as the Servants pour,
His Touch converts the Stream to *Danae's* Show'r.

To see these Miracles so finely wrought,
Fires with transporting Joy his giddy Thought.
The ready Slaves prepare a sumptuous Board,
Spread with rich Dainties for their happy Lord;
Whose pow'rful Hands the Bread no sooner hold,
But its whole Substance is transform'd to Gold:

Up to his Mouth he lifts the fav'ry Meat,
Which turns to Gold as he attempts to eat:
His Patron's noble Juice of purple Hue,
Touch'd by his Lips, a gilded Cordial grew;

Unfit for Drink, and wondrous to behold,
It trickles from his Jaws a fluid Gold.

The rich poor Fool, confounded with Surprise,
Starving in all his various Plenty lies :
Sick of his Wish, he now detests the Pow'r,
For which he ask'd so earnestly before ;
Amidst his Gold with pinching Famine curst,
And justly tortur'd with an equal Thirst.
At last his shining Arms to Heav'n he rears,
And in Distress, for Refuge, flies to Pray'rs.
O Father *Bacchus*, I have sinn'd, he cry'd,
And foolishly thy gracious Gift apply'd ;
Thy Pity now, repenting, I implore ;
Oh ! may I feel the golden Plague no more.

The hungry Wretch, his Folly thus confess'd,
Touch'd the kind Deity's good-natur'd Breast ;
The gentle God annull'd his first Decree,
And from the cruel Compact set him free.
But then, to cleanse him quite from further Harm,
And to dilute the Relicks of the Charm,
He bids him seek the Stream that cuts the Land
Nigh where the Tow'rs of *Lydian Sardis* stand ;
Then trace the River to the Fountain Head,
And meet it rising from its rocky Bed ;
There, as the bubbling Tide pours forth amain,
To plunge his Body in, and wash away the Stain.
The King instructed to the Fount retires,
But with the golden Charm the Stream inspires :
For while this Quality the Man forsakes,
An equal Pow'r the limpid Water takes ;
Informs with Veins of Gold the neighb'ring Land,
And glides along a Bed of golden Sand.

Book XI. OVID'S *Metamorphoses*. 177

Now loathing Wealth, th' Occasion of his Woes,
Far in the Woods he fought a calm Repose;
In Caves and Grottos, where the Nymphs resort,
And keep with Mountain *Pan* their Sylvan Court.
Ah! had he left his stupid Soul behind!
But his Condition alter'd not his Mind.

For where high *Tmolus* rears his shady Brow,
And from his Cliffs surveys the Seas below,
In his Descent, by *Sardis* bounded here,
By the small Confines of *Hypæpa* there,
Pan to the Nymphs his frolick Ditties play'd,
Tuning his Reeds beneath the chequer'd Shade.
The Nymphs are pleas'd, the boasting Sylvan plays,
And speaks with Slight of great *Apollo's* Lays.
Tmolus was Arbiter; the Boaster still
Accepts the Tryal with unequal Skill.
The venerable Judge was seated high
On his own Hill, that seem'd to touch the Sky.
Above the whisp'ring Trees his Head he rears,
From their encumbering Boughs to free his Ears;
A Wreath of Oak alone his Temples bound,
The pendant Acorns loosely dangled round.
In me your Judge, says he, there's no Delay:
Then bids the Goatherd God begin, and play.
Pan tun'd the Pipe, and with his rural Song
Pleas'd the low Taste of all the vulgar Throng;
Such Songs a vulgar Judgment mostly please,
Midas was there, and *Midas* judg'd with these.

The Mountain Sire with grave Deportment now
To *Phœbus* turns his venerable Brow:
And, as he turns, with him the listning Wood
In the same Posture of Attention stood.

The God his own *Parnassian* Laurel crown'd,
 And in a Wreath his golden Tresses bound,
 Graceful his purple Mantle swept the Ground.
 High on the Left his Iv'ry Lute he rais'd,
 The Lute, emboss'd with glitt'ring Jewels, blaz'd.
 In his right Hand he nicely held the Quill,
 His easy Posture spoke a Master's Skill.
 The Strings he touch'd with more than human Art,
 Which pleas'd the Judge's Ear, and sooth'd his Heart;
 Who soon judiciously the Palm decreed,
 And to the Lute postpon'd the squeaking Reed.

All, with Applause, the rightful Sentence heard,
Midas alone dissatisfy'd appear'd;
 To him unjustly giv'n the Judgment seems,
 For *Pan*'s barbarick Notes he most esteems.
 The Lyrick God, who thought his untun'd Ear
 Deserv'd but ill a human Form to wear,
 Of that deprives him, and supplies the Place
 With some more fit, and of an ampler Space:
 Fix'd on his Noddle an unseemly Pair,
 Flagg'd, and large, and full of whitish Hair;
 Without a total Change from what he was,
 Still in the Man preserves the simple Afs.

He, to conceal the Scandal of the Deed,
 A purple Turbant folds about his Head;
 Veils the Reproach from publick View, and fears
 The laughing World would spy his monstrous Ears.
 One trusty Barber-Slave, that us'd to dress
 His Master's Hair, when lengthen'd to Excess,
 The mighty Secret knew, but knew alone,
 And, tho' impatient, durst not make it known.
 Restless, at last, a private Place he found,
 Then dug a Hole, and told it to the Ground;

In a low Whispher he reveal'd the Case,
And cover'd in the Earth, and silent left the Place.

In time, of trembling Reeds a plenteous Crop
From the confided Furrow sprouted up ;
Which, high advancing with the ripening Year,
Made known the Tiller, and his fruitless Care :
For then the rustling Blades, and whisp'ring Wind,
To tell th' important Secret both combin'd.

The Building of TROY.

Phœbus, with full Revenge, from *Tmolus* flies,
Darts thro' the Air, and cleaves the liquid Skies ;
Near *Hellepont* he lights, and treads the Plains
Where great *Laomedon* sole Monarch reigns ;
Where, built between the two projecting Strands,
To *Panophtœan Jove* an Altar stands.
Here first aspiring Thoughts the King employ,
To found the lofty Tow'rs of future *Troy*.
The Work, from Schemes magnificent begun,
At vast Expence was slowly carry'd on :
Which *Phœbus* seeing, with the Trident God
Who rules the swelling Surges with his Nod,
Assuming each a mortal Shape, combine
At a set Price to finish his Design.
The Work was built; the King their Price denies,
And his Injustice backs with Perjuries.
This *Neptune* cou'd not brook, but drove the Main,
A mighty Deluge, o'er the *Phrygian* Plain :
'Twas all a Sea ; the Waters of the Deep
From ev'ry Vale the copious Harvest sweep ;
The briny Billows overflow the Soil,
Ravage the Fields, and mock the Plowman's Toil!

Nor this appeas'd the God's revengeful Mind.
 For still a greater Plague remains behind:
 A huge Sea-Monster lodges on the Sands,
 And the King's Daughter for his Prey demands.
 To him that fav'd the Damsel, was decreed
 A Set of Horses of the Sun's fine Breed:
 But when *Alcides* from the Rock unty'd
 The trembling Fair, the Ransom was deny'd.
 He, in Revenge, the new-built Walls attack'd,
 And the twice-perjur'd City bravely sack'd.
Telamon aided, and in Justice shar'd
 Part of the Plunder as his due Reward:
 The Princess, rescu'd late, with all her Charms,
Hesione, was yielded to his Arms:
 For *Peleus*, with a Goddess-Bride, was more
 Proud of his Spouse, than of his Birth before:
 Grandsons to *Jove* there might be more than One,
 But he the Goddess had enjoy'd alone.

The Story of THETIS *and* PELEUS, &c.

For *Proteus* thus to Virgin *Thetis* said,
 Fair Goddess of the Waves, consent to wed,
 And take some spritely Lover to your Bed.
 A Son you'll have, the Terror of the Field,
 To whom in Fame and Pow'r his Sire shall yield.

Jove, who ador'd the Nymph with boundless Love,
 Did from his Breast the dangerous Flame remove.
 He knew the Fates, nor car'd to raise up One,
 Whose Fame and Greatness should eclipse his own.
 On happy *Peleus* he bestow'd her Charms,
 And bless'd his Grandson in the Goddess' Arms.

A silent Creek *Theffalia's* Coast can show ;
 Two Arms project, and shape it like a Bow ;
 'Twould make a Bay, but the transparent Tide
 Does scarce the yellow-gravell'd Bottom hide ;
 For the quick Eye may thro' the liquid Wave
 A firm unweedy level Beach perceive.
 A Grove of fragrant Myrtle near it grows,
 Whose Boughs, tho' thick, a beauteous Grot disclose ;
 The well-wrought Fabrick, to discerning Eyes,
 Rather by Art than Nature seems to rise.
 A bridled Dolphin oft fair *Thetis* bore
 To this her lov'd Retreat, her fav'rite Shore.
 Here *Peleus* seiz'd her, flumbring while she lay,
 And urg'd his Suit with all that Love could say :
 But when he found her obstinately coy,
 Resolv'd to force her, and command the Joy ;
 The Nymph, o'erpowr'd, to Art for Succour flies,
 And various Shapes the eager Youth surprize :
 A Bird she seems, but plies her Wings in vain,
 His Hands the fleeting Substance still detain :
 A branchy Tree high in the Air she grew ;
 About its Bark his nimble Arms he threw ;
 A Tyger next she glares with flaming Eyes ;
 The frighten'd Lover quits his Hold, and flies :
 The Sea-Gods he with sacred Rites adores,
 Then a Libation on the Ocean pours ;
 While the fat Entrails crackle in the Fire,
 And Sheets of Smoak in sweet Perfume aspire ;
 'Till *Proteus* rising from his oozy Bed,
 Thus to the poor desponding Lover said :
 No more in anxious Thoughts your Mind employ,
 For yet you shall possess the dear expected Joy.

You must once more th' unwary Nymph surprize,
 As in her cooly Grot she slumbring lies;
 Then bind her fast with unrelenting Hands,
 And strain her tender Limbs with knotted Bands.
 Still hold her under ev'ry different Shape,
 'Till tir'd she tries no longer to escape.

Thus he: Then sunk beneath the glassy Flood,
 And broken Accents flutter'd, where he stood.

Bright *Sol* had almost now his Journey done,
 And down the steepy western Convex run;
 When the fair *Nereid* left the briny Wave,
 And, as she us'd, retreated to her Cave.
 He scarce had bound her fast, when she arose,
 And into various Shapes her Body throws:
 She went to move her Arms, and found 'em ty'd;
 Then with a Sigh, Some God assists ye, cry'd,
 And in her proper Shape stood blushing by his Side.
 About her Waist his longing Arms he flung,
 From which Embrace the Great *Achilles* sprung.

The Transformation of DÆDALION.

Peleus unmix'd Felicity enjoy'd;
 (Blest in a valiant Son, and virtuous Bride)
 'Till Fortune did in Blood his Hands imbrue,
 And his own Brother by curst Chance he flew:
 Then driv'n from *Theffaly*, his native Clime,
Trachinia first gave Shelter to his Crime;
 Where peaceful *Ceyx* mildly fill'd the Throne,
 And like his Sire, the Morning Planet, shone;
 But now, unlike himself, bedew'd with Tears,
 Mourning a Brother lost, his Brow appears.
 First to the Town with Travel spent, and Care,
Peleus, and his small Company repair:

His Herds and Flocks the while at Leisure feed
 On the rich Pasture of a neighb'ring Mead.
 The Prince before the Royal Presence brought,
 Shew'd by the suppliant Olive what he sought;
 Then tells his Name, and Race, and Country right,
 But hides th' unhappy Reason of his Flight.

He begs the King some little Town to give,
 Where they may safe his faithful Vassals live.
Ceyx reply'd: To all my Bounty flows,
 A hospitable Realm your Suit has chose.
 Your glorious Race, and far-resounding Fame,
 And Grandfire *Jove*, peculiar Favours claim.
 All you can wish, I grant; Entreaties spare;
 My Kingdom (would 'twere worth the sharing) share.

Tears stop'd his Speech: Astonish'd *Peleus* pleads
 To know the Cause from whence his Grief proceeds.
 The Prince reply'd: There's none of ye but deems
 This Hawk was ever such as now it seems;
 Know 'twas a Heroe once, *Dædalion* nam'd,
 For warlike Deeds, and haughty Valour fam'd;
 Like me to that bright Luminary born,
 Who wakes *Aurora*, and brings on the Morn.
 His Fierceness still remains, and Love of Blood,
 Now Dread of Birds, and Tyrant of the Wood.
 My Make was softer, Peace my greatest Care;
 But this my Brother wholly bent on War;
 Late Nations fear'd, and routed Armies fled
 That Force, which now the tim'rous Pigeons dread.
 A Daughter he possess'd, divinely fair,
 And scarcely yet had seen her Fifteenth Year;
 Young *Chionè*: A thousand Rivals strove
 To win the Maid, and teach her how to love.

Phæbus, and *Mercury* by chance one Day
 From *Delpbi*, and *Cyllene* past this Way;
 Together they the Virgin saw: Desire
 At once warm'd both their Breasts with am'rous Fire.
Phæbus resolv'd to wait 'till Close of Day;
 But *Mercury's* hot Love brook'd no Delay;
 With his entrancing Rod the Maid he charms,
 And unresist'd revels in her Arms.
 'Twas Night, and *Phæbus* in a Beldame's Dress,
 To the late rish'd Beauty got Access.
 Her time compleat nine circling Moons had run;
 To either God she bore a lovely Son:
 To *Mercury Autolycus* she brought,
 Who turn'd to Thefts and Tricks his subtle Thought;
 Possess'd he was of all his Father's Slight,
 At Will made White look black, and Black look white.
Philammon born to *Phæbus*, like his Sire,
 The Muses lov'd, and finely struck the Lyre,
 And made his Voice, and Touch in Harmony conspire. }
 In vain, fond Maid, you boast this double Birth,
 The Love of Gods, and Royal Father's Worth,
 And *Jove* among your Ancestors rehearse!
 Could Blessings such as these e'er prove a Curse?
 To her they did, who with audacious Pride,
 Vain of her own, *Diana's* Charms decry'd.
 Her Taunts the Goddess with Resentment fill;
 My Face you like not, you shall try my Skill.
 She said; and strait her vengeful Bow she strung,
 And sent a Shaft that pierc'd her guilty Tongue:
 The bleeding Tongue in vain its Accents tries;
 In the red Stream her Soul reluctant flies.
 With Sorrow wild I ran to her Relief,
 And try'd to moderate my Brother's Grief.

He, deaf as Rocks by stormy Surges beat,
 Loudly laments, and hears me not intreat.
 When on the Fun'ral Pile he saw her laid, }
 Thrice he to rush into the Flames assay'd, }
 Thrice with officious Care by us was stay'd. }
 Now, mad with Grief, away he fled amain, }
 Like a stung Heifer thatresents the Pain, }
 And bellowing wildly bounds along the Plain. }
 O'er the most rugged Ways so fast he ran,
 He seem'd a Bird already, not a Man ;
 He left us breathless all behind ; and now
 In quest of Death had gain'd *Parnassus*' Brow :
 But when from thence headlong himself he threw,
 He fell not, but with airy Pinions flew.
Phœbus in Pity chang'd him to a Fowl, }
 Whose crooked Beak and Claws the Birds controul, }
 Little of Bulk, but of a warlike Soul. }
 A Hawk become, the feather'd Race's Foe,
 He tries to ease his own by others' Woe.

A Wolf turn'd into Marble.

While they astonish'd heard the King relate
 These Wonders of his hapless Brother's Fate ;
 The Prince's Herdsman at the Court arrives,
 And fresh Surprise to all the Audience gives.
 O *Peleus*, *Peleus* ! dreadful News I bear,
 He said ; and trembled as he spoke for Fear.
 The worst affrighted *Peleus* bid him tell,
 Whilst *Ceyx* too grew pale with friendly Zeal.
 Thus he began : When *Sol* Mid-heav'n had gain'd,
 And half his Way was past, and half remain'd,
 I to the level Shore my Cattle drove,
 And let them freely in the Meadows rove.

Some stretch'd at length admire the watry Plain,
 Some crop'd the Herb, some wanton swam the Main.
 A Temple stands of antique Make hard by,
 Where no Gilt Domes, nor Marble lure the Eye ;
 Unpolish'd Rafters bear its lowly Height,
 Hid by a Grove, as ancient, from the Sight.
 Here *Nereus*, and the *Nereids* they adore ;
 I learnt it from the Man who thither bore
 His Net, to dry it on the funny Shore.
 Adjoyns a Lake, inclos'd with Willows round,
 Where swelling Waves have overflow'd the Mound,
 And, muddy, stagnate on the lower Ground.
 From thence a rustling Noise increasing flies,
 Strikes the still Shore, and frights us with Surprise.
 Strait a huge Wolf rush'd from the marshy Wood,
 His Jaws besmear'd with mingled Foam and Blood,
 Tho' equally by Hunger urg'd, and Rage,
 His Appetite he minds not to assuage ;
 Nought that he meets his rabid Fury spares,
 But the whole Herd with mad Disorder tears.
 Some of our Men who strove to drive him thence,
 Torn by his Teeth, have dy'd in their Defence.
 The echoing Lakes, the Sea, and Fields, and Shore,
 Impurpled blush with Streams of reeking Gore.
 Delay is Loss, nor have we time for Thought ;
 While yet some few remain alive, we ought
 To seize our Arms, and with confederate Force
 Try if we so can stop his bloody Course.
 But *Peleus* car'd not for his ruin'd Herd ;
 His Crime he call'd to Mind, and thence inferr'd,
 That *Psamathe's* Revenge this Havock made,
 In Sacrifice to murder'd *Phocus*' Shade.

The King commands his Servants to their Arms;
 Resolv'd to go; but the loud Noise alarms
 His lovely Queen, who from her Chamber flew,
 And her half-plaited Hair behind her threw:
 About his Neck she hung with loving Fears,
 And now with Words, and now with pleading Tears,
 Intreated that he'd send his Men alone,
 And stay himself, to save two Lives in one.

Then *Peleus*: Your just Fear:, O Queen, forget;
 Too much the Offer leaves me in your Debt.

No Arms against the Monster I shall bear,
 But the Sea-Nymphs appease with humble Pray'r.

The Citadel's high Turrets pierce the Sky,
 Which home-bound Vessels, glad, from far descry;
 This they ascend, and thence with Sorrow ken
 The mangled Heifers lie, and bleeding Men;
 Th' inexorable Ravager they view,

With Blood discolour'd, still the rest pursue:
 There *Peleus* pray'd submissive tow'rd's the Sea,
 And deprecates the Ire of injur'd *Psamathe*.

But deaf to all his Pray'rs the Nymph remain'd,
 'Till *Thetis* for her Spouse the Boon obtain'd.

Pleas'd with the Luxury, the furious Beast,
 Unstop'd, continues still his bloody Feast:

While yet upon a sturdy Bull he flew,
 Chang'd by the Nymph, a Marble Block he grew.

No longer dreadful now the Wolf appears,
 Bury'd in Stone, and vanish'd like their Fears.

Yet still the Fates unhappy *Peleus* vex'd;
 To the *Magnesian* Shore he wanders next.

Acastus there, who rul'd the peaceful Clime,
 Grants his Request, and expiates his Crime.

The Story of CEYX and ALCYONE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

These Prodigies affect the pious Prince;
 But more perplex'd with those that happen'd since,
 He purposes to seek the *Clarian* God,
 Avoiding *Delphi*, his more fam'd Abode,
 Since *Phrygian* Robbers made unsafe the Road.
 Yet could he not from her he lov'd so well,
 The fatal Voyage, he resolv'd, conceal;
 But when she saw her Lord prepar'd to part,
 A deadly Cold ran shiv'ring to her Heart;
 Her faded Cheeks are chang'd to boxen Hue,
 And in her Eyes the Tears are ever new.
 She thrice essay'd to speak; her Accents hung,
 And falt'ring dy'd unfinish'd on her Tongue,
 Or vanish'd into Sighs: With long Delay
 Her Voice return'd, and found the wonted Way.

Tell me, my Lord, she said, what Fault unknown
 Thy once belov'd *Alcyonè* has done?
 Whither, ah, whither, is thy Kindness gone!
 Can *Ceyx* then sustain to leave his Wife,
 And unconcern'd forsake the Sweets of Life?
 What can thy Mind to this long Journey move?
 Or need'st thou Absence to renew thy Love?
 Yet, if thou go'st by Land, tho' Grief possess
 My Soul ev'n then, my Fears will be the less.
 But ah! be warn'd to shun the watry Way,
 The Face is frightful of the stormy Sea:
 For late I saw a-drift disjointed Planks,
 And empty Tombs erected on the Banks.

Nor let false Hopes to Trust betray thy Mind,
 Because my Sire in Caves constrains the Wind,
 Can with a Breath their clam'rous Rage appease,
 They fear his Whistle, and forsake the Seas :
 Not so ; for once indulg'd, they sweep the Main ;
 Deaf to the Call, or hearing, hear in vain ;
 But bent on Mischief bear the Waves before,
 And not content with Seas, insult the Shore,
 When Ocean, Air, and Earth at once ingage,
 And rooted Forests fly before their Rage :
 At once the clashing Clouds to Battel move,
 And Lightnings run across the Fields above :
 I know them well, and mark'd their rude Comport,
 While yet a Child within my Father's Court :
 In times of Tempest they command alone,
 And he but sits precarious on the Throne :
 The more I know, the more my Fears augment ;
 And Fears are oft prophetick of th' Event.
 But if not Fears, or Reasons will prevail,
 If Fate has fix'd thee obstinate to fail,
 Go not without thy Wife, but let me bear
 My Part of Danger with an equal Share,
 And present, what I suffer only fear :
 Then o'er the bounding Billows shall we fly,
 Secure to live together, or to die.

These Reasons mov'd her Starlike Husband's Heart,
 But still he held his Purpose to depart :
 For as he lov'd her equal to his Life,
 He would not to the Seas expose his Wife ;
 Nor could be wrought his Voyage to refrain,
 But fought by Arguments to sooth her Pain :
 Nor these avail'd ; at length he lights on one,
 With which so difficult a Cause he won :

My Love, so short an Absence cease to fear,
 For by my Father's holy Flame I swear,
 Before two Moons their Orb with Light adorn,
 If Heav'n allow me Life, I will return.

This Promise of so short a Stay prevails :
 He soon equips the Ship, supplies the Sails,
 And gives the Word to launch ; she trembling views
 This Pomp of Death, and parting Tears renews :
 Last with a Kiss, she took a long Farewel,
 Sigh'd, with a sad Presage, and swooning fell :
 While *Ceyx* seeks Delays, the lusty Crew,
 Rais'd on their Banks, their Oars in order drew
 To their broad Breasts, the Ship with Fury flew.

The Queen recover'd, rears her humid Eyes,
 And first her Husband on the Poop espies,
 Shaking his Hand at Distance on the Main ;
 She took the Sign, and shook her Hand again.
 Still as the Ground recedes, contracts her View
 With sharpen'd Sight, 'till she no longer knew
 The much-lov'd Face ; that Comfort lost supplies
 With less, and with the Galley feeds her Eyes ;
 The Galley borne from View by rising Gales,
 She follow'd with her Sight the flying Sails :
 When ev'n the flying Sails were seen no more,
 Forsaken of all Sight she left the Shore.

Then on her bridal Bed her Body throws,
 And sought in Sleep her wearied Eyes to close :
 Her Husband's Pillow, and the widow'd Part
 Which once he press'd, renew'd the former Smart.

And now a Breeze from Shore began to blow,
 The Sailors ship their Oars, and cease to row ;
 Then hoist their Yards a-trip, and all their Sails
 Let fall, to court the Wind, and catch the Gales :

By this the Vessel half her Course had run ;
 And as much rested 'till the rising Sun ;
 Both Shores were lost to Sight, when at the close
 Of Day a stiffer Gale at East arose :

The Sea grew white, the rouling Waves from far,
 Like Heralds, first denounce the watry War.

This seen, the Master soon began to cry,
 Strike, strike the Top-sail; let the Main-sheet fly,
 And furl your Sails: The Winds repel the Sound,
 And in the Speaker's Mouth the Speech is drown'd.
 Yet of their own Accord, as Danger taught
 Each in his Way, officiously they wrought ;
 Some stow their Oars, or stop the leaky Sides,
 Another bolder yet the Yard bestrides,
 And folds the Sails; a fourth with Labour laves
 Th' intruding Seas, and Waves ejects on Waves.

In this Confusion while their Work they ply,
 The Winds augment the Winter of the Sky,
 And wage intestine Wars; the suff'ring Seas
 Are toss'd, and mingled, as their Tyrants please.
 The Master would command, but in despair
 Of Safety, stands amaz'd with stupid Care,
 Nor what to bid, or what forbid he knows,
 Th' ungovern'd Tempest to such Fury grows :
 Vain is his Force, and vainer is his Skill ;
 With such a Concourse comes the Flood of Ill ;
 The Cries of Men are mix'd with rattling Shrowds ;
 Seas dash on Seas, and Clouds encounter Clouds :
 At once from East to West, from Pole to Pole,
 The forky Lightnings flash, the roaring Thunders roul.

Now Waves on Waves ascending scale the Skies,
 And in the Fires above the Water fries :

When

When yellow Sands are sifted from below,
 The glittering Billows give a golden Show:
 And when the fouler Bottom spews the Black,
 The *Stygian* Dye the tainted Waters take:
 Then frothy White appear the flatted Seas,
 And change their Colour, changing their Disease.
 Like various Fits the *Trachin* Vessel finds:
 And now sublime, she rides upon the Winds;
 As from a lofty Summit looks from high,
 And from the Clouds beholds the nether Sky;
 Now from the Depth of Hell they lift their Sight,
 And at at a Distance see superior Light;
 The lashing Billows make a loud Report,
 And beat her Sides, as batt'ring Ram's a Fort:
 Or as a Lion bounding in his Way,
 With Force augmented, bears against his Prey,
 Sidelong to seize; or unappall'd with Fear,
 Springs on the Toils, and rushes on the Spear:
 So Seas impell'd by Winds, with added Pow'r
 Assault the Sides, and o'er the Hatches tow'r.

The Planks (their pitchy Cov'rings wash'd away)
 Now yield; and now a yawning Breach display:
 The roaring Waters with a hostile Tide
 Rush through the Ruins of her gaping Side.
 Mean-time in Sheets of Rain the Sky descends,
 And Ocean swell'd with Waters upwards tends;
 One rising, falling one, the Heav'ns and Sea
 Meet at their Confines, in the middle Way:
 The Sails are drunk with Show'rs, and drop with Rain.
 Sweet Waters mingle with the briny Main.
 No Star appears to lend his friendly Light;
 Darknes and Tempest make a double Night;

But flashing Fires disclose the Deep by turns,
And while the Lightnings blaze, the Water burns.

Now all the Waves their scatter'd Force unite;
And as a Soldier foremost in the Fight,
Makes way for others, and an Host alone
Still presses on, and urging gains the Town;
So while th' invading Billows come a-breast,
The Heroe Tenth advanc'd before the rest,
Sweeps all before him with impetuous Sway,
And from the Walls descends upon the Prey;
Part following enter, Part remain without,
With Envy hear their Fellows conqu'ring Shout,
And mount on others Backs, in hopes to share
The City, thus become the Seat of War.

An universal Cry resounds aloud,
The Sailers run in Heaps, a helpless Croud;
Art fails, and Courage falls, no Succour near;
As many Waves, as many Deaths appear.
One weeps, and yet despairs of late Relief;
One cannot weep, his Fears congeal his Grief,
But stupid, with dry Eyes expects his Fate:
One with loud Shrieks laments his lost Estate,
And calls those happy whom their Fun'rals wait. }
This Wretch with Pray'rs and Vows the Gods implores,
And ev'n the Skies he cannot see, adores.
That other on his Friends his Thoughts bestows,
His careful Father, and his faithful Spouse.
The covetous Worldling in his anxious Mind,
Thinks only on the Wealth he left behind.

All *Ceyx* his *Alcyonè* employs,
For her he grieves, yet in her Absence joys:

His Wife he wishes, and would still be near,
 Not her with him, but wishes him with her:
 Now with last Looks he seeks his native Shoar,
 Which Fate has destin'd him to see no more;
 He fought, but in the dark tempestuous Night
 He knew not whither to direct his Sight.

So whirl the Seas, such Darknes blinds the Sky,
 That the black Night receives a deeper Dye.

The giddy Ship ran round; the Tempest tore
 Her Mast, and over-board the Rudder bore.
 One Billow mounts, and with a scornful Brow,
 Proud of her Conquest gain'd, insults the Waves below;
 Nor lighter falls, than if some Giant tore
Pindus and *Athos* with the Freight they bore,
 And tofs'd on Seas; press'd with the pond'rous Blow,
 Down sinks the Ship within th' Abyfs below:
 Down with the Vessel sink into the Main
 The many, never more to rise again.

Some few on scatter'd Planks, with fruitless Care,
 Lay hold, and swim; but while they swim, despair.

Ev'n he who late a Scepter did command,
 Now grasps a floating Fragment in his Hand:
 And while he struggles on the stormy Main,
 Invokes his Father, and his Wife's, in vain.
 But yet his Confort is his greatest Care,
Alcyonè he names amidst his Pray'r;
 Names as a Charm against the Waves and Wind;
 Most in his Mouth, and ever in his Mind.
 Tir'd with his Toil, all Hopes of Safety past,
 From Pray'rs to Wishes he descends at last;
 That his dead Body, wafted to the Sands,
 Might have its Burial from her friendly Hands.

As oft as he can catch a Gulp of Air,
 And peep above the Seas, he names the Fair;
 And ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,
 Murm'ring *Alcyonè* below the Waves:
 At last a falling Billow stops his Breath,
 Breaks o'er his Head, and whelms him underneath.
 Bright *Lucifer* unlike himself appears
 That Night, his heav'nly Form obscur'd with Tears,
 And since he was forbid to leave the Skies,
 He muffled with a Cloud his mournful Eyes.

Mean-time *Alcyonè* (his Fate unknown)
 Computes how many Nights he had been gone.
 Observes the waning Moon with hourly View,
 Numbers her Age, and wishes for a new;
 Against the promis'd Time provides with Care,
 And hastens in the Woof the Robes he was to wear:
 And for her Self employs another Loom,
 New-dress'd to meet her Lord returning home,
 Flatt'ring her Heart with Joys, that never were to come:
 She fum'd the Temples with an od'rous Flame,
 And oft before the sacred Altars came,
 To pray for him, who was an empty Name.
 All Pow'rs implor'd, but far above the rest
 To *Juno* she her pious Vows address'd,
 Her much-lov'd Lord from Perils to protect,
 And safe o'er Seas his Voyage to direct:
 Then pray'd, that she might still possess his Heart,
 And no pretending Rival share a Part;
 This last Petition heard of all her Pray'r,
 The rest, dispers'd by Winds, were lost in Air.

But she, the Goddess of the Nuptial Bed,
 Tir'd with her vain Devotions for the Dead,

Resolv'd the tainted Hand should be repell'd,
 Which Incense offer'd, and her Altar held:
 Then *Iris* thus bespoke; Thou faithful Maid,
 By whom thy Queen's Commands are well convey'd,
 Hasten to the House of Sleep, and bid the God
 Who rules the Night by Visions with a Nod,
 Prepare a Dream, in Figure, and in Form
 Resembling him, who perish'd in the Storm;
 This Form before *Alcyonè* present,
 To make her certain of the sad Event.

Indu'd with Robes of various Hue she flies,
 And flying draws an Arch, (a Segment of the Skies:)
 Then leaves her bending Bow, and from the Steep
 Descends, to search the silent House of *Sleep*.

The House of SLEEP.

Near the *Cimmerians*, in his dark Abode,
 Deep in a Cavern, dwells the drowzy God;
 Whose gloomy Mansion nor the rising Sun,
 Nor setting, visits, nor the lightsome Noon;
 But lazy Vapours round the Region fly,
 Perpetual Twilight, and a doubtful Sky:
 No crowing Cock does there his Wings display,
 Nor with his horny Bill provoke the Day;
 Nor watchful Dogs, nor the more wakeful Geese,
 Disturb with nightly Noise the sacred Peace;
 Nor Beast of Nature, nor the Tame are nigh,
 Nor Trees with Tempests rock'd, nor human Cry;
 But safe Repose without an Air of Breath
 Dwells here, and a dumb Quiet next to Death.

An Arm of *Lethe*, with a gentle Flow
 Arising upwards from the Rock below,

The Palace moats, and o'er the Pebbles creeps,
 And with soft Murmurs calls the coming Sleeps.
 Around its Entry nodding Poppies grow,
 And all cool Simples that sweet Rest bestow;
 Night from the Plants their sleepy Virtue drains,
 And passing, sheds it on the silent Plains:
 No Door there was th' unguarded House to keep,
 On creaking Hinges turn'd, to break his Sleep.

But in the gloomy Court was rais'd a Bed,
 Stuff'd with black Plumes, and on an Ebon-Sted:
 Black was the Cov'ring too, where lay the God,
 And slept supine, his Limbs display'd abroad:
 About his Head fantastick Visions fly,
 Which various Images of things supply,
 And mock their Forms; the Leaves on Trees not more,
 Nor bearded Ears in Fields, nor Sands upon the Shore.

The Virgin ent'ring bright, indulg'd the Day
 To the brown Cave, and brush'd the Dreams away:
 The God disturb'd with this new Glare of Light,
 Cast sudden on his Face, unseal'd his Sight,
 And rais'd his tardy Head, which sunk again,
 And sinking, on his Bosom knock'd his Chin;
 At length shook off himself, and ask'd the Dame,
 (And asking yawn'd) for what Intent she came.

To whom the Goddess thus: O sacred Rest,
 Sweet pleasing Sleep, of all the Pow'rs the best!
 O Peace of Mind, Repairer of Decay,
 Whose Balms renew the Limbs to Labours of the Day,
 Care shuns thy soft Approach, and sullen flies away!
 Adorn a Dream, expressing human Form,
 The Shape of him who suffer'd in the Storm,
 And send it flitting to the *Trachin* Court,
 The Wreck of wretched *Ceyx* to report:

Before his Queen bid the pale Spectre stand,
 Who begs a vain Relief at *Juno's* Hand.
 She said, and scarce awake her Eyes could keep,
 Unable to support the Fumes of Sleep;
 But fled, returning by the way she went,
 And swerv'd along her Bow with swift Ascent.

The God, uneasy 'till he slept again,
 Resolv'd at once to rid himself of Pain;
 And, tho' against his Custom, call'd aloud,
 Exciting *Morpheus* from the sleepy Croud:
Morpheus, of all his numerous Train, express'd
 The Shape of Man, and imitated best;
 The Walk, the Words, the Gesture could supply,
 The Habit mimick, and the Mein bely;
 Plays well, but all his Action is confin'd,
 Extending not beyond our human Kind.
 Another, Birds, and Beasts, and Dragons apes,
 And dreadful Images, and Monster Shapes:
 This Demon, *Icelos*, in Heav'n's high Hall
 The Gods have nam'd; but Men *Phobetor* call.
 A third is *Phantasus*, whose Actions roul
 On meaner Thoughts, and Things devoid of Soul;
 Earth, Fruits, and Flow'rs he represents in Dreams,
 And solid Rocks unmov'd, and running Streams.
 These three to Kings and Chiefs their Scenes display,
 The rest before th' ignoble Commons play.
 Of these the chosen *Morpheus* is dispatch'd;
 Which done, the lazy Monarch, over-watch'd,
 Down from his propping Elbow drops his Head,
 Dissolv'd in Sleep, and shrinks within his Bed.

Darkling the Demon glides, for Flight prepar'd,
 So soft, that scarce his fanning Wings are heard.

To *Trachin*, swift as Thought, the flitting Shade
Thro' Air his momentary Journey made:

Then lays aside the Steerage of his Wings,
Forsakes his proper Form, assumes the King's;

And pale, as Death, despoil'd of his Array,
Into the Queen's Apartment takes his way,

And stands before the Bed at Dawn of Day:
Unmov'd his Eyes, and wet his Beard appears;

And shedding vain, but seeming real Tears;
The briny Waters dropping from his Hairs.

Then staring on her with a ghastly Look,

And hollow Voice, he thus the Queen bespoke.

Know'st thou not me? Not yet, unhappy Wife?

Or are my Features perish'd with my Life?

Look once again, and for thy Husband lost,

Lo all that's left of him, thy Husband's Ghost!

Thy Vows for my Return were all in vain,

The stormy South o'ertook us in the Main,

And never shalt thou see thy living Lord again.

Bear witness, Heav'n, I call'd on thee in Death,

And while I call'd, a Billow stop'd my Breath.

Think not, that flying Fame reports my Fate;

I present, I appear, and my own Wreck relate:

Rise, wretched Widow, rise; nor undeplor'd

Permit my Soul to pass the *Stygian* Ford;

But rise, prepar'd in Black, to mourn thy perish'd Lord.

Thus said the Player-God; and adding Art

Of Voice and Gesture, so perform'd his Part,

She thought (so like her Love the Shade appears)

That *Ceyx* spake the Words, that *Ceyx* shed the Tears;

She groan'd, her inward Soul with Grief oppress'd,

She sigh'd, she wept, and sleeping beat her Breast;

Then stretch'd her Arms t' embrace his Body bare ;
Her clasping Arms inclose but empty Air ;

At this, not yet awake, she cry'd, O stay ;
One is our Fate, and common is our Way !

So dreadful was the Dream, so loud she spoke,
That starting sudden up, the Slumber broke :
Then cast her Eyes around, in hope to view
Her vanish'd Lord, and find the Vision true :
For now the Maids, who waited her Commands,
Ran in with lighted Tapers in their Hands.
Tir'd with the Search, not finding what she seeks,
With cruel Blows she pounds her blubber'd Cheeks ;
Then from her beaten Breast the Linen tare,
And cut the golden Caul that bound her Hair.
Her Nurse demands the Cause ; with louder Cries
She prosecutes her Grievs, and thus replies.

No more *Alcyonè* ; she suffer'd Death
With her lov'd Lord, when *Ceyx* lost his Breath :
No Flatt'ry, no false Comfort, give me none,
My shipwreck'd *Ceyx* is for ever gone :
I saw, I saw him manifest in View,
His Voice, his Figure, and his Gestures knew :
His Lustre lost, and ev'ry living Grace,
Yet I retain'd the Features of his Face :
Tho' with pale Cheeks, wet Beard, and dropping Hair,
None but my *Ceyx* could appear so fair :
I would have strain'd him with a strict Embrace,
But thro' my Arms he slipt, and vanish'd from the Place :
There, ev'n just there he stood ; and as she spoke,
Where last the Spectre was she cast her Look :
Fain would she hope, and gaz'd upon the Ground,
If any printed Footsteps might be found.

Then

Then sigh'd, and said; This I too well foreknew,
 And my prophetick Fears presag'd too true:
 'Twas what I begg'd, when with a bleeding Heart
 I took my Leave, and suffer'd thee to part;
 Or I to go along, or Thou to stay,
 Never, ah never to divide our Way!
 Happier for me, that all our Hours assign'd
 Together we had liv'd; ev'n not in Death disjoin'd!
 So had my *Ceyx* still been living here,
 Or with my *Ceyx* I had perish'd there:
 Now I die absent, in the vast Profound;
 And Me, without my Self, the Seas have drown'd.
 The Storms were not so cruel; should I strive
 To lengthen Life, and such a Grief survive;
 But neither will I strive, nor wretched Thee
 In Death forsake, but keep thee Company.
 If not one common Sepulchre contains
 Our Bodies, or one Urn our last Remains,
 Yet *Ceyx* and *Alcyonè* shall join,
 Their Names remember'd in one common Line.

No farther Voice her mighty Grief affords,
 For Sighs come rushing in betwixt her Words,
 And stop'd her Tongue; but what her Tongue deny'd,
 Soft Tears, and Groans, and dumb Complaints supply'd.

'Twas Morning; to the Port she takes her way,
 And stands upon the Margin of the Sea:
 That Place, that very Spot of Ground she sought,
 Or thither by her Destiny was brought,
 Where last he stood: and while she sadly said,
 'Twas here he left me, ling'ring here delay'd.
 His parting Kifs, and there his Anchors weigh'd:

Thus speaking, while her Thoughts past Actions trace,
 And call to Mind, admonish'd by the Place,

Sharp at her utmost Ken she cast her Eyes,
 And somewhat floating from afar descries :
 It seems a Corps a-drift to distant Sight,
 But at a distance who could judge aright ?
 It waded nearer yet, and then she knew,
 That what before she but surmis'd, was true :
 A Corps it was, but whose it was, unknown ;
 Yet mov'd, how'er, she made the Case her own.
 Took the bad Omen of a shipwreck'd Man,
 As for a Stranger wept, and thus began.

Poor Wretch, on stormy Seas to lose thy Life,
 Unhappy thou, but more thy widow Wife.
 At this she paus'd : for now the flowing Tide
 Had brought the Body nearer to the Side :
 The more she looks, the more her Fears increase,
 At nearer Sight ; and she's her self the less.
 Now driv'n ashore, and at her Feet it lies,
 She knows too much, in knowing whom she sees :
 Her Husband's Corps ; at this she loudly shrieks,
 'Tis he, 'tis he, she cries, and tears her Cheeks,
 Her Hair, and Vest ; and stooping to the Sands,
 About his Neck she cast her trembling Hands.

And is it thus, O dearer than my Life,
 Thus, thus return'st Thou to thy longing Wife!
 She said, and to the neighbouring Mole she strode,
 (Rais'd there to break th' Incurfions of the Flood ;)

Headlong from hence to plunge her self she springs,
 But shoots along, supported on her Wings ;
 A Bird new-made, about the Banks she plies,
 Not far from Shore, and short Excursions tries ;
 Nor seeks in Air her humble Flight to raise,
 Content to skim the Surface of the Seas :

Her

Her Bill, tho' slender, sends a creaking Noise,
And imitates a lamentable Voice.

Now lighting where the bloodless Body lies,
She with a Fun'ral Note renews her Cries:
At all her Stretch, her little Wings she spread,
And with her feather'd Arms embrac'd the Dead:

Then flick'ring to his pallid Lips, she strove
To print a Kiss, the last Essay of Love.

Whether the vital Touch reviv'd the Dead,
Or that the moving Waters rais'd his Head
To meet the Kiss, the Vulgar doubt alone;
For sure a present Miracle was shown.

The Gods their Shapes to Winter-Birds translate,
But both obnoxious to their former Fate.

Their conjugal Affection still is ty'd,
And still the mournful Race is multiply'd:
They bill, they tread; *Alcyonè* compress'd,
Sev'n Days sits brooding on her floating Nest:
A wintry Queen: Her Sire at length is kind,
Calms ev'ry Storm, and hushes ev'ry Wind;
Prepares his Empire for his Daughter's Ease,
And for his hatching Nephews smooths the Seas.

ÆSACUS transform'd into a Cormorant.

These some old Man sees wanton in the Air,
And praises the unhappy constant Pair.
Then to his Friend the long-neck'd Corm'rant shows,
The former Tale reviving others Woes:
That fable Bird, he cries, which cuts the Flood
With slender Legs, was once of Royal Blood;
His Ancestors from mighty *Tros* proceed,
The brave *Laomedon*, and *Ganymede*,

(Whose

(Whose Beauty tempted *Jove* to steal the Boy)
 And *Priam*, hapless Prince! who fell with *Troy*:

Himself was *Hector's* Brother, and (had Fate
 But giv'n this hopeful Youth a longer Date)

Perhaps had rival'd warlike *Hector's* Worth,
 Tho' on the Mother's Side of meaner Birth;

Fair *Alyxotboè*, a Country Maid,

Bare *Æsacus* by stealth in *Ida's* Shade.

He fled the noisy Town, and pompous Court,

Lov'd the lone Hills, and simple rural Sport,

And seldom to the City would resort.

Yet he no rustick Clownishness profess,

Nor was soft Love a Stranger to his Breast:

The Youth had long the Nymph *Hesperie* woo'd,

Oft thro' the Thicket, or the Mead pursu'd:

Her haply on her Father's Bank he spy'd,

While fearless she her silver Tresses dry'd;

Away she fled: Not Stags with half such Speed,

Before the prowling Wolf, scud o'er the Mead;

Not Ducks, when they the safer Flood forsake,

Pursu'd by Hawks, so swift regain the Lake.

As fast he follow'd in the hot Career;

Desire the Lover wing'd, the Virgin Fear.

A Snake unseen now pierc'd her heedless Foot;

Quick thro' the Veins the venom'd Juices shoot:

She fell, and 'scap'd by Death his fierce Pursuit;

Her lifeless Body, frighted, he embrac'd,

And cry'd, Not this I dreaded, but thy Haste:

O had my Love been less, or less thy Fear!

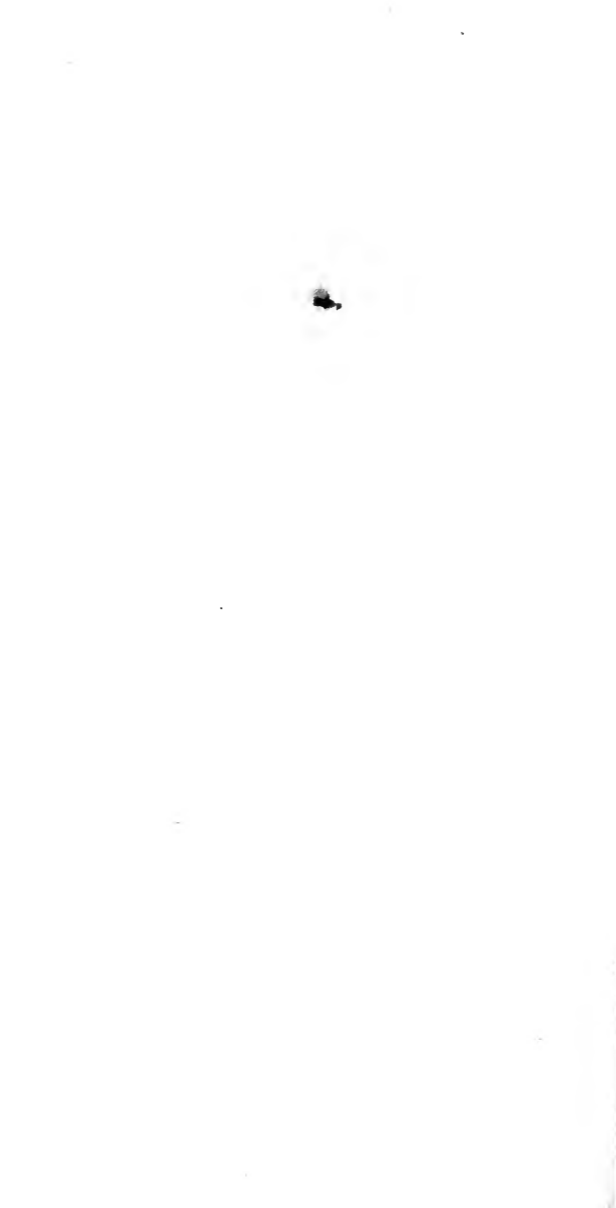
The Victory, thus bought, is far too dear.

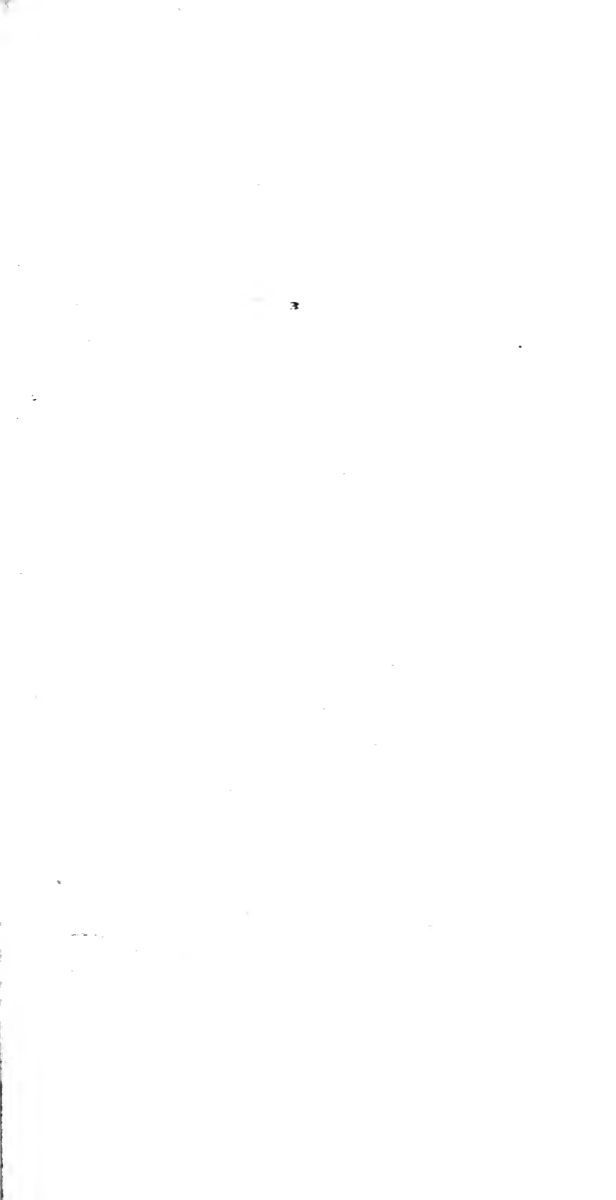
Accursed

Accursed Snake! yet I more curs'd than he!
 He gave the Wound; the Cause was given by me.
 Yet none shall say, that unreveng'd you dy'd.
 He spoke; then climb'd a Cliff's o'er-hanging Side,
 And, resolute, leap'd on the foaming Tide.
Tethys receiv'd him gently on the Wave;
 The Death he fought deny'd, and Feathers gave.
 Debarr'd the surest Remedy of Grief,
 And forc'd to live, he curst th' unask'd Relief.
 Then on his airy Pinions upward flies,
 And at a second Fall successless tries;
 The downy Plume a quick Descent denies.
 Enrag'd, he often dives beneath the Wave,
 And there in vain expects to find a Grave.
 His ceaseless Sorrow for th' unhappy Maid
 Meager'd his Look, and on his Spirits prey'd.
 Still near the sounding Deep he lives; his Name
 From frequent Diving and Emerging came.

The End of the Eleventh Book.









To M^{rs} Walpole

B. 12.



OVID'S

METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XII.

Translated by Mr. DRYDEN.

The TROJAN War.



RIAM, to whom the Story was unknown,
As dead, deplor'd his Metamorphos'd Son;
A Cenotaph his Name, and Title kept,
And *Hector* round the Tomb, with all his
Brothers, wept.

This pious Office *Paris* did not share,
Absent alone; and Author of the War,
Which, for the *Spartan* Queen, the *Grecians* drew
T' avenge the Rape; and *Asia* to subdue.

A thousand Ships were mann'd, to sail the Sea:
Nor had their just Resentments found Delay,
Had not the Winds, and Waves oppos'd their Way. }

At *Aulis*, with United Pow'rs they meet,
 But there, Cross-winds or Calms detain'd the Fleet.
 Now, while they raise an Altar on the Shore,
 And *Jove* with solemn Sacrifice adore;
 A boding Sign the Priests and People see:
 A Snake of Size immense ascends a Tree,
 And, in the leafy Summit, spy'd a Nest,
 Which o'er her callow Young a Sparrow pres'd.
 Eight were the Birds unfledg'd; their Mother flew,
 And hover'd round her Care; but still in View:
 'Till the fierce Reptile first devour'd the Brood;
 Then seiz'd the flutt'ring Dam, and drunk her Blood.
 This dire Ostent the fearful People view;
Calchas alone, by *Phæbus* taught, foreknew
 What Heav'n decreed; and with a smiling Glance,
 Thus gratulates to *Greece* her happy Chance.
 O *Argives*, we shall conquer: *Troy* is ours,
 But long Delays shall first afflict our Pow'rs:
 Nine Years of Labour the nine Birds portend;
 The Tenth shall in the Town's Destruction end.
 The Serpent, who his Maw obscene had fill'd,
 The Branches in his curl'd Embraces held:
 But, as in Spires he stood, he turn'd to Stone:
 The stony Snake retain'd the Figure still his own.
 Yet, not for this, the Wind-bound Navy weigh'd;
 Slack were their Sails; and *Neptune* disobey'd.
 Some thought him loth the Town should be destroy'd,
 Whose Building had his Hands Divine employ'd:
 Not so the Seer; who knew, and known foreshow'd,
 The Virgin *Phæbe* with a Virgin's Blood
 Must first be reconcil'd: The common Cause
 Prevail'd; and Pity yielding to the Laws,

Fair *Iphigenia* the devoted Maid
 Was, by the weeping Priests, in Linen-Robes array'd.
 All mourn her Fate ; but no Relief appear'd ;
 The Royal Victim bound, the Knife already rear'd :
 When that offended Pow'r, who caus'd their Woe,
 Relenting ceas'd her Wrath ; and stop'd the coming Blow.
 A Mist before the Ministers she cast,
 And, in the Virgin's Room, a Hind she plac'd.
 Th' Oblation slain, and *Phæbe* reconcil'd,
 The Storm was hush'd, and dimpled Ocean smil'd :
 A favourable Gale arose from Shore,
 Which to the Port desir'd the *Græcian* Gallies bore.

The House of F A M E.

Full in the midst of this created Space,
 Betwixt Heav'n, Earth, and Skies, there stands a Place,
 Confining on all three, with triple Bound ;
 Whence all Things, tho' remote, are view'd around, }
 And thither bring their undulating Sound.
 The Palace of loud *Fame*, her Seat of Pow'r,
 Plac'd on the Summit of a lofty Tow'r ;
 A thousand winding Entries long and wide,
 Receive of fresh Reports a flowing Tide.
 A thousand Crannies in the Walls are made ;
 Nor Gate, nor Bars exclude the busy Trade.
 'Tis built of Brass, the better to diffuse
 The spreading Sounds, and multiply the News :
 Where Echo's in repeated Echo's play :
 A Mart for ever full, and open Night and Day.
 Nor Silence is within, nor Voice express,
 But a deaf Noise of Sounds, that never cease.
 Confus'd, and chiding, like the hollow Roar
 Of Tides receding from th' insulted Shore.

Or like the broken Thunder heard from far,
 When *Jove* to distance drives the rolling War.
 The Courts are fill'd with a tumultuous Din
 Of Crouds, or issuing forth, or entering in:
 A Thorough-fare of News: Where some devise
 Things never heard, some mingle Truth with Lyes;
 The troubled Air with empty Sounds they beat,
 Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.
 Error sits brooding there, with added Train
 Of vain Credulity, and Joys as vain:
 Suspicion, with Sedition join'd, are near, [Fear.
 And Rumours rais'd, and Murmurs mix'd, and Panique
Fame sits aloft, and sees the subject Ground,
 And Seas about, and Skies above; enquiring all around.

The Goddess gives th' Alarm; and soon is known
 The *Grecian* Fleet descending on the Town.
 Fix'd on Defence, the *Trojans* are not slow
 To guard their Shore, from an expected Foe.
 They meet in Fight: By *Hector's* fatal Hand
Protesilaus falls, and bites the Strand:
 Which with Expence of Blood the *Grecians* won;
 And prov'd the Strength unknown of *Priam's* Son.
 And to their Cost the *Trojan* Leaders felt
 The *Grecian* Heroes; and what Deaths they dealt.

The Story of C Y G N U S.

From these first Onsets, the *Sigeian* Shore
 Was strew'd with Carcasses, and stain'd with Gore:
Neptunian *Cygnus* Troops of *Greeks* had slain;
Achilles in his Carr had scour'd the Plain,
 And clear'd the *Trojan* Ranks: Where-e'er he fought,
Cygnus, or *Hector*, through the Fields he fought:

Cygnus

Cygnus he found; on him his Force essay'd:
 For *Hector* was to the tenth Year delay'd.
 His white-mane'd Steeds, that bow'd beneath the Yoke,
 He cheer'd to Courage, with a gentle Stroke;
 Then urg'd his fiery Chariot on the Foe;
 And rising shook his Lance, in Act to throw.
 But first he cry'd, O Youth, be proud to bear
 Thy Death, ennobled by *Pelides'* Spear.
 The Lance pursu'd the Voice without Delay,
 Nor did the whizzing Weapon miss the Way;
 But pierc'd his Cuirass, with such Fury sent,
 And sign'd his Bosom with a purple Dint.
 At this the Seed of *Neptune*; Goddess-born,
 For Ornament, not Use, these Arms are worn;
 This Helm, and heavy Buckler, I can spare;
 As only Decorations of the War:
 So *Mars* is arm'd for Glory, not for Need.
 'Tis somewhat more from *Neptune* to proceed,
 Than from a Daughter of the Sea to spring:
 Thy Sire is mortal; mine is Ocean's King.
 Secure of Death, I shou'd contemn thy Dart,
 Tho' naked; and impassible depart:
 He said, and threw: The trembling Weapon pass'd
 Through nine Bull-hides, each under other plac'd,
 On his broad Shield; and stuck within the last. }
Achilles wrench'd it out; and sent again
 The hostile Gift: The hostile Gift was vain.
 He try'd a third, a tough well-chosen Spear;
 Th' inviolable Body stood sincere,
 Though *Cygnus* then did no Defence provide,
 But scornful offer'd his unshielded Side.
 Not otherwise th' impatient Heroe far'd,
 Than as a Bull incompass'd with a Guard,

Amid the *Circus* roars, provok'd from far
 By sight of Scarlet, and a sanguine War:
 They quit their Ground, his bended Horns elude;
 In vain pursuing, and in vain pursu'd.

Before to farther Fight he wou'd advance,
 He stood considering, and survey'd his Lance.
 Doubts if he wielded not a wooden Spear
 Without a Point: He look'd, the Point was there.
 This is my Hand, and this my Lance, he said,
 By which so many thousand Foes are dead,
 O whither is their usual Virtue fled! }
 I had it once; and the *Lyrnessian* Wall,
 And *Tenedos*, confess'd it in their Fall.
 Thy Streams, *Caicus*, roll'd a Crimson-Flood;
 And *Thebes* ran red with her own Natives' Blood.
 Twice *Telephus* employ'd their piercing Steel,
 To wound him first, and afterward to heal.
 The Vigour of this Arm was never vain: }
 And that my wonted Prowess I retain,
 Witness these Heaps of Slaughter on the Plain.
 He said; and, doubtful of his former Deeds,
 To some new Tryal of his Force proceeds.
 He chose *Menætes* from among the rest;
 At him he launch'd his Spear, and pierc'd his Breast:
 On the hard Earth the *Lycian* knock'd his Head,
 And lay supine; and forth the Spirit fled.

Then thus the Heroe; Neither can I blame
 The Hand, or Jav'lin; both are still the same.
 The same I will employ against this Foe,
 And wish but with the same Success to throw.
 So spoke the Chief; and while he spoke he threw;
 The Weapon with unerring Fury flew,

At his left Shoulder aim'd : Nor Entrance found ;
 But back, as from a Rock, with swift Rebound
 Harmless return'd : A bloody Mark appear'd,
 Which with false Joy the flatter'd Heroe cheer'd.
 Wound there was none ; the Blood that was in view,
 The Lance before from slain *Menætes* drew.

Headlong he leaps from off his lofty Car,
 And in close Fight on Foot renews the War.
 Raging with high Disdain, repeats his Blows ;
 Nor Shield, nor Armour can their Force oppose ;
 Huge Cantlets of his Buckler strew the Ground,
 And no Defence in his bor'd Arms is found.
 But on his Flesh no Wound or Blood is seen ;
 The Sword it self is blunted on the Skin.

This vain Attempt the Chief no longer bears ;
 But round his hollow Temples and his Ears
 His Buckler beats : The Son of *Neptune*, stunn'd
 With these repeated Buffets, quits his Ground ;
 A sickly Sweat succeeds, and Shades of Night ;
 Inverted Nature swims before his Sight :
 Th' insulting Victor presses on the more,
 And treads the Steps the Vanquish'd trod before,
 Nor Rest, nor Respite gives. A Stone there lay
 Behind his trembling Foe, and stopp'd his Way :
Achilles took th' Advantage which he found,
 O'er-turn'd, and push'd him backward on the Ground.
 His Buckler held him under, while he press'd,
 With both his Knees, above his panting Breast.
 Unlac'd his Helm : About his Chin the Twist
 He ty'd ; and soon the strangled Soul dismiss'd.

With eager Haste he went to strip the Dead :
 The vanish'd Body from his Arm was fled.

His Sea-God Sire, t'immortalize his Frame,
Had turn'd it to the Bird that bears his Name.

A Truce succeeds the Labours of this Day,
And Arms suspended with a long Delay.
While *Trojan* Walls are kept with Watch and Ward,
The *Greeks* before their Trenches mount the Guard;
The Feast approach'd; when to the blue-ey'd Maid
His Vows for *Cygnus* slain the Victor paid,
And a white Heifer on her Altar laid.

The reeking Entrails on the Fire they threw,
And to the Gods the grateful Odour flew.

Heav'n had its Part in Sacrifice: The rest
Was broil'd and roasted for the future Feast.

The chief-invited Guests were set around!

And Hunger first asswag'd, the Bowls were crown'd,
Which in deep Draughts their Cares, and Labours
drown'd.

The mellow Harp did not their Ears employ:

And mute was all the Warlike Symphony:

Discourse, the Food of Souls, was their Delight,

And pleasing Chat prolong'd the Summer's-night.

The Subject, Deeds of Arms; and Valour shown,

Or on the *Trojan* Side, or on their own.

Of Dangers undertaken, Fame atchiev'd,

They talk'd by turns; the Talk by turns reliev'd.

What Things but these could fierce *Achilles* tell,

Or what could fierce *Achilles* hear so well?

The last great Act perform'd, of *Cygnus* slain,

Did most the Martial Audience entertain:

Wondring to find a Body free by Fate

From Steel; and which cou'd even that Steel rebate:

Amaz'd, their Admiration they renew;

And scarce *Pelides* cou'd believe it true.

The Story of CÆNEUS.

Then *Nestor* thus: What once this Age has known,
 In fated *Cygnus*, and in him alone,
 These Eyes have seen in *Cæneus* long before;
 Whose Body not a thousand Swords cou'd bore.
Cæneus, in Courage, and in Strength, excell'd;
 And still his *Othrys* with his Fame is fill'd:
 But what did most his Martial Deeds adorn,
 (Though since he chang'd his Sex) a Woman born.

A Novelty so strange, and full of Fate,
 His list'ning Audience ask'd him to relate.
Achilles thus commends their common Sute:
 O Father, first for Prudence in Repute,
 Tell, with that Eloquence, so much thy own,
 What thou hast heard, or what of *Cæneus* known:
 What was he, whence his Change of Sex begun,
 What Trophies, join'd in Wars with thee, he won?
 Who conquer'd him, and in what fatal Strife
 The Youth, without a Wound, could lose his Life?

Neleides then; Though tardy Age, and Time,
 Have shrunk my Sinews, and decay'd my Prime;
 Though much I have forgotten of my Store,
 Yet not exhausted, I remember more.
 Of all that Arms atchiev'd, or Peace design'd,
 That Action still is fresher in my Mind,
 Than ought beside. If reverend Age can give
 To Faith a Sanction, in my third I live.

'Twas in my second Cent'ry, I survey'd
 Young *Cænis*, then a fair *Thessalian* Maid:
Cænis the bright, was born to high Command;
 A Princess, and a Native of thy Land,

Divine *Achilles*; every Tongue proclaim'd
 Her Beauty, and her Eyes all Hearts inflam'd.
Peleus, thy Sire, perhaps had fought her Bed,
 Among the rest; but he had either led
 Thy Mother then; or was by Promise ty'd;
 But she to him, and all, alike her Love deny'd.

It was her Fortune once to take her Way
 Along the sandy Margin of the Sea:
 The Pow'r of Ocean view'd her as she pass'd,
 And, lov'd as soon as seen, by Force embrac'd.
 So Fame reports. Her Virgin-Treasure seiz'd,
 And his new Joys, the Ravisher so pleas'd,
 That thus, transported, to the Nymph he cry'd;
 Ask what thou wilt, no Pray'r shall be deny'd.
 This also Fame relates: The haughty Fair,
 Who not the Rape ev'n of a God cou'd bear,
 This Answer, proud, return'd; To mighty Wrongs
 A mighty Recompence, of right, belongs.
 Give me no more to suffer such a Shame;
 But change the Woman, for a better Name;
 One Gift for all: She said; and while she spoke,
 A stern, majestick, manly Tone she took.
 A Man she was: And as the Godhead swore,
 To *Cæneus* turn'd, who *Cænis* was before.

To this the Lover adds, without Request,
 No force of Steel shou'd violate his Breast.
 Glad of the Gift, the new-made Warrior goes;
 And Arms among the *Greeks*, and longs for equal Foes.

*The Skirmish between the CENTAURS
and LAPITHITES.*

Now brave *Pirithous*, bold *Ixion's* Son,
The Love of fair *Hippodamè* had won.
The Cloud-begotten Race, half Men, half Beast,
Invited, came to grace the Nuptial Feast:
In a cool Cave's Recess the Treat was made,
Whose Entrance Trees with spreading Boughs o'er-shade.
They fate: and summon'd by the Bridegroom, came,
To mix with those, the *Lapithæan* Name:
Nor wanted I: The Roofs with Joy resound:
And *Hymen, Iö Hymen*, rung around.
Rais'd Altars shone with holy Fires; the Bride,
Lovely her self (and lovely by her Side
A Bevy of bright Nymphs, with sober Grace)
Came glitt'ring like a Star, and took her Place.
Her Heav'nly Form beheld, all wish'd her Joy;
And little wanted, but in vain, their Wishes all employ

For one, most Brutal, of the Brutal Brood,
Or whether Wine, or Beauty fir'd his Blood,
Or both at once, beheld with lustful Eyes
The Bride; at once resolv'd to make his Prize.
Down went the Board; and fastning on her Hair,
He seiz'd with sudden Force the frighted Fair.
'Twas *Eurytus* began: His bestial Kind
His Crime pursu'd; and each, as pleas'd his Mind,
Or her, whom Chance presented, took: The Feast
An Image of a taken Town express'd.

The Cave resounds with Female Shrieks; we rise,
Mad with Revenge to make a swift Reprise:

And *Theseus* first, What Phrenzy has possess'd,
 O *Eurytus*, he cry'd, thy brutal Breast,
 To wrong *Pirithous*, and not him alone,
 But while I live, two Friends conjoin'd in one?

To justify his Threat, he thrusts aside
 The Crowd of Centaurs; and redeems the Bride:
 The Monster nought reply'd: For Words were vain,
 And Deeds cou'd only Deeds unjust maintain;
 But answers with his Hand, and forward press'd,
 With Blows redoubled, on his Face, and Breast.
 An ample Goblet stood, of antick Mold,
 And rough with Figures of the rising Gold;
 The Heroe snatch'd it up, and toss'd in Air
 Full at the Front of the foul Ravisher.
 He falls; and falling vomits forth a Flood
 Of Wine, and Foam, and Brains, and mingled Blood.
 Half roaring, and half neighing through the Hall,
 Arms, Arms, the Double-form'd with Fury call;
 To wreak their Brother's Death: A Medley-Flight
 Of Bowls, and Jars, at first supply the Fight,
 Once Instruments of Feasts, but now of Fate;
 Wine animates their Rage, and arms their Hate.

Bold *Amycus*, from the robb'd Vestry brings
 The Chalice of Heav'n, and holy Things
 Of precious Weight: a Sconce that hung on high,
 With Tapers fill'd, to light the Sacrify,
 Torn from the Cord, with his unhallow'd Hand
 He threw amid the *Lapithæan* Band.
 On *Celadon* the Ruin fell; and left
 His Face of Feature, and of Form bereft:
 So, when some brawny Sacrificer knocks,
 Before an Altar led, an offer'd Ox,

His Eye-balls rooted out, are thrown to Ground ;
 His Nose, dismantled, in his Mouth is found ;
 His Jaws, Cheeks, Front, one undistinguish'd Wound.

This, *Belates*, th' Avenger, cou'd not brook ;
 But, by the Foot, a Maple-board he took ;
 And hurl'd at *Amycus* ; his Chin it bent
 Against his Chest, and down the Centaur sent :
 Whom sputtering bloody Teeth, the second Blow
 Of his drawn Sword dispatch'd to Shades below.

Grineus was near ; and cast a furious Look
 On the Side-Altar, cens'd with sacred Smoke,
 And bright with flaming Fires ; The Gods, he cry'd ;
 Have with their holy Trade our Hands supply'd :
 Why use we not their Gifts ? Then from the Floor
 An Altar Stone he heav'd, with all the Load it bore :
 Altar, and Altar's Freight together flew,
 Where thickest throng'd the *Lapithæan* Crew :
 And, at once, *Broteas* and *Oryus* flew.
Oryus' Mother, *Mycalè*, was known
 Down from her Sphere to draw the lab'ring Moon.

Exadius cry'd, Unpunish'd shall not go
 This Fact, if Arms are found against the Foe.
 He look'd about, where on a Pine were spread
 The votive Horns of a Stag's branching Head :
 At *Grineus* these he throws ; so just they fly,
 That the sharp Antlers stuck in either Eye :
 Breathless, and Blind he fell ; with Blood besmear'd ;
 His Eye-balls beaten out, hung dangling on his Beard.
 Fierce *Rhætus* from the Hearth a burning Brand
 Selects, and whirling waves ; 'till, from his Hand
 The Fire took Flame ; then dash'd it from the right,
 On fair *Charaxus*' Temples, near the Sight :

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The whistling Pest came on, and pierc'd the Bone,
 And caught the yellow Hair, that shrivel'd while it shone.
 Caught, like dry Stubble fir'd; or like Seerwood;
 Yet from the Wound ensu'd no Purple Flood;
 But look'd a bubbling Mass of frying Blood. }
 His blazing Locks sent forth a crackling Sound;
 And hiss'd, like red hot Ir'n within the Smithy drown'd.
 The wounded Warrior shook his flaming Hair,
 Then (what a Team of Horse could hardly rear)
 He heaves the Threshold-Stone, but could not throw;
 The Weight it self forbad the threaten'd Blow;
 Which dropping from his lifted Arms, came down
 Full on *Cometes*' Head; and crush'd his Crown.
 Nor *Rhætus* then retain'd his Joy; but said,
 So by their Fellows may our Foes be sped; }
 Then with redoubled Strokes he plies his Head:
 The burning Lever not deludes his Pains:
 But drives the batter'd Skull within the Brains.

Thus flush'd, the Conqueror, with Force renew'd,
Evagrus, *Dryas*, *Corythus*, pursu'd:
 First, *Corythus*, with downy Cheeks, he flew;
 Whose Fall, when fierce *Evagrus* had in view,
 He cry'd, What Palm is from a beardless Prey?
Rhætus prevents what more he had to say;
 And drove within his Mouth the fiery Death,
 Which enter'd hissing in, and choak'd his Breath.
 At *Dryas* next he flew: But weary Chance
 No longer wou'd the same Success advance,
 For while he whirl'd in fiery Circles round
 The Brand, a sharpen'd Stake strong *Dryas* found; }
 And in the Shoulder's Joint inflicts the Wound.

The Weapon stuck; which roaring out with Pain,
 He drew; nor longer durst the Fight maintain,
 But turn'd his Back, for Fear; and fled amain.

With him fled *Orneus*, with like Dread possess'd;
Thaumas, and *Medon* wounded in the Breast;
 And *Mermeros*, in the late Race renown'd,
 Now limping ran, and tardy with his Wound.

Pholus, and *Melaneus* from Fight withdrew,
 And *Abas* maim'd, who Boars encountring slew:
 And *Augur Astylos*, whose Art in vain

From Fight dissuaded the four-footed Train,
 Now beat the Hoof with *Nessus* on the Plain;
 But to his Fellow cry'd, Be safely slow,
 Thy Death deferr'd is due to great *Alcides'* Bow.

Mean-time strong *Dryas* urg'd his Chance so well,
 That *Lycidas*, *Areos*, *Imbreus* fell;

All, one by one, and fighting Face to Face:]

Crenæus fled, to fall with more Disgrace:
 For, fearful, while he look'd behind, he bore,
 Betwixt his Nose, and Front, the Blow before.

Amid the Noise, and Tumult of the Fray,
 Snoring, and drunk with Wine, *Aphidas* lay.

Ev'n then the Bowl within his Hand he kept,
 And on a Bear's rough Hide securely slept.

Him *Phorbas* with his flying Dart transfix'd;
 Take thy next Draught, with *Stygian* Waters mix'd,

And sleep thy fill, th'insulting Victor cry'd;
 Surpriz'd with Death unfelt, the Centaur dy'd;
 The ruddy Vomit, as he breath'd his Soul,
 Repass'd his Throat, and fill'd his empty Bowl.

I saw *Petræus'* Arms employ'd around
 A well-grown Oak, to root it from the Ground.

This way, and that, he wrench'd the fibrous Bands;
 The Trunk, was like a Sappling, in his Hands,
 And still obey'd the Bent: While thus he stood,
Pirithous' Dart drove on, and nail'd him to the Wood;
Lycus, and *Chromis* fell, by him oppress'd:
Helops, and *Diety*s added to the rest

A nobler Palm: *Helops*, through either Ear]
 Transfix'd, receiv'd the penetrating Spear.

This *Diety*s saw; and, seiz'd with sudden Fright,
 Leapt headlong from the Hill of steepy height;
 And crush'd an Ash beneath, that cou'd not bear his
 Weight. }

The shatter'd Tree receives his Fall; and strikes,
 Within his full-blown Paunch, the sharpen'd Spikes.

Strong *Aphareus* had heav'd a mighty Stone,
 The Fragment of a Rock; and wou'd have thrown;

But *Theseus*, with a Club of harden'd Oak,
 The Cubit-bone of the bold Centaur broke;
 And left him maim'd; nor seconded the Stroke. }

Then leapt on tall *Bianor's* Back: (Who bore
 No mortal Burden but his own, before)

Prefs'd with his Knees his Sides; the double Man,
 His Speed with Spurs increas'd, unwilling ran.

One Hand the Heroe fasten'd on his Locks;
 His other ply'd him with repeated Strokes.

The Club rung round his Ears, and batter'd Brows;
 He falls; and lashing up his Heels, his Rider throws.

The same *Herculean* Arms *Nedymnus* wound;
 And lay by him *Lycotas* on the Ground.

And *Hippasus*, whose Beard his Breast invades;

And *Ripheus*, Hunter of the Woodland Shades:

And *Tereus*, us'd with Mountain-Bears to strive,

And from their Dens to draw th' indignant Beasts alive.

Demoleon cou'd not bear this hateful Sight,
 Or the long Fortune of th' Athenian Knight:
 But pull'd with all his Force, to disengage
 From Earth a Pine, the Product of an Age:
 The Root stuck fast: The broken Trunk he sent
 At *Theseus*; *Theseus* frustrates his Intent,
 And leaps aside; by *Pallas* warn'd, the Blow
 To shun: (for so he said; and we believ'd it so.)
 Yet not in vain th' enormous Weight was cast;
 Which *Crantor's* Body sunder'd at the Waist:
 Thy Father's 'Squire, *Achilles*, and his Care;
 Whom conquer'd in the *Polopeian* War,
 Their King, his present Ruin to prevent,
 A Pledge of Peace implor'd, to *Peleus* sent.

Thy Sire, with grieving Eyes, beheld his Fate;
 And cry'd, Not long, lov'd *Crantor*, shalt thou wait
 Thy vow'd Revenge. At once he said, and threw
 His Ashen-Spear; which quiver'd as it flew;
 With all his Force, and all his Soul apply'd;
 The sharp Point enter'd in the Centaur's Side:
 Both Hands, to wrench it out, the Monster join'd;
 And wrench'd it out; but left the Steel behind;
 Stuck in his Lungs it stood: Inrag'd he rears
 His Hoofs, and down to Ground thy Father bears!
 Thus trampled under Foot, his Shield defends
 His Head; his other Hand the Lance portends.
 Ev'n while he lay extended on the Dust,
 He sped the Centaur, with one single Thrust.
 Two more his Lance before transfix'd from far;
 And two, his Sword had slain, in closer War.
 To these was added *Dorylas*, who spread
 A Bull's two goring Horns around his Head.

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With these he push'd ; in Blood already dy'd,
 Him fearless, I approach'd ; and thus defy'd :
 Now, Monster, now, by Proof it shall appear,
 Whether thy Horns are sharper, or my Spear.
 At this, I threw : For want of other Ward,
 He lifted up his Hand, his Front to guard.
 His Hand it pass'd ; and fix'd it to his Brow :
 Loud Shouts of ours attend the lucky Blow.
 Him *Peleus* finish'd, with a second Wound,
 Which thro' the Navel pierc'd : He reel'd around ;
 And dragg'd his dangling Bowels on the Ground. }
 Trod what he dragg'd ; and what he trod, he crush'd :
 And to his Mother-Earth, with empty Belly, rush'd.

The Story of CYLLARUS and HYLONOME.

Nor cou'd thy Form, O *Cyllarus*, foreflow
 Thy Fate ; (if Form to Monsters Men allow :)
 Just bloom'd thy Beard : Thy Beard of golden Hue :
 Thy Locks, in golden Waves, about thy Shoulders flew.
 Sprightly thy Look ! Thy Shapes in ev'ry Part
 So clean, as might instruct the Sculptor's Art ;
 As far as Man extended : Where began
 The Beast, the Beast was equal to the Man.
 Add but a Horse's Head and Neck ; and he,
 O *Castor*, was a Courser worthy thee.
 So was his Back proportion'd for the Seat :
 So rose his brawny Chest ; so swiftly mov'd his Feet.
 Coal-black his Colour, but like Jett it shone ;
 His Legs and flowing Tail were white alone.
 Belov'd by many Maidens of his Kind ;
 But Fair *Hylonome* possess'd his Mind ;

Hylonomè, for Features, and for Face,
 Excelling all the Nymphs of double Race:
 Nor less her Blandishments, than Beauty, move;
 At once both loving, and confessing Love.
 For him she dress'd: For him, with Female Care
 She comb'd, and set in Curl, her auburn Hair.
 Of Roses, Violets, and Lilies mix'd,
 And Sprigs of flowing Rosemary betwixt,
 She form'd the Chaplet, that adorn'd her Front:
 In Waters of the *Pegasean* Fount,
 And in the Streams that from the Fountain play,
 She wash'd her Face; and bath'd her twice a-day.
 The Scarf of Furs, that hung below her Side,
 Was Ermin, or the Panther's spotted Pride;
 Spoils of no common Beast: With equal Flame
 They lov'd: Their Silvan Pleasures were the same:
 All Day they hunted: And when Day expir'd,
 Together to some shady Cave retir'd:
 Invited to the Nuptials, both repair:
 And, Side by Side, they both engage in War.

Uncertain from what Hand, a flying Dart
 At *Cyllarus* was sent; which pierc'd his Heart.
 The Jav'lin drawn from out the mortal Wound,
 He faints with stagg'ring Steps, and seeks the Ground:
 The Fair within her Arms receiv'd his Fall,
 And strove his wand'ring Spirits to recall:
 And while her Hand the streaming Blood oppos'd,
 Join'd Face to Face, his Lips with hers she clos'd.
 Stifled with Kisses, a sweet Death he dies;
 She fills the Fields with undistinguish'd Cries;
 At least her Words were in her Clamour drown'd;
 For my stunn'd Ears receiv'd no vocal Sound.

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In madness of her Grief, she seiz'd the Dart
 New-drawn, and reeking from her Lover's Heart;
 To her bare Bosom the sharp Point apply'd;
 And wounded fell; and falling by his Side,
 Embrac'd him in her Arms; and thus embracing dy'd. }

Ev'n still methinks I see *Phæcomes*;
 Strange was his Habit, and as odd his Drefs.
 Six Lions Hides, with Thongs together fast,
 His upper Part defended to his Waist:
 And where Man ended, the continued Vest,
 Spread on his Back, the Houfs and Trappings of a Beast.
 A Stump too heavy for a Team to draw,
 (It seems a Fable, tho' the Fact I saw;)
 He threw at *Pholon*; the descending Blow
 Divides the Skull, and cleaves his Head in two.
 The Brains, from Nose, and Mouth, and either Ear,
 Came issuing out, as through a Colendar
 The curdled Milk; or from the Press the Whey,
 Driv'n down by Weights above, is drain'd away.

But him, while stooping down to spoil the Slain,
 Pierc'd through the Paunch, I tumbled on the Plain.
 Then *Chthonius*, and *Teleboas* I slew:
 A Fork the former arm'd; a Dart his Fellow threw.
 The Jav'lin wounded me; (behold the Scar.
 Then was my Time to seek the *Trojan* War;
 Then I was *Hector's* Match in open Field;
 But he was then unborn; at least a Child:
 Now, I am nothing.) I forbear to tell
 By *Periphantas* how *Pyretus* fell;
 The Centaur by the Knight: Nor will I stay
 On *Amphyx*, or what Deaths he dealt that Day:
 What Honour, with a pointless Lance, he won,
 Stuck in the Front of a Four-footed Man.

What

What Fame young *Macareus* obtain'd in Fight:
 Or dwell on *Nessus*, now return'd from Flight.
 How Prophet *Mopsus* not alone divin'd,
 Whose Valour equal'd his foreseeing Mind.

CÆNEUS transform'd to an EAGLE.

Already *Cæneus*, with his conquering Hand,
 Had slaughter'd five the boldest of their Band,
Pyrrachus, *Helymus*, *Antimachus*,
Bromus the Brave, and stronger *Stiphelus*.

Their Names I number'd, and remember well,
 No Trace remaining, by what Wounds they fell.

Latreus, the bulki'ft of the double Race,
 Whom the spoil'd Arms of slain *Halesus* grace;
 In Years retaining still his Youthful Might,
 Though his black Hairs were interspers'd with White,
 Betwixt th' imbattled Ranks began to prance,
 Proud of his Helm, and *Macedonian* Lance;
 And rode the Ring around; that either Host
 Might hear him, while he made this empty Boast.
 And from a Strumpet shall we suffer Shame?
 For *Cænis* still, not *Cæneus*, is thy Name:
 And still the Native Softness of thy Kind
 Prevails, and leaves the Woman in thy Mind;
 Remember what thou wert; what Price was paid
 To change thy Sex; to make thee not a Maid:
 And but a Man in shew: Go, card and spin;
 And leave the Business of the War to Men.

While thus the Boaster exercis'd his Pride,
 The fatal Spear of *Cæneus* reach'd his Side:
 Just in the Mixture of the Kinds it ran;
 Betwixt the nether Beast, and upper Man:

The Monster mad with Rage, and stung with Smart,
 His Lance directed at the Heroe's Heart:
 It struck; but bounded from his harden'd Breast,
 Like Hail from Tiles, which the safe House invest.
 Nor seem'd the Stroke with more effect to come,
 Than a small Pebble falling on a Drum.
 He next his Fauchion try'd, in closer Fight;
 But the keen Fauchion had no Pow'r to bite.
 He thrust; the blunted Point return'd again:
 Since downright Blows, he cry'd, and Thrusts are vain,
 I'll prove his Side; in strong Embraces held
 He prov'd his Side; his Side the Sword repell'd:
 His hollow Belly echo'd to the Stroke,
 Untouch'd his Body, as a solid Rock;
 Aim'd at his Neck at last, the Blade in Shivers broke.

Th' Impassive Knight stood idle, to deride
 His Rage, and offer'd oft his naked Side;
 At length, Now, Monster, in thy turn, he cry'd,
 Try thou the Strength of *Cæneus*: At the Word
 He thrust; and in his Shoulder plung'd the Sword.
 Then writh'd his Hand; and as he drove it down,
 Deep in his Breast, made many Wounds in one.

The Centaurs saw, inrag'd, th' unhop'd Success;
 And rushing on in Crowds, together press;
 At him, and him alone, their Darts they threw:
 Repuls'd they from his fated Body flew.
 Amaz'd they stood; 'till *Monychus* began,
 O Shame, a Nation conquer'd by a Man!
 A Woman-Man! yet more a Man is He,
 Than all our Race; and What He was, are We.
 Now, what avail our Nerves? th' united Force,
 Of two the strongest Creatures, Man and Horse;

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Nor Goddess-born; nor of *Ixion's* Seed
 We seem; (a Lover built for *Juno's* Bed;)
 Master'd by this half Man. Whole Mountains throw
 With Woods at once, and bury him below.
 This only Way remains. Nor need we doubt
 To choak the Soul within; though not to force it out;
 Heap Weights, instead of Wounds. He chanc'd to see
 Where Southern Storms had rooted up a Tree;
 This, rais'd from Earth, against the Foe he threw;
 Th' Example shewn, his Fellow-Brutes pursue.
 With Forest-loads the Warrior they invade;
Othrys, and *Pelion* soon were void of Shade;
 And spreading Groves were naked Mountains made.
 Press'd with the Burden, *Cæneus* pants for Breath;
 And on his Shoulders bears the wooden Death.
 To heave th' intolerable Weight he tries;
 At length it rose above his Mouth and Eyes:
 Yet still he heaves; and struggling with Despair,
 Shakes all aside, and gains a Gulp of Air:
 A short Relief, which but prolongs his Pain;
 He faints by Fits; and then respire again:
 At last, the Burden only nods above,
 As when an Earthquake stirs th' *Idæan* Grove.
 Doubtful his Death: He suffocated seem'd,
 To most; but otherwise our *Mopsus* deem'd.
 Who said he saw a yellow Bird arise
 From out the Piles, and cleave the liquid Skies:
 I saw it too, with golden Feathers bright;
 Nor ere before beheld so strange a Sight.
 Whom *Mopsus* viewing, as it soar'd around
 Our Troop, and heard the Pinion's rattling Sound,
 All hail, he cry'd, thy Country's Grace and Love!
 Once first of Men below, now first of Birds above.

Its Author to the Story gave Belief:

For us, our Courage was increas'd by Grief:

Asham'd to see a single Man, pursu'd

With Odds, to sink beneath a Multitude,

We push'd the Foe: and forc'd to shameful Flight,

Part fell, and Part escap'd by Favour of the Night.

The Fate of PERICLYMENOS.

This Tale, by *Nestor* told, did much displease
Tlepolemus, the Seed of *Hercules*:

For often he had heard his Father say,

That he himself was present at the Fray;

And more than shar'd the Glories of the Day.

Old Chronicle, he said, among the rest,

You might have nam'd *Alcides* at the least:

Is he not worth your Praise? The *Pylian* Prince

Sigh'd ere he spoke; then made this proud Defence.

My former Woes, in long Oblivion drown'd,

I wou'd have lost; but you renew the Wound:

Better to pass him o'er, than to relate

The Cause I have your mighty Sire to hate.

His Fame has fill'd the World, and reach'd the Sky;

(Which, Oh, I wish, with Truth, I cou'd deny!)

We praise not *Hector*; though his Name, we know,

Is great in Arms; 'tis hard to praise a Foe.

He, your great Father, levell'd to the Ground

Messenia's Tow'rs: Nor better Fortune found

Elis, and *Pylos*; That a neighb'ring State,

And This my own: Both guiltless of their Fate.

To pass the rest, twelve, wanting one, he slew;

My Brethren, who their Birth from *Neleus* drew,

All Youths of early Promise, had they liv'd;
 By him they perish'd: I alone surviv'd.
 The rest were easy Conquest: But the Fate
 Of *Periclymenos* is wond'rous to relate.
 To him, our common Grandfire of the Main
 Had giv'n to change his Form, and chang'd, resume again:
 Vary'd at Pleasure, every Shape he try'd;
 And in all Beasts *Alcides* still defy'd:
 Vanquish'd on Earth, at length he soar'd above;
 Chang'd to the Bird, that bears the Bolt of *Jove*:
 The new-dissembled Eagle, now endu'd
 With Beak and Pounces, *Hercules* pursu'd,
 And cuff'd his manly Cheeks, and tore his Face;
 Then, safe retir'd, and tour'd in empty Space.
Alcides bore not long his flying Foe;
 But bending his inevitable Bow,
 Reach'd him in Air, suspended as he stood:
 And in his Pinion fix'd the feather'd Wood.
 Light was the Wound; but in the Sinew hung
 The Point, and his disabled Wing unstrung.
 He wheel'd in Air, and stretch'd his Vans in vain;
 His Vans no longer cou'd his Flight sustain:
 For while one gather'd Wind, one unsupply'd
 Hung drooping down, nor pois'd his other Side.
 He fell: The Shaft that slightly was impress'd,
 Now from his heavy Fall with Weight increas'd,
 Drove through his Neck, aslant; he spurns the Ground,
 And the Soul issues through the Weazon's Wound.

Now, brave Commander of the *Rhodian* Seas,
 What Praise is due from me to *Hercules*?
 Silence is all the Vengeance I decree
 For my slain Brothers; but 'tis Peace with thee.

Thus

Thus with a flowing Tongue old *Nestor* spoke:
 Then, to full Bowls each other they provoke:
 At length, with Weariness, and Wine oppress'd,
 They rise from Table; and withdraw to Rest.

The Death of ACHILLES.

The Sire of *Cygnus*, Monarch of the Main,
 Mean-time, laments his Son, in Battle slain,
 And vows the Victor's Death; nor vows in vain.
 For nine long Years the smother'd Pain he bore;
 (*Achilles* was not ripe for Fate before:)
 Then when he saw the promis'd Hour was near,
 He thus bespoke the God, that guides the Year.
 Immortal Offspring of my Brother *Jove*;
 My brightest Nephew, and whom best I love,
 Whose Hands were join'd with mine, to raise the Wall
 Of tottering *Troy*, now nodding to her Fall,
 Dost thou not mourn our Pow'r employ'd in vain;
 And the Defenders of our City slain?
 To pass the rest, could noble *Hector* lie
 Unpity'd, dragg'd around his Native *Troy*?
 And yet the Murd'rer lives: Himself by far
 A greater Plague, than all the wasteful War:
 He lives; the proud *Pelides* lives, to boast
 Our Town destroy'd, our common Labour lost.
 O, could I meet him! But I wish too late:
 To prove my Trident is not in his Fate!
 But let him try (for that's allow'd) thy Dart,
 And pierce his only penetrable Part.

Apollo bows to the superior Throne;
 And to his Uncle's Anger, adds his own.
 Then in a Cloud involv'd, he takes his Flight,
 Where *Greeks*, and *Trojans* mix'd in mortal Fight;
 And

And found out *Paris*, lurking where he stood,
 And stain'd his Arrows with *Plebeian* Blood:
Phœbus to him alone the God confels'd,
 Then to the recreant Knight he thus address'd.
 Dost thou not blush, to spend thy Shafts in vain
 On a degenerate, and ignoble Train?
 If Fame, or better Vengeance be thy Care,
 There aim: And, with one Arrow, end the War.

He said; and shew'd from far the blazing Shield
 And Sword, which, but *Achilles*, none cou'd wield;
 And how he mov'd a God, and mow'd the standing
 Field. }

The Deity himself directs aright
 Th' invenom'd Shaft; and wings the fatal Flight.

Thus fell the foremost of the *Grecian* Name;
 And He, the base Adult'rer, boasts the Fame.
 A Spectacle to glad the *Trojan* Train;
 And please old *Priam*, after *Hector* slain.

If by a Female Hand he had foreseen
 He was to die, his Wish had rather been
 The Lance, and double Ax of the fair Warriour Queen. }
 And now the Terror of the *Trojan* Field,
 The *Grecian* Honour, Ornament, and Shield,
 High on a Pile th' Unconquer'd Chief is plac'd,
 The God that arm'd him first, consum'd at last. ,

Of all the mighty Man, the small Remains
 A little Urn, and scarcely fill'd, contains.
 Yet great in *Homer*, still *Achilles* lives;
 And equal to himself, himself survives.

His Buckler owns its former Lord; and brings
 New Cause of Strife, betwixt contending Kings;
 Who Worthi'ft after him, his Sword to wield,
 Or wear his Armour, or sustain his Shield.

Ev'n *Diomedes* sat mute, with down-cast Eyes;
Conscious of wanted Worth to win the Prize:
Nor *Menelaus* presum'd these Arms to claim,
Nor He the King of Men, a greater Name.
Two Rivals only rose: *Laertes*' Son,
And the vast Bulk of *Ajax Telamon*:
The King, who cherish'd each with equal Love,
And from himself all Envy wou'd remove,
Left both to be determin'd by the Laws;
And to the *Græcian* Chiefs transferr'd the Cause.

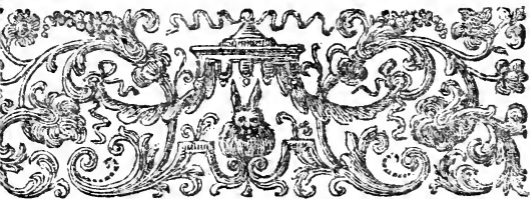
The End of the Twelfth Book.







To the Hon.^{ble}
M^{rs} Mary Pelham



OVID'S

METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XIII.

Translated by Mr. DRYDEN, and Others.

The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.

By Mr. DRYDEN.



HE Chiefs were fet; the Soldiers crown'd
the Field :

To these the Master of the Seven-fold
Shield

Upstart'd fierce : And kindled with Dis-
dain.

Eager to speak, unable to contain
His boiling Rage, he rowl'd his Eyes around
The Shore, and *Græcian* Gallies hall'd a-ground.
Then stretching out his Hands, O *Jove*, he cry'd,
Must then our Cause before the Fleet be try'd?
And dares *Ulysses* for the Prize contend,
In sight of what he durst not once defend?

But

But basely fled that memorable Day,
 When I from *Hector's* Hands redeem'd the flaming Prey.
 So much 'tis safer at the noisie Bar
 With Words to flourish, than ingage in War.
 By diff'rent Methods we maintain our Right,
 Nor am I made to Talk, nor he to Fight.
 In bloody Fields I labour to be great;
 His Arms are a smooth Tongue, and soft Deceit:
 Nor need I speak my Deeds, for those you see,
 The Sun, and Day are Witnesses for me.
 Let him who fights unseen, relate his own,
 And vouch the silent Stars, and conscious Moon.
 Great is the Prize demanded, I confess,
 But such an abject Rival makes it less;
 That Gift, those Honours, he but hop'd to gain,
 Can leave no room for *Ajax* to be vain:
 Losing he wins, because his Name will be
 Ennobled by Defeat, who durst contend with me.
 Were my known Valour question'd, yet my Blood
 Without that Plea wou'd make my Title good:
 My Sire was *Telamon*, whose Arms, employ'd
 With *Hercules*, these *Trojan* Walls destroy'd;
 And who before with *Jason* sent from *Greece*,
 In the first Ship brought home the Golden Fleece.
 Great *Telamon* from *Æacus* derives
 His Birth (th' Inquisitor of guilty Lives
 In Shades below; where *Sisyphus*, whose Son
 This Thief is thought, rouls up the restless heavy Stone.)
 Just *Æacus*, the King of Gods above
 Begot: Thus *Ajax* is the third from *Jove*.
 Nor shou'd I seek Advantage from my Line,
 Unless (*Achilles*) it was mix'd wth thine:

As next of Kin, *Achilles*' Arms I claim ;
 This Fellow wou'd ingraft a Foreign Name
 Upon our Stock, and the *Sisyphian* Seed
 By Fraud, and Theft asserts his Father's Breed :
 Then must I lose these Arms, because I came
 To fight uncall'd, a voluntary Name,
 Nor shunn'd the Cause, but offer'd you my Aid?
 While he long lurking was to War betray'd :
 Forc'd to the Field he came, but in the Reer ;
 And feign'd Distraction to conceal his Fear :
 'Till one more cunning caught him in the Snare ;
 (Ill for himself) and dragg'd him into War.
 Now let a Heroe's Arms a Coward vest,
 And he who shunn'd all Honours, gain the best :
 And let me stand excluded from my Right,
 Robb'd of my Kinsman's Arms, who first appear'd in
 Better for us, at home had he remain'd, [Fight.
 Had it been true the Madness which he feign'd,
 Or so believ'd ; the less had been our Shame,
 The less his counsell'd Crime, which brands the *Gracian*
 Nor *Philoctetes* had been left inclos'd, [Name ;
 In a bare Isle, to Wants and Pains expos'd,
 Where to the Rocks, with solitary Groans,
 His Suff'rings, and our Baseness he bemoans :
 And wishes (so may Heav'n his Wish fulfil)
 The due Reward to him, who caus'd his Ill.
 Now he, with us to *Troy*'s Destruction sworn,
 Our Brother of the War, by whom are born
Alcides' Arrows, pent in narrow Bounds,
 With Cold and Hunger pinch'd, and pain'd with Wounds,
 To find him Food and Cleathing, must employ
 Against the Birds the Shafts due to the Fate of *Troy*.

Yet still he lives, and lives from Treason free,
 Because he left *Ulysses'* Company;
 Poor *Palamede* might wish, so void of Aid
 Rather to have been left, than so to Death betray'd.
 The Coward bore the Man immortal Spight,
 Who sham'd him out of Madness into Fight:
 Nor daring otherwise to vent his Hate,
 Accus'd him first of Treason to the State;
 And then for proof produc'd the golden Store,
 Himself had hidden in his Tent before:
 Thus of two Champions he depriv'd our Host,
 By Exile one, and one by Treason lost.
 Thus fights *Ulysses*, thus his Fame extends,
 A formidable Man, but to his Friends:
 Great, for what Greatness is in Words, and Sound,
 Ev'n faithful *Nestor* less in both is found:
 But that he might without a Rival reign,
 He left this faithful *Nestor* on the Plain;
 Forsook his Friend ev'n at his utmost Need,
 Who tir'd, and tardy with his wounded Steed,
 Cry'd out for Aid, and call'd him by his Name;
 But Cowardice has neither Ears nor Shame;
 Thus fled the good old Man, bereft of Aid,
 And, for as much as lay in him, betray'd:
 That this is not a Fable forg'd by me,
 Like one of his, an *Ulyssian* Lye,
 I vouch ev'n *Diomedes*, who tho' his Friend,
 Cannot that Act excuse, much less defend:
 He call'd him back aloud, and tax'd his Fear;
 And sure enough he heard, but durst not hear.

The Gods with equal Eyes on Mortals look,
 He justly was forsaken, who forsook:

Wanted that Succour, he refus'd to lend,
 Found ev'ry Fellow such another Friend :
 No wonder, if he roar'd that all might hear ;
 His Elocution was increas'd by Fear :
 I heard, I ran, I found him out of Breath,
 Pale, trembling, and half dead with fear of Death.
 Though he had judg'd himself by his own Laws,
 And stood condemn'd, I help'd the common Cause :
 With my broad Buckler hid him from the Foe ;
 (Ev'n the Shield trembled as he lay below ;)
 And from impending Fate the Coward freed :
 Good Heav'n forgive me for so bad a Deed !
 If still he will persist, and urge the Strife,
 First let him give me back his forfeit Life :
 Let him return to that opprobrious Field ;
 Again creep under my protecting Shield :
 Let him lie wounded, let the Foe be near,
 And let his quiv'ring Heart confess his Fear ;
 There put him in the very Jaws of Fate ;
 And let him plead his Cause in that Estate :
 And yet when snatch'd from Death, when from below
 My lifted Shield I loos'd, and let him go ;
 Good Heav'ns, how light he rose, with what a Bound
 He sprung from Earth, forgetful of his Wound ;
 How fresh, how eager then his Feet to ply :
 Who had not Strength to stand, had Speed to fly !

Hector came on, and brought the Gods along ;
 Fear seiz'd alike the Feeble and the Strong :
 Each *Greek* was an *Ulysses* ; such a Dread
 Th' Approach, and ev'n the Sound of *Hector* bred :
 Him, flesh'd with Slaughter, and with Conquest crown'd,
 I met, and over-turn'd him to the Ground ;

When after, matchless as he deem'd in Might,
 He challeng'd all our Host to single Fight ;
 All Eyes were fix'd on me : The Lots were thrown ;
 But for your Champion I was wish'd alone :
 Your Vows were heard ; we fought, and neither yield ;
 Yet I return'd unvanquish'd from the Field.

With *Jove* to Friend, th' insulting *Trojan* came,
 And menac'd us with Force, our Fleet with Flame.
 Was it the Strength of this Tongue-valiant Lord,
 In that black Hour, that sav'd you from the Sword?

Or was my Breast expos'd alone, to brave
 A thousand Swords, a thousand Ships to save ?
 The Hopes of your Return ! And can you yield,
 For a sav'd Fleet, less than a single Shield ?

Think it no Boast, O *Grecians*, if I deem
 These Arms want *Ajax*, more than *Ajax* them :
 Or, I with them an equal Honour share ;
 They honour'd to be worn, and I to wear.

Will he compare my Courage with his Sleight ?
 As well he may compare the Day with Night.

Night is indeed the Province of his Reign :

Yet all his dark Exploits no more contain
 Than a Spy taken, and a Sleeper slain ;

A Priest made Pris'ner, *Pallas* made a Prey :

But none of all these Actions done by Day :

Nor ought of these was done, and *Diomed* away.

If on such petty Merits you confer

So vast a Prize, let each his Portion share ;

Make a just Dividend ; and if not all,

The greater part to *Diomed* will fall.

But why for *Ithacus* such Arms as those,

Who naked, and by Night invades his Foes ?

The glitt'ring Helm by Moonlight will proclaim
 The latent Robber, and prevent his Game:
 Nor cou'd he hold his tott'ring Head upright
 Beneath that Morion, or sustain the Weight;
 Nor that right Arm cou'd toss the beamy Lance;
 Much less the left that ampler Shield advance,
 Pond'rous with precious Weight, and rough with Cost
 Of the round World in rising Gold emboss'd.
 That Orb would ill become his Hand to wield,
 And look as for the Gold he stole the Shield;
 Which, shou'd your Error on the Wretch bestow,
 It would not frighten, but allure the Foe:
 Why asks he, what avails him not in Fight,
 And wou'd but cumber, and retard his Flight,
 In which his only Excellence is plac'd?
 You give him Death, that intercept his Haste.
 Add, that his own is yet a Maiden-Shield,
 Nor the least Dint has suffer'd in the Field,
 Guiltless of Fight: Mine batter'd, hew'd, and bor'd,
 Worn out of Service, must forsake its Lord.
 What farther need of Words our Right to scan?
 My Arguments are Deeds, let Action speak the Man.
 Since from a Champion's Arms the Strife arose,
 Go cast the glorious Prize amid the Foes;
 Then send us to redem both Arms, and Shield,
 And let him wear, who wins 'em in the Field.

He said: A Murmur from a Multitude,
 Or somewhat like a stifled Shout, ensu'd:
 'Till from his Seat arose *Laertes*' Son,
 Look'd down a while, and paus'd ere he begun;
 Then, to th' expecting Audience, rais'd his Look,
 And not without prepar'd Attention spoke:

Soft was his Tone, and sober was his Face;
 Action his Words, and Words his Action grace.

If Heav'n, my Lords, had heard our common Pray'r,
 These Arms had caus'd no Quarrel for an Heir;
 Still great *Achilles* had his own possess'd,
 And we with great *Achilles* had been blest'd;
 But since hard Fate, and Heav'n's severé Decree,
 Have ravish'd him away from you, and me;
 (At this he sigh'd, and wip'd his Eyes, and drew,
 Or seem'd to draw, some Drops of kindly Dew)
 Who better can succeed *Achilles* lost,
 Than He, who gave *Achilles* to your Host?
 This only I request, that neither He
 May gain, by being what he seems to be,
 A stupid Thing; nor I may lose the Prize,
 By having Sense, which Heav'n to him denies:
 Since great or small, the Talent I enjoy'd
 Was ever in the common Cause employ'd;
 Nor let my Wit, and wonted Eloquence,
 Which often has been us'd in your Defence,
 And in my own, this only Time be brought
 To bear against my self, and deem'd a Fault.
 Make not a Crime, where Nature made it none;
 For ev'ry Man may freely use his own.
 The Deeds of long-descended Ancestors
 Are but by grace of Imputation ours,
 Theirs in Effect; but since he draws his Line
 From *Jove*, and seems to plead a Right Divine;
 From *Jove*, like him, I claim my Pedigree,
 And am descended in the same Degree:
 My Sire *Laertes* was *Arcefius*' Heir,
Arcefius was the Son of *Jupiter* :

No Parricide, no banish'd Man, is known
 In all my Line: Let him excuse his own.
Hermes ennobles too my Mother's Side,
 By both my Parents to the Gods ally'd.
 But not because that on the Female Part
 My Blood is better, dare I claim Desert,
 Or that my Sire from Parricide is free;
 But judge by Merit betwixt Him and Me:
 The Prize be to the best; provided yet
 That *Ajax* for a while his Kin forget,
 And his great Sire, and greater Uncle's Name,
 To fortify by them his feeble Claim;
 Be Kindred and Relation laid aside,
 And Honour's Cause by Laws of Honour try'd:
 For if he plead Proximity of Blood;
 That empty Title is with Ease withstood.
Peleus, the Heroe's Sire, more nigh than he,
 And *Pyrrhus*, his undoubted Progeny,
 Inherit first these Trophies of the Field;
 To *Scyros*, or to *Pthia*, send the Shield:
 And *Teucer* has an Uncle's Right; yet he
 Waves his Pretensions, nor contends with me.
 Then since the Cause on pure Desert is plac'd,
 Whence shall I take my Rise, what reckon last?
 I not presume on ev'ry Act to dwell,
 But take these few, in order as they fell.

Thetis, who knew the Fates, apply'd her Care
 To keep *Achilles* in Disguise from War;
 And 'till the threaten'g Influence was past,
 A Woman's Habit on the Heroe cast:
 All Eyes were cozen'd by the borrow'd Vest,
 And *Ajax* (never wiser than the rest)

Found no *Pelides* there: At length I came
 With proffer'd Wares to this pretended Dame;
 She, not discover'd by her Mein, or Voice,
 Betray'd her Manhood by her manly Choice;
 And while on Female Toys her Fellows look,
 Grasp'd in her Warlike Hand, a Javelin shook:
 Whom, by this Act reveal'd, I thus bespoke:
 O Goddess-born! resist not Heav'n's Decree,
 The Fall of *Ilium* is reserv'd for Thee;
 Then seiz'd him, and produc'd in open Light,
 Sent blushing to the Field the fatal Knight.
 Mine then are all his Actions of the War;
 Great *Telephus* was conquer'd by my Spear,
 And after cur'd: To me the *Thebans* owe,
Lesbos, and *Tenedos*, their Overthrow;
Scyros and *Cylla*: Not on all to dwell,
 By me *Lyrnessus*, and strong *Chrysa* fell:
 And since I sent the Man who *Hector* slew,
 To me the noble *Hector's* Death is due:
 Those Arms I put into his living Hand,
 Those Arms, *Pelides* dead, I now demand.

When *Greece* was injur'd in the *Spartan* Prince,
 And met at *Aulis* to avenge th' Offence,
 'Twas a dead Calm, or adverse Blasts, that reign'd,
 And in the Port the Wind-bound Fleet detain'd:
 Bad Signs were seen, and Oracles severe
 Were daily thunder'd in our Gen'ral's Ear;
 That by his Daughter's Blood we must appease
Diana's kindled Wrath, and free the Seas.
 Affection, Int'rest, Fame, his Heart assail'd:
 But soon the Father o'er the King prevail'd:
 Bold, on himself he took the pious Crime,
 As angry with the Gods, as they with him.

No Subject cou'd sustain their Sov'reign's Look,
 Till this hard Enterprize I undertook :
 I only durst th' Imperial Pow'r controul,
 And undermin'd the Parent in his Soul ;
 Forc'd him t' exert the King for common Good,
 And pay our Ransom with his Daughter's Blood. .
 Never was Cause more difficult to plead,
 Than where the Judge against himself decreed :
 Yet this I won by dint of Argument ;
 The Wrongs his injur'd Brother underwent,
 And his own Office, sham'd him to consent.

'Twas harder yet to move the Mother's Mind,
 And to this heavy Task was I design'd ;
 Reasons against her Love I knew were vain ;
 I circumvented whom I could not gain :
 Had *Ajax* been employ'd, our slacken'd Sails
 Had still at *Aulis* waited happy Gales.

Arriv'd at *Troy*, your Choice was fix'd on me,
 A fearless Envoy, fit for a bold Embassy :
 Secure, I enter'd through the hostile Court,
 Glitt'ring with Steel, and crowded with Resort :
 There, in the midst of Arms, I plead our Cause,
 Urge the foul Rape, and violated Laws ;
 Accuse the Foes, as Authors of the Strife,
 Reproach the Ravisher, demand the Wife.
Priam, *Antenor*, and the wiser few,
 I mov'd ; but *Paris*, and his lawless Crew
 Scarce held their Hands, and lifted Swords ; but stood
 In Act to quench their impious Thirst of Blood :
 This *Menelaus* knows ; expos'd to share
 With me the rough Preludium of the War.

Endless it were to tell, what I have done,
 In Arms, or Council, since the Siege begun :

The first Encounter's past, the Foe repell'd,
 They skulk'd within the Town, we kept the Field.
 War seem'd asleep for nine long Years; at length
 Both Sides resolv'd to push, we try'd our Strength.
 Now what did *Ajax*, while our Arms took Breath,
 Vers'd only in the gross mechanick Trade of Death?
 If you require my Deeds, with ambush'd Arms
 I trapp'd the Foe, or tir'd with false Alarms;
 Secur'd the Ships, drew Lines along the Plain,
 The Fainting chear'd, chastis'd the Rebel-train.
 Provided Forage, our spent Arms renew'd;
 Employ'd at home, or sent abroad, the common Cause
 pursu'd.

The King, deluded in a Dream by *Jove*,
 Despair'd to take the Town, and order'd to remove.
 What Subject durst arraign the Pow'r Supream,
 Producing *Jove* to justify his Dream?

Ajax might wish the Soldiers to retain
 From shameful Flight, but Wishes were in vain:
 As wanting of Effect had been his Words,
 Such as of Course his thund'ring Tongue affords.
 But did this Boaster threaten, did he pray,
 Or by his own Example urge their Stay?
 None, none of these: but ran himself away.

I saw him run, and was asham'd to see;
 Who ply'd his Feet so fast to get aboard, as He?
 Then speeding through the Place, I made a stand,
 And loudly cry'd, O base degenerate Band,
 To leave a Town already in your Hand!
 After so long Expence of Blood, for Fame,
 To bring home nothing, but perpetual Shame!
 These Words, or what I have forgotten since,
 (For Grief inspir'd me then with Eloquence)

Reduc'd their Minds; they leave the croud'd Port,
And to their late forsaken Camp resort:

Dismay'd the Council met: This Man was there,
But mute, and not recover'd of his Fear:

Thersites tax'd the King, and loudly rail'd,
But his wide-opening Mouth with Blows I seal'd.
Then, rising, I excite their Souls to Fame,
And kindle sleeping Virtue into Flame.

From thence, whatever he perform'd in Fight
Is justly mine, who drew him back from Flight.

Which of the *Grecian* Chiefs consorts with Thee?

But *Diomede* desires my Company,
And still communicates his Praise with me.

As guided by a God, secure he goes,
Arm'd with my Fellowship, amid the Foes:
And sure no little Merit I may boast,

Whom such a Man selects from such an Host;
Unforc'd by Lots I went without affright,
To dare with him the Dangers of the Night:

On the same Errand sent, we met the Spy
Of *Hector*, double-tongu'd, and us'd to lye;
Him I dispatch'd, but not 'till undermin'd,

I drew him first to tell what treach'rous *Troy* design'd:
My Task perform'd, with Praise I had retir'd,

But not content with this, to greater Praise aspir'd:
Invaded *Rhesus*, and his *Thracian* Crew,

And him, and his, in their own Strength I slew;
Return'd a Victor, all my Vows compleat,

With the King's Chariot, in his Royal Seat:
Refuse me now his Arms, whose fiery Steeds

Were promis'd to the Spy for his Nocturnal Deeds:
And let dull *Ajax* bear away my Right,

When all his Days out-balance this one Night.

Nor fought I darkling still: The Sun beheld
 With slaughter'd *Lycians* when I strew'd the Field:
 You saw, and counted as I pass'd along,
Alastor, Chromius, Ceranos the Strong,
Alcander, Prytanis, and *Halius*,
Noemon, Charopes, and *Ennomus*;
Coon, Chersidamas; and five beside,
 Men of obscure Descent, but Courage try'd:
 All these this Hand laid breathless on the Ground;
 Nor want I Proofs of many a manly Wound:
 All honest, all before: Believe not me;
 Words may deceive, but credit what you see.

At this he bar'd his Breast, and show'd his Scars,
 As of a furrow'd Field, well plow'd with Wars;
 Nor is this Part unexercis'd, said he;
 That Giant-bulk of his from Wounds is free:
 Safe in his Shield he fears no Foe to try,
 And better manages his Blood, than I:
 But this avails me not; our Boaster strove
 Not with our Foes alone, but partial *Jove*,
 To save the Fleet: this I confess is true,
 (Nor will I take from any Man his Due:)
 But thus assuming all, he robs from you.
 Some part of Honour to your share will fall,
 He did the best indeed, but did not all.
Patroclus in *Achilles'* Arms, and thought
 The Chief he seem'd, with equal Ardour fought;
 Preserv'd the Fleet, repeli'd the raging Fire,
 And forc'd the fearful *Trojans* to retire.

But *Ajax* boasts, that he was only thought
 A Match for *Hector*, who the Combat sought:
 Sure he forgets the King, the Chiefs, and Me:
 All were as eager for the Fight, as He:

He but the ninth, and not by publick Voice,
 Or ours preferr'd, was only Fortune's Choice:
 They fought; nor can our Heroe boast th' Event,
 For *Hector* from the Field unwounded went.

Why am I forc'd to name that fatal Day,
 That snatch'd the Prop and Pride of *Greece* away?
 I saw *Pelides* sink, with pious Grief,
 And ran in vain, alas! to his Relief;
 For the brave Soul was fled: Full of my Friend
 I rush'd amid the War, his Relicks to defend:
 Nor ceas'd my Toil, 'till I redeem'd the Prey,
 And, loaded with *Achilles*, march'd away:
 Those Arms, which on these Shoulders then I bore,
 'Tis just you to these Shoulders should restore.
 You see I want not Nerves, who cou'd sustain
 The pond'rous Ruins of so great a Man:
 Or if in others equal Force you find,
 None is endu'd with a more grateful Mind.

Did *Thetis* then, ambitious in her Care,
 These Arms thus labour'd for her Son prepare; }
 That *Ajax* after him the heav'nly Gift shou'd wear!
 For that dull Soul to stare, with stupid Eyes,
 On the learn'd unintelligible Prize!
 What are to him the Sculptures of the Shield,
 Heav'n's Planets, Earth, and Ocean's watry Field?
 The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*; less, and greater *Bear*,
 Undipp'd in Seas; *Orion's* angry Star;
 Two differing Cities, grav'd on either Hand;
 Would he wear Arms he cannot understand?

Beside, what wise Objections he prepares
 Against my late Accession to the Wars?
 Does not the Fool perceive his Argument
 Is with more Force against *Achilles* bent?

For if Dissembling be so great a Crime,
 The Fault is common, and the same in him:
 And if he taxes both of long Delay,
 My Guilt is less, who sooner came away.
 His pious Mother, anxious for his Life,
 Detain'd her Son; and me, my pious Wife.
 To them the Blossoms of our Youth were due,
 Our riper Manhood we reserv'd for you.
 But grant me guilty, 'tis not much my Care,
 When with so great a Man my Guilt I share:
 My Wit to War the matchless Heroe brought,
 But by this Fool I never had been caught.

Nor need I wonder, that on me he threw
 Such foul Aspersions, when he spares not you;
 If *Palamede* unjustly fell by me,
 Your Honour suffer'd in th' unjust Decree:
 I but accus'd, you doom'd: And yet he dy'd
 Convinc'd of Treason, and was fairly try'd:
 You heard not he was false; your Eyes beheld
 The Traitor manifest; the Bribe reveal'd.

That *Philoctetes* is on *Lemnos* left,
 Wounded, forlorn, of human Aid bereft,
 Is not my Crime, or not my Crime alone:
 Defend your Justice, for the Fact's your own:
 'Tis true, th' Advice was mine; that staying there }
 He might his weary Limbs with Rest repair, }
 From a long Voyage free, and from a longer War. }
 He took the Counsel, and he lives at least;
 Th' Event declares I counsell'd for the best:
 Though Faith is all in Ministers of State;
 For who can promise to be fortunate?
 Now since his Arrows are the Fate of *Troy*,
 Do not my Wit, or weak Address employ;

Send *Ajax* there, with his persuasive Sense,
 To mollify the Man, and draw him thence:
 But *Xanthus* shall run backward; *Ida* stand
 A leafless Mountain; and the *Grecian* Band
 Shall fight for *Troy*; if, when my Counsel fail,
 The Wit of heavy *Ajax* can prevail.

Hard *Philoctetes*, exercise thy Spleen
 Against thy Fellows, and the King of Men;
 Curse my devoted Head, above the rest,
 And wish in Arms to meet me Breast to Breast:
 Yet I the dang'rous Task will undertake,
 And either die my self, or bring thee back.

Nor doubt the same Success, as when before
 The *Phrygian* Prophet to these Tents I bore,
 Surpriz'd by Night, and forc'd him to declare
 In what was plac'd the Fortune of the War,
 Heav'n's dark Decrees, and Answers to display;
 And how to take the Town, and where the Secret lay:
 Yet this I compass'd, and from *Troy* convey'd
 The fatal Image of their Guardian-Maid:
 That Work was mine; for *Pallas*, though our Friend,
 Yet while she was in *Troy*, did *Troy* defend.
 Now what has *Ajax* done, or what design'd?
 A noisy Nothing, and an empty Wind.
 If he be what he promises in Show,
 Why was I sent, and why fear'd he to go?
 Our boasting Champion thought the Task not light
 To pass the Guards, commit himself to Night;
 Not only through a hostile Town to pass,
 But scale, with steep Ascent, the sacred Place;
 With wand'ring Steps to search the Cittadel,
 And from the Priests their Patroness to steal:

Then

Then through surrounding Foes to force my Way,
 And bear in Triumph Home the heav'nly Prey;
 Which had I not, *Ajax* in vain had held,
 Before that monstrous Bulk, his sev'n-fold Shield.
 That Night to conquer *Troy* I might be said,
 When *Troy* was liable to Conquest made.

Why point'st thou to my Partner of the War?
Tydidés had indeed a worthy Share
 In all my Toil, and Praise; but when thy Might
 Our Ships protected, didst thou singly fight?
 All join'd, and thou of many wert but one;
 I ask'd no Friend, nor had, but him alone:
 Who had he not been well assur'd, that Art,
 And Conduct were of War the better Part,
 And more avail'd than Strength, my valiant Friend
 Had urg'd a better Right, than *Ajax* can pretend:
 As good at least *Eurypylus* may Claim,
 And the more mod'rate *Ajax* of the Name:
 The *Cretan* King, and his brave Charioteer,
 And *Menelaus* bold with Sword and Spear:
 All these had been my Rivals in the Shield,
 And yet all these to my Pretensions yield.
 Thy boist'rous Hands are then of use, when I
 With this directing Head those Hands apply.
 Brawn without Brain is thine: My prudent Care
 Foresees, provides, administers the War:
 Thy Province is to Fight; but when shall be
 The Time to Fight, the King consults with Me:
 No Dram of Judgment with thy Force is join'd:
 Thy Body is of Profit, and my Mind.
 By how much more the Ship her Safety owes
 To him who steers, than him that only rows;

By how much more the Captain merits Praise,
 Than he who fights, and fighting but obeys;
 By so much greater is my Worth than thine,
 Who canst but execute, what I design.
 What gain'st thou, brutal Man, if I confess
 Thy Strength superior, when thy Wit is less?
 Mind is the Man: I claim my whole Desert,
 From the Mind's Vigour, and th' immortal Part.

But you, O *Grecian* Chiefs, reward my Care,
 Be grateful to your Watchman of the War:
 For all my Labours in so long a Space,
 Sure I may plead a Title to your Grace:
 Enter the Town; I then unbarr'd the Gates,
 When I remov'd their tutelary Fates.
 By all our common Hopes, if Hopes they be
 Which I have now reduc'd to Certainty;
 By falling *Troy*, by yonder tott'ring Tow'rs,
 And by their taken Gods, which now are ours;
 Or if there yet a farther Task remains,
 To be perform'd by Prudence, or by Pains;
 If yet some desp'rate Action rests behind,
 That asks high Conduct, and a dauntless Mind;
 If ought be wanting to the *Trojan* Doom,
 Which none but I can manage, and o'ercome,
 Award, those Arms I ask, by your Decree:
 Or give to This, what you refuse to me.

He ceas'd: And ceasing with Respect he bow'd,
 And with his Hand at once the fatal Statue show'd.
 Heav'n, Air and Ocean rung, with loud Applause,
 And by the gen'ral Vote he gain'd his Cause.
 Thus Conduct won the Prize, when Courage fail'd,
 And Eloquence o'er brutal Force prevail'd.

The Death of A J A X.

He who cou'd often, and alone, withstand
 The Foe, the Fire, and *Jove's* own partial Hand,
 Now cannot his unmaster'd Grief sustain,
 But yields to Rage, to Madnes, and Disdain ;
 Then snatching out his Fauchion, Thou, said He,
 Art mine; *Ulysses* lays no Claim to Thee.
 O often try'd, and ever-trusty Sword,
 Now do thy last kind Office to thy Lord:
 'Tis *Ajax* who requests thy Aid, to show
 None but himself, himself cou'd overthrow:
 He said, and with so good a Will to die,
 Did to his Breast the fatal Point apply,
 It found his Heart, a Way till then unknown,
 Where never Weapon enter'd, but his own.
 No Hands cou'd force it thence, so fix'd it stood,
 'Till out it rush'd, expell'd by Streams of spouting Blood.
 The fruitful Blood produc'd a Flow'r, which grew
 On a green Stem; and of a Purple Hue: }
 Like his, whom unaware *Apollo* slew :
 Inscrib'd in both, the Letters are the same,
 But those express the Grief, and these the Name.

The Story of POLYXENA and HECUBA.

By Mr. TEMPLE STANYAN.

The Victor with full Sails for *Lemnos* stood,
 (Once stain'd by Matrons with their Husbands Blood)
 Thence Great *Alcides'* fatal Shafts to bear,
 Assign'd to *Philoctetes'* secret Care.

These

These with their Guardian to the *Greeks* convey'd,
 Their ten Years Toil with wish'd Success repaid.
 With *Troy* old *Priam* falls: his Queen survives;
 'Till all her Woes compleat, transform'd she grieves
 In borrow'd Sounds, nor with an human Face,
 Barking tremendous o'er the Plains of *Thrace*.
 Still *Ilium's* Flames their pointed Columns raise,
 And the red *Hellepont* reflects the Blaze.
 Shed on *Jove's* Altar are the poor Remains
 Of Blood, which trickl'd from old *Priam's* Veins.
Cassandra lifts her Hands to Heav'n in vain,
 Drag'd by her sacred Hair; the trembling Train
 Of Matrons to their burning Temples fly:
 There to their Gods for kind Protection cry;
 And to their Statues cling 'till forc'd away,
 The Victor *Greeks* bear off th' invidious Prey.
 From those high Tow'rs *Astyanax* is thrown,
 Whence he was wont with pleasure to look down,
 When oft his Mother with a fond Delight
 Pointed to view his Father's Rage in Fight,
 To win Renown, and guard his Country's Right.

}
}

The Winds now call to Sea; brisk Northern Gales
 Sing in the Shrowds, and court the spreading Sails.
 Farewel, dear *Troy*, the captive Matrons cry;
 Yes, We must leave Our long-lov'd native Sky.
 Then prostrate on the Shore they kiss the Sand,
 And quit the smoking Ruines of the Land.
 Last *Hecuba* on board, sad Sight! appears;
 Found weeping o'er her Childrens Sepulchres:
 Drag'd by *Ulysses* from her slaughter'd Sons,
 Whilst yet she graspt their Tombs, and kist their mould'
 Yet *Hector's* Ashes from his Urn she bore, [dring Bones.
 And in her Bosom the sad Relique wore:

Then

Then scatter'd on his Tomb her hoary Hairs,
A poor Oblation mingled with her Tears.

Oppos'd to *Ilium* lie the *Thracian* Plains,
Where *Polymnestor* safe in Plenty reigns.
King *Priam* to his Care commits his Son,
Young *Polydore*, the Chance of War to shun.
A wise Precaution! had not Gold, consign'd
For the Child's Use, debauch'd the Tyrant's Mind.
When sinking *Troy* to its last Period drew,
With impious Hands his Royal Charge he flew;
Then in the Sea the lifeless Coarse is thrown;
As with the Body he the Guilt could drown.

The *Greeks* now riding on the *Thracian* Shore,
'Till kinder Gales invite, their Vessels moor.
Here the wide-op'ning Earth to sudden View
Disclos'd *Achilles*, Great as when he drew
The vital Air, but fierce with proud Disdain,
As when he fought *Briſeis* to regain;
When stern Debate, and rash injurious Strife
Unsheath'd his Sword, to reach *Atrides'* Life.
And will ye go? he said: Is then the Name
Of the once Great *Achilles* lost to Fame?
Yet stay, ungrateful *Greeks*; nor let me sue
In vain for Honours to my *Manes* due.
For this just End, *Polyxena* I doom
With Victim-Rites to grace my slighted Tomb.

The Phantom spoke; the ready *Greeks* obey'd,
And to the Tomb led the devoted Maid
Snatch'd from her Mother, who with pious Care
Cherish'd this last Relief of her Despair.
Superior to her Sex, the fearless Maid
Approach'd the Altar, and around survey'd

The cruel Rites, and consecrated Knife,
 Which *Pyrrhus* pointed at her guiltless Life.
 Then, as with stern Amaze intent he stood,
 " Now strike, she said ; now spill my Gen'rous Blood ;
 " Deep in my Breast, or Throat, your Dagger sheath,
 " Whilst thus I stand prepar'd to meet my Death.
 " For Life on terms of Slav'ry I despise :
 " Yet sure no God approves this Sacrifice.
 " O ! cou'd I but conceal this dire Event
 " From my sad Mother, I should die content.
 " Yet should she not with Tears my Death deplore,
 " Since her own wretched Life demands them more.
 " But let not the rude Touch of Man pollute
 " A Virgin-Victim ; 'tis a modest Suit.
 " It best will please, whoe'er demands my Blood,
 " That I untainted reach the *Stygian* Flood.
 " Yet let one short, last, dying Prayer be heard,
 " To *Priam's* Daughter pay this last Regard ;
 " 'Tis *Priam's* Daughter, not a Captive, sues ;
 " Do not the Rites of Sepulture refuse.
 " To my afflicted Mother, I implore,
 " Free without Ransom my dead Corpse restore :
 " Nor barter me for Gain, when I am cold ;
 " But be her Tears the Price, if I am sold :
 " Time was she could have ransom'd me with Gold. }

Thus as she pray'd, one common Shower of Tears
 Burst forth, and stream'd from ev'ry Eye but hers.
 Ev'n the Priest wept, and with a rude Remorse
 Plung'd in her Heart the Steel's resistless Force.
 Her slacken'd Limbs sunk gently to the Ground,
 Dauntless her Looks, unalter'd by the Wound.
 And as she fell, she strove with decent Pride
 To guard, what suits a Virgin's Care to hide.

The *Trojan* Matrons the pale Corpse receive,
 And the whole slaughter'd Race of *Priam* grieve.
 Sad they recount the long disastrous Tale;
 Then with fresh Tears, Thee, Royal Maid, bewail;
 Thy widow'd Mother too, who flourish'd late
 The Royal Pride of *Asia's* happier State:
 A Captive Lot now to *Ulysses* born;
 Whom yet the Victor would reject with Scorn,
 Were she not *Hector's* Mother: *Hector's* Fame
 Scarce can a Master for his Mother claim!
 With strict Embrace the lifeless Coarse she view'd;
 And her fresh Grief that Flood of Tears renew'd,
 With which she lately mourn'd so many dead;
 Tears for her Country, Sons, and Husband shed.
 With the thick-gushing Stream she bath'd the Wound;
 Kifs'd her pale Lips; then weltring on the Ground,
 With wonted Rage her frantick Bosom tore;
 Sweeping her Hair amidst the clotted Gore;
 Whilst her sad Accents thus her Loss deplore.

- “ Behold a Mother's last dear Pledge of Woe!
 “ Yes, 'tis the last I have to suffer now.
 “ Thou, my *Polyxena*, my Ills must crown:
 “ Already in thy Fate I feel my own.
 “ 'Tis thus, lest haply of my numerous Seed
 “ One should unslaughter'd fall, even Thou must bleed:
 “ And yet I hop'd thy Sex had been thy Guard:
 “ But neither has thy tender Sex been spar'd.
 “ The same *Achilles*, by whose deadly Hate
 “ Thy Brothers fell, urg'd thy untimely Fate!
 “ The same *Achilles*, whose destructive Rage
 “ Laid waste my Realms, has robb'd my Childless Age.
 “ When *Paris'* Shafts with *Phæbus'* certain Aid
 “ At length had pierc'd this dreaded Chief, I said,

“ Secure

" Secure of future Ills, He can no more :
 " But see, he still pursues me as before.
 " With Rage rekindled his dead Ashes burn ;
 " And his yet murd'ring Ghost my wretched House must
 " This Tyrant's Lust of Slaughter I have fed [mourn.
 " With large Supplies from my too-fruitful Bed.
 " *Troy's* Tow'rs lie waste ; and the wide Ruin ends
 " The Publick Woe ; but Me fresh Woe attends.
 " *Troy* still survives to me ; to none but me ;
 " And from its Ills I never must be free.
 " I, who so late had Power, and Wealth, and Ease,
 " Bless'd with my Husband, and a large Encrease,
 " Must now in Poverty an Exile mourn ;
 " Ev'n from the Tombs of my dead Offspring torn :
 " Giv'n to *Penelope*, who proud of Spoil,
 " Allots me to the Loom's ungrateful Toil ;
 " Points to her Dames, and cries with scorning Mien :
 " See *Hector's* Mother, and Great *Priam's* Queen !
 " And Thou, my Child, sole Hope of all that's lost,
 " Thou now art slain, to sooth this Hostile Ghost.
 " Yes, my Child falls an Offering to my Foe !
 " Then what am I, who still survive this Woe ?
 " Say, cruel Gods ! for what new Scenes of Death
 " Must a poor aged Wretch prolong this hated Breath ?
 " *Troy* fall'n, to whom could *Priam* happy seem ?
 " Yet was he so ; and happy must I deem
 " His Death ; for O ! my Child, he saw not thine,
 " When he his Life did with his *Troy* resign.
 " Yet sure due Obsequies thy Tomb might grace ;
 " And thou shalt sleep amidst thy Kingly Race.
 " Alas ! my Child, such Fortune does not wait
 " Our Suffering House in this abandon'd State.

" A foreign Grave, and thy poor Mother's Tears
 " Are all the Honours that attend thy Herse.
 " All now is lost! —Yet no; One Comfort more
 " Of Life remains, my much-lov'd *Polydore*,
 " My youngest Hope: Here on this Coast he lives,
 " Nurs'd by the Guardian-King, he still survives.
 " Then let me hasten to the cleansing Flood,
 " And wash away these Stains of guiltless Blood.

Strait to the Shore her feeble Steps repair
 With limping Pace, and torn dishevell'd Hair,
 Silver'd with Age. " Give me an Urn, she cry'd,
 " To bear back Water from this swelling Tide:
 When on the Banks her Son in ghastly Hue
 Transfix'd with *Thracian* Arrows strikes her View.
 The Matrons shriek'd; her big-swoln Grief surpass'd
 The Pow'r of Utterance; she stood aghast;
 She had nor Speech, nor Tears to give Relief:
 Excess of Woe suppress'd the rising Grief.
 Lifeless as Stone, on Earth she fix'd her Eyes;
 And then look'd up to Heav'n with wild Surprise.
 Now she contemplates o'er with sad Delight
 Her Son's pale Visage; then her aking Sight
 Dwells on his Wounds: She varies thus by turns,
 'Till with collected Rage at length she burns,
 Wild as the Mother-Lion, when among
 The Haunts of Prey she seeks her ravish'd Young:
 Swift flies the Ravisher; she marks his Trace,
 And by the Print directs her anxious Chace.
 So *Hecuba* with mingled Grief, and Rage
 Pursues the King, regardless of her Age.
 She greets the Murd'rer with dissembled Joy
 Of secret Treasure hoarded for her Boy.

The specious Tale th' unwary King betray'd.
 Fir'd with the Hopes of Prey: " Give quick, he said
 " With soft enticing Speech, the promis'd Store:
 " Whate'er you give, you give to *Polydore*.
 " Your Son, by the immortal Gods I swear,
 " Shall this with all your former Bounty share.
 She stands attentive to his soothing Lyes,
 And darts avenging Horror from her Eyes.
 Then full Resentment fires her boiling Blood:
 She springs upon him, 'midst the Captive Crow'd:
 (Her Thirst of Vengeance want of Strength supplies:)
 Fastens her forky Fingers in his Eyes;
 Tears out the rooted Balls; her Rage pursues,
 And in the hollow Orbs her Hand imbrews.

The *Thracians*, fir'd at this inhuman Scene,
 With Darts and Stones assail the frantick Queen.
 She snarls, and growls, nor in an human Tone;
 Then bites impatient at the bounding Stone;
 Extends her Jaws, as she her Voice would raise
 To keen Invectives in her wonted Phrase;
 But barks, and thence the yelping Brute betrays. }
 Still a sad Monument the Place remains,
 And from this Monstrous Change its Name obtains:
 Where she, in long Remembrance of her Ills,
 With plaintive Howlings the wide Desert fills.

Greeks, Trojans, Friends, and Foes, and Gods above
 Her num'rous Wrongs to just Compassion move.
 Ev'n *Juno's* self forgets her ancient Hate,
 And owns, she had deserv'd a milder Fate.

The Funeral of MEMNON.

By Mr. CROXALL.

Yet bright *Aurora*, partial as she was
 To *Troy*, and those that lov'd the *Trojan* Cause,
 Nor *Troy*, nor *Hecuba* can now bemoan,
 But weeps a sad Misfortune, more her own.
 Her Offspring *Memnon*, by *Achilles* slain,
 She saw extended on the *Phrygian* Plain :
 She saw, and strait the Purple Beams, that grace
 The rose Morning, vanish'd from her Face ;
 A deadly Pale her wonted Bloom invades,
 And veils the lowring Skies with mournful Shades.
 But when his Limbs upon the Pile were laid,
 The last kind Duty that by Friends is paid,
 His Mother to the Skies directs her Flight,
 Nor cou'd sustain to view the doleful Sight :
 But frantick, with her loose neglected Hair,
 Hastens to *Jove*, and falls a Suppliant there.
 O King of Heav'n, O Father of the Skies,
 The weeping Goddess passionately cries,
 Tho' I the meanest of Immortals am,
 And fewest Temples celebrate my Fame,
 Yet still a Goddess, I presume to come
 Within the Verge of Your Etherial Dome :
 Yet still may plead some Merit, if my Light
 With Purple Dawn controuls the Pow'rs of Night ;
 If from a Female Hand that Virtue springs,
 Which to the Gods and Men such Pleasure brings.
 Yet I nor Honours seek, nor Rites Divine,
 Nor for more Altars, or more Fanes repine ;

Oh !

Oh ! that such Trifles were the only Cause,
 From whence *Aurora's* Mind its Anguish draws!
 For *Memnon* lost, my dearest only Child,
 With weightier Grief my heavy Heart is fill'd ;
 My Warrior Son ! that liv'd but half his Time,
 Nipt in the Bud, and blasted in his Prime ;
 Who for his Uncle early took the Field,
 And by *Achilles'* fatal Spear was kill'd.
 To whom but *Jove* shou'd I for Succour come ?
 For *Jove* alone cou'd fix his cruel Doom.
 O Sov'reign of the Gods, accept my Pray'r,
 Grant my Request, and sooth a Mother's Care ;
 On the Deceas'd some solemn Boon bestow,
 To expiate the Loss, and ease my Woe.

Jove, with a Nod, comply'd with her Desire ;
 Around the Body flam'd the Fun'ral Fire ;
 The Pile decreas'd, that lately seem'd so high,
 And Sheets of Smoak roll'd upward to the Sky :
 As humid Vapours from a marshy Bog,
 Rise by degrees, condensing into Fog,
 That intercept the Sun's enliv'ning Ray,
 And with a Cloud infect the chearful Day.
 The sooty Ashes wafted by the Air,
 Whirl round, and thicken in a Body there ;
 Then take a Form, which their own Heat, and Fire
 With active Life, and Energy inspire.
 Its Lightness makes it seem to fly, and soon
 It skims on real Wings, that are its own ;
 A real Bird, it beats the breezy Wind,
 Mix'd with a thousand Sisters of the Kind,
 That, from the same Formation newly sprung,
 Up-born aloft on plummy Pinions hung.

Thrice round the Pile advanc'd the circling Throng,
 Thrice, with their Wings, a whizzing Confort rung.
 In the fourth Flight their Squadron they divide,
 Rank'd in two diff'rent Troops, on either Side:
 Then two and two, inspir'd with martial Rage,
 From either Troop in equal Pairs engage.
 Each Combatant with Beak and Pounces press'd,
 In wrathful Ire, his Adversary's Breast;
 Each falls a Victim, to preserve the Fame
 Of that great Heroe, whence their Being came.
 From him their Courage, and their Name they take,
 And, as they liv'd, they die for *Memnon's* sake.
 Punctual to Time, with each revolving Year,
 In fresh Array the Champion Birds appear;
 Again, prepar'd with vengeful Minds, they come
 To bleed, in Honour of the Soldier's Tomb.

Therefore in others it appear'd not strange,
 To grieve for *Hecuba's* unhappy Change:
 But poor *Aurora* had enough to do
 With her own Loss, to mind another's Woe;
 Who still in Tears, her tender Nature shews,
 Besprinkling all the World with pearly Dews.

The VOYAGE of ÆNEAS.

By Mr. CATCOTT.

Troy thus destroy'd, 'twas still deny'd by Fate,
 The Hopes of *Troy* should perish with the State.
 His Sire, the Son of *Cytherëa* bore,
 And Household-Gods from burning *Ilium's* Shore.
 The pious Prince (a double Duty paid)
 Each sacred Burthen thro' the Flames convey'd.

With

With young *Ascanius*, and this only Prize,
Of Heaps of Wealth, he from *Antandros* flies;
But struck with Horror, left the *Thracian* Shore,
Stain'd with the Blood of murder'd *Polydore*.

The *Delian* Isle receives the banish'd Train,
Driv'n by kind Gales, and favour'd by the Main.

Here pious *Anius*, Priest, and Monarch reign'd,
And either Charge with equal Care sustain'd,
His Subjects rul'd, to *Phæbus* Homage pay'd,
His God obeying, and by those obey'd.

The Priest displays his Hospitable Gate,
And shows the Riches of his Church and State,
The sacred Shrubs, which eas'd *Latona's* Pain,
The Palm, and Olive, and the votive Fane.
Here grateful Flames with fuming Incense fed,
And mingled Wine, ambrosial Odours shed;
Of slaughter'd Steers the crackling Entrails burn'd:
And then the Strangers to the Court return'd.

On Beds of Tap'stry plac'd aloft, they dine
With *Ceres'* Gift, and flowing Bowls of Wine;
When thus *Anchises* spoke, amidst the Feast,
Say, mitred Monarch, *Phæbus'* chosen Priest,
Or (ere from *Troy* by cruel Fate expell'd)
When first mine Eyes these sacred Walls beheld,
A Son, and twice two Daughters crown'd thy Bliss?
Or errs my Mem'ry, and I judge amiss?

The Royal Prophet shook his hoary Head,
With snowy Fillets bound, and sighing, said;
Thy Mem'ry errs not, Prince; Thou saw'st me then,
The happy Father of so large a Train;
Behold me now, (such Turns of Chance befall
The Race of Man!) almost bereft of all.

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For (ah!) what Comfort can my Son bestow,
 What Help afford, to mitigate my Woe!

While far from hence, in *Andros*' Isle he reigns,
 (From him so nam'd) and there my Place sustains.
 Him *Delius* Præscience gave; the twice-born God
 A Boon more wond'rous on the Maids bestow'd.
 Whate'er they touch'd, he gave them to transmute,
 (A Gift past Credit, and above their Suit.)
 To *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, and *Minerva*'s Fruit.
 How great their Value, and how rich their Use,
 Whose only Touch such Treasures could produce!

The dire Destroyer of the *Trojan* Reign,
 Fierce *Agamemnon*, such a Prize to gain,
 (A Proof we also were design'd by Fate
 To feel the Tempest, that o'eturn'd your State)
 With Force superior, and a *Ruffian* Crew,
 From these weak Arms the helpless Virgins drew:
 And sternly bad them use the Grant Divine,
 To keep the Fleet in Corn, in Oil, and Wine.
 Each, as they could, escap'd: Two strove to gain
Eubæa's Isle, and Two their Brother's Reign.
 The Soldier follows, and demands the Dames;
 If held by Force, immediate War proclaims.
 Fear conquer'd Nature in their Brother's Mind,
 And gave them up to Punishment assign'd.
 Forgive the Deed; nor *Hector*'s Arm was there,
 Nor thine, *Æneas*, to maintain the War;
 Whose only Force upheld your *Ilium*'s Tow'rs,
 For ten long Years against the *Grecian* Pow'rs.
 Prepar'd to bind their Captive Arms in Bands,
 To Heav'n they rear'd their yet unfetter'd Hands,
 Help, *Bacchus*, Author of the Gift, they pray'd;
 The Gift's great Author gave immediate Aid;

If such Destruction of their human Frame,
 By Ways so wond'rous, may deserve the Name;
 Nor could I hear, nor can I now relate
 Exact the Manner of their alter'd State;
 But this in gen'ral of my Loss I knew,
 'Transform'd to Doves, on milky Plumes they flew,
 Such as on *Ida's* Mount thy Confort's Chariot drew. }

With such Discourse, they entertain'd the Feast;
 Then rose from Table, and withdrew to Rest.
 The following Morn, ere *Sol* was seen to shine,
 Th' inquiring *Trojans* sought the sacred Shrine;
 The Myſtick Pow'r commands them to explore
 Their ancient Mother, and a Kindred Shore.

Attending to the Sea, the gen'rous Prince
 Dismis'd his Guests with rich Munificence,
 In old *Anchises'* Hand a Sceptre plac'd,
 A Veſt and Quiver young *Ascanius* grac'd,
 His Sire, a Cup; which from th' *Aonian* Coast,
Ismenian *Therſes* ſent his Royal Hoſt.

Alcon of *Mylè* made what *Therſes* ſent,
 And carv'd thereon this ample Argument.

A Town with ſev'n diſtinguiſh'd Gates was ſhown,
 Which ſpoke its Name, and made the City known;
 Before it, Piles, and Tombs, and riſing Flames,
 The Rites of Death, and Quires of mourning Dames,
 Who bar'd their Breasts, and gave their Hair to flow,
 The Signs of Grief, and Marks of publick Woe.
 Their Fountains dry'd, the weeping *Naiads* mourn'd,
 The Trees ſtood bare, with ſearing Cankers burn'd,
 No Herbage cloath'd the Ground, a ragged Flock
 Of Goats half-famiſh'd, lick'd the naked Rock.
 Of manly Courage, and with Mind ſerene,
Orion's Daughters in the Town were ſeen;

One heav'd her Chest to meet the lifted Knife,
 One plung'd the Poniard thro' the Seat of Life,
 Their Country's Victims; mourns the rescu'd State,
 The Bodies burns, and celebrates their Fate.

To save the Failure of th' Illustrious Line,
 From the pale Ashes rose, of Form Divine,
 Two gen'rous Youths; these, Fame *Coronæ* calls,
 Who join the Pomp, and mourn their Mother's Falls.

These burnish'd Figures form'd of antique Mold,
 Shone on the Brass with rising Sculpture bold;
 A Wreath of gilt *Acanthus* round the Brim was roll'd. }

Nor less Expence the *Trojan* Gifts express'd;
 A fuming Censer for the Royal Priest,
 A Chalice, and a Crown of Princely Cost,
 With ruddy Gold, and sparkling Gems emboss'd.

Now hoisting Sail, to *Crete* the *Trojans* stood,
 Themselves remembering sprung from *Teucer's* Blood;
 But Heav'n forbids, and pestilential *Jove*
 From noxious Skies, the wand'ring Navy drove.
 Her hundred Cities left, from *Crete* they bore,
 And fought the destin'd Land, *Ausonia's* Shore;
 But toss'd by Storms at either *Strophas* lay,
 'Till scar'd by *Harpies* from the faithless Bay.
 Then passing onward with a prosp'rous Wind,
 Left sly *Ulysses'* spacious Realms behind;
Ambracia's State, in former Ages known
 The Strife of Gods, the Judge transform'd to Stone
 They saw; for *Ætian Phæbus* since renown'd,
 Who *Cæsar's* Arms with Naval Conquest crown'd;
 Next pass'd *Dodona*, wont of old to boast
 Her vocal Forest; and *Chaonia's* Coast,
 Where King *Molossus'* Sons on Wings aspir'd,
 And saw secure the harmless Fewel fir'd.

Now to *Phæacia's* happy Isle they came,
 For fertile Orchards known to early Fame;
Epirus past, they next beheld with Joy
 A second *Ilium*, and fictitious *Troy*;
 Here *Trojan Helenus* the Sceptre sway'd,
 Who show'd their Fate, and Mystick Truths display'd.
 By him confirm'd, *Sicilia's* Isle they reach'd,
 Whose Sides to Sea three Promontories stretch'd;
Pachynos to the stormy South is plac'd,
 On *Lilybæum* blows the gentle West,
Peloro's Cliffs the Northern Bear survey,
 Who rolls above, and dreads to touch the Sea.
 By this they steer, and favour'd by the Tide,
 Secure by Night in *Zancle's* Harbour ride.

Here cruel *Scylla* guards the rocky Shore,
 And there the Waves of loud *Charybdis* roar:
 This sucks, and vomits Ships, and Bodies drown'd;
 And rav'nous Dogs the Womb of that surround,
 In Face a Virgin; and (if ought be true
 By Bards recorded) once a Virgin too.

A Train of Youths in vain desir'd her Bed;
 By Sea-Nymphs lov'd, to Nymphs of Seas she fled;
 The Maid to these, with Female Pride, display'd
 Their baffled Courtship, and their Love betray'd.

When *Galatea* thus bespoke the Fair,
 (But first she sigh'd) while *Scylla* comb'd her Hair;
 You, lovely Maid, a gen'rous Race pursues,
 Whom safe you may (as now you do) refuse;
 To me, tho' pow'rful in a num'rous Train
 Of Sisters, sprung from Gods, who rule the Main,
 My native Seas could scarce a Refuge prove;
 To shun the Fury of the *Cyclop's* Love.

Tears choak'd her Utt'rance here; the pitying Maid
 With Marble Fingers wip'd them off, and said;
 My dearest Goddeſs, let thy *Scylla* know,
 (For I am faithful) whence theſe Sorrows flow.

The Maid's Intreaties o'er the Nymph prevail,
 Who thus to *Scylla* tells the mournful Tale.

*The Story of ACIS, POLYPHEMUS,
 and GALATEA.*

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Acis, the lovely Youth, whoſe Loſs I mourn,
 From *Faunus*, and the Nymph *Symethis* born,
 Was both his Parents' Pleaſure; but, to me
 Was all that Love could make a Lover be.
 The Gods our Minds in mutual Bands did join:
 I was his only Joy, and he was mine.
 Now ſixteen Summers the ſweet Youth had ſeen;
 And doubtful Down began to ſhade his Chin:
 When *Polyphemus* firſt diſturb'd our Joy;
 And lov'd me fiercely, as I lov'd the Boy.
 Ask not which Paſſion in my Soul was high'r,
 My laſt Averſion, or my firſt Deſire:
 Nor this the greater was, nor that the leſs;
 Both were alike, for both were in Exceſs.
 Thee, *Venus*, thee, both Heav'n, and Earth obey;
 Immenſe thy Pow'r, and boundleſs is thy Sway.
 The *Cyclops*, who deſy'd th' Ætherial Throne,
 And thought no Thunder louder than his own,
 The Terror of the Woods, and wilder far
 Than Wolves in Plains, or Bears in Foreſts are,
 Th' in:

Th' inhuman Host, who made his bloody Feasts
 On mangi'd Members of his butcher'd Guests,
 Yet felt the force of Love, and fierce Desire,
 And burnt for me, with unrelenting Fire.
 Forgot his Caverns, and his woolly Care,
 Assum'd the Softness of a Lover's Air;
 And comb'd, with Teeth of Rakes, his rugged Hair.
 Now with a crooked Scythe his Beard he fleeks;
 And mows the stubborn Stubble of his Cheeks:
 Now in the Crystal Stream he looks, to try
 His Simagres, and rowls his glaring Eye.
 His Cruelty, and Thirst of Blood are lost;
 And Ships securely sail along the Coast.

The Prophet *Telemus* (arriv'd by chance
 Where *Ætna's* Summits to the Seas advance,
 Who mark'd the Tracts of every Bird that flew,
 And sure Presages from their Flying drew)
 Feretold the *Cyclops*, that *Ulysses'* Hand
 In his broad Eye shou'd thrust a flaming Brand.
 The Giant, with a scornful Grin, reply'd,
 Vain Augur, thou hast falsely prophesy'd;
 Already Love his flaming Brand has tost;
 Looking on two fair Eyes, my Sight I lost.
 Thus, warn'd in vain, with stalking Pace he strode,
 And stamp'd the Margin of the briny Flood
 With heavy Steps; and weary, fought agen
 The cool Retirement of his gloomy Den.

A Promontory, sharp'ning by degrees,
 Ends in a Wedge, and overlooks the Seas:
 On either Side, below, the Water flows;
 This airy Walk the Giant Lover chose.
 Here on the midst he fate; his Flocks, unled,
 Their Shepherd follow'd, and securely fed.

A Pine so burly, and of Length so vast,
 That failing Ships requir'd it for a Mast,
 He wielded for a Staff, his Steps to guide:
 But laid it by, his Whistle while he try'd.
 A hundred Reeds of a prodigious Growth,
 Scarce made a Pipe, proportion'd to his Mouth:
 Which when he gave it Wind, the Rocks around,
 And wat'ry Plains, the dreadful Hiss resound.
 I heard the Ruffian-Shepherd rudely blow,
 Where, in a hollow Cave, I fate below;
 On *Acis*' Bosom I my Head reclin'd:
 And still preserve the Poem in my Mind.

Oh lovely *Galatea*, whiter far
 Than falling Snows, and rising Lilies are;
 More showry than the Meads, as Crystal bright:
 Erect as Alders, and of equal Height:
 More wanton than a Kid, more sleek thy Skin,
 Than Orient Shells, that on the Shores are seen.
 Than Apples fairer, when the Boughs they lade;
 Pleasing, as Winter Suns, or Summer Shade:
 More grateful to the Sight, than goodly Plains;
 And softer to the Touch, than Down of Swans;
 Or Curds new turn'd; and sweeter to the Taste
 Than swelling Grapes, that to the Vintage haste:
 More clear than Ice, or running Streams, that stray
 Through Garden Plots, but ah! more swift than they.

Yet, *Galatea*, harder to be broke
 Than Bullocks, unreclaim'd, to bear the Yoke,
 And far more stubborn, than the knotted Oak:
 Like sliding Streams, impossible to hold;
 Like them, fallacious, like their Fountains, cold,
 More warping, than the Willow, to decline
 My warm Embrace, more brittle, than the Vine;

Immove-

Immoveable, and fixt in thy Disdain:
 Rough, as these Rocks, and of a harder Grain.
 More violent, than is the rising Flood:
 And the prais'd Peacock is not half so proud.
 Fierce, as the Fire, and sharp, as Thistles are,
 And more outrageous, than a Mother-Bear:
 Deaf, as the Billows, to the Vows I make;
 And more revengeful, than a trodden Snake.
 In Swiftnefs fleeteter, than the flying Hind,
 Or driven Tempests, or the driving Wind.
 All other Faults with Patience I can bear;
 But Swiftnefs is the Vice I only fear.

Yet if you knew me well, you wou'd not shun
 My Love, but to my wish'd Embraces run:
 Wou'd languish in your turn, and court my Stay;
 And much repent of your unwise Delay.

My Palace, in the living Rock, is made
 By Nature's Hand; a spacious pleasing Shade:
 Which neither Heat can pierce, nor Cold invade. }
 My Garden fill'd with Fruits you may behold,
 And Grapes in Clusters, imitating Gold;
 Some blushing Bunches of a Purple Hue:
 And these, and those, are all reserv'd for you.
 Red Strawberries, in Shades, expecting stand,
 Proud to be gather'd by so white a Hand.
 Autumnal Cornels latter Fruit provide,
 And Plumbs, to tempt you, turn their glossy Side:
 Not those of common Kinds; but such alone,
 As in *Phaasian* Orchards might have grown:
 Nor Chesnuts shall be wanting to your Food,
 Nor Garden-Fruits, nor Wildings of the Wood;
 The laden Boughs for you alone shall bear;
 And yours shall be the Product of the Year.

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The Flocks you see, are all my own; beside
 The rest that Woods and winding Vallies hide;
 And those that folded in the Caves abide.
 Ask not the Numbers of my growing Store;
 Who knows how many, knows he has no more.
 Nor will I praise my Cattle; trust not me,
 But judge your self, and pass your own Decree:
 Behold their swelling Dugs; the sweepy Weight
 Of Ewes, that sink beneath the Milky Freight;
 In the warm Folds their tender Lambkins lie;
 Apart from Kids, that call with human Cry.
 New Milk in Nut-brown Bowls is duly serv'd
 For daily Drink; the rest for Cheese reserv'd.
 Nor are these Household Dainties all my Store:
 The Fields, and Forests will afford us more;
 The Dear, the Hare, the Goat, the Savage Boar.
 All sorts of Ven'son; and of Birds the best;
 A pair of Turtles taken from the Nest.
 I walk'd the Mountains, and two Cubs I found,
 (Whose Dam had left 'em on the naked Ground,)
 So like, that no Distinction cou'd be seen:
 So pretty, they were Presents for a Queen;
 And so they shall; I took them both away;
 And keep, to be Companions of your Play.

Oh raise, fair Nymph, your Beauteous Face above
 The Waves; nor scorn my Presents, and my Love.
 Come, *Galatea*, come, and view my Face;
 I late beheld it, in the wat'ry Glafs;
 And found it lovelier, than I fear'd it was.
 Survey my tow'ring Stature, and my Size:
 Not *Jove*, the *Jove* you 'dream, that rules the Skies,
 Bears such a Bulk, or is so largely spread:
 My Locks (the plenteous Harvest of my Head)

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Hang o'er my manly Face; and dangling down,
As with a shady Grove, my Shoulders crown.
Nor think, because my Limbs and Body bear
A thick-set Underwood of bristling Hair,
My Shape deform'd; what fouler Sight can be,
Than the bald Branches of a leafless Tree?
Foul is the Steed without a flowing Mane:
And Birds, without their Feathers, and their Train,
Wool decks the Sheep; and Man receives a Grace
From bushy Limbs, and from a bearded Face.
My Forehead with a single Eye is fill'd,
Round, as a Ball, and ample, as a Shield.
The glorious Lamp of Heav'n, the radiant Sun,
Is Nature's Eye; and she's content with one.
Add, that my Father sways your Seas, and I,
Like you, am of the watry Family.
I make you his, in making you my own;
You I adore; and kneel to you alone:
Jove, with his Fabled Thunder, I despise,
And only fear the Lightning of your Eyes.
Frown not, fair Nymph; yet I cou'd bear to be
Disdain'd, if others were disdain'd with me.)
But to repulse the *Cyclops*, and prefer
The Love of *Acis*, (Heav'ns!) I cannot bear.
But let the Stripling please himself; nay more,
Please you, tho' that's the thing I most abhor;
The Boy shall find, if e'er we cope in Fight,
These Giant Limbs, endu'd with Giant Might.
His living Bowels from his Belly torn,
And scatter'd Limbs shall on the Flood be born:
Thy Flood, ungrateful Nymph; and Fate shall find
That Way for thee and *Acis* to be join'd.

For oh! I burn with Love, and thy Disdain
 Augments at once my Passion, and my Pain.
 Translated *Ætna* flames within my Heart,
 And thou, Inhuman, wilt not ease my Smart.

Lamenting thus in vain, he rose, and strode
 With furious Paces to the neighb'ring Wood:
 Restless his Feet, distracted was his Walk;
 Mad were his Motions, and confus'd his Talk.
 Mad, as the vanquish'd Bull, when forc'd to yield
 His lovely Mistress, and forsake the Field.

Thus far unseen I saw: when fatal Chance,
 His Looks directing, with a sudden Glance,
Acis and I were to his Sight betray'd;
 Where, nought suspecting, we securely play'd.
 From his wide Mouth a bellowing Cry he cast,
 I see, I see; but this shall be your last:
 A Roar so loud made *Ætna* to rebound:
 And all the *Cyclops* labour'd in the Sound.
 Affrighted with his monstrous Voice, I fled,
 And in the Neighbouring Ocean plung'd my Head. }
 Poor *Acis* turn'd his Back, and Help, he cry'd, }
 Help, *Galatea*, help, my Parent Gods, }
 And take me dying to your deep Abodes. }
 The *Cyclops* follow'd; but he sent before
 A Rib, which from the living Rock he tore:
 Though but an Angle reach'd him of the Stone,
 The mighty Fragment was enough alone,
 To crush all *Acis*; 'twas too late to save,
 But what the Fates allow'd to give, I gave:
 That *Acis* to his Lineage should return;
 And rowl, among the River Gods, his Urn.
 Straight issu'd from the Stone a Stream of Blood;
 Which lost the Purple, mingling with the Flood.

Then, like a troubled Torrent, it appear'd:
 The Torrent too, in little space, was clear'd.
 The Stone was cleft, and through the yawning Chink
 New Reeds arose, on the new River's Brink.
 The Rock, from out its hollow Womb, disclos'd
 A Sound like Water in its Course oppos'd,
 When, (wond'rous to behold) full in the Flood,
 Up starts a Youth, and Navel-high he stood.
 Horns from his Temples rise; and either Horn
 Thick Wreaths of Reeds, (his Native Growth) adorn.
 Were not his Stature taller than before,
 His Bulk augmented, and his Beauty more,
 His Colour blue, for *Acis* he might pass:
 And *Acis* chang'd into a Stream he was,
 But mine no more; he rows along the Plains
 With rapid Motion, and his Name retains.

The Story of GLAUCUS and SCYLLA.

By Mr. ROWE.

Here ceas'd the Nymph; the fair Assembly broke,
 The Sea-green *Nereids* to the Waves betook:
 While *Scylla*, fearful of the wide-spread Main,
 Swift to the safer Shore returns again.
 There o'er the sandy Margin, unarray'd,
 With printless Footsteps flies the bounding Maid;
 Or in some winding Creek's secure Retreat
 She bathes her weary Limbs, and shuns the Noonday's
 Her *Glaucus* saw, as o'er the Deep he rode, [Heat-
 New to the Seas, and late receiv'd a God.
 He saw, and languish'd for the Virgin's Love,
 With many an artful Blandishment he strove
 Her Flight to hinder, and her Fears remove.

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The more he sees, the more she wings her Flight,
 And nimbly gains a neighb'ring Mountain's Height.
 Steep shelving to the Margin of the Flood,
 A neighb'ring Mountain bare and woodless stood;
 Here, by the Place secur'd, her Steps she stay'd,
 And, trembling still, her Lover's Form survey'd.
 His Shape, his Hue, her troubled Sense appall,
 And dropping Locks that o'er his Shoulders fall;
 She sees his Face Divine, and Manly Brow,
 End in a Fish's wreathy Tail below:
 She sees, and doubts within her anxious Mind,
 Whether he comes of God, or Monster Kind.
 This *Glaucus* soon perceiv'd; And, Oh! forbear
 (His Hand supporting on a Rock lay near)
 Forbear, he cry'd, fond Maid, this needless Fear.
 Nor Fish am I, nor Monster of the Main,
 But equal with the watry Gods I reign;
 Nor *Proteus*, nor *Palæmon* me excell,
 Nor he whose Breath inspires the founding Shell.
 My Birth, 'tis true, I owe to mortal Race,
 And I my self but late a Mortal was:
 Ev'n then in Seas, and Seas alone, I joy'd;
 The Seas my Hours, and all my Cares employ'd.
 In Meshes now the twinkling Prey I drew;
 Now skilfully the slender Line I threw,
 And silent sat the moving Float to view.
 Not far from Shore, there lies a verdant Mead,
 With Herbage half, and half with Water spread:
 There, nor the horned Heifers browsing stray,
 Nor shaggy Kids, nor wanton Lambkins play;
 There, nor the founding Bees their Nectar cull,
 Nor Rural Swains their genial Chaplets pull,

Nor

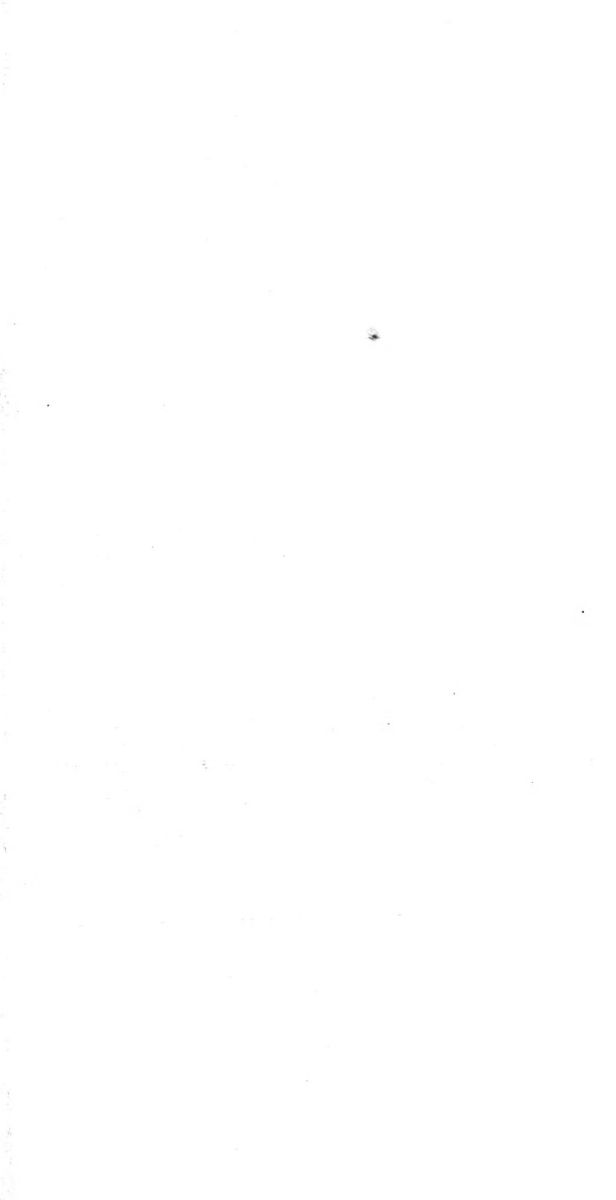
Nor Flocks, nor Herds, nor Mowers haunt the Place,
 To crop the Flow'rs, or cut the bushy Grass:
 Thither sure first of living Race came I,
 And fat by chance, my dropping Nets to dry.
 My scaly Prize, in Order all display'd,
 By Number on the Greenfword there I lay'd
 My Captives, whom or in my Nets I took,
 Or hung unwary on my wily Hook.
 Strange to behold! yet what avails a Lye?
 I saw 'em bite the Grass, as I fate by;
 Then sudden darting o'er the verdant Plain,
 They spread their Finns, as in their native Main:
 I paus'd with Wonder struck, while all my Prey
 Left their new Master, and regain'd the Sea.
 Amaz'd, within my secret Self I sought,
 What God, what Herb the Miracie had wrought:
 But sure no Herbs have Pow'r like this, I cry'd;
 And strait I pluck'd some neighb'ring Herbs, and try'd.
 Scarce had I bit, and prov'd the wond'rous Taste,
 When strong Convulsions shook my troubled Breast;
 I felt my Heart grow fond of something strange,
 And my whole Nature lab'ring with a Change.
 Restless I grew, and ev'ry Place forsook,
 And still upon the Seas I bent my Look.
 Farewel for ever! Farewel, Land! I said;
 And plung'd amidst the Waves my sinking Head.
 The gentle Pow'rs, who that low Empire keep,
 Receiv'd me as a Brother of the Deep;
 To *Tethys*, and to *Ocean* old, they pray
 To purge my mortal Earthy Parts away.
 The watry Parents to their Suit agreed,
 And thrice nine times a secret Charm they read,

Then

Then with Lustrations purify my Limbs,
 And bid me bathe beneath a hundred Streams :
 A hundred Streams from various Fountains run,
 And on my Head at once come rushing down.
 Thus far each Passage I remember well,
 And faithfully thus far the Tale I tell ;
 But then Oblivion dark on all my Senses fell.
 Again at length my Thoughts reviving came,
 When I no longer found my self the same ;
 Then first this Sea-green Beard I felt to grow,
 And these large Honours on my spreading Brow ;
 My long-descending Locks the Billows sweep,
 And my broad Shoulders cleave the yielding Deep ;
 My Fishy Tail, my Arms of Azure Hue,
 And ev'ry Part divinely chang'd, I view.
 But what avail these useles Honours now ?
 What Joys can Immortality bestow ?
 What, tho' our *Nereids* all my Form approve ?
 What boots it, while fair *Scylla* scorns my Love ?
 Thus far the God ; and more he wou'd have said ;
 When from his Presence flew the ruthless Maid.
 Stung with Repulse, in such disdainful Sort,
 He seeks *Titanian Circe's* horrid Court.

The End of the Thirteenth Book.

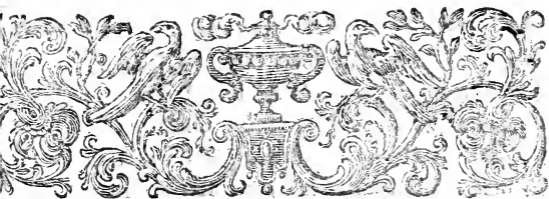






John R. ...
... of ...

... Burlington



O V I D' s

M E T A M O R P H O S E S.

B O O K XIV.

Translated by Sir SAMUEL GARTH, M. D.

The Transformation of S C Y L L A.



OW *Glaucus*, with a Lover's Haste, bounds
o'er

The swelling Waves, and seeks the *Latian*
Shore.

Messena, *Rhegium*, and the barren Coast

Of flaming *Ætna*, to his Sight are lost:

At length he gains the *Tyrrhene* Seas, and views

The Hills where baneful *Philters* *Circe* brews;

Monsters in various Forms around her press;

As thus the God salutes the Sorceress.

O *Circe*, be indulgent to my Grief,

And give a Love-sick Deity Relief.

Too well the mighty Pow'r of Plants I know,
To those my Figure and new Fate I owe.

Against *Messena*, on th' *Ausonian* Coast,
I *Scylla* view'd, and from that Hour was lost.
In tend'rest Sounds I su'd; but still the Fair
Was deaf to Vows, and pitiless to Pray'r.
If Numbers can avail, exert their Pow'r;
Or Energy of Plants, if Plants have more.
I ask no Cure; let but the Virgine pine
With dying Pangs, or Agonies, like mine.

No longer *Circe* could her Flame disguise,
But to the suppliant God Marine replies:
When Maids are coy, have manlier Aims in view;
Leave those that Fly, but those that Like, pursue.
If Love can be by kind Compliance won;
See, at your Feet, the Daughter of the Sun.

Sooner, said *Glaucus*, shall the Ash remove
From Mountains, and the swelling Surges love;
Or humble Sea-weed to the Hills repair;
Ere I think any but my *Scylla* fair.

Strait *Circe* reddens with a guilty Shame,
And vows Revenge for her rejected Flame.
Fierce Liking oft a Spight as fierce creates;
For Love refus'd, without Averfion, hates.
To hurt her hapless Rival she proceeds;
And, by the Fall of *Scylla*, *Glaucus* bleeds.

Some fascinating Bev'rage now she brews;
Compos'd of deadly Drugs, and baneful Juice.
At *Rhegium* she arrives; the Ocean braves,
And treads with unwet Feet the boiling Waves.
Upon the Beach a winding Bay there lies,
Shelter'd from Seas, and shaded from the Skies:

This Station *Scylla* chose; a soft Retreat
 From chilling Winds, and raging *Cancer's* Heat.
 The vengeful Sorc'ers visits this Recess;
 Her Charm infuses, and infects the Place.
 Soon as the Nymphs wades in, her nether Parts
 Turn into Dogs; then at her self she starts,
 A ghastly Horror in her Eyes appears;
 But yet she knows not, who it is she fears:
 In vain she offers from her self to run;
 And drags about her what she strives to shun.

Oppress'd with Grief the pitying God appears:
 And swells the rising Surges with his Tears;
 From the detested Sorcerers he flies;
 Her Art reviles, and her Address denies:
 Whilst hapless *Scylla*, chang'd to Rocks, decrees
 Destruction to those Barques, that beat the Seas.

The Voyage of ÆNEAS continu'd.

Here bulg'd the Pride of fam'd *Ulysses'* Fleet,
 But good *Æneas* 'scap'd the Fate he met.
 As to the *Latian* Shore the *Trojan* stood,
 And cut with well-tim'd Oars the foaming Flood:
 He weather'd fell *Charybdis*: But ere-long
 The Skies were darken'd, and the Tempest strong.
 Then to the *Libyan* Coast he stretches o'er;
 And makes at length the *Carthaginian* Shore.
 Here *Dido*, with an Hospitable Care,
 Into her Heart receives the Wanderer.
 From her kind Arms th' ungrateful Heroe flies;
 The injur'd Queen looks on with dying Eyes,
 Then to her Folly falls a Sacrifice.

Æneas now sets Sail, and plying gains
 Fair *Eryx*, where his Friend *Acestes* reigns :
 First to his Sire does Fun'ral Rites decree,
 Then gives the Signal next, and stands to Sea ;
 Out-runs the Islands where *Volcano's* roar ;
 Gets clear of *Sirens*, and their faithless Shore :
 But loses *Palinurus* in the Way ;
 Then makes *Inarime*, and *Prochyta*.

*The Transformation of CERCOPIANS
 into Apes.*

The Gallies now by *Pythecusa* pass ;
 The Name is from the Natives of the Place.
 The Father of the Gods detesting Lyes,
 Oft, with Abhorrence, heard their Perjuries.
 Th' abandon'd Race, transform'd to Beasts, began
 To mimick the Impertinence of Man.
 Flat-nos'd, and furrow'd ; with Grimace they grin ;
 And look, to what they were, too near akin :
 Merry in Make, and busy to no End ;
 This Moment they divert, the next offend :
 So much this Species of their past retains ;
 Tho' lost the Language, yet the Noise remains.

ÆNEAS descends to Hell.

Now, on his Right, he leaves *Parthenope* :
 His Left, *Misenus* jutting in the Sea :
 Arrives at *Cuma*, and with Awe survey'd
 The Grotto of the venerable Maid :
 Begs Leave thro' black *Avernus* to retire ;
 And view the much-lov'd *Manes* of his Sire.

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Straight the divining Virgin rais'd her Eyes:

And, foaming with a holy Rage, replies:

O thou, whose Worth thy wond'rous Works proclaim;
The Flames, thy Piety; the World, thy Fame;
Tho' great be thy Request, yet shalt thou see
Th' *Elysian* Fields, th' infernal Monarchy;
Thy Parent's Shade: This Arm thy Steps shall guide:
To suppliant Virtue nothing is deny'd.

She spoke, and pointing to the Golden Bough,
Which in th' *Avernian* Grove refulgent grew,
Seize That, she bids; He listens to the Maid;
Then views the mournful Mansions of the Dead:
The Shade of Great *Anchises*, and the Place
By Fates determin'd to the *Trojan* Race.

As back to upper Light the Heroe came,
He thus salutes the Visionary Dame. —

O, whether some propitious Deity,
Or lov'd by those bright Rulers of the Sky!
With grateful Incense I shall stile you One,
And doom no Godhead greater than your own.
'Twas you restor'd me from the Realms of Night,
And gave me to behold the Fields of Light:
To feel the Breezes of Congenial Air;
And Nature's blest Benevolence to share.

The Story of the SIBYL.

I am no Deity, reply'd the Dame,
But mortal, and religious Rites disclaim.
Yet had avoided Death's tyrannick Sway,
Had I consented to the God of Day.
With Promises he fought my Love, and said,
Have all you wish, my fair *Cumæan* Maid.

I paus'd; then pointing to a Heap of Sand,
 For ev'ry Grain, to live a Year, demand.
 But ah! unmindful of th' Effect of Time,
 Forgot to covenant for Youth, and Prime.
 The smiling Bloom, I boasted once, is gone,
 And feeble Age with lagging Limbs creeps on.
 Sev'n Cent'ries have I liv'd; Three more fulfil
 The Period of the Years to finish still.
 Who'll think, that *Phœbus*, drest in Youth Divine,
 Had once believ'd his Lustre less than mine?
 This wither'd Frame (so Fates have will'd) shall waste
 To nothing, but Prophetick Words, at last.

The *Sibyl* mounting now from nether Skies,
 And the fam'd *Ilian* Prince, at *Cuma* rise.
 He sail'd, and near the Place to Anchor came,
 Since call'd *Cajeta* from his Nurse's Name.
 Here did the lackless *Macareus*, a Friend
 To wife *Ulysses*, his long Labours end.
 Here, wand'ring, *Achæmenides* he meets,
 And, sudden, thus his late Associate greets.

Whence came you here, O Friend, and whither
 bound?

All gave you lost on far *Cyclopean* Ground;
 A *Greek's* at last aboard a *Trojan* found.

The Adventures of ACHÆMENIDES.

Thus *Achæmenides* — With Thanks I name
Æneas, and his Piety proclaim.

I 'scap'd the *Cyclops* thro' the Heroe's Aid,
 Else in his Maw my mangled Limbs had laid.
 When first your Navy under Sail he found,
 He rav'd, 'till *Ætna* labour'd with the Sound.

Raging

Raging, he stalk'd along the Mountain's Side,
 And vented Clouds of Breath at ev'ry Stride.
 His Staff a Mountain Ash; and in the Clouds
 Oft, as he walks, his grisly Front he shrouds.
 Eyeless he grop'd about with vengeful Haste,
 And jostled Promontories, as he pass'd.
 Then heav'd a Rock's high Summit to the Main,
 And bellow'd, like some bursting Hurricane.

Oh! cou'd I seize *Ulysses* in his Flight,
 How unlamented were my Loss of Sight!
 These Jaws should Piece-meal tear each panting Vein,
 Grind ev'ry crackling Bone, and pound his Brain.
 As thus he rav'd, my Joints with Horror shook;
 The Tide of Blood my chilling Heart forsook.
 I saw him once disgorge huge Morfels, raw,
 Of Wretches undigested in his Maw.
 From the pale breathless Trunks whole Limbs he tore,
 His Beard all clotted with o'erflowing Gore.
 My anxious Hours I pass'd in Caves; my Food
 Was Forest Fruits, and Wildings of the Wood.
 At length a Sail I wafted, and aboard
 My Fortune found an hospitable Lord.

Now, in Return, your own Adventures tell,
 And what, since first you put to Sea, befell.

The Adventures of MACAREUS.

Then *Macareus*— There reign'd a Prince of Fame
 O'er *Tuscan Seas*, and *Æolus* his Name.
 A Largess to *Ulysses* he consign'd,
 And in a Steer's tough Hide inclos'd a Wind.
 Nine Days before the swelling Gale we ran;
 The tenth, to make the meeting Land, began:

When

When now the merry Mariners, to find
 Imagin'd Wealth within, the Bag unbind.
 Forthwith out-rush'd a Gust, which backwards bore
 Our Gallies to the *Læstrigonian* Shore,
 Whose Crown *Antiphates* the Tyrant wore. }
 Some few commission'd were with Speed to treat ;
 We to his Court repair, his Guards we meet.
 Two, friendly Flight preserv'd ; the Third was doom'd,
 To be by those curs'd Cannibals consum'd.
 Inhumanly our hapless Friends they treat ;
 Our Men they murder, and destroy our Fleet.
 In time the wise *Ulysses* bore away,
 And drop'd his Anchor in yon faithless Bay.
 The Thoughts of Perils past we still retain,
 And fear to land, 'till Lots appoint the Men.
Polites true, *Elpenor* giv'n to Wine,
Eurylochus, my self, the Lots assign.
 Design'd for Dangers, and resolv'd to Dare,
 To *Circe's* fatal Palace we repair.

The Enchantments of C I R C E.

Before the spacious Front; a Herd we find
 Of Beasts, the fiercest of the savage Kind.
 Our trembling Steps with Blandishments they meet,
 And fawn, unlike their Species, at our Feet.
 Within upon a sumptuous Throne of State,
 On golden Columns rais'd, th' Enchantress sate.
 Rich was her Robe, and amiable her Mein,
 Her Aspect awful, and she look'd a Queen.
 Her Maids not mind the Loom, nor household Care,
 Nor wage in Needle-work a *Scythian* War.

But cull in Canisters disast'rous Flow'rs,
 And Plants from haunted Heaths, and fairy Bow'rs,
 With brazen Sickles reap'd at Planetary Hours.
 Each Dose the Goddess weighs with watchful Eye;
 So nice her Art in impious Pharmacy!
 Ent'ring she greets us with a gracious Look,
 And Airs, that future Amity bespoke.
 Her ready Nymphs serve up a rich Repast;
 The Bowl she dashes first, then gives to taste.
 Quick, to our own Undoing, we comply;
 Her Pow'r we prove, and shew the Sorcery.

Soon, in a Length of Face, our Head extends;
 Our Chine stiff Bristles bears, and forward bends:
 A Breadth of Brawn new burnishes our Neck;
 Anon we grunt, as we begin to speak.
 Alone *Eurylochus* refus'd to taste,
 Nor to a Beast obscene the Man debas'd.
 Hither *Ulysses* hastes (so Fates command)
 And bears the pow'rful *Moly* in his Hand;
 Unsheaths his Scymitar, assaults the Dame,
 Preserves his Species, and remains the same.
 The Nuptial Right this Outrage strait attends;
 The Dow'r desir'd is his transfigur'd Friends.
 The Incantation backward she repeats,
 Inverts her Rod, and what she did, defeats.

And now our Skin grows smooth, our Shape upright;
 Our Arms stretch up, our cloven Feet unite.
 With Tears our weeping Gen'ral we embrace;
 Hang on his Neck, and melt upon his Face.
 Twelve Silver Moons in *Circe's* Court we stay,
 Whilst there they waste th' unwilling Hours away.

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'Twas here I spy'd a Youth in *Parian* Stone;
His Head a Pecker bore; the Cause unknown
To Passengers. A Nymph of *Circe's* Train
The Mystry thus attempted to explain.

The Story of PICUS and CANENS.

Picus, who once th' *Ausonian* Sceptre held,
Could rein the Steed, and fit him for the Field.
So like he was to what you see, that still
We doubt if real, or the Sculptor's Skill.
The Graces in the finish'd Piece, you find,
Are but the Copy of his fairer Mind.
Four Lustres scarce the Royal Youth could name,
Till ev'ry Lovesick Nymph confess'd a Flame.
Oft for his Love the Mountain *Dryads* su'd,
And ev'ry Silver Sister of the Flood:
Those of *Numicus*, *Albula*, and those
Where *Almo* creeps, and hasty *Nar* o'erflows:
Where sedgey *Anio* glides thro' smiling Meads,
Where shady *Farfar* rustles in the Reeds:
And those that love the Lakes, and Homage owe
To the chaste Goddess of the Silver Bow.

In vain each Nymph her brightest Charms put on,
His Heart no Sov'reign would obey but one.
She whom *Venilia*, on Mount *Palatine*,
To *Janus* bore, the fairest of her Line.
Nor did her Face alone her Charms confess,
Her Voice was ravishing, and pleas'd no less.
Whene'er she sung, so melting were her Strains,
The Flocks unfed seem'd list'ning on the Plains;
The Rivers would stand still, the Cedars bend;
And Birds neglect their Pinions to attend;

The Savage Kind in Forest-Wilds grow tame;
 And *Canens*, from her heav'nly Voice, her Name.

Hymen had now in some ill-fated Hour
 Their Hands united, as their Hearts before.
 Whilst their soft Moments in Delights they waste,
 And each new Day was dearer than the past;
Picus would sometimes o'er the Forests rove,
 And mingle Sports with Intervals of Love.
 It chanc'd, as once the foaming Boar he chas'd,
 His Jewels sparkling on his *Tyrian* Vest,
 Lascivious *Circe* well the Youth survey'd,
 As simpling on the flow'ry Hills she stray'd.
 Her wishing Eyes their silent Message tell,
 And from her Lap the verdant Mischief fell.
 As she attempts at Words, his Courser springs
 O'er Hills, and Lawns, and ev'n a Wish outwings.

Thou shalt not 'scape me so, pronounc'd the Dame,
 If Plants have Pow'r, and Spells be not a Name.
 She said--- and forthwith form'd a Boar of Air,
 That fought the Covert with dissembled Fear.
 Swift to the Thicket *Picus* wings his Way
 On Foot, to chase the visionary Prey.

Now she invokes the Daughters of the Night,
 Does noxious Juices smear, and Charms recite;
 Such as can veil the Moon's more feeble Fire,
 Or shade the golden Lustre of her Sire.
 In filthy Fogs she hides the chearful Noon;
 The Guard at Distance, and the Youth alone,
 By those fair Eyes, she cries, and ev'ry Grace
 That finish all the Wonders of your Face,
 Oh! I conjure thee, hear a Queen complain;
 Nor let the Sun's soft Lineage sue in vain.

Who-e'er thou art, reply'd the King, forbear,
 None can my Passion with my *Canens* share.
 She first my ev'ry tender Wish possessest,
 And found the soft Approaches to my Breast.
 In Nuptials blest, each loose Desire we shun,
 Nor Time can end, what Innocence begun.

Think not, she cry'd, to faunter out a Life
 Of Form, with that domestick Drudge, a Wife;
 My just Revenge, dull Fool, ere long shall show
 What Ills we Women, if refus'd, can do :
 Think me a Woman, and a Lover too.

From dear successful Spight we hope for Ease,
 Nor fail to Punish, where we fail to Please.

Now twice to East she turns, as oft to West;
 Thrice waves her Wand, as oft a Charm exprest.
 On the lost Youth her magick Pow'r she tries;
 Aloft he springs, and wonders how he flies.
 On painted Plumes the Woods he seeks, and still
 The Monarch Oak he pierces with his Bill.
 Thus chang'd no more o'er *Latian* Lands he reigns;
 Of *Picus* nothing but the Name remains.

The Winds from drizzling Damps now purge the Air,
 The Mist subsides, the settling Skies are fair:
 The Court their Sovereign seek with Arms in Hand,
 They threaten *Circe*, and their Lord demand.
 Quick she invokes the Spirits of the Air,
 And twilight Elves, that on dun Wings repair
 To Charnels, and th' unhallow'd Sepulcher.

Now, strange to tell, the Plants sweat Drops of Blood,
 The Trees are toss'd from Forests where they stood;
 Blue Serpents o'er the tainted Herbage slide,
 Pale glaring Spectres on the *Æther* ride;

Dogs howl, Earth yawns, rent Rocks forsake their Beds,
 And from their Quarries heave their stubborn Heads.

The sad Spectators stiffen'd with their Fears
 She sees, and sudden ev'ry Limb she smears;
 Then each of savage Beasts the Figure bears.

}
}

The Sun did now to western Waves retire,
 In Tides to temper his bright World of Fire.

Canens laments her Royal Husband's Stay;
 Ill suits fond Love with Absence, or Delay.
 Where she commands, her ready People run;
 She wills, retracts; bids, and forbids anon.

Restless in Mind, and dying with Despair,
 Her Breasts she beats, and tears her flowing Hair.
 Six Days, and Nights she wanders on, as Chance
 Directs, without or Sleep, or Sustenance.

Tiber at last beholds the weeping Fair;

Her feeble Limbs no more the Mourner bear;
 Stretch'd on his Banks, she to the Flood complains,
 And faintly tunes her Voice to dying Strains.

The sick'ning Swan thus hangs her Silver Wings,
 And, as she droops, her Elegy she sings.

Ere long sad *Canens* wastes to Air; whilst Fame
 The Place still honours with her hapless Name.

Here did the tender Tale of *Picus* cease,
 Above Belief the Wonder I confess.

Again we sail, but more Disasters meet,
 Foretold by *Circe*, to our suff'ring Fleet.

My self unable further Woes to bear,
 Declin'd the Voyage, and am refug'd Here.

ÆNEAS arrives in ITALY.

Thus *Macareus* — Now with a pious Aim
 Had good *Æneas* rais'd a fun'ral Flame,
 In Honour of his hoary Nurse's Name.
 Her Epitaph he fix'd; and setting Sail,
Cajeta left, and catch'd at ev'ry Gale.

He steer'd at Distance from the faithless Shore,
 Where the false Goddess reigns with fatal Pow'r;
 And sought those grateful Groves, that shade the Plain,
 Where *Tiber* rouls majestick to the Main,
 And fattens, as he runs, the fair Campain.

His Kindred Gods the Heroe's Wishes crown
 With fair *Lavinia*, and *Latinus*' Throne:
 But not without a War the Prize he won.
 Drawn up in bright Array the Battel stands:
Turnus with Arms his promis'd Wife demands.
Hetrurians, *Latians* equal Fortune share;
 And doubtful long appears the Face of War.
 Both Pow'rs from neighb'ring Princes seek Supplies,
 And Embassies appoint for new Allies.

Æneas, for Relief, *Evander* moves;
 His Quarrel he asserts, his Cause approves.
 The bold *Rutilians*, with an equal Speed,
 Sage *Venus* dispatch to *Diomede*.

The King, late Griefs revolving in his Mind,
 These Reasons for Neutrality assign'd. —

Shall I, of one poor Dotal Town possess,
 My People thin, my wretched Country waste;
 An exil'd Prince, and on a shaking Throne;
 Or risk my Patron's Subjects, or my own?
 You'll grieve the Harshness of our Hap to hear;
 Nor can I tell the Tale without a Tear.

The Adventures of DIOMEDES.

After fam'd *Ilium* was by *Argives* won,
 And Flames had finish'd, what the Sword begun;
Pallas, incens'd, pursu'd us to the Main,
 In Vengeance of her violated Fane.
 Alone *Oileus* forc'd the *Trojan* Maid,
 Yet all were punish'd for the brutal Deed.
 A Storm begins, the raging Waves run high,
 The Clouds look heavy, and benight' the Sky;
 Red Sheets of Light'ning o'er the Seas are spread,
 Our Tackling yields, and Wrecks at last succeed.
 'Tis tedious our difast'rou' State to tell;
 Ev'n *Priam* wou'd have picy'd, what befell.
 Yet *Pallas* sav'd me from the swallowing Main;
 At home new Wrongs to meet, as Fates ordain.
 Chas'd from my Country, I once more repeat
 All Suff'rings Seas could give, or War compleat.
 For *Venus*, mindful of her Wound, decreed
 Still new Calamities should past succeed.
Agmon, impatient thro' successive Ills,
 With Fury, Love's bright Goddess thus reviles: —
 These Plagues in spight to *Diomede* are sent;
 The Crime is his, but ours the Punishment.
 Let each, my Friends, her puny Spleen despise,
 And Dare that haughty Harlot of the Skies.
 The rest of *Agmon*'s Insolence complain,
 And of Irreverence the Wretch arraign.
 About to answer; his blaspheming Throat
 Contracts, and shrieks in some disdainful Note.
 To his new Skin a Fleece of Feather clings,
 Hides his late Arms, and lengthens into Wings.

The lower Features of his Face extend,
 Warp into Horn, and in a Beak descend.
 Some more experience *Agmon's* Destiny,
 And wheeling in the Air, like Swans they fly:
 These thin Remains to *Daunus'* Realms I bring,
 And here I reign, a poor precarious King.

The Transformation of APPULUS.

Thus *Diomedes*. *Venus* withdraws;
 Unsped the Service of the common Cause.
Puteoli he passes, and survey'd
 A Cave long honour'd for its awful Shade.
 Here trembling Reeds exclude the piercing Ray,
 Here Streams in gentle Falls thro' Windings stray,
 And with a passing Breath cool Zephyrs play. }
 The Goatherd God frequents the silent Place,
 As once the Wood-Nymphs of the Sylvan Race,
 'Till *Appulus* with a dishonest Air,
 And gross Behaviour, banish'd thence the Fair.
 The bold Buffoon, when-e'er they tread the Green,
 Their Motion mimicks, but with Gest obscene.
 Loose Language oft he utters; but ere long
 A Bark in filmy Net-work binds his Tongue.
 Thus chang'd, a base wild Olive he remains;
 The Shrub the Coarseness of the Clown retains.

The TROJAN Ships transform'd to Sea-Nymphs.

Mean while the *Latians* all their Pow'r prepare,
 'Gainst Fortune, and the Foe to push the War.
 With *Phrygian* Blood the floating Fields they stain;
 But, short of Succours, still contend in vain.

Turkus

Turnus remarks the *Trojan* Fleet ill mann'd,
 Unguarded, and at Anchor near the Strand;
 He thought; and strait a lighted Brand he bore,
 And Fire invades, what 'scap'd the Waves before.
 The Billows from the kindling Prow retire;
 Pitch, Rosin, Searwood on red Wings aspire,
 And *Vulcan* on the Seas exerts his Attribute of Fire. }

This when the Mother of the Gods beheld,
 Her Towry Crown she shook, and stood reveal'd;
 Her brindl'd Lions rein'd, unveil'd her Head,
 And hov'ring o'er her favour'd Fleet, she said:

Cease *Turnus*, and the heav'nly Pow'rs respect,
 Nor dare to violate, what I protect.
 These Gallies, once fair Trees on *Ida* stood,
 And gave their Shade to each descending God.
 Nor shall consume; irrevocable Fate
 Allots their Being no determin'd Date.

Strait Peals of Thunder Heav'n's high Arches rend,
 The Hail-stones leap, the Show'rs in Spouts descend.
 The Winds with widen'd Throats the Signal give;
 The Cables break, the smoaking Vessels drive.
 Now, wondrous, as they beat the foaming Flood,
 The Timber softens into Flesh, and Blood;
 The Yards, and Oars new Arms, and Legs design;
 A Trunk the Hull; the slender Keel, a Spine;
 The Prow a female Face; and by degrees
 The Gallies rise green Daughters of the Seas.
 Sometimes on coral Beds they sit in State,
 Or wanton on the Waves they fear'd of late.
 The Barks, that beat the Seas are still their Care,
 Themselves remembering what of late they were;
 To save a *Trojan* Sail in Throngs they press,
 But smile to see *Alcinous* in Distress.

Unable were those Wonders to deter
 The *Latians* from their unsuccessful War.
 Both Sides for doubtful Victory contend;
 And on their Courage, and their Gods depend.
 Nor bright *Lavinia*, nor *Latinus*' Crown,
 Warm their great Soul to War, like fair Renown.
Venus at last beholds her Godlike Son
 Triumphant, and the Field of Battel won;
 Brave *Turnus* slain, strong *Ardea* but a Name,
 And bury'd in fierce Deluges of Flame.
 Her Tow'rs, that boasted once a Sov'reign Sway,
 The Fate of fancy'd Grandeur now betray.
 A famish'd Heron from the Ashes springs,
 And beats the Ruin with disastrous Wings.
 Calamities of Towns distress she feigns,
 And oft, with woful Shrieks, of War complains.

The Deification of ÆNEAS.

Now had *Æneas*, as ordain'd by Fate,
 Surviv'd the Period of *Saturnia*'s Hate:
 And by a sure irrevocable Doom,
 Fix'd the immortal Majesty of *Rome*.
 Fit for the Station of his Kindred Stars,
 His Mother Goddess thus her Suit prefers.

Almighty Arbiter, whose pow'rful Nod
 Shakes distant Earth, and bows our own Abode;
 To thy great Progeny indulgent be,
 And rank the Goddess-born a Deity.
 Already has he view'd, with mortal Eyes,
 Thy Brother's Kingdoms of the nether Skies.

Forthwith a Conclave of the Godhead meets,
 Where *Juno* in the shining Senate fits.

Remorse for past Revenge the Goddess feels;
 Then thund'ring *Jove* th' Almighty Mandate seals;
 Allots the Prince of his Celestial Line
 An *Apothëosis*, and Rites Divine.

The crystal Mansions echo with Applause,
 And, with her Graces, Love's bright Queen withdraws;
 Shoots in a Blaze of Light along the Skies,
 And, born by Turtles, to *Laurentum* flies.
 Alights, where thro' the Reeds *Numicius* strays,
 And to the Seas his watry Tribute pays.
 The God she supplicates to wash away
 The Parts more gross, and subject to Decay,
 And cleanse the Goddess-born from Seminal Allay. }
 The Horned Flood with glad Attention stands,
 Then bids his Streams obey their Sire's Commands.'

His better Parts by Lustral Waves refin'd,
 More pure, and nearer to Ætherial Mind,
 With Gums of fragrant Scent the Goddess strews,
 And on his Features breathes ambrosial Dews.
 Thus deify'd, new Honours *Rome* decrees,
 Shrines, Festivals; and styles him *Indiges*.

The Line of the LATIAN Kings.

Ascanius now the *Latian* Sceptre sways;
 The *Alban* Nation, *Sylvius*, next obeys.
 Then young *Latinus*: Next an *Alba* came,
 The Grace, and Guardian of the *Alban* Name.
 Then *Epitus*; then gentle *Capys* reign'd;
 Then *Capetis* the regal Pow'r sustain'd.
 Next he who perish'd on the *Tuscan* Flood,
 And honour'd with his Name the River God.

Now haughty *Remulus* begun his Reign,
 Who fell by Thunder he aspir'd to feign.
 Meek *Acrota* succeeded to the Crown;
 From Peace endeavouring, more than Arms, Renown,
 To *Aventinus* well resign'd his Throne. }
 The Mount on which he rul'd, preserves his Name,
 And *Procas* wore the Regal Diadem.

The Story of VERTUMNUS and POMONA.

A *Hama-Dryad* flourish'd in these Days,
 Her Name *Pomona*, from her Woodland Race.
 In Garden Culture none could so excell,
 Or form the pliant Souls of Plants so well;
 Or to the Fruit more gen'rous Flavours lend,
 Or teach the Trees with nobler Loads to bend.

The Nymph frequented not the flatt'ring Stream,
 Nor Meads, the Subject of a Virgin's Dream;
 But to such Joys her Nurs'ry did prefer,
 Alone to tend her vegetable Care.
 A Pruning-hook she carry'd in her Hand,
 And taught the Straglers to obey Command;
 Left the licentious, and unthrifty Bough,
 The too-indulgent Parent should undo.
 She shows, how Stocks invite to their Embrace
 A Graft, and naturalize a foreign Race
 To mend the Salvage Teint; and in its Stead
 Adopt new Nature, and a nobler Breed.

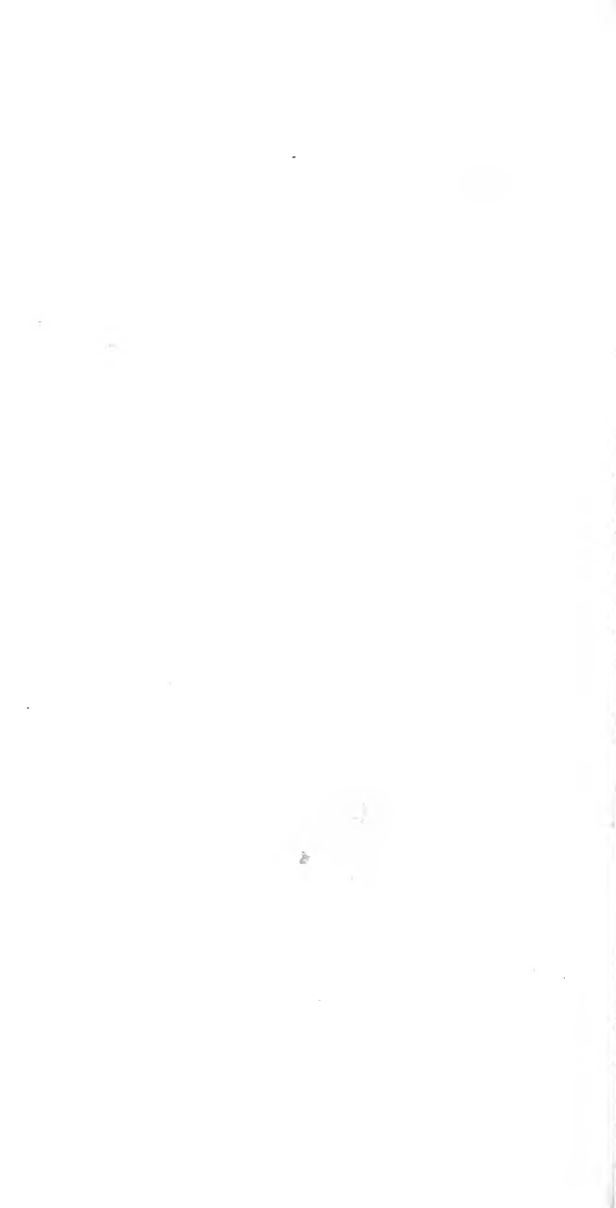
Now hourly she observes her growing Care,
 And guards their Nonage from the bleaker Air:
 Then opes her streaming Sluices, to supply
 With flowing Draughts her thirsty Family.



To y^r R^o Hon^{rs}
Juliana



M^{rs} Lavinia
Boyle



Long had she labour'd to continue free
 From Chains of Love, and Nuptial Tyranny;
 And in her Orchard's small Extent immur'd,
 Her vow'd Virginitie she still secur'd.
 Oft would loose *Pan*, and all the lustful Train
 Of Satyrs, tempt her Innocence in vain.
Silenus, that old Dotard, own'd a Flame;
 And He, that frights the Thieves with Stratagem
 Of Sword, and Something else too gross to name. }
Vertumnus too pursu'd the Maid no less;
 But, with his Rivals, shar'd a like Success.
 To gain Access a thousand Ways he tries;
 Oft, in the Hind, the Lover would disguise.
 The heedless Lout comes shambling on, and seems
 Just sweating from the Labour of his Teams.
 Then, from the Harvest, of the mimick Swain
 Seems bending with a Load of bearded Grain.
 Sometimes a Dreffer of the Vine he feigns,
 And lawless Tendrils to their Bounds restrains.
 Sometimes his Sword a Soldier shews; his Rod,
 An Angler; still so various is the God.
 Now, in a Forehead-Cloth, some Crone he seems,
 A Staff supplying the Defect of Limbs;
 Admittance thus he gains; admires the Store
 Of fairest Fruit; the fair Possessor more;
 Then greets her with a Kiss: Th' unpractis'd Dame
 Admir'd a Grandame kiss'd with such a Flame.
 Now, seated by her, he beholds a Vine
 Around an Elm in am'rous Foldings twine.
 If that fair Elm, he cry'd, alone should stand,
 No Grapes would glow with Gold, and tempt the Hand;
 Or if that Vine without her Elm should grow,
 'Twould creep a poor neglected Shrub below.

Be then fair Nymph, by these Examples led ;
 Nor shun, for fancy'd Fears, the Nuptial Bed.
 Not she for whom the *Lapithites* took Arms,
 Nor *Sparta's* Queen, could boast such heavenly Charms.
 And if you would on Woman's Faith rely,
 None can your Choice direct so well, as I.
 Tho' old, so much *Pomona* I adore,
 Scarce does the bright *Vertumnus* love her more.
 'Tis your fair self alone his Breast inspires
 With softest Wishes, and unsoyl'd Desires.
 Then fly all vulgar Followers, and prove
 The God of Seasons only worth your Love :
 On my Assurance well you may repose ;
Vertumnus scarce *Vertumnus* better knows.
 True to his Choice, all looser Flames he flies ;
 Nor for new Faces fashionably dies.
 The Charms of Youth, and ev'ry smiling Grace
 Bloom in his Features, and the God confess.
 Besides, he puts on ev'ry Shape at Ease ;
 But those the most, that best *Pomona* please.
 Still to oblige her is her Lover's Aim ;
 Their Likings and Aversions are the same.
 Nor the fair Fruit your burthen'd Branches bear ;
 Nor all the youthful Product of the Year,
 Could bribe his Choice ; your self alone can prove
 A fit Reward for so refin'd a Love.
 Relent, fair Nymph, and with a kind Regret,
 Think 'tis *Vertumnus* weeping at your Feet.
 A Tale attend, thro' *Cyprus* known, to prove
 How *Venus* once reveng'd neglected Love.

The Story of IPHIS and ANAXARETE.

Iphis, of vulgar Birth, by Chance had view'd
Fair *Anaxaretè* of *Teucer's* Blood.

Not long had he beheld the Royal Dame,
Ere the bright Sparkle kindled into Flame.
Oft did he struggle with a just Despair,
Unfix'd to ask, unable to forbear.

But Love, who flatters still his own Disease,
Hopes all things will succeed, he 'knows' will please.
Where-e'er the Fair one haunts, he hovers there;
And seeks her Confident with Sighs, and Pray'r,
Or Letters he conveys, that seldom prove
Successful Messengers in Suits of Love,

Now shiv'ring at her Gates the Wretch appears,
And Myrtle Garlands on the Columns rears,
Wet with a Deluge of unbidden Tears.

The Nymph more hard than Rocks, more deaf than Seas,
Derides his Pray'rs; insults his Agonies;
Arraigns of Insolence th' aspiring Swain;
And takes a cruel Pleasure in his Pain.
Resolv'd at last to finish his Despair,
He thus upbraids th' inexorable Fair.—

O *Anaxaretè*, at last forget
The Licence of a Passion indiscreet.
Now Triumph, since a welcome Sacrifice
Your Slave prepares, to offer to your Eyes.
My Life, without Reluctance, I resign;
That Present best can please a Pride, like Thine.
But, O! forbear to blast a Flame so bright,
Doom'd never to expire, but with the Light.

And

And you, great Pow'rs, do Justice to my Name ;
The Hours, you take from Life, restore to Fame.

Then o'er the Posts, once hung with Wreaths, he
throws

The ready Cord, and fits the fatal Noose ;
For Death prepares ; and bounding from above,
At once the Wretch concludes his Life and Love.

Ere-long the People gather, and the Dead
Is to his mourning Mother's Arms convey'd.
First, like some ghastly Statue, she appears ;
Then bathes the breathless Coarse in Seas of Tears,
And gives it to the Pile ; now as the Throng
Proceed in sad Solemnity along,
To view the passing Pomp the cruel Fair
Hastes, and beholds her breathless Lover there.
Struck with the Sight, inanimate she seems ;
Set are her Eyes, and motionless her Limbs :
Her Features without Fire, her Colour gone,
And, like her Heart, she hardens into Stone.

In *Salamis* the Statue still is seen

In the fam'd Temple of the *Cyprian* Queen.

Warn'd by this Tale, no longer then disdain,

O Nymph belov'd, to ease a Lover's Pain.

So may the Frosts in Spring your Blossoms spare,

And Winds their rude Autumnal Rage forbear.

The Story oft *Vertumnus* urg'd in vain,

But then assum'd his heav'nly Form again.

Such Looks, and Lustre the bright Youth adorn,

As when with Rays glad *Phæbus* paints the Morn.

The Sight so warms the fair admiring Maid,

Like Snow she melts : So soon can Youth persuade.

Consent, on eager Wings, succeeds Desire ;

And both the Lovers glow with mutual Fire.

The LATIAN Line continu'd.

Now *Procas* yielding to the Fates, his Son
 Mild *Numitor* succeeded to the Crown.
 But false *Amulius*, with a lawless Pow'r,
 At length depos'd his Brother *Numitor*.
 Then *Ilia*'s valiant Issue, with the Sword,
 Her Parent re-inthron'd, the rightful Lord.
 Next *Romulus* to people *Rome* contrives ;
 The joyous time of *Pales*' Feast arrives ;
 He gives the Word to seize the *Sabine* Wives.
 The Sires enrag'd take Arms, by *Tatius* led,
 Bold to revenge their violated Bed.
 A Fort there was, not yet unknown to Fame,
 Call'd the *Tarpeian*, its Commander's Name.
 This by the false *Tarpeia* was betray'd,
 But Death well recompens'd the treach'rous Maid.
 The Foe on this new-bought Success relies,
 And, silent, march, the City to surprize.
Saturnia's Arts with *Sabine* Arms combine ;
 But *Venus* countermines the vain Design ;
 Intreats the Nymphs that o'er the Springs preside,
 Which near the Fane of hoary *Janus* glide,
 To send their Succours : ev'ry Urn they drain,
 To stop the *Sabines* Progress, but in vain.

The *Naiads* now more Stratagems essay ;
 And kindling Sulphur to each Source convey.
 The Floods ferment, hot Exhalations rise,
 Till from the scalding Ford the Army flies.
 Soon *Romulus* appears in shining Arms,
 And to the War the *Roman* Legions warms :

The Battel rages, and the Field is spread
 With nothing, but the Dying, and the Dead.
 Both Sides consent to treat without Delay,
 And their two Chiefs at once the Sceptre sway.
 But *Tatius* by *Lavinian* Fury slain,
 Great *Romulus* continu'd long to reign.

The Assumption of ROMULUS.

Now Warrior *Mars* his burnish'd Helm puts on,
 And thus address'es Heav'n's Imperial Throne.

Since the inferior World is now become
 One Vassal Globe, and Colony to *Rome*,
 This Grace, O *Jove*, for *Romulus* I claim,
 Admit him to the Skies, from whence he came.
 Long hast thou promis'd an Ætherial State
 To *Mars*'s Lineage; and thy Word is Fate.

The Sire, that rules the Thunder, with a Nod,
 Declar'd the *Fiat*, and dismiss'd the God.

Soon as the Pow'r Armipotent survey'd
 The flashing Skies, the Signal he obey'd;
 And leaning on his Lance, he mounts his Carr,
 His fiery Coursers lashing thro' the Air.
 Mount *Palatine* he gains, and finds his Son
 Good Laws enacting on a peaceful Throne;
 The Scales of heav'nly Justice holding high,
 With steady Hand, and a discerning Eye.
 Then vaults upon his Carr, and to the Spheres,
 Swift, as a flying Shaft, *Rome*'s Founder bears.
 The Parts more pure, in rising are refin'd,
 The gross, and perishable lag behind.
 His Shrine in purple Vestments stands in view;
 He looks a God, and is *Quirinus* now.

The Assumption of HERCILIA.

Ere-long the Goddess of the Nuptial Bed,
 With Pity mov'd, sends *Iris* in her Stead
 To sad *Herfilia*—— Thus the Meteor Maid:——

Chaste Relict! in bright Truth to Heav'n ally'd,
 The *Sabines* Glory, and the Sex's Pride;
 Honour'd on Earth, and worthy of the Love
 Of such a Spouse, as now resides above,
 Some Respite to thy killing Grievs afford;
 And if thou would'st once more behold thy Lord,
 Retire to yon steep Mount, with Groves o'er-spread,
 Which with an awful Gloom his Temple shade.

With Fear the modest Matron lifts her Eyes,
 And to the bright Embassadress replies:——

O Goddess, yet to mortal Eyes unknown,
 But sure thy various Charms confess thee one:
 O quick to *Romulus* thy Votress bear,
 With Looks of Love he'll smile away my Care:
 In what-e'er Orb he shines, my Heav'n is there.

Then hastes with *Iris* to the holy Grove,
 And up the mount *Quirinal* as they move,
 A lambent Flame glides downward thro' the Air,
 And brightens with a Blaze *Herfilia's* Hair.

Together on the bounding Ray they rise,
 And shoot a Gleam of Light along the Skies.
 With op'ning Arms *Quirinus* met his Bride,
 Now *Ora* nam'd, and press'd her to his Side.

The End of the Fourteenth Book.







To Her
Dutchess of



Grace the
S^t Alban's
B. 15.



O V I D's
METAMORPHOSES.
BOOK XV.

Translated by Mr. DRYDEN, and Others.

The PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY.

By Mr. DRYDEN.



KING is sought to guide the growing
State,
One able to support the Publick Weight,
And fill the Throne where *Romulus* had
fate.

Renown, which oft bespeaks the Publick Voice,
Had recommended *Numa* to their Choice:
A peaceful, pious Prince; who not content
To know the *Sabine* Rites, his Study bent
To cultivate his Mind; to learn the Laws
Of Nature, and explore their hidden Cause.

Urg'd by this Care, his Country he forsook,
 And to *Crotona* thence his Journey took.
 Arriv'd, he first enquir'd the Founder's Name
 Of this new Colony; and whence he came.
 Then thus a Senior of the Place replies,
 (Well read, and curious of Antiquities)
 'Tis said, *Alcides* hither took his way
 From *Spain*, and drove along his conquer'd Prey;
 Then, leaving in the Fields his grazing Cows,
 He sought himself some hospitable House:
 Good *Croton* entertain'd his Godlike Guest;
 While he repair'd his weary Limbs with Rest.
 The Heroe, thence departing, bless'd the Place;
 And here, he said, in Time's revolving Race,
 A rising Town shall take his Name from thee.
 Revolving Time fulfill'd the Prophecy:
 For *Myscelos*, the justest Man on Earth,
Alemon's Son, at *Argos* had his Birth:
 Him *Hercules*, arm'd with his Club of Oak,
 O'ershadow'd in a Dream, and thus bespoke;
 Go, leave thy Native Soil, and make Abode,
 Where *Æsaris* rowls down his rapid Flood: }
 He said; and Sleep forsook him, and the God.
 Trembling he wak'd, and rose with anxious Heart;
 His Country Laws forbad Lim to depart:
 What shou'd he do? 'Twas Death to go away,
 And the God menac'd, if he dar'd to stay.
 All Day he doubted, and when Night came on,
 Sleep, and the same forewarning Dream, begun:
 Once more the God stood threatning o'er his Head;
 With added Curses if he disobey'd.
 Twice warn'd, he study'd Flight; but wou'd convey,
 At once, his Person, and his Wealth away:

Thus while he linger'd, his Design was heard;
 A speedy Process form'd, and Death declar'd.
 Witness there needed none of his Offence;
 Against himself the Wretch was Evidence;
 Condemn'd, and destitute of human Aid,
 To him, for whom he suffer'd, thus he pray'd.

O Pow'r, who hast deserv'd in Heav'n a Throne,
 Not giv'n, but by thy Labours made thy own,
 Pity thy Suppliant, and protect his Cause,
 Whom thou hast made obnoxious to the Laws.

A Custom was of old, and still remains,
 Which Life or Death by Suffrages ordains:
 White Stones, and Black within an Urn are cast;
 The first absolve, but Fate is in the last.
 The Judges to the common Urn bequeath
 Their Votes, and drop the Sable Signs of Death;
 The Box receives all Black, but, pour'd from thence,
 The Stones came candid forth; the Hue of Innocence.
 Thus *Alemonides* his Safety won,
 Preserv'd from Death by *Alcumena's* Son:
 Then to his Kinsman-God his Vows he pays,
 And cuts with prosp'rous Gales th' *Ionian* Seas:
 He leaves *Tarentum* favour'd by the Wind,
 And *Thurine* Bays, and *Temises*, behind;
 Soft *Sybaris*, and all the Capes that stand
 Along the Shore, he makes in sight of Land;
 Still doubling, and still coasting, 'till he found
 The Mouth of *Æsaris*, and promis'd Ground;
 Then saw, where, on the Margin of the Flood,
 The Tomb, that held the Bones of *Croton* stood:
 Here, by the Gods Command, he built, and wall'd
 The Place predicted; and *Crotona* call'd.

Thus Fame, from time to time, delivers down
The sure Tradition of th' *Italian* Town.

Here dwelt the Man divine, whom *Samos* bore,
But now Self-banish'd from his Native Shore,
Because he hated Tyrants, nor cou'd bear
The Chains, which none but servile Souls will wear.
He, tho' from Heav'n remote, to Heav'n cou'd move,
With Strength of Mind, and tread th' *Abyfs* above;
And penetrate, with his interior Light,
Those upper Depths, which Nature hid from Sight:
And what he had observ'd, and learnt from thence,
Lov'd in familiar Language to dispense.

The Crowd with silent Admiration stand,
And heard him, as they heard their God's Command;
While he discours'd of Heav'n's mysterious Laws,
The World's Original, and Nature's Cause;
And what was God; and why the fleecy Snows
In Silence fell, and rattling Winds arose;
What shook the stedfast Earth, and whence begun
The Dance of Planets round the radiant Sun;
If Thunder was the Voice of angry *Jove*,
Or Clouds, with Nitre pregnant, burst above;
Of these, and Things beyond the common Reach,
He spoke, and charm'd his Audience with his Speech.

He first the Taste of Flesh from Tables drove,
And argu'd well, if Arguments cou'd move.
O Mortals, from your Fellows Blood abstain,
Nor taint your Bodies with a Food profane:
While Corn and Pulse by Nature are bestow'd,
And planted Orchards bend their willing Load;
While labour'd Gardens wholesom Herbs produce,
And teeming Vines afford their gen'rous Juice;

Nor

Nor tardier Fruits of cruder Kind are lost,
 But tam'd with Fire, or mellow'd by the Frost;
 While Kine to Pails distended Udders bring,
 And Bees their Honey redolent of Spring;
 While Earth not only can your Needs supply,
 But lavish of her Store, provides for Luxury;
 A guiltless Feast administers with Ease,
 And without Blood is prodigal to please.
 Wild Beasts their Maws with their slain Brethren fill;
 And yet not all, for some refuse to kill;
 Sheep, Goats, and Oxen, and the nobler Steed,
 On Browz, and Corn, and flow'ry Meadows feed,
 Bears, Tygers, Wolves, the Lion's angry Brood,
 Whom Heav'n endu'd with Principles of Blood,
 He wisely fundred from the rest, to yell
 In Forests, and in lonely Caves to dwell;
 Where stronger Beasts oppress the Weak by Might,
 And all in Prey, and purple Feasts delight.

O impious Use! to Nature's Laws oppos'd,
 Where Bowels are in other Bowels clos'd:
 Where fatten'd by their Fellow's Fat, they thrive;
 Maintain'd by Murder, and by Death they live.
 'Tis then for nought, that Mother Earth provides
 The Stores of all she shows, and all she hides,
 If Men with fleshy Morfels must be fed,
 And chaw with bloody Teeth the breathing Bread:
 What else is this, but to devour our Guests,
 And barb'rously renew *Cyclopean* Feasts!
 We, by destroying Life, our Life sustain;
 And gorge th' ungodly Maw with Meats obscene.

Not so the Golden Age, who fed on Fruit,
 Nor durst with bloody Meals their Mouths pollute.

Then.

Then Birds in airy Space might safely move,
 And tim'rous Hares on Heaths securely rove:
 Nor needed Fish the guileful Hooks to fear,
 For all was peaceful; and that Peace sincere.
 Whoever was the Wretch, (and curs'd be he)
 That envy'd first our Food's Simplicity,
 Th' Effay of bloody Feasts on Brutes began,
 And after forg'd the Sword to murder Man.
 Had he the sharpen'd Steel alone employ'd,
 On Beasts of Prey, that other Beasts destroy'd,
 Or Man invaded with their Fangs and Paws,
 This had been justify'd by Nature's Laws,
 And Self-defence: But who did Feasts begin
 Of Flesh, he stretch'd Necessity to Sin.
 To kill Man-killers Man has lawful Pow'r,
 But not th' extended Licence to devour.

Ill Habits gather by unseen Degrees,
 As Brooks make Rivers, Rivers run to Seas.
 The Sow, with her broad Snout, for rooting up
 Th' intrusted Seed, was judg'd to spoil the Crop,
 And intercept the sweating Farmer's Hope:
 The covetous Churl, of unforgiving Kind,
 Th' Offender to the bloody Priest resign'd:
 Her Hunger was no Plea: For that she dy'd.
 The Goat came next in order to be try'd:
 The Goat had cropt the Tendrils of the Vine:
 In Vengeance Laity and Clergy join,
 Where one had lost his Profit, one his Wine.
 Here was at least some Shadow of Offence;
 The Sheep was sacrific'd- on no Pretence,
 But meek and unresisting Innocence.
 A patient, useful Creature, born to bear
 The warm, and woolly Fleece, that cloath'd her Murderer;
 And

And daily to give down the Milk she bred,
 A Tribute for the Grass on which she fed.
 Living, both Food and Raiment she supplies,
 And is of least Advantage, when she dies.

How did the toiling Ox his Death deserve,
 A downright simple Drudge, and born to serve?
 O Tyrant! with what Justice canst thou hope
 The Promise of the Year, a plenteous Crop;
 When thou destroy'st thy lab'ring Steer, who till'd,
 And plough'd with Pains, thy else ungrateful Field?
 From his yet reeking Neck, to draw the Yoke,
 That Neck, with which the furlly Clods he broke;
 And to the Hatchet yield thy Husbandman,
 Who finish'd Autumn, and the Spring began!

Nor this alone! but Heav'n it self no bribe,
 We to the Gods our impious Acts ascribe:
 First recompense with Death their Creatures Toil;
 Then call the Bless'd above to share the Spoil:
 The fairest Victim must the Pow'rs appease,
 (So fatal 'tis sometimes too much to please!)
 A purple Fillet his broad Brows adorns,
 With flow'ry Garlands crown'd, and gilded Horns:
 He hears the murd'rous Pray'r the Priest prefers,
 But understands not 'tis his Doom he hears:
 Beholds the Meal betwixt his Temples cast,
 (The Fruit and Products of his Labours past;)
 And in the Water views perhaps the Knife,
 Uplifted to deprive him of his Life;
 Then broken up alive, his Entrails sees
 Torn out, for Priests t'inspect the Gods Decrees.

From whence, O mortal Men, this Gust of Blood
 Have you deriv'd, and interdicted Food?

Be taught by me this dire Delight to shun,
Warn'd by my Precepts, by my Practice won:
And when you eat the well-deserving Beast,
Think, on the Lab'rer of your Field you feast!

Now since the God inspires me to proceed,
Be that, whate'er inspiring Pow'r, obey'd.
For I will sing of mighty Mysteries,
Of Truths conceal'd, before, from human Eyes,
Dark Oracles unveil, and open all the Skies. }
Pleas'd as I am to walk along the Sphere
Of shining Stars, and travel with the Year,
To leave the heavy Earth, and scale the Height
Of *Atlas*, who supports the heav'nly Weight;
To look from upper Light, and thence survey
Mistaken Mortals wand'ring from the Way,
And wanting Wisdom, fearful for the State
Of future Things, and trembling at their Fate!

Those I would teach; and by right Reason bring
To think of Death, as but an idle Thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty Name,
A Dream of Darkness, and fictitious Flame?
Vain Themes of Wit, which but in Poems pass,
And Fables of a World, that never was!
What feels the Body, when the Soul expires,
By Time corrupted, or consum'd by Fires;
Nor dies the Spirit, but new Life repeats
In other Forms, and only changes Seats.

Ev'n I, who these mysterious Truths declare,
Was once *Euphorbus* in the *Trojan* War;
My Name and Lineage I remember well,
And how in Fight by *Sparta's* King I fell.
In *Argive Juno's* Fane I late beheld
My Buckler hung on high, and own'd my former Shield.

Then:

Then, Death, so call'd, is but old Matter dress'd
 In some new Figure, and a vary'd Vest:
 Thus all Things are but alter'd, nothing dies;
 And here, and there th' unbody'd Spirit flies,
 By Time, or Force, or Sicknes dispossest,
 And lodges, where it lights, in Man or Beast;
 Or hunts without, 'till ready Limbs it find,
 And actuates those according to their Kind;
 From Tenement to Tenement is tofs'd,
 The Soul is still the same, the Figure only lost:
 And, as the soften'd Wax new Seals receives,
 This Face assumes, and that Impression leaves;
 Now call'd by one, now by another Name;
 The Form is only chang'd, the Wax is still the same:
 So Death, so call'd, can but the Form deface;
 Th' immortal Soul flies out in empty Space,
 To seek her Fortune in some other Place.

Then let not Piety be put to Flight,
 To please the Taste of Glutton Appetite;
 But suffer inmate Souls secure to dwell,
 Lest from their Seats your Parents you expel;
 With rabid Hunger feed upon your Kind,
 Or from a Beast dislodge a Brother's Mind.

And since, like *Typhis* parting from the Shore,
 In ample Seas I sail, and Depths untry'd before,
 This let me further add, That Nature knows
 No stedfast Station, but, or Ebbs, or Flows:
 Ever in Motion; she destroys her old,
 And casts new Figures in another Mold.
 Ev'n Times are in perpetual Flux, and run,
 Like Rivers from their Fountain, rolling on;
 For Time, no more than Streams, is at a Stay;
 The flying Hour is ever on her Way:

And as the Fountain still supplies her Store,
 The Wave behind impels the Wave before ;
 Thus in successive Course the Minutes run,
 And urge their Predecessor Minutes on,
 Still moving, ever new : For former Things
 Are set aside, like abdicated Kings :
 And every Moment alters what is done,
 And innovates some Act, 'till then unknown.

Darkness we see emerges into Light,
 And shining Suns descend to Sable Night ;
 Ev'n Heav'n it self receives another Dye,
 When weary'd Animals in Slumbers lie
 Of Midnight Ease : Another, when the Grey
 Of Morn preludes the Splendor of the Day.
 The Disk of *Phæbus*, when he climbs on high,
 Appears at first but as a bloodshot Eye ;
 And when his Chariot downward drives to Bed,
 His Ball is with the same Suffusion red ;
 But mounted high in his Meridian Race
 All bright he shines, and with a better Face :
 For there, pure Particles of *Æther* flow,
 Far from th' Infection of the World below.

Nor equal Light th' unequal Moon adorns,
 Or in her waxing, or her waning Horns ;
 For ev'ry Day she wanes, her Face is less ;
 But gath'ring into Globe, she fattens at Increase.

Perceiv'st thou not the Process of the Year,
 How the four Seasons in four Forms appear,
 Resembling human Life in ev'ry Shape they wear ?
 Spring first, like Infancy, shoots out her Head,
 With milky Juice requiring to be fed :
 Helpless, tho' fresh, and wanting to be led.

The green Stem grows in Stature, and in Size,
 But only feeds with Hope the Farmer's Eyes;
 Then laughs the childish Year with Flowrets crown'd,
 And lavishly perfumes the Fields around.
 But no substantial Nourishment receives;
 Infirm the Stalks, unfoli'd are the Leaves.

Proceeding onward whence the Year began,
 The Summer grows adult, and ripens into Man.
 This Season, as in Man, is most replete
 With kindly Moisture, and prolifick Heat.

Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid Age,
 Not froze with Fear, nor boiling into Rage;
 More than mature, and tending to Decay,
 When our brown Locks repine to mix with odious Grey.

Last, Winter creeps along with tardy Pace,
 Sour is his Front, and furrow'd is his Face;
 His Scalp if not dishonour'd quite of Hair,
 The ragged Fleece is thin; and thin is worse than bare.

Ev'n our own Bodies daily Change receive,
 Some part of what was theirs before, they leave;
 Nor are to-day, what Yesterday they were;
 Nor the whole Same to-morrow will appear.

Time was, when we were sow'd, and just began,
 From some few fruitful Drops, the Promise of a Man:
 Then Nature's Hand (fermented as it was)
 Moulded to Shape the soft, coagulated Mass;
 And when the little Man was fully form'd,
 The breathless Embrio with a Spirit warm'd;
 But when the Mother's Throes begin to come,
 The Creature, pent within the narrow Room,
 Breaks his blind Prison, pushing to repair
 His stifled Breath, and draw the living Air;

Cast on the Margin of the World he lies,
 A helpless Babe, but by Instinct he cries.
 He next essays to walk, but downward press'd
 On four Feet imitates his Brother Beast :
 By slow Degrees he gathers from the Ground
 His Legs, and to the rowling Chair is bound ;
 Then walks alone ; a Horseman now become,
 He rides a Stick, and travels round the Room.
 In time he vaunts among his youthful Peers,
 Strong bon'd, and strung with Nerves, in Pride of Years,
 He runs with Mettle his first merry Stage,
 Maintains the next, abated of his Rage, }
 But manages his Strength, and spares his Age,
 Heavy the third, and stiff, he sinks apace,
 And tho' 'tis down Hill all, but creeps along the Race.
 Now senseless on the Verge of Death he stands,
 Contemplating his former Feet and Hands ;
 And, *Milo*-like, his slacken'd Sinews sees, }
 And wither'd Arms, once fit to cope with *Hercules*,
 Unable now to shake, much less to tear, the Trees.

So *Helen* wept, when her too faithful Glass
 Reflected on her Eyes the Ruins of her Face :
 Wond'ring, what Charms her Ravishers cou'd spy,
 To force her twice, or ev'n but once t' enjoy !

Thy Teeth, devouring Time, thine, envious Age,
 On Things below still exercise your Rage :
 With venom'd Grinders you corrupt your Meat,
 And then, at ling'ring Meals, the Morsels eat.

Nor those, which Elements we call, abide,
 Nor to this Figure, nor to that are ty'd ;
 For this eternal World is said, of old,
 But four prolifick Principles to hold,

Four different Bodies; two to Heav'n ascend,
 And other two down to the Center tend:
 Fire first with Wings expanded mounts on high,
 Pure, void of Weight, and dwells in upper Sky;
 Then Air, because unclogg'd in empty Space,
 Flies after Fire, and claims the second Place:
 But weighty Water, 'as her Nature guides,
 Lies on the Lap of Earth; and Mother Earth sub~~ides~~.

All things are mix'd of these, which all contain,
 And into these are all resolv'd again:
 Earth rarifies to Dew; expanded more,
 The subtil Dew in Air begins to soar;
 Spreads, as she flies, and weary of her Name
 Extenuates still, and changes into Flame;
 Thus having by degrees Perfection won,
 Restless they soon untwist the Web, they spun,
 And Fire begins to lose her radiant Hue,
 Mix'd with gross Air, and Air descends to Dew;
 And Dew condensing, does her Form forego,
 And sinks, a heavy Lump of Earth below.

Thus are their Figures never at a stand,
 But chang'd by Nature's innovating Hand;
 All Things are alter'd, nothing is destroy'd,
 The shifted Scene for some new Show employ'd.

Then, to be born, is to begin to be
 Some other Thing we were not formerly:
 And what we call to Die, is not to appear,
 Or be the Thing, that formerly we were.
 Those very Elements, which we partake
 Alive, when dead some other Bodies make:
 Translated grow, have Sense, or can Discourse;
 But Death on deathless Substance has no Force.

That Forms are chang'd, I grant; that nothing can
Continue in the Figure it began :

The golden Age to Silver was debas'd :

To Copper that; our Metal came at last.

The Face of Places, and their Forms, decay;
And that is solid Earth, that once was Sea:
Seas in their Turn retreating from the Shore,
Make solid Land, what Ocean was before;
And far from Strands are Shells of Fishes found,
And rusty Anchors fix'd on Mountain-Ground:
And what were Fields before, now wash'd and worn
By falling Floods from high, to Valleys turn,
And crumbling still descend to level Lands;
And Lakes, and trembling Bogs, are barren Sands.
And the parch'd Desert floats in Streams unknown;
Wondring to drink of Waters not her own.

Here Nature living Fountains opes; and there
Seals up the Wombs, where living Fountains were;
Or Earthquakes stop their ancient Course, and bring
Diverted Streams to feed a distant Spring.
So *Lycus*, swallow'd up, is seen no more,
But far from thence knocks out another Door.
Thus *Erafinus* dives; and blind in Earth
Runs on, and gropes his way to second Birth,
Starts up in *Argos*' Meads, and shakes his Locks
Around the Fields, and fattens all the Flocks.
So *Mysus* by another way is led,
And, grown a River, now disdains his Head:
Forgets his humble Birth, his Name forsakes,
And the proud Title of *Caicus* takes.
Large *Amenane*, impure with yellow Sands,
Runs rapid often, and as often stands,

And

And here he threatens the drunken Fields to drown;
 And there his Dugs deny to give their Liquor down.

Anigros once did wholsome Draughts afford,
 But now his deadly Waters are abhorr'd:
 Since, hurt by *Hercules*, as Fame resounds,
 The Centaurs in his Current wash'd their Wounds.
 The Streams of *Hypanis* are sweet no more,
 But brackish lose the Taste they had before.

Antiffa, *Pharos*, *Tyre*, in Seas were pent,
 Once Isles, but now increase the Continent;
 While the *Leucadian* Coast, main Land before,
 By rushing Seas is sever'd from the Shore.
 So *Zancla* to th' *Italian* Earth was ty'd,
 And Men once walk'd, where Ships at Anchor ride.
 'Till *Neptune* overlook'd the narrow Way,
 And in Disdain pour'd in the conqu'ring Sea.

Two Cities that adorn'd th' *Achaian* Ground,
Buris, and *Helice*, no more are found,
 But whelm'd beneath a Lake, are sunk and drown'd;
 And Boatmen through the Crystal Water show,
 To wond'ring Passengers, the Walls below.

Near *Træzen* stands a Hill, expos'd in Air
 To Winter-winds, of leafy Shadows bare:
 This once was level Ground: But (strange to tell)
 Th' included Vapours, that in Caverns dwell,
 Lab'ring with Cholick Pangs, and close confin'd,
 In vain sought Issue for the rumbling Wind:
 Yet still they heav'd for Vent, and heaving still
 Inlarg'd the Concave, and shot up the Hill;
 As Breath extends a Bladder, or the Skins
 Of Goats are blown t'inclose the hoarded Wines:
 The Mountain yet retains a Mountain's Face,
 And gather'd Rubbish heals the hollow Space.

Of many Wonders, which I heard, or knew,
Retrenching most, I will relate but few:

What, are not Springs with Qualities oppos'd
Endu'd at Seasons, and at Seasons lost?

Thrice in a Day thine, *Ammon*, change their Form,
Cold at high Noon, at Morn, and Evening warm:

Thine, *Atbaman*, will kindle Wood, if thrown
On the pil'd Earth, and in the waning Moon.

The *Thracians* have a Stream, if any try
The Taste, his harden'd Bowels petrify;

Whate'er it touches, it converts to Stones,
And makes a Marble Pavement, where it runs.

Crathis, and *Sybaris* her Sister Flood,
That slide through our *Calabrian* Neighbour Wood,
With Gold, and Amber dye the shining Hair,
And thither Youth resort: (for who would not be Fair?)

But stranger Virtues yet in Streams we find,
Some change not only Bodies, but the Mind:

Who has not heard of *Salmacis* obscene,
Whose Waters into Women soften Men?

Or *Æthiopian* Lakes, which turn the Brain
To Madness, or in heavy Sleep constrain?

Clytorian Streams the Love of Wine expel,
(Such is the Virtue of th' abstemious Well.)

Whether the colder Nymph that rules the Flood
Extinguishes, and balks the drunken God;

Or that *Melampus* (so have some assur'd)

When the mad *Præetides* with Charms he cur'd,
And pow'rful Herbs, both Charms, and Simples cast
Into the sober Spring, where still their Virtues last.

Unlike Effects *Lyncestis* will produce;
Who drinks his Waters, tho' with mod'rate Use,

Reels as with Wine, and sees with double Sight ;
His Heels too heavy, and his Head too light.

Ladon, once *Pheneos*, an *Arcadian* Stream,
(Ambiguous in th' Effects, as in the Name)
By Day is wholesome Bev'rage, but is thought
By Night infected, and a deadly Draught.

Thus running Rivers, and the standing Lake,
Now of these Virtues, now of those partake:
Time was (and all Things Time and Fate obey)
When fast *Ortygia* floated on the Sea ;
Such were *Cyanean* Isles, when *Typhis* steer'd
Betwixt their Streights, and their Collision fear'd ;
They swam, where now they sit ; and firmly join'd,
Secure of rooting up, resist the Wind.
Nor *Ætna* vomiting sulphureous Fire
Will ever belch ; for Sulphur will expire,
(The Veins exhausted of the liquid Store :)
Time was, she cast no Flames ; in time will cast no more.

For whether Earth's an Animal, and Air
Imbibes, her Lungs with Coolness to repair,
And what she sucks remits ; she still requires
Inlets for Air, and Outlets for her Fires ;
When tortur'd with convulsive Fits she shakes,
That Motion choaks the Vent, 'till other Vent she makes :
Or when the Winds in hollow Caves are clos'd,
And subtle Spirits find that Way oppos'd,
They toss up Flints in Air ; the Flints that hide
The Seeds of Fire, thus toss'd in Air, collide,
Kindling the Sulphur, 'till the Fuel spent,
The Cave is cool'd, and the fierce Winds relent.

Or whether Sulphur, cching Fire, feeds on
Its unctuous Parts, 'till all the Matter gone

The Flames no more ascend ; for Earth supplies
 The Fat that feeds them ; and when Earth denies
 That Food, by length of Time consum'd, the Fire
 Famish'd for want of Fewel must expire.

A Race of Men there are, as Fame has told,
 Who shiv'ring suffer *Hyperborean* Cold,
 'Till nine times bathing in *Minerva's* Lake,
 Soft Feathers, to defend their naked Sides, they take.
 'Tis said, the *Scythian* Wives (believe who will)
 Transform themselves to Birds by Magick Skill ;
 Smear'd over with an Oil of wond'rous Might,
 That adds new Pinions to their airy Flight.

But this by sure Experiment we know,
 That living Creatures from Corruption grow :
 Hide in a hollow Pit a slaughter'd Steer,
 Bees from his putrid Bowels will appear ;
 Who, like their Parents, haunt the Fields, and bring
 Their Honey-Harvest home, and hope another Spring.
 The warlike Steed is multiply'd, we find,
 To Wasps, and Hornets of the Warrior Kind.
 Cut from a Crab his crooked Claws, and hide
 The rest in Earth, a Scorpion thence will glide,
 And shoot his Sting, his Tail in Circles toss'd
 Refers the Limbs his backward Father lost :
 And Worms, that stretch on Leaves their filmy Loom,
 Crawl from their Bags, and Butterflies become.
 Ev'n Slime begets the Frog's loquacious Race :
 Short of their Feet at first, in little space
 With Arms, and Legs endu'd, long Leaps they take
 Rais'd on their hinder Part, and swim the Lake,
 And Waves repel : For Nature gives their Kind,
 To that Intent, a Length of Legs behind.

The Cubs of Bears a living Lump appear,
 When whelp'd, and no determin'd Figure wear.
 Their Mother licks them into Shape, and gives
 As much of Form, as she her self receives.

The Grubs from their sexangular Abode
 Crawl out unfinish'd, like the Maggot's Brood:
 Trunks without Limbs; 'till Time at leisure brings
 The Thighs they wanted, and their tardy Wings.

The Bird who draws the Carr of *Juno*, vain
 Of her crown'd Head, and of her starry Train;
 And he that bears th' Artillery of *Jove*,
 The strong-pounc'd Eagle, and the billing Dove;
 And all the feather'd Kind, who cou'd suppose
 (But that from Sight, the surest Sense he knows)
 They from th' included Yolk, not ambient White, arose? }

There are, who think the Marrow of a Man,
 Which in the Spine, while he was living, ran;
 When dead, the Pith corrupted will become
 A Snake, and hiss within the hollow Tomb.

All these receive their Birth from other Things;
 But from himself the *Phoenix* only springs:
 Self-born, begotten by the Parent Flame
 In which he burn'd, Another, and the Same;
 Who not by Corn, or Herbs his Life sustains,
 But the sweet Effence of *Amomum* drains:
 And watches the rich Gum *Arabia* bears,
 While yet in tender Dew they drop their Tears.
 He, (his five Centuries of Life fulfill'd)
 His Nest on Oaken Boughs begins to build,
 Or trembling Tops of Palm; and first he draws
 The Plan with his broad Bill, and crooked Claws,
 Nature's Artificers; on this the Pile
 Is form'd, and rises round, then with the Spoil

Of *Cassia*, *Cinnamon*, and Stems of *Nard*,

(For Softness strew'd beneath) his Fun'ral Bed is rear'd:

Fun'ral and Bridal both; and all around

The Borders with corruptless *Myrrh* are crown'd.

On this incumbent, 'till ætherial Flame

First catches, then consumes the costly Frame:

Consumes him too, as on the Pile he lies;

He liv'd on Odours, and in Odours dies.

An Infant *Phœnix* from the former springs,

His Father's Heir, and from his tender Wings

Shakes off his Parent Dust, his Method he pursues,

And the same Lease of Life on the same Terms renews.

When grown to Manhood he begins his Reign,

And with stiff Pinions can his Flight sustain,

He lightens of its Load the Tree, that bore

His Father's Royal Sepulcher before,

And his own Cradle: This with pious Care

Plac'd on his Back, he cuts the buxome Air,

Seeks the Sun's City, and his sacred Church,

And decently lays down his Burden in the Porch.

A Wonder more amazing wou'd we find?

Th' *Hyæna* shows it, of a double Kind,

Varying the Sexes in alternate Years,

In one begets, and in another bears.

The thin *Camelion* fed with Air, receives

The Colour of the Thing, to which he cleaves.

India when conquer'd, on the conqu'ring God

For planted Vines the sharp-ey'd *Lynx* bestow'd,

Whose Urine, shed before it touches Earth,

Congeals in Air, and gives to Gems their Birth.

So *Coral* soft, and white in Ocean's Bed,

Comes harden'd up in Air, and glows with Red.

All changing Species should my Song recite ;
 Before I ceas'd, wou'd change the Day to Night.

Nations and Empires flourish, and decay,
 By turns command, and in their turns obey :

Time softens hardy People, Time again
 Hardens to War a soft, unwarlike Train.

Thus *Troy* for ten long Years her Foes withstood,
 And daily bleeding bore th' Expence of Blood :

Now for thick Streets it shows an empty Space,
 Or only fill'd with Tombs of her own perish'd Race, }
 Her self becomes the Sepulcher of what she was.

Mycenè, Sparta, Thebes of mighty Fame,
 Are vanish'd out of Substance into Name.

And *Dardan Rome*, that justs begins to rise
 On *Tiber's* Banks, in time shall mate the Skies :

Widening her Bounds, and working on her way ;
 Ev'n now she meditates Imperial Sway :

Yet this is Change, but she by changing thrives,
 Like Moons new-born, and in her Cradle strives

To fill her Infant-Horns ; an Hour shall come,
 When the round World shall be contain'd in *Rome*.

For thus old Saws foretel, and *Helenus*
Anchises' drooping Son enliven'd thus ;

When *Ilium* now was in a sinking State ;
 And he was doubtful of his future Fate :

O Goddess born, with thy hard Fortune strive,
Troy never can be lost, and thou alive.

Thy Passage thou shalt free through Fire, and Sword,
 And *Troy* in Foreign Lands shall be restor'd.

In happier Fields a rising Town I see

Greater, than what e'er was, or is, or e'er shall be : }

And Heav'n yet owes the World a Race deriv'd from Thee.

Sages, and Chiefs, of other Lineage born,
 The City shall extend, extended shall adorn:
 But from *Iulus* he must draw his Breath,
 By whom thy *Rome* shall rule the conquer'd Earth:
 Whom Heav'n will lend Mankind on Earth to reign,
 And late require the precious Pledge again.

'This *Helenus* to great *Æneas* told,
 Which I retain, e'er since in other Mould
 My Soul was cloath'd; and now rejoice to view
 My Country Walls rebuilt, and *Troy* reviv'd anew,
 Rais'd by the Fall, decreed by Loss to gain;
 Enslav'd but to be free, and conquer'd but to reign.

'Tis time my hard-mouth'd Coursers to controul,
 Apt to run Riot, and transgress the Goal:
 And therefore I conclude, Whatever lies
 In Earth, or flits in Air, or fills the Skies,
 All suffer Change; and we that are of Soul
 And Body mix'd, are Members of the Whole:
 Then when our Sires, or Grandfires, shall forsake
 The Forms of Men, and brutal Figures take,
 Thus hous'd, securely let their Spirits rest,
 Nor violate thy Father in the Beast,
 Thy Friend, thy Brother, any of thy Kin;
 If none of these, yet there's a Man within:
 O spare to make a *Thyestean* Meal,
 T'inclose his Body, and his Soul expel.

Ill Customs by degrees to Habits rise,
 Ill Habits soon become exalted Vice:
 What more Advance can Mortals make in Sin
 So near Perfection, who with Blood begin?
 Deaf to the Calf, that lies beneath the Knife,
 Looks up, and from her Butcher begs her Life:

Deaf to the harmless Kid, that ere he dies
 All Methods to procure thy Mercy tries,
 And imitates in vain thy Children's Cries. }
 Where will he stop, who feeds with Household Bread,
 Then eats the Poultry, which before he fed?
 Let plough thy Steers; that when they lose their Breath,
 To Nature, not to thee, they may impute their Death.
 Let Goats for Food their loaded Udders lend,
 And Sheep from Winter-cold thy Sides defend;
 But neither Sprindges, Nets, nor Snares employ,
 And be no more Ingenious to destroy.
 Free as in Air, let Birds on Earth remain,
 Nor let insidious Glue their Wings constrain;
 Nor op'ning Hounds the trembling Stag affright,
 Nor purple Feathers intercept his Flight:
 Nor Hooks conceal'd in Baits for Fish prepare,
 Nor Lines to heav 'em twinkling up in Air.

Take not away the Life you cannot give,
 For all things have an equal Right to live.
 Kill noxious Creatures, where 'tis Sin to save;
 This only just Prerogative we have:
 But nourish Life with vegetable Food,
 And shun the sacrilegious Taste of Blood.

These Precepts by the *Samian* Sage were taught,
 Which God-like *Numa* to the *Sabines* brought,
 And thence transferr'd to *Rome*, by Gift his own:
 A willing People, and an offer'd Throne.
 O happy Monarch, sent by Heav'n to bless
 A Salvage Nation with soft Arts of Peace,
 To teach Religion, Rapine to restrain,
 Give Laws to Lust, and Sacrifice ordain:
 Himself a Saint, a Goddess was his Bride,
 And all the *Muses* o'er his Acts preside.

The Story of HIPPOLYTUS.

By Mr. CATCOTT.

Advanc'd in Years he dy'd ; one common Date
 His Reign concluded, and his Mortal State.
 Their Tears Plebeians and Patricians shed,
 And pious Matrons wept their Monarch dead.
 His mournful Wife, her Sorrows to bewail,
 Withdrew from *Rome*, and sought th' *Arician* Vale.
 Hid in thick Woods, she made incessant Moans,
 Disturbing *Cynthia's* sacred Rites with Groans.
 How oft the Nymphs, who rul'd the Wood and Lake,
 Reprov'd her Tears, and Words of Comfort spake!
 How oft (in vain) the Son of *Theseus* said,
 Thy stormy Sorrows be with Patience laid ;
 Nor are thy Fortunes to be wept alone,
 Weigh others Woes, and learn to bear thine own.
 Be mine an Instance to assuage thy Grief:
 Would mine were none !——yet mine may bring Relief.

You've heard, perhaps, in Conversation told,
 What once befel *Hippolytus* of old ;
 To Death by *Theseus'* easy Faith betray'd,
 And caught in Snares his wicked Step-dame laid.
 The wond'rous Tale your Credit scarce may claim,
 Yet (strange to say) in me behold the same,
 Whom lustful *Phædra* oft had press'd in vain,
 With impious Joys my Father's Bed to stain ;
 'Till seiz'd with Fear, or by Revenge inspir'd,
 She charg'd on me the Crimes her self desir'd.
 Expell'd by *Theseus*, from his Home I fled
 With Heaps of Curses on my guiltless Head.

Forlorn, I fought *Pitthëan Træzen's* Land,
 And drove my Chariot o'er *Corinthus'* Strand;
 When from the Surface of the level Main
 A Billow rising, heav'd above the Plain;
 Rolling, and gath'ring, 'till so high it swell'd,
 A Mountain's Height th' enormous Mass excell'd;
 Then bellowing, burst; when from the Summit cleav'd,
 A horned Bull his ample Chest upheav'd.
 His Mouth, and Nostrils, Storms of briny Rain
 Expiring, blew. Dread Horror seiz'd my Train.
 I stood unmov'd. My Father's cruel Doom
 Claim'd all my Soul, nor Fear could find a Room.
 Amaz'd awhile my trembling Coursers stood,
 With prick'd-up Ears, contemplating the Flood;
 Then starting sudden from the dreadful View,
 At once, like Lightning, from the Seas they flew,
 And o'er the craggy Rocks the rattling Chariot drew. }
 In vain to stop the hot-mouth'd Steeds I try'd,
 And bending backward all my Strength apply'd;
 The frothy Foam in driving Flakes distains
 The Bits, and Bridles, and bedews the Reins.
 But tho', as yet untam'd they run, at length
 Their heady Rage had tir'd beneath my Strength,
 When in the Spokes a Stump intangling, tore
 The shatter'd Wheel, and from its Axle bore.
 The Shock impetuous tost me from the Seat,
 Caught in the Reins beneath my Horses' Feet.
 My reeking Guts drag'd out alive, around
 The jagged Stump my trembling Nerves were wound,
 Then stretch'd the well-knit Limbs, in Pieces hal'd,
 Part stuck behind, and part the Chariot trail'd;
 Till, 'midst my crackling Joints, and breaking Bones,
 I breath'd away my weary'd Soul in Groans.

No Part distinguish'd from the rest was found,
 But all my Parts an universal Wound.

Now say, self-tortur'd Nymph, can you compare
 Our Grievs as equal, or in Justice dare?
 I saw besides the darksome Realms of Woe,
 And bath'd my Wounds in smoking Streams below.
 There I had staid, nor second Life enjoy'd,
 But *Pæan's* Son his wond'rous Art employ'd.
 To Light restor'd, by medicinal Skill,
 In Spight of Fate, and rigid *Pluto's* Will,
 Th' invidious Object to preserve from View,
 A misty Cloud around me *Cynthia* threw;
 And lest my Sight should stir my Foes to Rage,
 She stamp'd my Visage with the Marks of Age.
 My former Hue was chang'd, and for it shown
 A Set of Features, and a Face unknown.
 A-while the Goddess stood in Doubt, or *Crete*,
 Or *Delos'* Isle, to chuse for my Retreat.
Delos, and *Crete* refus'd, this Wood she chose,
 Bad me my former luckless Name depose,
 Which kept alive the Mem'ry of my Woes;
 Then said, Immortal Life be thine; and thou,
Hippolytus once call'd, be *Virbius* now.
 Here then a God, but of th' inferior Race,
 I serve my Goddess, and attend her Chace.

EGERIA transform'd to a Fountain.

But others Woes were usefess to appease
Egeria's Grief, or set her Mind at Ease.
 Beneath the Hill, all comfortless she laid,
 The dropping Tears her Eyes incessant shed,

'Till pitying *Phæbe* eas'd her pious Woe,
Thaw'd to a Spring, whose Streams for ever flow.

The Nymphs, and *Virbius*, like Amazement fill'd,
As seiz'd the Swains, who *Tyrrhene* Furrows till'd;
When heaving up, a Clod was seen to roll,
Untouch'd, self-mov'd, and big with human Soul.
The spreading Mass in former Shape depos'd,
Began to shoot, and Arms and Legs disclos'd,
'Till form'd a perfect Man, the living Mold
Op'd its new Mouth, and future Truths foretold;
And *Tages* nam'd by Natives of the Place,
Taught Arts prophetic to the *Tuscan* Race.

Or such as once by *Romulus* was shown,
Who saw his Lance with sprouting Leaves o'er-grown,
When fix'd in Earth the Point began to shoot,
And growing downward turn'd a fibrous Root;
While spread aloft the branching Arms display'd,
O'er wond'ring Crowds, an unexpected Shade.

The Story of CIPPUS.

By Sir SAMUEL GARTH, M. D.

Or as when *Cippus* in the Current view'd
The shooting Horns that on his Forehead stood,
His Temples first he feels, and with surprize
His Touch confirms th' Assurance of his Eyes.
Streight to the Skies his horned Front he rears,
And to the Gods directs these pious Pray'rs.

If this Portent be prosp'rous, O decree
To *Rome* th' Event; if otherwise, to Me.
An Altar then of Turf he hastes to raise,
Rich Gums in fragrant Exhalations blaze;

The panting Entrails crackle as they fry,
 And boding Fumes pronounce a Mystery.
 Soon as the Augur saw the Holy Fire,
 And Victims with presaging Signs expire,
 To *Cippus* then he turns his Eyes with speed,
 And views the horny Honours of his Head:
 Then cry'd, Hail Conqueror! thy Call obey,
 Those Omens I behold presage thy Sway.
Rome waits thy Nod, unwilling to be Free,
 And owns thy Sov'reign Pow'r as Fate's Decree.

He said — and *Cippus*, starting at th' Event,
 Spoke in these Words his pious Discontent.

Far hence, ye Gods, this Execration send,
 And the great Race of *Romulus* defend.
 Better that I in Exile live abhorr'd,
 Than e'er the Capitol shou'd style me Lord.

This spoke, he hides with Leaves his Omen'd Head.

Then prays, the Senate next convenes, and said,

If Augurs can foresee, a Wretch is come,
 Design'd by Destiny the Bane of *Rome*.

Two Horns (most strange to tell) his Temples crown;

If e'er he pass the Walls and gain the Town,

Your Laws are forfeit, that ill-fated Hour;

And Liberty must yield to lawless Pow'r.

Your Gates he might have enter'd; but this Arm

Seiz'd the Usurper, and with-held the Harm.

Haste, find the Monster out, and let him be

Condemn'd to all the Senate can decree;

Or ty'd in Chains, or into Exile thrown;

Or by the Tyrant's Death prevent your own.

The Crowd such Murmurs utter as they stand,
 As swelling Surges breaking on the Strand:

Or as when gath'ring Gales sweep o'er the Grove,
 And their tall Heads the bending Cedars move.
 Each with Confusion gaz'd, and then began
 To feel his Fellow's Brows, and find the Man.
Cippus then shakes his Garland off, and cries,
 The Wretch you want, I offer to your Eyes.

The anxious Throng look'd down, and sad in Thought.
 All wish'd they had not found the Sign they sought :
 In haste with Laurel Wreaths his Head they bind ;
 Such Honour to such Virtue was assign'd.
 Then thus the Senate—Hear, O *Cippus*, hear :
 So God-like is thy Tutelary Care,
 That since in *Rome* thy self forbids thy Stay,
 For thy Abode those Acres we convey
 The Plough-share can surround, the Labour of a Day. }
 In Deathless Record; thou shalt stand inroll'd, }
 And *Rome's* rich Posts shall shine with Horns of Gold.

*The Occasion of ÆSCULAPIUS being
 brought to ROME.*

By Mr. WELSTED.

Melodious Maids of *Pindus*, who inspire
 The flowing Strains, and tune the vocal Lyre ;
 Tradition's Secrets are unlock'd to you,
 Old Tales revive, and Ages past renew ;
 You, who can hidden Causes best expound,
 Say, whence the Isle, which *Tiber* flows around,
 Its Altars with a heav'nly Stranger grac'd,
 And in our Shrines the God of Physic plac'd.

A wasting Plague infected *Latium's* Skies;
 Pale, bloodless Looks were seen, with ghastly Eyes;
 The dire Disease's Marks each Visage wore,
 And the pure Blood was chang'd to putrid Gore:
 In vain were human Remedies apply'd;
 In vain the Pow'r of healing Herbs was try'd:
 Weary'd with Death, they seek Celestial Aid,
 And visit *Phæbus* in his *Delphic* Shade;
 In the World's Centre sacred *Delphos* stands,
 And gives its Oracles to distant Lands:
 Here they implore the God, with fervent Vows,
 His salutary Pow'r to interpose,
 And end a great afflicted City's Woes. }
 'The holy Temple sudden Tremors prov'd;
 'The Laurel-grove and all its Quivers mov'd;
 In hollow Sounds the Priestess, thus, began,
 And thro' each Bosom thrilling Horrors ran.
 " Th' Assistance, *Roman*, which you here implore,
 " Seek from another, and a nearer Shore;
 " Relief must be implor'd, and Succour won,
 " Not from *Apollo*, but *Apollo's* Son;
 " My Son, to *Latium* born, shall bring Redress:
 " Go with good Omens, and expect Success.

When these clear Oracles the Senate knew,
 The sacred Tripod's Counsels they pursue,
 Depute a pious and a chosen Band,
 Who sail to *Epidaurus'* neighb'ring Land.
 Before the *Græcian* Elders when they stood,
 They pray 'em to bestow the healing God:
 " Ordain'd was he to save *Aufonia's* State;
 " So promis'd *Delphos*, and unerring Fate.

Opinions various their Debates enlarge:
 Some plead to yield to *Rome* the sacred Charge;

Others, tenacious of their Country's Wealth,
 Refuse to grant the Pow'r, who guards its Health.

While dubious they remain'd, the wafting Light
 Withdrew before the growing Shades of Night ;
 Thick Darknefs now obfcur'd the dusky Skies:
 Now, *Roman*, clos'd in Sleep were mortal Eyes,
 When Health's auspicious God appears to Thee,
 And thy glad Dreams his Form celeftial fee :
 In his left Hand, a rural Staff preferr'd,
 His Right is feen to ftroke his decent Beard.

“ Diftrefs, faid he, with Mildnefs all divine,
 “ Diftrefs your Fears ; I come, and leave my Shrine,
 “ This Serpent view, that with ambitious Play
 “ My Staff encircles, mark him ev'ry way ;
 “ His Form, tho' larger, nobler, I'll affume,
 “ And chang'd, as Gods fhould be, bring Aid to *Rome*.
 Here fled the Vifion, and the Vifion's flight
 Was follow'd by the chearful Dawn of Light.

Now was the Morn' with blufhing Streaks o'erspread,
 And all the ftarry Fires of Heav'n were fled ;
 The Chiefs perplex'd, and fill'd with doubtful Care,
 To their Protector's fumptuous Roofs repair,
 By genuine Signs implore him to exprefs,
 What Seats he deigns to chufe, what Land to blefs :
 Scarce their afcending Pray'rs had reach'd the Sky ;
 Lo, the Serpentine God, erected high !
 Forerunning Hiffings his Approach confeft ;
 Bright fhone his Golden Scales, and wav'd his lofty Crest ;
 The trembling Altar his Appearance fpoke ;
 The Marble Floor, and glittering Cieling fhook ;
 The Doors were rock'd ; the Statue feem'd to nod ;
 And all the Fabric own'd the prefent God ;

His radiant Chest he taugt aloft to rise,
 And round the Temple cast his flaming Eyes:
 Struck was th' astonish'd Crowd; the holy Priest,
 His Temples with white Bands of Ribbon drest,
 With rev'rent Awe the Power divine confest!
 The God! the God! he cries; all Tongues be still!
 Each conscious Breast devoutest Ardour fill!
 O Beauteous! O Divine! assist our Cares,
 And be propitious to thy Vot'ries Prayers!
 All with consenting Hearts, and pious Fear,
 The Words repeat, the Deity revere:
 The *Romans* in their holy Worship join'd,
 With silent Awe, and Purity of Mind:
 Gracious to them, his Crest is seen to nod,
 And, as an Earnest of his Care, the God,
 Thrice hissing, vibrates thrice his forked Tongue.
 And now the smooth Descent he glides along:
 Still on the ancient Seats he bends his Eyes,
 In which his Statue breaths, his Altars rise;
 His long-lov'd Shrine with kind Concern he leaves,
 And to forsake th' accustom'd Mansion grieves:
 At length his sweeping Bulk in state is born
 Thro' the throng'd Streets, which scatter'd Flowers adorn;
 Thro' many a Fold he winds his mazy Course,
 And gains the Port and Moles, which break the Ocean's
 Force.

'Twas here he made a Stand, and having view'd
 The pious Train, who his last Steps pursu'd,
 Seem'd to dismiss their Zeal with gracious Eyes,
 While Gleams of Pleasure in his Aspect rise.

And now the *Latian* Vessel he ascends;
 Beneath the weighty God the Vessel bends:

The *Latins* on the Strand great *Jove* appease,
 Their Cables loose, and plough the yielding Seas :
 The high-rear'd Serpent from the Stern displays
 His gorgeous Form, and the blue Deep surveys ;
 The Ship is wafted on with gentle Gales,
 And o'er the calm *Ionian* smoothly sails ;
 On the sixth Morn th' *Italian* Coast they gain,
 And touch *Lacinia*, grac'd with *Juno's* Fane ;
 Now fair *Calabria* to the Sight is lost,
 And all the Cities on her fruitful Coast ;
 They pass at length the rough *Sicilian* Shore,
 The *Brutian* Soil, rich with metallic Ore,
 The famous Isles, where *Æolus* was King,
 And *Pæstus* blooming with eternal Spring :
Minerva's Cape they leave, and *Caprea's* Isle,
Campania, on whose Hills the Vineyards smile,
 The City, which *Alcides'* Spoils adorn,
Naples, for soft Delight and Pleasure born ;
 Fair *Stabiæ*, with *Cumean* Sibyls Seats,
 And *Baia's* tepid Baths, and green Retreats ;
Linternum next they reach, where balmy Gums
 Distil from Mastic Trees, and spread Perfumes :
Cajeta, from the Nurse so nam'd for whom
 With pious Care *Æneas* rais'd a Tomb,
Vulturne, whose Whirlpools suck the numerous Sands,
 And *Trachas*, and *Minturnæ's* marshy Lands,
 And *Formia's* Coast is left, and *Circe's* Plain,
 Which yet remembers her enchanting Reign ;
 To *Antium*, last, his Course the Pilot guides.

Here, while the anchor'd Vessel safely rides,
 (For now the ruffled Deep portends a Storm)
 The spiry God unfolds his spheric Form,

Thro' large Indentings draws his lubric Train,
 And seeks the Refuge of *Apollo's* Fane;
 The Fane is situate on the yellow Shore:
 When the Sea smil'd, and the Winds rag'd no more,
 He leaves his Father's hospitable Lands,
 And furrows, with his rattling Scales, the Sands
 Along the Coast; at length the Ship regains,
 And sails to *Tibur*, and *Lavinium's* Plains.
 Here mingling Crowds to meet their Patron came,
 Ev'n the chaste Guardians of the *Vestal* Flame,
 From every Part tumultuous they repair,
 And joyful Acclamations rend the Air:
 Along the flowry Banks, on either Side,
 Where the tall Ship floats on the swelling Tide,
 Dispos'd in decent Order Altars rise,
 And crackling Incense, as it mounts the Skies,
 The Air with Sweets refreshes; while the Knife,
 Warm with the Victim's Blood, lets out the streaming
 Life.

¶ The World's great Mistress, *Rome*, receives him now;
 On the Mast's Top reclin'd he waves his Brow,
 And from that Height surveys the great Abodes,
 And Mansions, worthy of residing Gods.
 The Land, a narrow Neck, it self extends,
 Round which his Course the Stream divided bends;
 The Stream's two Arms, on either side, are seen,
 Stretch'd out in equal length; the Land between.
 The Isle, so call'd, from hence derives its Name:
 'Twas here the salutary Serpent came;
 Nor sooner has he left the *Latian* Pine,
 But he assumes again his Form divine,
 And now no more the drooping City mourns,
 Joy is again restor'd, and Health returns.

The Deification of JULIUS CÆSAR.

But *Æsculapius* was a foreign Power :

In his own City *Cæsar* we adore :

Him Arms and Arts alike renown'd beheld,

In Peace conspicuous, dreadful in the Field ;

His rapid Conquests, and swift-finish'd Wars,

The Heroe justly fix'd among the Stars ;

Yet is his Progeny his greatest Fame :

The Son immortal makes the Father's Name.

The Sea-girt *Britons*, by his Courage tam'd,

For their high rocky Cliffs, and Fierceness fam'd ;

His dreadful Navies, which victorious rode

O'er *Nile's* affrighted Waves and seven-four'd Flood ;

Numidia, and the spacious Realms regain'd ;

Where *Cinyphus* or flows, or *Juba* reign'd ;

The Powers of titled *Mitbridates* broke,

And *Pontus* added to the *Roman* Yoke ;

Triumphal Shows decreed, for Conquests won,

For Conquests, which the Triumphs still out shone ;

These are great Deeds ; yet less, than to have giv'n

The World a Lord, in whom, propitious Heav'n,

When you decreed the Sov'reign Rule to place,

You blest with lavish Bounty human Race.

Now lest so great a Prince might seem to rise

Of mortal Stem, his Sire must reach the Skies ;

The beauteous Goddess, that *Æneas* bore,

Forefaw it, and foreseeing did deplore ;

For well she knew her *Herce's* Fate was nigh,

Devoted by conspiring Arms to die.

Trembling, and pale, to every God she cry'd,

Behold, what deep and subtle Arts are try'd,

To end the last, the only Branch that springs
 From my *Iulus*, and the *Dardan* Kings!
 How bent they are! how desp'rate to destroy
 All that is left me of unhappy *Troy*!
 Am I alone by Fate ordain'd to know
 Uninterrupted Care, and endless Woe?
 Now from *Tydidēs*' Spear I feel the Wound:
 Now *Ilium*'s Tow'rs the hostile Flames surround:
Troy laid in Dust, my exil'd Son I mourn,
 Thro' angry Seas, and raging Billows born;
 O'er the wide Deep his wandering Course he bends;
 Now to the fullen Shades of *Styx* descends;
 With *Turnus* driv'n at last fierce Wars to wage,
 Or rather with unpitying *Juno*'s Rage.
 But why record I now my ancient Woes?
 Sense of past Ills in present Fears I lose;
 On me their Points the impious Daggers throw;
 Forbid it, Gods, repel the direful Blow:
 If by curs'd Weapons *Numa*'s Priest expires,
 No longer shall ye burn, ye Vestal Fires.

While such Complainings *Cypria*'s Grief disclose,
 In each celestial Breast Compassion rose:
 Not Gods can alter Fate's resistless Will;
 Yet they foretold by Signs th' approaching Ill.
 Dreadful were heard, among the Clouds, Alarms
 Of echoing Trumpets, and of clashing Arms;
 The Sun's pale Image gave so faint a Light,
 That the sad Earth was almost veil'd in Night;
 The *Æther*'s Face with fiery Meteors glow'd;
 With Storms of Hail were mingled Drops of Blood;
 A dusky Hue the Morning Star o'erspread,
 And the Moon's Orb was stain'd with Spots of Red;

In every place portentous Shrieks were heard,
 The fatal Warnings of th' infernal Bird ;
 In ev'ry Place the Marble melts to Tears ;
 While in the Groves, rever'd thro' length of Years,
 Boding and awful Sounds the Ear invade,
 And solemn Music warbles thro' the Shade ;
 No Victim can atone the impious Age,
 No Sacrifice the wrathful Gods assuage ;
 Dire Wars and civil Fury threat the State ;
 And every Omen points out *Cæsar's* Fate :
 Around each hallow'd Shrine, and sacred Dome,
 Night-howling Dogs disturb the peaceful Gloom ;
 Their silent Seats the wandring Shades forsake,
 And fearful Tremblings the rock'd City shake.

Yet could not, by these Prodigies, be broke
 The plotted Charm, or staid the fatal Stroke ;
 Their Swords th' Assassins in the Temple draw ;
 Their murth'ring Hands nor Gods nor Temples awe ;
 This sacred Place their bloody Weapons stain,
 And Virtue falls, before the Altar slain.

'Twas now fair *Cypria*, with her Woes oppress'd,
 In raging Anguish smote her heav'nly Breast ;
 Wild with distracting Fears, the Goddess try'd
 Her Hecce in th' ætherial Cloud to hide,
 The Cloud, which youthful *Paris* did conceal,
 When *Menelaus* urg'd the threatenng Steel ;
 The Cloud, which once deceiv'd *Tydides'* Sight,
 And sav'd *Æneas* in th' unequal Fight.

When *Jove*—— In vain, fair Daughter, you assay
 To o'er-rule Destiny's unconquer'd Sway :
 Your Doubts to banish, enter *Fate's* Abode ;
 A Privilege to heav'nly Powers allow'd ;

There

There shall you see the Records grav'd, in length,
 On Ir'n and solid Brass, with mighty Strength;
 Which Heav'n's and Earth Concussion shall endure,
 Maugre all Shocks, eternal, and secure:
 There, on perennial Adamant design'd,
 The various Fortunes of your Race you'll find:
 Well I have mark'd 'em, and will now relate
 To thee the settled Laws of future Fate.
 He, Goddess, for whose Death the Fates you blame,
 Has finish'd his determin'd Course with Fame:
 To thee 'tis giv'n at length, that he shall shine
 Among the Gods, and grace the worshipp'd Shrine:
 His Son to all his Greatness shall be Heir,
 And worthily succeed to Empire's Care:
 Our self will lead his Wars, resolv'd to aid
 The brave Avenger of his Father's Shade:
 To him its Freedom *Mutina* shall owe,
 And *Decius* his auspicious Conduct know;
 His dreadful Powers shall shake *Pharsalia's* Plain,
 And drench in Gore *Philippi's* Fields again:
 A mighty Leader, in *Sicilia's* Flood,
 Great *Pompey's* warlike Son, shall be subdu'd:
Ægypt's soft Queen, adorn'd with fatal Charms,
 Shall mourn her Soldiers unsuccessful Arms:
 Too late shall find her swelling Hopes were vain,
 And know, that *Rome* o'er *Memphis* still must reign:
 What name I *Afric*, or *Nile's* hidden Head?
 For as both Oceans roll, his Power shall spread:
 All the known Earth to him shall Homage pay,
 And the Seas own his universal Sway:
 When cruel War no more disturbs Mankind;
 To civil Studies shall he bend his Mind,

With

With equal Justice guardian Laws ordain,
 And by his great Example Vice restrain:
 Where will his Bounty or his Goodness end?
 To Times unborn his gen'rous Views extend;
 The Virtues of his Heir our Praise engage,
 And promise Blessings to the coming Age:
 Late shall he in his Kindred Orbs be plac'd,
 With *Pylian* Years, and crowded Honours grac'd.
 Mean-time, your Heroe's fleeting Spirit bear,
 Fresh from his Wounds, and change it to a Star:
 So shall great *Julius* Rites divine assume,
 And from the Skies eternal smile on *Rome*.

This spoke; the Goddess to the Senate flew;
 Where, her fair Form conceal'd from mortal View,
 Her *Cæsar's* heav'nly Part she made her Care,
 Nor left the recent Soul to waste to Air;
 But bore it upwards to its native Skies:
 Glowing with new-born Fires she saw it rise;
 Forth springing from her Bosom up it flew,
 And kindling, as it soar'd, a Comet grew:
 Above the Lunar Sphere it took its Flight,
 And shot behind it a long Trail of Light.

*The Reign of AUGUSTUS, in which
 OVID flourish'd.*

Thus rais'd, his glorious Off-spring *Julius* view'd,
 Beneficently Great, and scattering Good,
 Deeds, that his own surpass'd, with Joy beheld,
 And his large Heart dilates to be excell'd.
 What tho' this Prince refuses to receive
 The Pref'rence, which his juster Subjects give;

Fame

Fame uncontroll'd, that no Restraint obeys,
 The Homage, shunn'd by modest Virtue, pays,
 And proves disloyal only in his Praise.
 Tho' great his Sire, him greater we proclaim:
 So *Atreus* yields to *Agamemnon's* Fame;
Achilles so superior Honours won,
 And *Peleus* must submit to *Peleus' Son*;
 Examples yet more Noble to disclose,
 So *Saturn* was eclips'd, when *Jove* to Empire rose;
Jove rules the Heav'ns, the Earth *Augustus* sways;
 Each claims a Monarch's, and a Father's Praise.

Celestials, who for *Rome* your Cares employ;
 Ye Gods, who guarded the Remains of *Troy*;
 Ye native Gods, here born, and fix'd by Fate;
Quirinus, Founder of the *Roman State*;
 O Parent *Mars*, from whom *Quirinus* sprung;
 Chaste *Vesta*, *Cæsar's* household Gods among
 Most sacred held; domestic *Phæbus*, thou,
 To whom with *Vesta* chaste alike we bow;
 Great Guardian of the high *Tarpeian Rock*;
 And all ye Pow'rs, whom Poets may invoke;
 O grant, that Day may claim our Sorrows late,
 When lov'd *Augustus* shall submit to Fate,
 Visit those Seats, where Gods and Heroes dwell,
 And leave, in Tears, the World he rul'd so well!

The P O E T concludes.

The Work is finish'd, which nor dreads the Rage
 Of Tempests, Fire, or War, or wasting Age;
 Come, soon or late, Death's undetermin'd Day,
 This mortal Being only can decay;

My nobler Part, my Fame, shall reach the Skies,
And to late Times with blooming Honours rise:
Whate'er th' unbounded *Roman* Power obeys,
All Climes and Nations shall record my Praise:
If 'tis allow'd to Poets to divine,
One half of round Eternity is mine.

F I N I S.

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