

Ovid's Metamorphoses: translated by eminent persons. Published by Sir Samuel Garth.

Contributors

Ovid, 43 B.C.-17 A.D. or 18 A.D.
Dryden, John, 1631-1700 (Translator)
Garth, Samuel, Sir, 1661-1719 (Publisher)
Royal College of Physicians of London

Publication/Creation

London : Martin and Bain, 1794.

Persistent URL

<https://wellcomecollection.org/works/wdm5hx6a>

Provider

Royal College of Physicians

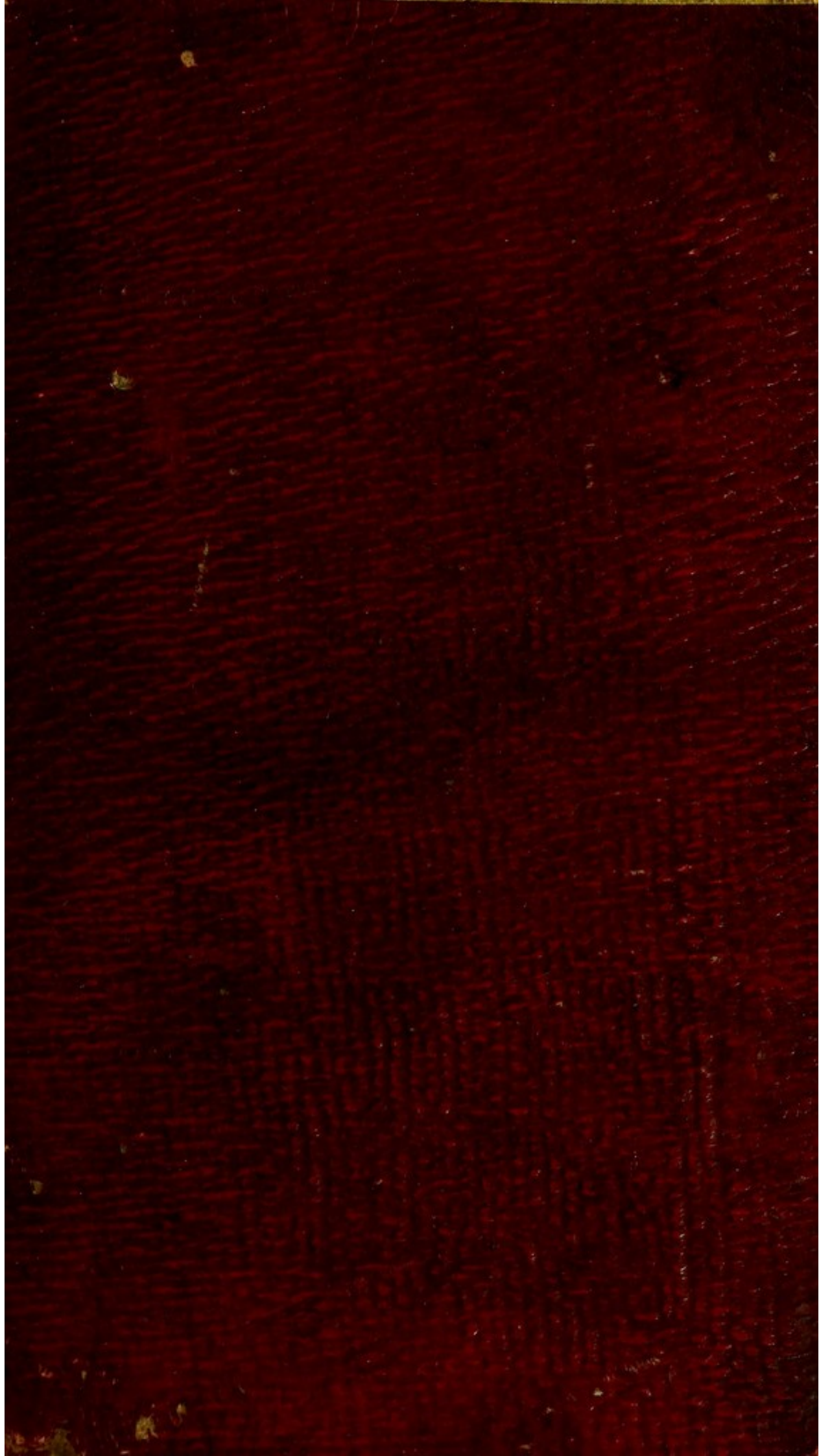
License and attribution

This material has been provided by This material has been provided by Royal College of Physicians, London. The original may be consulted at Royal College of Physicians, London. where the originals may be consulted. This work has been identified as being free of known restrictions under copyright law, including all related and neighbouring rights and is being made available under the Creative Commons, Public Domain Mark.

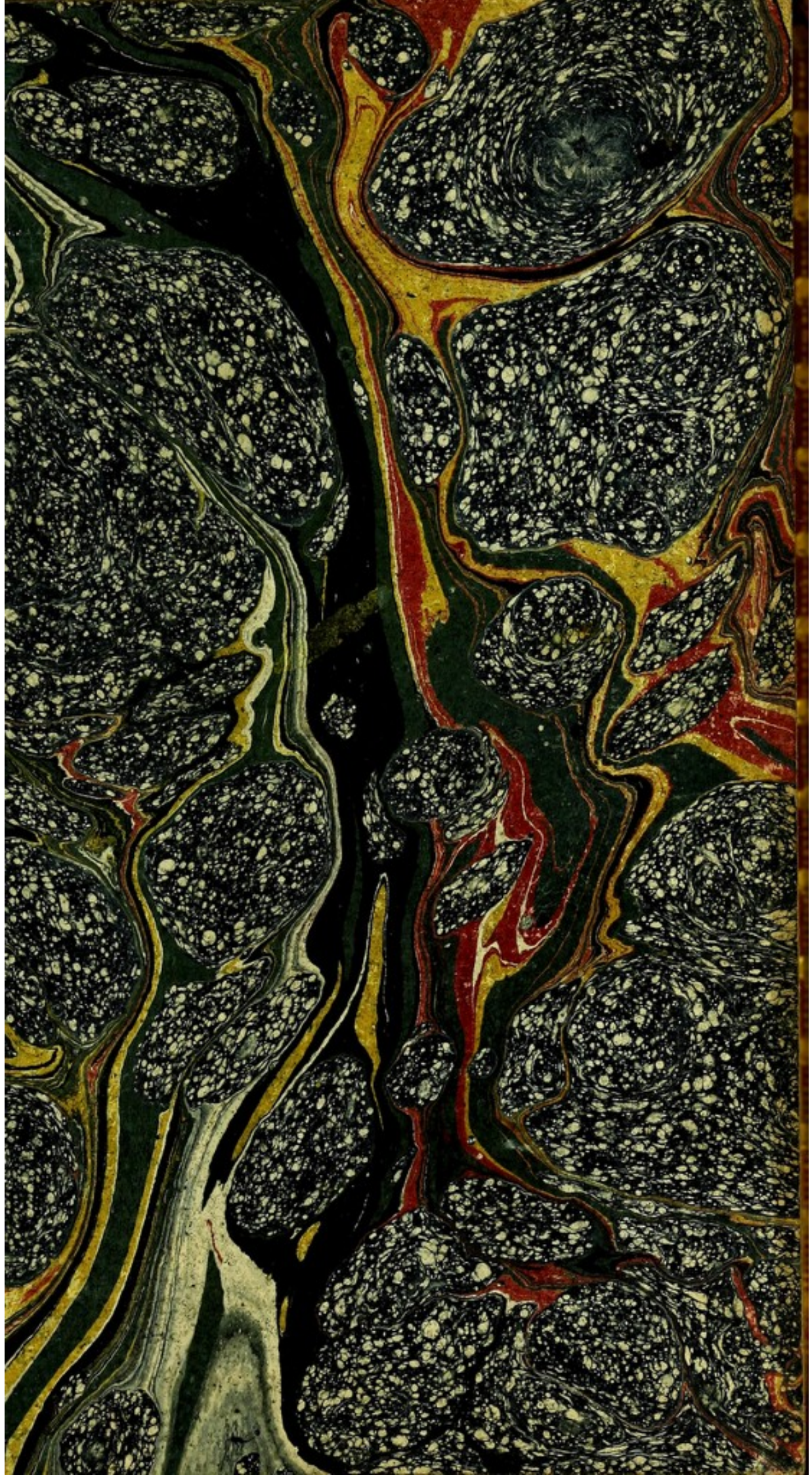
You can copy, modify, distribute and perform the work, even for commercial purposes, without asking permission.



Wellcome Collection
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
E library@wellcomecollection.org
<https://wellcomecollection.org>







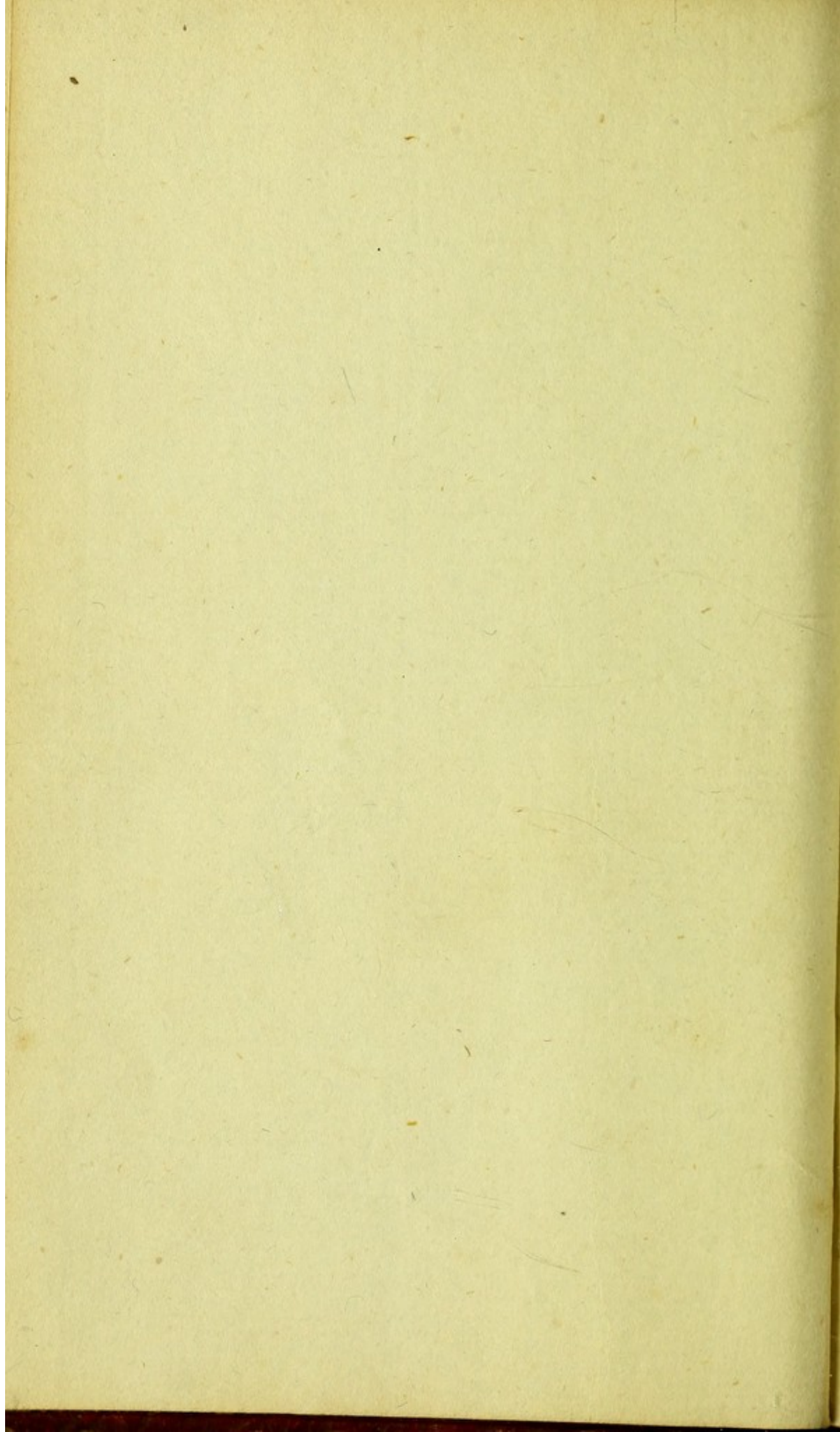
STA COLL

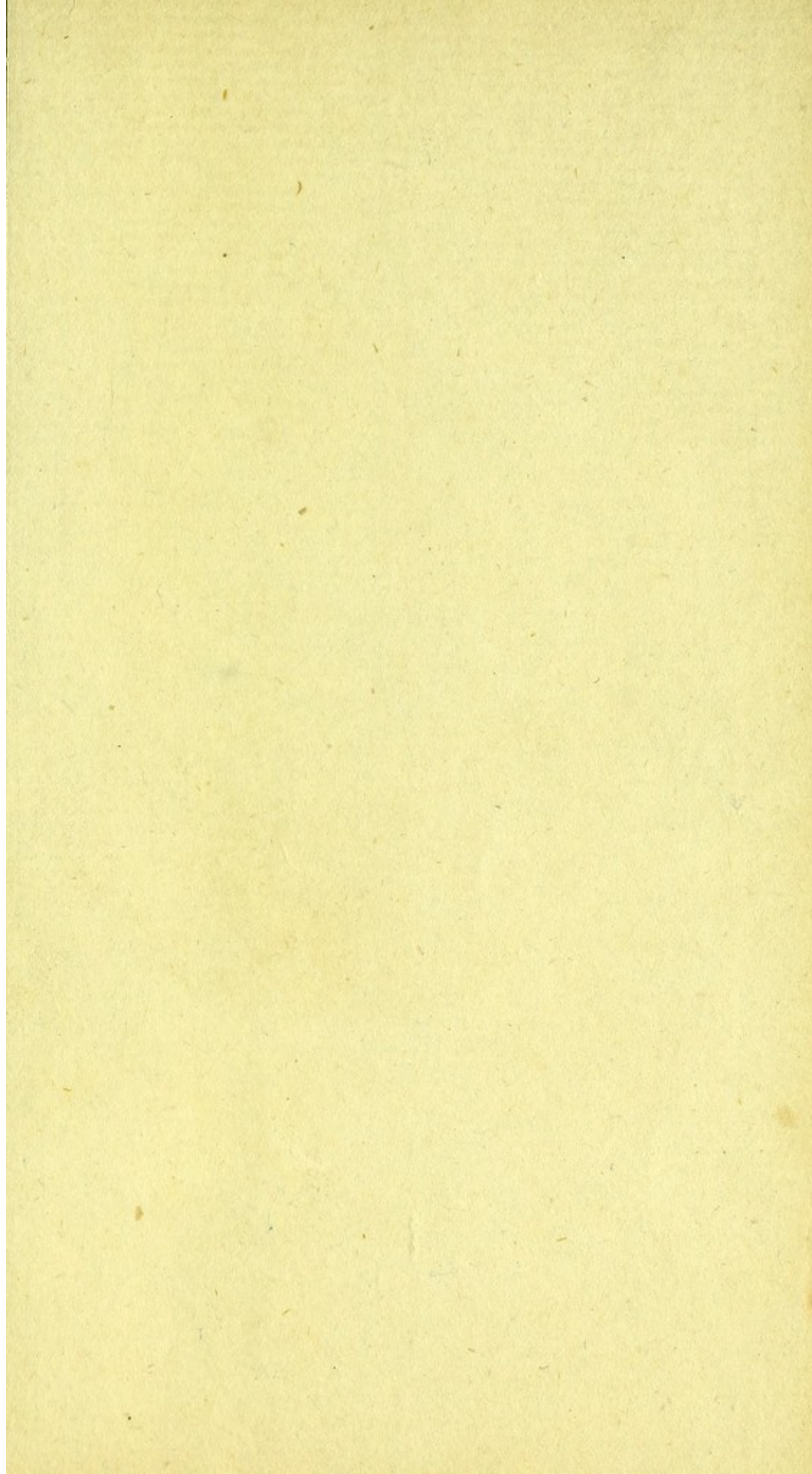
RR COB GARL

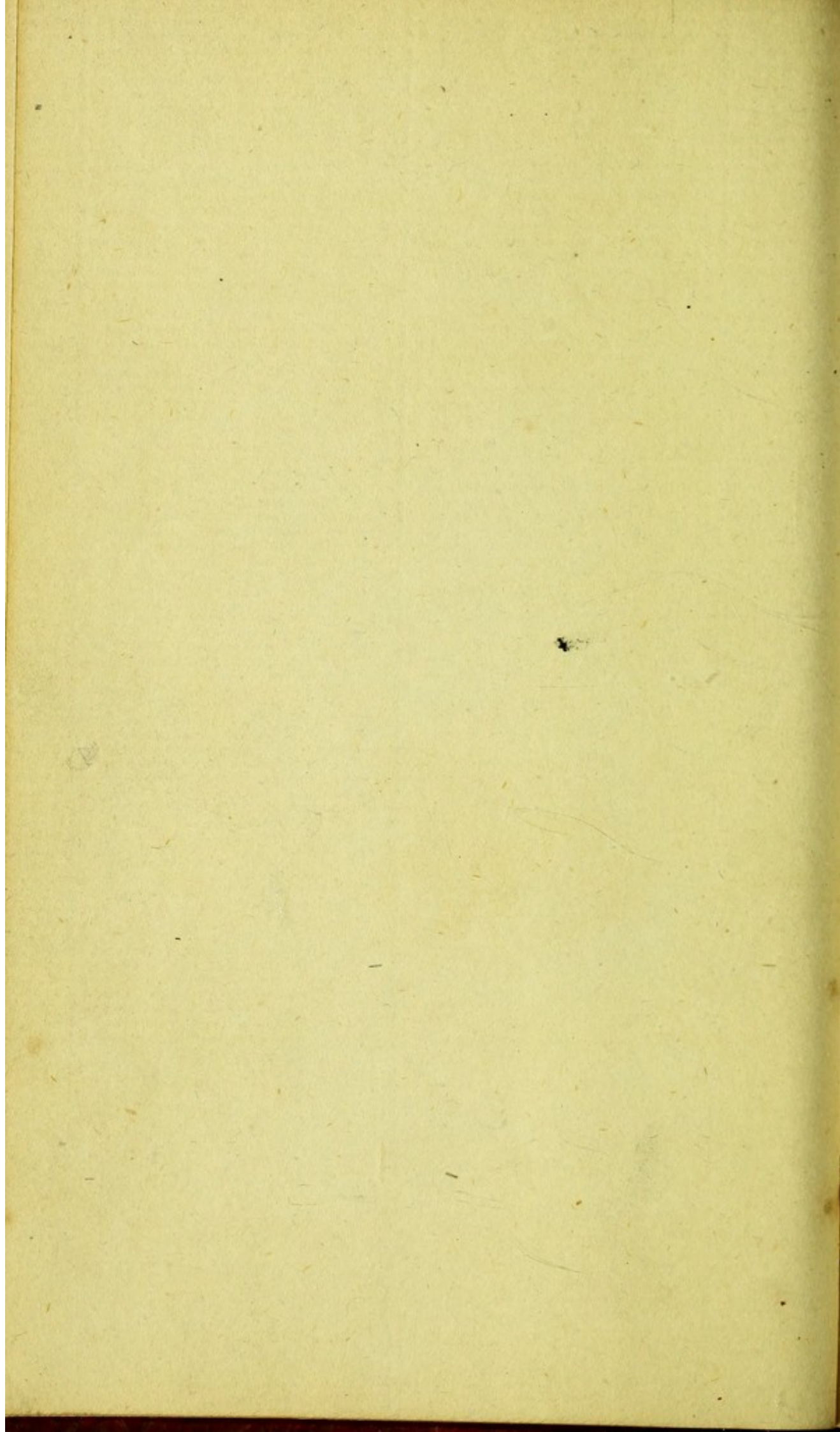


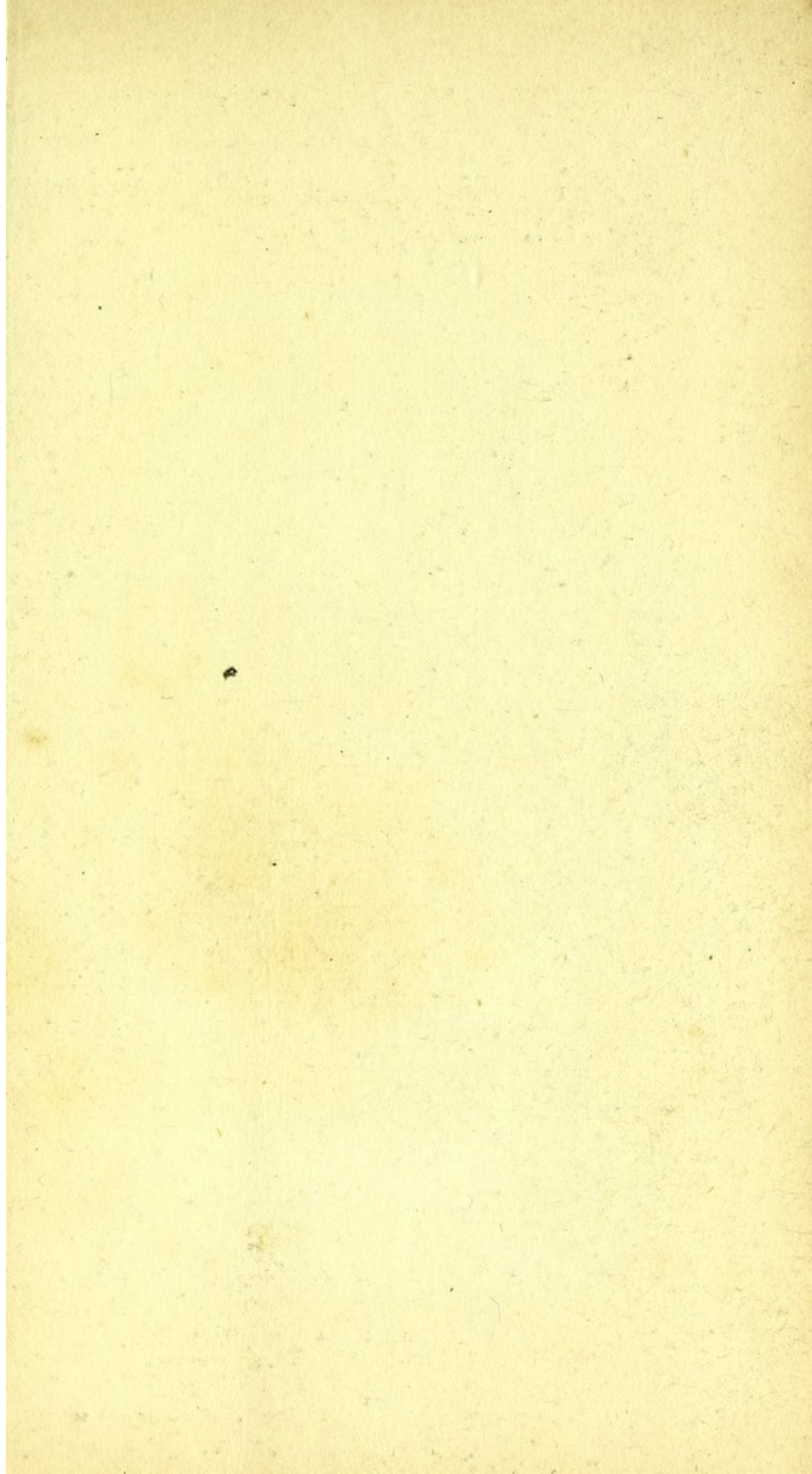
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

<https://archive.org/details/b24975874>









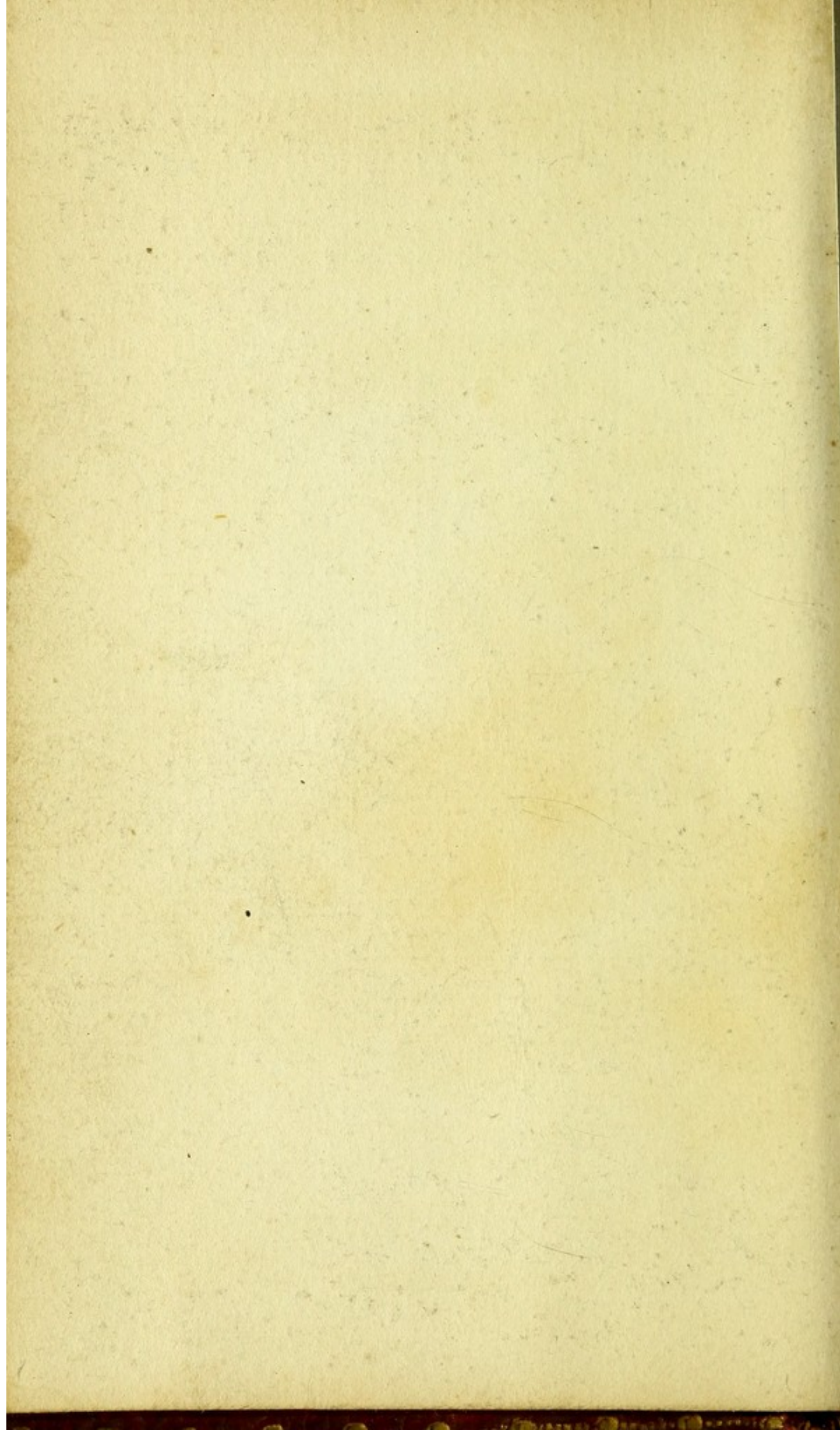


SIR SAM. GARTH.

QVIG



METAMORPHOSES VOL. I.
The frighted Nymph looks backwards
on the shore,
And hears the tumbling billows round
her roar.
Book II



OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES:

TRANSLATED BY

EMINENT PERSONS.

PUBLISHED BY

SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

Of Bodies chang'd to various forms I sing.

Metam.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for Martin and Bain, Fleet-Street.

Anno 1794.

STA COLL

ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS LIBRARY	
CLASS	COS GAR
ACCN.	13449
SOURCE	
DATE	10.6.63

O V I D'S
METAMORPHOSES:

TRANSLATED BY

DRYDEN,

ADDISON,

GARTH,

CONGREVE,

POPE,

GAY,

AND OTHER EMINENT PERSONS.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING

BOOK....	I.	BOOK....	III.
BOOK....	II.	BOOK....	IV.

LONDON;

Printed for Martin and Bain, Fleet-Street.

Anno 1794.

O V I D 2

METAMORPHOSES

TRANSLATED BY

CONGREVE,

DRYDEN,

IN ADDITION, TO BE HAD OF THE	
AUTHOR,	
GAY,	
AND OTHER EMINENT PERSONS.	
VOL. I.	
LONDON.	

CONTAINING

BOOK... I. BOOK... II. BOOK... III. BOOK... IV.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Johnson and W. P. Longman.

1774.

A

DISSERTATION ON THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

OVID.

PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO, familiarly known to us, by the simple name of Ovid, was born in the year of Rome, 710, at Sulmo, now called Sulmona, or Solmona, and at present forming part of the kingdom of Naples. As he was intended for the bar, his father, who was of equestrian rank, sent him at an early period of his life to Rome; thence, in the sixteenth year of his age, he was removed to Athens, at that time the seat of the Arts and Sciences, and of every thing that could adorn, or ennoble life.

The progress of our author, in the study of eloquence was rapid, for it was a kindred art to that which he was so zealous to cultivate, and in which he placed his supreme felicity to excel.

He was brought up under those eminent masters, Arellius Fuscus, and Porcius Latro, and his proficiency must have been considerable, as it attracted the notice of Seneca. He also acquired a consider-

able knowledge of the law, and is said to have evinced great judgment in the determination of several private disputes. After pleading with much reputation in the court of the *Centumviri*, he was appointed one of the *Triumviri*, who were magistrates of great authority, and tried capital causes.

But notwithstanding his own early celebrity, the sanguine expectations of his friends, and the avowed predilection, and even commands, of his father, Ovid, who had cultivated the Muses from his infancy, determined to forsake the bar, and even the bench, in order to give himself up entirely to his favourite study. The poverty of poets then, as now proverbial, did not deter him from this resolution; and the death of his elder brother, in consequence of which, he became possessed of an easy fortune, enabled him at length to pursue his vocation, without danger of experiencing the fate of so many of his predecessors.

His talents soon acquired him many admirers; the most distinguished men of the age became his friends; Virgil, Tibullus, Propertius, and Horace, honoured him with their correspondence; and Augustus, who, soon after he assumed the *toga virilis*, had conferred on him, the privilege of wearing the *latus clavus*, an ornament used only by persons of quality, patronised him with the most unbounded liberality.

His time was entirely divided between gallantry and the cultivation of letters. He lived partly in Rome, near the capitol, and partly at a villa adorned with fine gardens, in the Appian Way, at a little distance from the noise and tumult of the city.

Ovid was, as he has described himself, of a pale complexion, middle stature, and slender, but strong and nervous body. His temperament was sanguine; he was amorous to excess, and luckily, according to Bayle, this was almost his only vice, but in this, both in practice and description, he seems to have indulged so much, as to have observed no bounds in transgressing.

While yet young, he entered into the marriage state, and had no less than three wives. The two first he soon repudiated, but he was much attached to the last, who remained inviolably faithful to him, amidst his subsequent misfortunes, and he indeed embraced every opportunity of celebrating her beauty, constancy, and virtue.

But the happiness of our Poet, was not doomed to be of long duration. Unfortunately for him, he had aroused the suspicion, or inflamed the jealousy, or crossed the pursuits of the Emperor, who sent him into exile, without affording him, as far as we learn, even the form of a trial. During the Commonwealth, such a flagrant injustice could not have been practised, but the Romans had now

become so degenerate, as to resign themselves to the will of a capricious tyrant; and the liberty of every individual citizen, was consequently held by the uncertain and precarious tenure of his favour.

The real cause of this sudden disgrace, has been variously, but no where satisfactorily accounted for: The ostensible reason was, that Ovid's loose verses, had corrupted the Roman youth; but it is allowed on all hands, and is indeed asserted by himself, that this was a mere pretext; in the better and more virtuous days of the Republic, while the morals of the people were yet pure, this punishment might have been inflicted with some degree of justice by a Cato, but there was not any thing in the corrupt court of Augustus, that could sanction such a severity. Some have attributed it to a criminal connection with the Empress Livia, some to an intimacy with Julia, her debauched daughter-in-law, and others, to the knowledge, which the Poet somehow obtained, of the horrid and incestuous intercourse, said to have taken place between the Emperor and his own daughter. But these must be considered as mere conjectures and such was the dread of our author, that he was afraid to disclose the real motive. Certain it is, however, that it was something improper in the family of Augustus, as the Poet himself has intimated*.

* Trist. Lib. ii. v. 103.

It may be also fairly inferred from the passage, in which he so pointedly alludes to the unjust fate of Acteon, who was punished for what was his misfortune rather than his fault, that he did not on this occasion, conceive himself guilty of any crime whatever.

Tomos, situated on the western shore of the Euxine sea, and capital of Lower Mæsia, was the place to which he was banished. Here, at a distance from his native country, and the conversation of his friends, he is accused of having displayed but little fortitude amidst his misfortunes; a circumstance, which may be gathered from the tame and dejected turn of such verses as were composed by him while in exile. He indeed passionately desired to return to Rome, and courted Augustus, by means of the most submissive importunities, and the most servile flattery, but the Emperor remained inexorable, and could not be prevailed upon even to lessen the rigour of his fate, by removing him to some less distant and dreary situation. Nor did his adulation end with the life of Augustus, for he consecrated a temple to the departed tyrant, on the shore of the Euxine Sea, where he regularly offered frankincense every morning.

Tiberius proved as regardless as his predecessor, to the entreaties and the lamentations of Ovid, who

at length died in exile, in the seventh or eighth year of his banishment, and the fifty-ninth of his age, A. D. 17.

He was greatly honoured and respected by those whom the Romans affected to term Barbarians, for the people of Tomos not only mourned his death, but also erected a stately monument before the gates of their city, in which his body was deposited.

The works of Ovid, have been stamped with the approbation of succeeding ages. His writings, which are of various kinds, evince great versatility of talents, and every where display a lively genius, and a fertile and copious mind; in fine, he has been always classed among the first of the Roman Poets.

His chief excellence consists in a luxuriant and sportive imagination; his chief defect, in a looseness of expression, too often bordering on immorality; his thoughts are sometimes as obscene, as his language is elegant. Scaliger, speaking of his compositions in general, asserts, that his principal fault consisted in the possession of too great an exuberance of fancy; Rapin, calls his Epistles, "the flower of the Roman wit;" Selden, alluding to his *Fasti*, terms him "a great canon lawyer," and it is observed by another author, of high reputation, "that he was so exquisitely skilled in the Latin tongue, that if the Roman language were utterly lost, and

nothing left but his works, they alone would be sufficient to retrieve it."

If after such testimonies as these, those of men, who lay claim to respect, rather from their rank than their judgment, could confer any additional reputation, it might be added, that the Emperor *Ælius Verus* was so delighted with his *Art of Love*, a beautiful, but perhaps pernicious production, that he often read it in bed, and laid it under his pillow when he went to sleep; and that *Alphonso*, king of *Naples*, being at the head of an army in the neighbourhood of *Sulmo*, not only saluted that town, on account of its being the birth-place of his favourite poet, but affirmed, that he would willingly divide his dominions, and share his crown with *Ovid*, were it but possible to recall him to life.

The *Metamorphoses* alone, had he written nothing else, would have conferred immortality upon him, and it was indeed chiefly from this work that he expected it. It was the last of his compositions, previously to his exile, and no sooner was the cruel sentence announced, that banished him to a distant and barbarous country, than he threw it into the fire and would have undoubtedly deprived the world of this charming production, had it not happened that there were several other copies dispersed abroad, besides that which he had destroyed. This poem was never finished, and he himself, has in one place alluded to its want of correctness.

His *Fasti*, were divided into twelve books, the same number as the constellations in the zodiac, but of these, six have perished, and the learned have good reason to lament the loss of what must have thrown so much light upon the religious rites and ceremonies of the ancient Romans.

His *Elegies* are reckoned the most polite and accomplished of all his works; his *Tristia*, are entitled to commendation from the elegance of the style and unaffected simplicity of the manner; his *Medea*, unfortunately lost, was a tragedy much commended by Quintilian; all his compositions on love display many beauties, and every where abound with flowery descriptions, yet they ought to be read with caution, as although they always charm the ear, they not unfrequently seem but too well calculated to corrupt the heart, and sap the very foundations of virtue and morality.

His *Allegories* however, whether physical, moral, or historical, always contain some instructive precept, wrapped up with much art, and developed with peculiar sagacity: Under the first of these heads, is to be classed the Fable of Apollo and Python, in the explanation of which, the Mythologists have recognised the salutary effects produced by the heat of the sun, in the dispelling of mists and exhalations. Under the second, are to be ranked the stories of Actæon torn to pieces by his own hounds,

and Erisichthon starved by hunger ;—figurative illustrations which plainly indicate that extravagance and luxury constantly end in want. Of the third kind, is the rape of Europa, who was carried away by the Candians in a galley, the stern of which was adorned with a bull, in order to be married to one of their kings, called Jupiter.

Indeed, if a few objectionable passages of the *Metamorphoses* be excepted, that work must be allowed, to be an excellent treatise on morality. The story of Deucalion and Pyrrha, teaches us to believe that piety and innocence always obtain the divine protection, and that the only irreparable loss, is that of our probity, and justice. The fable of Phaeton intimates the folly, and even the criminality, of too great a portion of parental indulgence ; that of Baucis and Philemon, the happiness resulting from a life spent in the exercise of virtue ; that of Tiresus, that one crime, lays the foundation of many ; and lastly, from that of Midas we learn, that scarce any thing can prove more fatal to us than the completion of our wishes ; that he who has the most desires will certainly meet with the most disappointments ; and that as virtue is its own reward, so avarice is its own punishment.

and restriction starved by hunger;—figurative illustrations which plainly indicate that extravagance and luxury constantly end in want. Of the third kind, is the rape of Europa, who was carried away by the Cretan in a gally, the sign of which was adorned with a bull, in order to be married to one of their kings, called Jupiter.

Indeed, if a few objectionable passages of the *Metamorphoses* be excepted, that work must be allowed to be an excellent treatise on morality. The story of Deucalion and Pyrrha teaches us to believe that piety and innocence always obtain the divine protection, and that the only irreparable loss, is that of our probity and justice. The fable of Phædon illustrates the folly, and even the criminality, of too great a portion of parental indulgence; that of Eucaris and Phædon, the happiness resulting from a life spent in the exercise of virtue; that of Ulysses, that one crime lays the foundation of many; and that, from that of Midas we learn, that scarce anything can prove more fatal to us than the conception of our wishes; that he who has the most desires will certainly meet with the most disappointments; and that as virtue is its own reward, so vice is its own punishment.

Donne,	-	3 vols.	MILTON,	-	4 vols.
DRYDEN,	-	3	Roscommon,	-	1
Buckingham,	-	1	Addison,	-	1
ROWE,	-	1	J. Phillips,	-	1
GARTH,	-	1	Somerville,	-	2
A. Phillips,	-	1	G. WEST,	-	1
HAMMOND and			Moore,	-	1
COLLINS,	-	1	&		
Armstrong,	-	1	Gray.	-	1

JOHNSON'S Poets.

NICHOLLS'S Collection of POEMS.

Johnson's and Steeven's Shakespear.

BELL'S SHAKESPEAR complete, and the PLAYS separately.

A few Copies of the first Impressions of the Plates.

A very fine Copy of CAPEL'S SHAKESPEAR, in which many capital Engravings are introduced.

MALONE'S SHAKESPEAR, 11 volumes.

A few of their own Subscription Copies of BELL'S BRITISH THEATRE, very early Impressions.

* * Sets of the POETS and SHAKESPEAR always ready in variety of Bindings. And Library and Travelling CASES for ditto.

A few Sets of the Poets, early Impressions, with CASES on the most complete Construction.

CRAWSHAW'S POEMS, scarce.

The Gentleman's POCKET FARRIER,
TEN MINUTES ADVICE for purchas-
ing a Horse. - - - } In the com-
pass of an
Almanack.

TAYLOR'S SHORT HAND: *the best now in use.*

OLIVIER ON FENCING.

Bell's FUGITIVE POETRY, Sixteen volumes.

LOCKE'S Common-place Book.

School Books. Stationary.

An extensive Collection of other Books, particularly HISTORICAL, POETIC, and DRAMATIC.

LONDON, *September 1794.*

THE PROPRIETORS of this Edition of THE TRANSLATIONS of ANCIENT AUTHORS by the BRITISH POETS, by their publishing the WORKS of HOMER translated by POPE, now have the satisfaction to add that Author *complete* to the FIRST UNIFORM Edition of the WORKS of the BRITISH POETS.

In pursuance of their Plan, and their Engagements to the Public, the following Authors will, without delay, be printed, besides OVID, by *Garth*, now publishing, *viz.*

VIRGIL and JUVENAL....by *Dryden*.

PINDAR.....by *West*, and

LUCAN.....by *Rowe*.

THE ABOVE, besides being DISTINCTLY a valuable Collection, will render more complete that justly esteemed Edition of THE BRITISH POETS, printed by MR. BELL; to which this Work may, with the strictest Propriety, be added and incorporated. Any possible Objection in regard to the SETS, or the Writings of any of the Authors, being already bound, can be immediately obviated.

The Advantages of an EARLY PURCHASE of VALUABLE PRINTS, so necessary to be considered in PERIODICAL WORKS, the Publishers beg leave to mention.

MARTIN and BAIN, at their Shop, No. 184, near St. Dunstan's Church, FLEET-STREET, have now on Sale, BELL'S BRITISH POETS, in Sets, and, with some Exceptions, the Authors separately; particularly the following:

POPE'S Works (<i>his own Writings</i>)	-	4 vols.
POPE'S HOMER,	-	8

Pope's Poetical Works <i>complete</i> in	-	12
--	---	----

CONTENTS.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

BOOK I.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

	Page.
THE Golden Age, - - - - -	9
The Silver Age, - - - - -	10
The Brazen Age, - - - - -	11
The Iron Age, - - - - -	ib.
The Giants War, - - - - -	12
The Transformation of Daphne into a Laurel, - - - - -	27
The Transformation of Io into a Heifer, - - - - -	33
The Eyes of Argus transformed into a Peacock's Train, - - - - -	38
The Transformation of Syrinx into Reeds, - - - - -	39

BOOK II.

BY MR. ADDISON.

The Story of Phaeton, - - - - -	45
Phaeton's Sisters transformed into Trees, - - - - -	59
The Transformation of Cygnus into a Swan, - - - - -	61

CONTENTS.

	Page.
The Story of Calisto, - - - - -	63
The Story of Coronis, and Birth of Æsculapius, - - - - -	69
Ocyrrhoe transformed into a Mare, - - - - -	73
The Transformation of Battus to a Touchstone, - - - - -	75
The Story of Aglauros transformed into a Statue, - - - - -	77
Europa's Rape, - - - - -	82

BOOK III.

BY MR. ADDISON.

The Story of Cadmus, - - - - -	87
The Transformation of Actæon into a Stag, - - - - -	94
The Birth of Bacchus, - - - - -	98
The Transformation of Tiresias, - - - - -	102
The Transformation of Echo, - - - - -	103
The Story of Narcissus, - - - - -	107
The Mariners transformed to Dolphins, - - - - -	112
The Death of Pentheus, - - - - -	117

BOOK IV.

BY MR. EUSDEN.

The Story of Alcithoe and her Sisters, - - - - -	121
The Story of Pyramus and Thisbe, - - - - -	124, 142
The Story of Leucothoe and the Sun, - - - - -	130
The Transformation of Clytie, - - - - -	135

CONTENTS.

	Page.
The Story of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, by Mr. Addison,	137
The Transformation of Ino and Melicerta to Sea Gods, by Mr.	
Eusden,	143
The Transformation of the Theban Matrons,	150
Cadmus and his Queen transformed to Serpents,	151
The Story of Perseus,	153
Atlas transformed to a Mountain,	154
Andromeda rescued from the Sea Monster,	156
The Story of Medusa's Head.	162

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK I.

TRANSLATED BY MR. JOHN DRYDEN.

OF bodies chang'd to various forms I sing :
Ye gods from whom these miracles did spring,
Inspire my numbers with celestial heat ;
Till I, my long laborious work compleat :
And add perpetual tenour to my rhimes, 5
Deduc'd from Nature's birth, to Cæsar's times,
Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,
And heav'ns high canopy, that covers all,
One was the face of nature; if a face,
Rather a rude and indigested mass : 10
A lifeless lump, unfashion'd, and unfram'd,
Of jarring seeds ; and justly Chaos nam'd.
No sun was lighted up, the world to view ;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew ;
Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky ; 15
Nor pois'd, did on her own foundations lie :
Nor seas about the shores their arms had thrown ;
But earth, and air, and water were in one.

Thus air was void of light, and earth unstable,
And water's dark Abyss unnavigable. 20
No certain form on any was imprest;
All were confus'd, and each disturb'd the rest.
For hot, and cold were in one body fix'd;
And soft with hard, and light with heavy mixt.

But God, or Nature, while they thus contend, 25
To these intestine discords put an end:
Then earth from air, and seas from earth were driv'n,
And grosser air sunk from ætherial heav'n.
Thus disembroil'd, they take their proper place;
The next of kin, contiguously embrace; 30
And foes are sunder'd, by a larger space.
The force of fire ascended first on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted sky:
Then air succeeds, in lightness next to fire;
Whose atoms from unactive earth retire. 35
Earth sinks beneath, and draws a num'rous throng
Of pondrous, thick, unwieldy seeds along.
About her coasts, unruly waters roar;
And, rising on a ridge, insult the shore.
Thus when the god, whatever god was he, 40
Had form'd the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal portions might be found,
He moulded earth into a spacious round:
Then with a breath, he gave the winds to blow;
And bad the congregated waters flow. 45
He adds the running springs, and standing lakes;
And bounding banks for winding rivers makes.

Some part, in earth are swallow'd up, the most
In ample oceans disembogu'd, are lost.

He shades the woods, the vallies he restrains 50
With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.

And as five zones th' ætherial regions bind,
Five, correspondent, are to earth assign'd:
The sun with rays, directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fries the middle zone : 55

The two beneath the distant poles, complain
Of endless winter, and perpetual rain.
Betwixt th' extremes, two happier climates hold
The temper that partakes of hot, and cold.

The fields of liquid air, inclosing all, 60
Surround the compass of this earthly ball :
The lighter parts lye next the fires above ;
The grosser near the wat'ry surface move :

Thick clouds are spread, and storms engender there, }
And thunder's voice, which wretched mortals fear, }
And wind that on their wings cold winter bear. 66 }

Nor were those blust'ring brethren left at large,
On seas, and shores, their fury to discharge :
Bound as they are, and circumscrib'd in place,
They rend the world, resistless as they pass ; 70
And mighty marks of mischief leave behind ;
Such is the rage of their tempestuous kind.

First Eurus to the rising morn is sent,
(The regions of the balmy Continent ;)
And eastern realms, where early Persians run, 75
To greet the blest appearance of the sun.

Westward, the wanton zephyr wings his flight ;
 Pleas'd with the remnants of departing light :
 Eierce Boreas, with his offspring, issues forth
 T' invade the frozen waggon of the North. 80

While frowning Auster seeks the southern sphere ;
 And rots, with endless rain, th' unwholesome year.

High o'er the clouds, and empty realms of wind,
 The god a clearer space for heav'n design'd ;
 Where fields of light, and liquid æther flow ; 85
 Purg'd from the pond'rous dregs of earth below.

Scarce had the pow'r distinguish'd, these when
 The stars, no longer overlaid with weight, [straight
 Exert their heads, from underneath the mass ;
 And upward shoot, and kindle as they pass, 90 }
 And with diffusivelight adorn their heav'nly place. }

Then, every void of nature to supply,
 With forms of gods he fills the vacant sky :
 New herds of beasts, he sends the plains to share :
 New colonies of birds to people air : 95 }
 And to their oozy beds, the finny fish repair. }

A creature of a more exalted kind
 Was wanting yet, and then was man design'd :
 Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
 For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest : 100
 Whether with particles of heav'nly fire
 The god of nature did his soul inspire,
 Or earth, but new divided from the sky,
 And, pliant, still, retain'd th' ætherial energy :

Which wise Prometheus temper'd into paste, 105
 And mixt with living streams the godlike image cast.
 Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
 Their sight, and to their earthy mother tend,
 Man looks aloft; and with erected eyes
 Beholds his own hereditary skies. 110
 From such rude principles our form began;
 And earth was metamorphos'd into man.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

The golden age was first; when man yet new, }
 No rule but uncorrupted reason knew : }
 And, with a native bent, did good pursue. 115 }
 Unforc'd by punishment, un-aw'd by fear,
 His words were simple, and his soul sincere :
 Needless was written law, where none oppress :
 The law of man was written in his breast : 119
 No suppliant crowds before the judge appear'd, }
 No court erected yet, nor cause was heard : }
 But all was safe, for conscience was their guard. }
 The mountain-trees in distant prospect please,
 Ere yet the pine descended to the seas : 124
 Ere sails were spread, new oceans to explore : }
 And happy mortals, unconcern'd for more, }
 Confin'd their wishes to their native shore. }
 No walls were yet; nor fence, nor mote, nor mound,
 Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry sound :
 Nor swords were forg'd; but void of care and crime,
 The soft creation slept away their time. 131

The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
And unprovok'd, did fruitful stores allow :
Content with food, which nature freely bred,
On wildings, and on strawberries they fed ; 135
Cornels and bramble-berries gave the rest,
And falling acorns furnish'd out a feast.
The flow'rs unsown, in fields and meadows reign'd :
And western winds immortal spring maintain'd.
In following years, the bearded corn ensu'd, 140
From earth unask'd, nor was that earth renew'd.
From veins of vallies, milk and nectar broke ;
And honey sweating through the pores of oak.

THE SILVER AGE.

But when good Saturn, banish'd from above,
Was driv'n to hell, the world was under Jove. 145
Succeeding times a silver age behold,
Excelling brass, but more excell'd by gold.
Then summer, autumn, winter did appear :
And spring was but a season of the year.
The sun his annual course obliquely made, 150
Good days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.
Then air with sultry heats began to glow ;
The wings of winds were clogg'd with ice and snow ;
And shivering mortals, into houses driv'n,
Sought shelter from th' inclemency of heav'n. 155
Those houses, then, were caves, or homely sheds ;
With twining oziars fenc'd ; and moss their beds.

Then ploughs, for seed, the fruitful furrows broke,
And oxen labour'd first, beneath the yoke.

THE BRAZEN AGE.

To this came next in course, the brazen age : 160
A warlike offspring, prompt to bloody rage,
Not impious yet....

THE IRON AGE.

—————Hard steel succeeded then :
And stubborn as the metal, were the men.
Truth, modesty, and shame, the world forsook :
Fraud, avarice, and force, their places took. 166
Then sails were spread, to every wind that blew,
Raw were the sailors, and the depths were new :
Trees, rudely hollow'd, did the waves sustain ;
Ere ships in triumph plough'd the wat'ry plain.
Then land-marks limited to each his right ; 171
For all before was common, as the light.
Nor was the ground alone requir'd to bear
Her annual income to the crooked share,
But greedy mortals, rummaging her store, 175
Digg'd from her entrails first the precious ore ;
Which next to hell, the prudent gods had laid ;
And that alluring ill, to sight display'd.
Thus cursed steel, and more accursed gold
Gave mischief birth, and made that mischief bold ;
And double death did wretched man invade, 181
By steel assaulted, and by gold betray'd.

Now (brandish'd weapons glittering in their hands)
Mankind is broken loose from moral bands ;
No rights of hospitality remain : 185
The guest, by him who harbour'd him, is slain.
The son-in-law pursues the father's life ;
The wife her husband murders, he the wife.
The step-dame poison for the son prepares ;
The son inquires into his father's years. 190
Faith flies, and piety in exile mourns ;
And justice, here oppress'd, to heav'n returns.

THE GIANTS WAR.

Nor were the gods themselves more safe above ;
Against beleaguer'd heav'n, the giants move.
Hills pil'd on hills, on mountains mountains lie, 195
To make their mad approaches to the sky.
Till Jove, no longer patient, took his time
T' avenge with thunder their audacious crime ;
Red light'ning play'd along the firmament,
And their demolish'd works to pieces rent. 200
Sing'd with the flames, and with the bolts transfixt,
With native earth, their blood the monsters mixt :
The blood, endu'd with animating heat,
Did in th' impregnant earth new sons beget :
They, like the seed from which they sprung, accurst,
Against the gods immortal hatred nurst. 206
An impious, arrogant, and cruel brood ;
Expressing their original from blood.

Which when the king of gods beheld from high
(Withal revolving in his memory, 210
What he himself had found on earth of late,
Lycaon's guilt, and his inhumane treat,)
He sigh'd ; nor longer with his pity strove ;
But kindled to a wrath becoming Jove :

Then call'd a general council of the gods ; 215
Who summon'd, issue from their blest abodes,
And fill th' assembly with a shining train.
A way there is, in heav'n's expanded plain,
Which, when the skies are clear, is seen below,
And mortals, by the name of Milky, know. 220
The ground work is of stars ; through which the road
Lies open to the thunderer's abode,
The gods of greater nations dwell around,
And, on the right and left, the palace bound ;
The commons where they can : the nobler sort 225
With winding-doors wide open, front the court.
This place, as far as earth with heav'n may vie,
I dare to call the *Louvre* of the sky.
When all were plac'd, in seats distinctly known,
And he, their father, had assum'd the throne, 230
Upon his iv'ry sceptre first he leant,
Then shook his head, that shook the firmament :
Air earth, and seas, obey'd th' almighty nod ;
And, with a gen'ral fear, confess'd the god.
At length with indignation, thus he broke 235
His awful silence, and the pow'rs bespoke.

I was not more concern'd in that debate
Of empire, when our universal state
Was put to hazard, and the giant race
Our captive skies were ready to embrace: 240
For tho' the foe was fierce, the seeds of all
Rebellion, sprung from one original;
Now, wheresoever ambient waters glide,
All are corrupt, and all must be destroy'd.
Let me this holy protestation make, 245
By hell, and hell's inviolable lake,
I try'd whatever in the god-head lay:
But gangren'd members must be lopt away,
Before the nobler parts are tainted to decay. }
There dwells below, a race of demi-gods, 250
Of nymphs in waters, and of fawns in woods:
Who, tho' not worthy yet, in heav'n to live,
Let 'em, at least, enjoy that earth we give.
Can these be thought securely lodg'd below,
When I myself, who no superior know, 255
I, who have heav'n, and earth at my command,
Have been attempted by Lycaon's hand?

At this a murmur through the synod went,
And with one voice they vote his punishment.
Thus, when conspiring traitors dar'd to doom 260
The fall of Cæsar, and in him of Rome,
The nations trembled with a pious fear;
All anxious for their earthly thunderer:
Nor was their care, O Cæsar, less esteem'd
By thee, than that of heav'n for Jove was deem'd;

Who with his hand, and voice, did first restrain 266
Their murmurs, then resum'd his speech again.

The gods to silence were compos'd, and sate
With reverence, due to his superior state.

Cancel your pious cares ; already he 270
Has paid his debt to justice, and to me.

Yet what his crimes, and what my judgments were,
Remains for me thus briefly to declare.

The clamours of this vile degenerate age,
The cries of orphans, and th' oppressor's rage 275

Had reach'd the stars : I will descend, said I,
In hope to prove this loud complaint a lie.

Disguis'd in human shape, I travell'd round
The world, and more than what I heard, I found.

O'er Mænalus I took my steepy way, 280

By caverns infamous for beasts of prey :

Then cross'd Cyllené, and the piny shade

More infamous, by curst Lycaon made.

Dark night had cover'd heav'n, and earth, before
I enter'd his unhospitable door. 285

Just at my entrance, I display'd the sign

That somewhat was approaching of divine.

The prostrate people pray ; the tyrant grins ;

And, adding prophanation to his sins,

I'll try, said he, and if a god appear, 290

To prove his deity shall cost him dear.

'Twas late ; the graceless wretch my death prepares,

When I should soundly sleep, oppress'd with cares :

This dire experiment he chose, to prove
If I were mortal, or undoubted Jove : 295
But first he had resolv'd to taste my pow'r ;
Not long before, but in a luckless hour
Some legates, sent from the Molossian state,
Were on a peaceful errand come to treat :
Of these he murders one, he boils the flesh ; 300
And lays the mangled morsels in a dish :
Some part he roasts; then serves it up, so drest,
And bids me welcome to this humane feast.
Mov'd with disdain, the table I o'erturn'd ;
And with avenging flames, the palace burn'd. 305
The tyrant in a fright, for shelter gains
The neighb'ring fields, and scours along the plains.
Howling he fled, and fain he would have spoke;
But human voice his brutal tongue forsook.
About his lips the gather'd foam he churns, 310
And, breathing slaughters, still with rage he burns, }
But on the bleating flock his fury turns.
His mantle, now his hide, with rugged hairs
Cleaves to his back ; a famish'd face he bears :
His arms descend, his shoulders sink away 315
To multiply his legs for chase of prey.
He grows a wolf, his hoariness remains,
And the same rage in other members reigns.
His eyes still sparkle in a narr'wer space :
His jaws retain the grin, and violence of his face. 320
This was a single ruin, but not one
Deserves so just a punishment alone.

Mankind's a monster, and th' ungodly times
Confed'rate into guilt, are sworn to crimes.

All are alike involv'd in ill, and all 325
Must by the same relentless fury fall.

Thus ended he ; the greater gods assent ;

By clamours urging his severe intent ;

The less fill up the cry for punishment.

Yet still with pity they remember man ; 330

And mourn as much as heav'nly spirits can.

They ask, when those were lost of human birth,

What he wou'd do with all this waste of earth :

If his dispeopled world he would resign

To beasts, a mute, and more ignoble line ; 335

Neglected altars must no longer smoke,

If none were left to worship, and invoke.

To whom the father of the gods reply'd,

Lay that unnecessary fear aside :

Mine be the care, new people to provide. 340

I will from wondrous principles ordain

A race unlike the first, and try my skill again.

Already had he toss'd the flaming brand ;

And roll'd the thunder in his spacious hand ;

Preparing to discharge on seas and land : 345

But stopt, for fear, thus violently driv'n,

The sparks should catch his axle-tree of heav'n.

Rememb'ring in the fates, a time when fire

Should to the battlements of heav'n aspire,

And all his blazing worlds above should burn ; 350

And all th' inferior globe to cinders turn.

His dire artill'ry thus dismiss, he bent
His thoughts to some securer punishment :
Concludes to pour a watry deluge down ;
And what he durst not burn, resolves to drown ; 355
The northern breath, that freezes floods, he binds ;
With all the race of cloud-dispelling winds :
The south he loos'd, who night, and horror brings ;
And fogs are shaken from his flaggy wings.
From his divided beard two streams he pours, 360
His head, and rheumy eyes distil in show'rs.
With rain his robe, and heavy mantle flow :
And lazy mists are low'ring on his brow ;
Still as he swept along, with his clench'd fist
He squeez'd the clouds, th' imprison'd clouds resist :
The skies from pole to pole, with peals resound ; 366
And show'rs enlarg'd, come pouring on the ground.
Then clad in colours of a various dye,
Junonian Iris breeds a new supply
To feed the clouds : Impetuous rain descends ; 370
The bearded corn beneath the burden bends :
Defrauded clowns deplore their perish'd grain :
And the long labours of the year are vain.
Nor from his patrimonial heaven alone
Is Jove content to pour his vengeance down ; 375
Aid from his brother of the seas he craves,
To help him with auxiliary waves.
The wat'ry tyrant calls his brooks and floods,
Who roll from mossy caves (their moist abodes ;)

And with perpetual urns his palace fill : 380

To whom in brief, he thus imparts his will.

Small exhortations need ; your pow'rs employ :

And this bad world, so Jove requires, destroy.

Let loose the reins to all your watry store :

Bear down the dams, and open ev'ry door. 385

The floods, by nature enemies to land,

And proudly swelling with their new command,

Remove the living stones, that stopt their way,

And gushing from their source, augment the sea.

Then, with his mace, their monarch struck the
ground ; 390

With inward trembling earth receiv'd the wound ;

And rising streams a ready passage found.

Th' expanded waters gather on the plain :

They float the fields, and over-top the grain ;

Then rushing onwards, with a sweepy sway, 395

Bear flocks, and folds, and lab'ring hinds away.

Nor safe their dwellings were, for, sapp'd by floods,

Their houses fell upon their household gods.

The solid piles, too strongly built to fall,

High o'er their heads, behold a wat'ry wall : 400

Now seas and earth were in confusion lost ;

A world of waters, and without a coast.

One climbs a cliff ; one in his boat is born :

And ploughs above, where late he sow'd his corn.

Others o'er chimney-tops and turrets row, 405

And drop their anchors on the meads below :

Or downward driv'n, they bruise the tender vine,
Or tost aloft, are knock'd against a pine.
And where of late the kids had cropt the grass,
The monsters of the deep now take their place. 410
Insulting Nereïds on the cities ride,
And wond'ring Dolphins o'er the palace glide.
On leaves, and masts of mighty oaks they brouze;
And their broad fins entangle in the boughs.
The frightened wolf now swims amongst the sheep;
The yellow lion wanders in the deep: 416
His rapid force no longer helps the boar:
The stag swims faster, than he ran before.
The fowls, long beating on their wings in vain,
Despair of land, and drop into the main. 420
Now hills, and vales no more distinction know;
And levell'd nature lies oppress'd below.
The most of mortals perish in the flood:
The small remainder dies for want of food.

A mountain of stupendous height there stands 425
Betwixt th' Athenian and Bœotian lands,
The bound of fruitful fields, while fields they were,
But then a field of waters did appear:
Parnassus is its name; whose fork'd rise
Mounts through the clouds, and mates the lofty skies.
High on the summit of this dubious cliff, 431
Deucalion wafting, moor'd his little skiff.
He with his wife were only left behind
Of perish'd man; they two were human kind.

The mountain nymphs, and Themis they adore, 435
And from her oracles relief implore.

The most upright of mortal men was he;
The most sincere, and holy woman, she.

When Jupiter, surveying earth from high,
Beheld it in a lake of water lie, 440

That where so many millions lately liv'd,
But two, the best of either sex, surviv'd;
He loos'd the northern wind; fierce Boreas flies
To puff away the clouds, and purge the skies:
Serenely, while he blows, the vapours driv'n, 445

Discover heav'n to earth, and earth to heav'n.
The billows fall, while Neptune lays his mace
On the rough sea, and smooths its furrow'd face.

Already Triton, at his call appears
Above the waves; a Tyrian robe he wears; 450 }
And in his hand a crooked trumpet bears.

The sov'reign bids him peaceful sounds inspire;
And give the waves the signal to retire.

His writhen shell he takes; whose narrow vent
Grows by degrees into a large extent, 455

Then gives it breath; the blast with doubling sound,
Runs the wide circuit of the world around:

The sun first heard it, in his early east,
And met the rattling echoes in the west.

The waters, list'ning to the trumpet's roar, 460
Obey the summons, and forsake the shore.

A thin circumference of land appears;
And earth, but not at once, her visage rears,

And peeps upon the seas from upper grounds ;
The streams, but just contain'd within their bounds,
By slow degrees into their channels crawl ; 466
And earth increases, as the waters fall.

In longer time the tops of trees appear,
Which mud on their dishonour'd branches bear.

At length the world was all restor'd to view ; 470
But desolate, and of a sickly hue :
Nature beheld herself, and stood aghast,
A dismal desart, and a silent waste.

Which when Deucalion, with a piteous look
Beheld, he wept, and thus to Pyrrha spoke : 475
Oh wife, oh sister, oh of all thy kind
The best, and only creature left behind,
By kindred, love, and now by dangers join'd ;
Of multitudes, who breath'd the common air,
We two remain ; a species in a pair : 480
The rest the seas have swallow'd ; nor have we
Ev'n of this wretched life a certainty.

The clouds are still above ; and, while I speak,
A second deluge o'er our heads may break.
Should I be snatch'd from hence, and thou remain, }
Without relief, or partner of thy pain, 485 }
How couldst thou such a wretched life sustain ? }
Should I be left, and thou be lost, the sea
That bury'd her I lov'd, should bury me.
Oh could our father his old arts inspire, 490
And make me heir of his informing fire,

That so I might abolish'd man retrieve,
And perish'd people in new souls might live.
But heav'n is pleas'd, nor ought we to complain,
That we, th' examples of mankind, remain. 495

He said; the careful couple join their tears:
And then invoke the gods, with pious prayers.
Thus, in devotion having eas'd their grief,
From sacred oracles they seek relief;
And to Cephysus brook their way pursue: 500

The stream was troubled, but the ford they knew;
With living waters, in the fountain bred,
They sprinkle first their garments, and their head, }
Then took the way, which to the temple led. }

The roofs were all defil'd with moss, and mire, 505
The desert altars void of solemn fire.
Before the gradual, prostrate they ador'd;
The pavement kiss'd, and thus the saint implor'd.

O righteous Themis, if the pow'rs above
By pray'rs are bent to pity, and to love: 510

If human miseries can move their mind;
If yet they can forgive, and yet be kind:

Tell how we may restore, by second birth,
Mankind, and people desolated earth.

Then thus the gracious goddess, nodding, said; 515
Depart, and with your vestments veil your head:

And stooping lowly down, with loosen'd zones,
Throw each behind your backs, your mighty mother's
bones.

Amaz'd the pair, and mute with wonder stand,
Till Pyrrha first refus'd the dire command. 520
Forbid it heav'n, said she, that I should tear
Those holy reliques from the sepulchre.
They ponder'd the mysterious words again,
For some new sense ; and long they sought in vain :
At length Deucalion clear'd his cloudy brow, 525
And said, the dark ænigma will allow
A meaning, which if well I understand,
From sacrilege will free the god's command :
This earth our mighty mother is, the stones
In her capacious body, are her bones :. 530
These we must cast behind. With hope, and fear
The woman did the new solution hear :
The man diffides in his own augury,
And doubts the gods ; yet both resolve to try.
Descending from the mount, they first unbind 535
Their vests, and veil'd, they cast the stones behind :
The stones (a miracle to mortal view,
But long tradition makes it pass for true)
Did first the rigour of their kind expel,
And suppl'd into softness, as they fell ; 540
Then swell'd, and swelling, by degrees grew warm ;
And took the rudiments of human form.
Imperfect shapes : in marble such are seen,
When the rude chissel does the man begin ;
While yet the roughness of the stone remains, 545
Without the rising muscles, and the veins.

The sappy parts, and next resembling juice,
Were turn'd to moisture, for the body's use,
Supplying humours, blood, and nourishment ;
The rest, too solid to receive a bent, 550
Converts to bones ; and what was once a vein,
Its former name and nature did retain.
By help of pow'r divine, in little space,
What the man threw, assum'd a manly face ;
And what the wife, renew'd the female race. 555
Hence we derive our nature ; born to bear
Laborious life ; and harden'd into care.

The rest of animals, from teeming earth
Produc'd, in various forms receiv'd their birth.
The native moisture, in its close retreat, 560
Digested by the sun's ætherial heat,
As in a kindly womb, began to breed :
Then swell'd, and quicken'd by the vital seed.
And some in less, and some in longer space,
Were ripen'd into form, and took a several face. 565
Thus when the Nile from Pharian fields is fled,
And seeks, with ebbing tides, his ancient bed,
The fat manure with heav'nly fire is warm'd ;
And crusted creatures, as in wombs, are form'd ;
These, when they turn the glebe, the peasants find ;
Some rude, and yet unfinish'd in their kind : 570
Short of their limbs, a lame imperfect birth :
One half alive ; and one of lifeless earth.

For heat, and moisture, when in bodies join'd,
The temper that results from either kind 575

Conception makes ; and fighting till they mix,
Their mingled atoms in each other fix.
Thus nature's hand the genial bed prepares
With friendly discord, and with fruitful wars.

From hence the surface of the ground with mud,
And slime besmear'd, (the fæces of the flood) 581
Receiv'd the rays of heav'n ; and sucking in
The seeds of heat, new creatures did begin :
Some were of sev'ral sorts produc'd before,
But of new monsters, earth created more. 585
Unwillingly, but yet she brought to light
Thee, Python too, the wondring world to fright, }
And the new nations, with so dire a sight : }
So monstrous was his bulk, so large a space
Did his vast body, and long train embrace. 590
Whom Phœbus basking on a bank espy'd ;
E'er now the god his arrows had not try'd
But on the trembling deer, or mountain goat ;
At this new quarry he prepares to shoot.
Though ev'ry shaft took place, he spent the store }
Of his full quiver ; and 'twas long before 596 }
Th' expiring serpent wallow'd in his gore. }
Then, to preserve the fame of such a deed,
For Python slain, he Pythian games decreed,
Where noble youths for mastership shou'd strive, 600
To quoit, to run, and steeds, and chariots drive.
The prize was fame : In witness of renown
An oaken garland did the victor crown.

The laurel was not yet for triumphs born ; 604
But ev'ry green alike by Phœbus worn, [adorn. }
Did, with promiscuous grace, his flowing locks }

THE TRANSFORMATION OF DAPHNE
INTO A LAUREL.

The first and fairest of his loves, was she
Whom not blind fortune, but the dire decree
Of angry Cupid forc'd him to desire :
Daphne her name, and Peneus was her sire. 610
Swell'd with the pride, that new success attends,
He sees the stripling, while his bow he bends,
And thus insults him ; thou lascivious boy,
Are arms like these for children to employ ?
Know, such atchievements are my proper claim ; 615
Due to my vigour, and unerring aim :
Resistless are my shafts, and Python late
In such a feather'd death, has found his fate.
Take up the torch, (and lay my weapons by)
With that the feeble souls of lovers fry. 620
To whom the son of Venus thus reply'd,
Phœbus, thy shafts are sure on all beside,
But mine on Phœbus, mine the fame shall be
Of all thy conquests, when I conquer thee.

He said, and soaring, swiftly wing'd his flight : 625
Nor stopt but on Parnassus' airy height.
Two diff'rent shafts he from his quiver draws ;
One to repel desire, and one to cause.

One shaft is pointed with refulgent gold :
To bribe the love, and make the lover bold : 630
One blunt, and tipt with lead, whose base allay
Provokes disdain, and drives desire away.
The blunted bolt against the nymph he drest :
But with the sharp transfixt Apollo's breast.

Th' enamour'd deity pursues the chace ; 635
The scornful damsel shuns his loath'd embrace :
In hunting beasts of prey, her youth employs ;
And Phœbe rivals in her rural joys.
With naked neck she goes, and shoulders bare ;
And with a fillet binds her flowing hair. 640
By many suitors sought, she mocks their pains,
And still her vow'd virginity maintains,
Impatient of a yoke, the name of bride
She shuns, and hates the joys, she never try'd.
On wilds, and woods she fixes her desire : 645
Nor knows what youth, and kindly love inspire.
Her father chides her oft ; thou ow'st, says he,
A husband to thy self, a son to me.
She, like a crime, abhors the nuptial bed :
She glows with blushes, and she hangs her head. 650
Then casting round his neck her tender arms,
Sooths him with blandishments, and filial charms :
Give me, my lord, she said, to live, and die
A spotless maid, without the marriage tye.
'Tis but a small request ; I beg no more 655
Than what Diana's father gave before.

The good old sire was soften'd to consent;
But said her wish wou'd prove her punishment:
For so much youth, and so much beauty join'd,
Oppos'd the state, which her desires design'd. 660

The god of light, aspiring to her bed,
Hopes what he seeks, with flatt'ring fancies fed;
And is, by his own oracles, misled. }

And as in empty fields, the stubble burns,
Or nightly travellers, when day returns, 665

Their useless torches on dry hedges throw,
That catch the flames, and kindle all the row;

So burns the god, consuming in desire,

And feeding in his breast a fruitless fire:

Her well turn'd neck he view'd (her neck was bare)

And on her shoulders her dishevel'd hair; 671

Oh were it comb'd, said he, with what a grace

Wou'd ev'ry waving curl become her face!

He view'd her eyes, like heav'nly lamps that shone,

He view'd her lips, too sweet to view alone, 675

Her taper fingers, and her panting breast;

He praises all he sees, and for the rest }

Believes the beauties yet unseen are best: }

Swift as the wind, the damsel fled away;

Nor did for these alluring speeches stay: 680

Stay nymph, he cry'd, I follow, not a foe.

Thus from the lion trips the trembling doe;

Thus from the wolf the frighten'd lamb removes, }

And, from pursuing falcons, fearful doves; 684 }

Thou shunn'st a god, and shunn'st a god that loves. }

Ah, lest some thorn should pierce thy tender foot,
 Or thou shou'dst fall in flying my pursuit !
 To sharp uneven ways thy steps decline :
 Abate thy speed, and I will bate of mine.
 Yet think from whom thou dost so rashly fly ; 690
 Nor basely born, nor shepherd's swain am I.
 Perhaps thou know'st not my superior state ;
 And from that ignorance proceeds thy hate.
 Me Claros, Delphi, Tenedos obey ;
 These hands the Patareian sceptre sway. 695
 The king of gods begot me : What shall be,
 Or is, or ever was, in fate, I see.
 Mine is th' invention of the charming lyre ;
 Sweet notes, and heav'nly numbers I inspire.
 Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart ; 700
 But ah more deadly his, who pierc'd my heart.
 Med'cine is mine ; what herbs, and simples grow
 In fields, and forests, all their pow'rs I know ;
 And am the great physician call'd, below. }
 Alas that fields and forests can afford 705
 No remedies to heal their love-sick lord !
 To cure the pains of love, no plant avails :
 And his own physic, the physician fails.
 She heard not half ; so furiously she flies ;
 And on her ear th' imperfect accent dies. 710
 Fear gave her wings : and as she fled, the wind
 Increasing, spread her flowing hair behind ;
 And left her legs and thighs expos'd to view :
 Which made the god more eager to pursue.

The god was young, and was too hotly bent 715
To lose his time in empty compliment:
But led by love, and fir'd with such a sight,
Impetuously pursu'd his near delight.

As when th' impatient greyhound slipt from far,
Bounds o'er the glebe to course the fearful hare,
She in her speed does all her safety lay; 721
And he with double speed pursues the prey;
O'er-runs her at the sitting turn, and licks
His chaps in vain, and blows upon the flix:
She scapes, and for the neighb'ring covert strives,
And gaining shelter, doubts if yet she lives: 726
If little things with great we may compare,
Such was the god, and such the flying fair.
She urg'd by fear, her feet did swiftly move,
But he more swiftly, who was urg'd by love. 730
He gather's ground upon her in the chace:
Now breathes upon her hair, with nearer pace: }
And just is fast'ning on the wish'd embrace. }
The nymph grew pale, and in a mortal fright,
Spent with the labour of so long a flight; 735
And now despairing, cast a mournful look
Upon the streams of her paternal brook:
Oh help, she cry'd, in this extremest need,
If water gods are deities indeed:
Gape earth, and this unhappy wretch intomb; 742
Or change my form, whence all my sorrows come.
Scarce had she finish'd, when her feet she found
Benumb'd with cold, and fasten'd to the ground:

A filmy rind about her body grows ;
Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs : 745
The nymph is all into a laurel gone :
The smoothness of her skin remains alone.
Yet Phœbus loves her still, and casting round
Her bole, his arms, some little warmth he found.
The tree still panted in th' unfinish'd part : 750
Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her heart.
He fixt his lips upon the trembling rind ;
It swerv'd aside, and his embrace declin'd.
To whom the god. Because thou canst not be
My mistress, I espouse thee for my tree : 755
Be thou the prize of honour, and renown ;
The deathless poet, and the poem crown.
Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn,
And, after poets, be by victors worn.
Thou shalt returning Cæsar's triumph grace ; 760
When poms shall in a long procession pass,
Wreath'd on the posts before his palace wait ;
And be the sacred guardian of the gate.
Secure from thunder, and unharm'd by Jove,
Unfading as th' immortal pow'rs above : 765
And as the locks of Phœbus are unshorn,
Soshall perpetual green thy boughs adorn.
The grateful tree was pleas'd with what he said ;
And shook the shady honours of her head.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF IO INTO A
HEIFER.

An ancient forest in Thessalia grows ; 770
Which Tempe's pleasing valley does inclose :
Through this the rapid Peneus takes his course ;
From Pindus rolling with impetuous force ;
Mists from the river's mighty fall arise ;
And deadly damps inclose the cloudy skies : 775
Perpetual fogs are hanging o'er the wood ;
And sounds of waters deaf the neighbourhood.
Deep, in a rocky cave, he makes abode :
(A mansion proper for a mourning god.)
Here he gives audience ; issuing out decrees 780
To rivers, his dependent deities.
On this occasion hither they resort ;
To pay their homage, and to make their court.
All doubtful, whether to congratulate
His daughter's honour, or lament her fate. 785
Sperchæus, crown'd with poplar, first appears ;
Then old Apidanus came crown'd with years :
Enipeus turbulent ; Amphrysos tame ;
And Æas last with lagging waters came.
Then, of his kindred brooks, a num'rous throng
Condole his loss ; and bring their urns along. 791
Not one was wanting of the wat'ry train,
That fill'd his flood, or mingled with the main :
But Inachus, who in his cave, alone,
Wept not another's losses, but his own. 795

For his dear Io, whether stray'd, or dead,
 To him uncertain, doubtful tears he shed.
 He sought her through the world; but sought in vain;
 And no where finding, rather fear'd her slain.

Her, just returning from her father's brook, 800
 Jove had beheld, with a desiring look;
 And, oh fair daughter of the flood, he said,
 Worthy alone of Jove's imperial bed,
 Happy whoever shall those charms possess;
 The king of gods (nor is thy lover less) 805
 Invites thee to yon cooler shades; to shun
 The scorching rays of the meridian sun.

Nor shalt thou tempt the dangers of the grove
 Alone, without a guide; thy guide is Jove.
 No puny pow'r, but he whose high command
 Is unconfined, who rules the seas, and land; 811
 And tempers thunder in his awful hand.

Oh fly not: For she fled from his embrace
 O'er Lerna's pastures: he pursu'd the chace
 Along the shades of the Lyrcean plain; 815
 At length the god, who never asks in vain,
 Involv'd with vapours, imitating night,
 Both air, and earth: and then suppress'd her flight,
 And mingling force with love, enjoy'd the full
 delight.

Meantime the jealous Juno, from on high, 820
 Survey'd the fruitful fields of Arcady:
 And wonder'd that the mist shou'd over-run
 The face of day-light, and obscure the sun,

No nat'ral cause she found, from brooks, or bogs,
Or marshy lowlands, to produce the fogs : 825
Then round the skies she fought for Jupiter;
Her faithless husband; but no Jove was there :
Suspecting now the worst, or I, she said,
Am much mistaken, or am much betray'd.
With fury she precipitates her flight : 830
Dispels the shadows of dissembled night;
And to the day restores his native light. }
Th' almighty leacher, careful to prevent
The consequence, foreseeing her descent,
Transforms his mistress in a trice ; and now 835
In Io's place appears a lovely cow,
So sleek her skin, so faultless was her make,
Ev'n Juno did unwilling pleasure take
To see so fair a rival of her love ;
And what she was, and whence, enquir'd of Jove :
Of what fair herd, and from what pedigree ? 841
The god, half caught, was forc'd upon a lye :
And said she sprung from earth. She took the word,
And begg'd the beautous heifer of her lord.
What should he do ? 'twas equal shame to Jove 845
Or to relinquish, or betray his love :
Yet to refuse so slight a gift would be
But more t' increase his consort's jealousy :
Thus fear, and love, by turns, his heart assail'd :
And stronger love had sure, at length prevail'd :
But some faint hope remain'd, his jealous queen 851
Had not the mistress through the heifer seen.

The cautious goddess, of her gift possest,
Yet harbour'd anxious thoughts within her breast;
As she who knew the falsehood of her Jove; 855
And justly fear'd some new relapse of love.

Which to prevent, and to secure her care,
To trusty Argus she commits the fair,

The head of Argus (as with stars the skies)
Was compass'd round, and wore an hundred eyes.
But two by turns their lips in slumber steep; 861
The rest on duty still their station keep;
Nor could the total constellation sleep. }

Thus, ever present, to his eyes, and mind,
His charge was still before him, tho' behind. 865

In fields he suffer'd her to feed by day,
But when the setting sun to night gave way,
The captive cow he summon'd with a call;
And drove her back, and ty'd her to the stall.

On leaves of trees, and bitter herbs she fed, 870
Heav'n was her canopy, bare earth her bed:

So hardly lodg'd, and to digest her food,
She drank from troubled streams, defil'd with mud.
Her woeful story fain she would have told,
With hands upheld, but had no hands to hold. 875

Her head to her ungentle keeper bow'd,
She strove to speak, she spoke not, but she low'd:
Affrighted with the noise, she look'd around,
And seem'd t' inquire the author of the sound.

Once on the banks where often she had play'd,
(Her father's banks) she came, and there survey'd 881

Her alter'd visage, and her branching head ;
And starting, from herself she would have fled.
Her fellow nymphs familiar to her eyes,
Beheld, but knew her not in this disguise. 885
Ev'n Inachus himself was ignorant ;
And in his daughter, did his daughter want.
She follow'd where her fellows went, as she
Were still a partner of the company :
They stroak her neck, the gentle heifer stands, 890
And her neck offers to their stroaking hands.
Her father gave her grass ; the grass she took ;
And lick'd his palms, and cast a piteous look ;
And in the language of her eyes, she spoke. 894 }
She wou'd have told her name, and ask'd relief,
But wanting words, in tears she tells her grief,
Which, with her foot she makes him understand ;
And prints the name of Io in the sand.

Ah wretched me, her mournful father cry'd,
She, with a sigh, to wretched me reply'd ; 900
About her milk-white neck, his arms he threw ;
And wept, and then these tender words ensue.
And art thou she, whom I have sought around
The world, and have at length so sadly found ?
So found is worse than lost : with mutual words
Thou answer'st not, no voice thy tongue affords : 906
But sighs are deeply drawn from out thy breast ;
And speech deny'd, by lowing is exprest.
Unknowing I, prepar'd thy bridal bed ;
With empty hopes of happy issue fed. 910

But now the husband of a herd must be
Thy mate, and bell'wing sons thy progeny.
Oh, were I mortal, death might bring relief :
But now my god-head but extends my grief :
Prolongs my woes, of which no end I see, 915
And makes me curse my immortality !
More had he said, but fearful of her stay,
The starry guardian drove his charge away,
To some fresh pasture ; on a hilly height
He sate himself, and kept her still in sight. 920

THE EYES OF ARGUS TRANSFORMED INTO
A PEACOCK'S TRAIN.

Now Jove no longer could her suff'rings bear ;
But call'd in haste his airy messenger,
The son of Maia, with severe decree
To kill the keeper, and to set her free.
With all his harness soon the god was sped, 925
His flying hat was fastened on his head,
Wings on his heels were hung, and in his hand
He holds the virtue of the snaky wand.
The liquid air his moving pinions wound,
And, in the moment, shoot him on the ground. 930
Before he came in sight, the crafty god
His wings dismiss'd, but still retain'd his rod :
That sleep-procuring wand wise Hermes took,
But made it seem to sight a shepherd's hook.
With this he did a herd of goats controul ; 935
Which by the way he met, and slily stole.

Clad like a country swain, he pip'd, and sung;
And playing drove his jolly troop along.

With pleasure, Argus the musician heeds;
But wonders much at those new vocal reeds.

And whosoe'er thou art, my friend said he, 940
Up hither drive thy goats, and play by me :
This hill has browze for them, and shade for thee. }

The god, who was with ease induc'd to climb,
Began discourse to pass away the time ;
And still betwixt, his tuneful pipe he plies ; 945
And watch'd his hour, to close the keeper's eyes.

With much ado, he partly kept awake ;
Not suff'ring all his eyes repose to take ;
And ask'd the stranger, who did reeds invent,
And whence began so rare an instrument ? 950

THE TRANSFORMATION OF SYRINX INTO REEDS.

Then Hermes thus ; a nymph of late there was
Whose heav'nly form her fellows did surpass.
The pride and joy of fair Arcadia's plains,
Belov'd by deities, ador'd by swains :
Syrinx her name, by Sylvans oft pursu'd, 955
As oft she did the lustful gods delude :
The rural, and the woodland pow'rs disdain'd ;
With Cynthia hunted, and her rites maintain'd :
Like Phœbe clad, even Phœbe's self she seems,
So tall, so straight, such well-proportion'd limbs.

The nicest eye did no distinction know, 961
 But that the goddess bore a golden bow,
 Distinguish'd thus, the sight she cheated too.
 Descending from Lycæus, Pan admires
 The matchless nymph, and burns with new desires.
 A crown of pine upon his head he wore; 966
 And thus began her pity to implore.
 But e'er he thus began, she took her flight
 So swift, she was already out of sight.
 Nor stay'd to hear the courtship of the God; 970
 But bent her course to Ladon's gentle flood:
 There by the river stopt, and tir'd before;
 Relief from water nymphs her pray'rs implore.

Now while the lustful god, with speedy pace,
 Just thought to strain her in a strict embrace,
 He fill'd his arms with reeds, new rising on the
 place. 976

And while he sighs, his ill success to find,
 The tender canes were shaken by the wind;
 And breath'd a mournful air, unheard before;
 That much surprizing Pan, yet pleas'd him more.
 Admiring this new music, thou, he said, 981
 Who canst not be the partner of my bed,
 At least shall be the consort of my mind:
 And often, often to my lips be join'd.
 He form'd the reeds, proportion'd as they are,
 Unequal in their length, and wax'd with care, 986
 They still retain the name of his ungrateful fair.

While Hermes pip'd, and sung, and told his tale,
The keeper's winking eyes began to fail,
And drowsy slumber on the lids to creep ; 990
Till all the watchmen were at length asleep.
Then soon the god his voice, and song suppress ;
And with his pow'rful rod confirm'd his rest :
Without delay his crooked faulchion drew,
And at one fatal stroke the keeper slew. 995
Down from the rock fell the dissever'd head,
Opening its eyes in death ; and falling, bled ;
And mark'd the passage with a crimson trail :
Thus Argus lies in pieces, cold, and pale ;
And all his hundred eyes, with all their light, 1000
Are clos'd at once, in one perpetual night.
These Juno takes, that they no more may fail,
And spreads them in her peacock's gaudy tail.

Impatient to revenge her injur'd bed,
She wreaks her anger on her rival's head ; 1005
With furies frights her from her native home ;
And drives her gadding, round the world to roam.
Nor ceas'd her madness, and her flight, before
She touch'd the limits of the Pharian shore.
At length, arriving on the banks of Nile, 1010
Weary'd with length of ways, and worn with toil,
She laid her down ; and leaning on her knees,
Invok'd the cause of all her miseries :
And cast her languishing regards above, 1014
For help from heav'n, and her ungrateful Jove.

She sigh'd, she wept, she low'd, 'twas all she could;
And with unkindness seem'd to tax the god.
Last, with an humble pray'r, she begg'd repose,
Or death at least, to finish all her woes.
Jove heard her vows, and with a flatt'ring look,
In her behalf, to jealous Juno spoke. 1021
He cast his arms about her neck, and said,
Dame, rest secure; no more thy nuptial bed
This nymph shall violate; by Styx I swear,
And every Oath that binds the thunderer. 1025
The goddess was appeas'd; and at the word
Was Io to her former shape restor'd.
The rugged hair began to fall away;
The sweetness of her eyes did only stay,
Tho' not so large: her crooked horns decrease;
The wideness of her jaws and nostrils cease: 1031
Her hoofs to hands return, in little space:
The five long taper fingers take their place,
And nothing of the heifer now is seen,
Beside the native whiteness of the skin. 1035
Erected on her feet she walks again;
And two the duty of the four sustain.
She tries her tongue; her silence softly breaks,
And fears her former lowings when she speaks:
A goddess now, through all th' Ægyptian state;
And serv'd by priests, who in white linen wait. 1041
Her son was Epaphus, at length believ'd
The son of Jove, and as a god receiv'd;

With sacrifice ador'd, and public pray'rs,
He common temples with his mother shares. 1045
Equal in years, and rival in renown
With Epaphus the youthful Phaeton
Like honour claims; and boasts his sire the sun. }
His haughty looks, and his assuming air,
The son of Isis cou'd no longer bear: 1050
Thou tak'st thy mother's word too far, said he,
And hast usurp'd thy boasted pedigree.
Go, base pretender to a borrow'd name.
Thus tax'd he blush'd with anger and with shame;
But shame repress'd his rage: the daunted youth
Soon seeks his mother, and enquires the truth: 1056
Mother, said he, this infamy was thrown
By Epaphus on you, and me your son.
He spoke in public, told it to my face;
Nor durst I vindicate the dire disgrace: 1060
Even I, the bold, the sensible of wrong,
Restrain'd by shame, was forc'd to hold my tongue.
To hear an open slander is a curse:
But not to find an answer is a worse.
If I am heav'n-begot, assert your son 1065
By some sure sign; and make my father known, }
To right my honour, and redeem your own.
He said, and saying cast his arms about
Her neck, and beg'd her to resolve the doubt.
'Tis hard to judge if Clymenè were mov'd 1070
More by his pray'r, whom she so dearly lov'd,

Or more with fury fir'd, to find her name
Traduc'd, and made the sport of common fame.
She stretch'd her arms to heav'n, and fix'd her eyes
On that fair planet, that adorns the skies ; 1075
Now by those beams, said she, whose holy fires,
Consume my breast, and kindle my desires ;
By him, who sees us both, and cheers our sight,
By him the public minister of light,
I swear that sun begot thee ; if I lye, 1080
Let him his chearful influence deny :
Let him no more this perjur'd creature see ;
And shine on all the world, but only me.
If still you doubt your mother's innocence,
His eastern mansion is not far from hence ; 1085
With little pains you to his *Levè* go,
And from himself your parentage may know.
With joy th' ambitious youth his mother heard,
And eager, for the journey soon prepar'd.
He longs the world beneath him to survey ; 1090
To guide the chariot ; and to give the day.
From Meröe's burning sands he bends his course,
Nor less in India feels his father's force :
His travel urging, till he came in sight ;
And saw the palace by the purple light. 1095

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK II.

TRANSLATED BY MR. ADDISON.

THE STORY OF PHAETON.

THE sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd;
The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,
And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight;
Of polish'd iv'ry was the cov'ring wrought: 5
The matter vied not with a sculptor's thought,
For in the portal was display'd on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky;
A waving sea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
And gods and goddesses the waters grac'd. 10
Ægeon here a mighty whale bestrode;
Triton, and Proteus (the deceiving god)
With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main,

While some on rocks their dropping hair divide, 15
And some on fishes through the waters glide:
Tho' various features did the sisters grace,
A sister's likeness was in ev'ry face.

On earth a diff'rent landscape courts the eyes,
Men, towns, and beasts in distant prospects rise, 20
And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and rural
deities. }

O'er all, the heav'ns refulgent image shines:
On either gate were six engraven signs.

Here Phaeton, still gaining on th' ascent,
To his suspected father's palace went, 25
Till pressing forward through the bright abode,
He saw at distance the illustrious god:
He saw at distance, or the dazzling light
Had flash'd too strongly on his aching sight.

The god sits high, exalted on a throne 30
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;
The hours, in order rang'd on either hand,
And days, and months, and years, and ages stand.
Here spring appears with flow'ry chaplets bound;
Here summer in her wheaten garland crown'd; 35
Here autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear;
And hoary winter shivers in the rear.

Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye, which looks on all, was fix'd on one.
He saw the boy's confusion in his face, 40
Surpriz'd at all the wonders of the place;

And cries aloud, "What wants my son? for know
"My son thou art, and I must call thee so."

"Light of the world," the trembling youth replies,
"Illustrious parent! since you don't despise 45
"The parent's name, some certain token give,
"That I may Clymenè's proud boast believe, }
"Nor longer under false reproaches grieve." }

The tender sire was touch'd with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head, 50
And bid the youth advance; "My son, said he,
"Come to thy father's arms! for Clymenè
"Has told thee true; a parent's name I own,
"And deem thee worthy to be call'd my son.
"As a sure proof, make some request, and I, 55
"Whate'er it be, with that request comply;
"By Styx I swear, whose waves are hid in night,
"And roll impervious to my piercing sight."

The youth transported, asks, without delay,
To guide the sun's bright chariot for a day. 60

The God repented of the oath he took,
For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook;
"My son," says he, "some other proof require,
"Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire.
"I'd fain deny this wish, which thou hast made. 65
"Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade.
"Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
"Nor suited to thy strength, nor to thy years.
"Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
"Beyond the province of mortality: 70

“ There is not one of all the gods that dares
“ (However skill'd in other great affairs)
“ To mount the burning axle-tree, but I ;
“ Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky, 74
“ That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
“ Dares try his strength ; yet who so strong as Jove ?
“ The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain,
“ And when the middle firmament they gain,
“ If downward from the heav'ns my head I bow,
“ And see the earth and ocean hang below, 80
“ Ev'n I am seiz'd with horror and affright,
“ And my own heart misgives me at the sight.
“ A mighty downfal steeps the ev'ning stage,
“ And steady reins must curb the horses rage.
“ Tethys herself has fear'd to see me driv'n 85
“ Down headlong from the precipice of heav'n.
“ Besides, consider what impetuous force
“ Turns stars and planets in a diff'rent course.
“ I steer against their motions ; nor am I
“ Borne back by all the current of the sky. 90
“ But how could you resist the orbs that roll
“ In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole ?
“ But you perhaps may hope for pleasing woods,
“ And stately domes, and cities fill'd with gods ; 94
“ While through a thousand snares your progress lies,
“ Where forms of starry monsters stock the skies :
“ For, should you hit the doubtful way aright,
“ The bull with stooping horns stands opposite ;

- “ Next him the bright Hæmonian bow is strung,
“ And next, the lion's grinning visage hung : 100
“ The scorpion's claws, here clasp a wide extent,
“ And here the crab's in lesser clasps are bent.
“ Nor would you find it easy to compose
“ The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils
 flows
“ The scorching fire, that in their entrails glows. }
“ Ev'n I their headstrong fury scarce restrain, 106
“ When they grow warm and restif to the rein.
“ Let not my son a fatal gift require,
“ But, O! in time, recall your rash desire;
“ You ask a gift that may your parent tell, 110
“ Let these my fears your parentage reveal;
“ And learn a father from a father's care:
“ Look on my face; or if my heart lay bare, }
“ Could you but look, you'd read the father there. }
“ Chuse out a gift from seas, or earth, or skies, 115
“ For open to your wish all nature lies,
“ Only decline this one unequal task,
“ For 'tis a mischief, not a gift you ask.
“ You ask a real mischief, Phaeton:
“ Nay hang not thus about my neck, my son: 120
“ I grant your wish, and Styx has heard my voice,
“ Chuse what you will, but make a wiser choice.”

Thus did the god th' unwary youth advise;
But he still longs to travel through the skies.
When the fond father (for in vain he pleads) 125
At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads.

A golden axle did the work uphold,
 Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold.
 The spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight,
 The seat with party-colour'd gems was bright;
 Apollo shin'd amid the glare of light. 131 }
 The youth with secret joy the work surveys,
 When now the morn disclos'd her purple rays;
 The stars were fled, for Lucifer had chac'd
 The stars away, and fled himself at last. 135
 Soon as the father saw the rosy morn,
 And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
 He bid the nimble hours, without delay,
 Bring forth the steeds; the nimble hours obey:
 From their full racks, the gen'rous steeds retire, 140
 Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.
 Still anxious for his son, the god of day,
 To make him proof against the burning ray,
 His temples with celestial ointment wet,
 Of sov'reign virtue to repel the heat: 145
 Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
 And fetch'd a deep foreboding sigh, and said,
 " Take this at least, this last advice, my son,
 " Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on :
 " The coursers of themselves will run too fast, 150
 " Your art must be to moderate their haste.
 " Drive 'em not on directly through the skies,
 " But where the zodiac's winding circle lies,
 " Along the midmost zone : but sally forth
 " Nor to the distant south, nor stormy north. 155

“ The horses hoofs a beaten track will show,
“ But neither mount too high, nor sink too low.
“ That no new fires, or heav’n, or earth infest;
“ Keep the mid way, the middle way is best.
“ Nor, where in radiant folds the serpent twines,
“ Direct your course, nor where the altar shines. 161
“ Shun both extremes; the rest let fortune guide,
“ And better for thee than thyself provide!
“ See, while I speak, the shades disperse away,
“ Aurora gives the promise of a day; 165 }
“ I’m call’d, nor can I make a longer stay.
“ Snatch up the reins; or still th’ attempt forsake,
“ And not my chariot, but my counsel take,
“ While yet securely on the earth you stand;
“ Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand. 170
“ Let me alone to light the world, while you
“ Enjoy those beams which you may safely view.”

He spoke in vain; the youth with active heat
And sprightly vigour vaults into the seat;
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives 175
Those thanks his father with remorse receives.

Meanwhile the restless horses neigh’d aloud,
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.
Tethys, not knowing what had pass’d, gave way,
And all the waste of heav’n before ’em lay. 180
They spring together out, and swiftly bear
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.

The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat, 185
Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight :
But as at sea th' unballass'd vessel rides,
Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides;
So in the bounding chariot toss'd on high,
The youth is hurry'd headlong through the sky.
Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake 191
Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.
The youth was in a maze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go ;
Nor would the horses, had he known, obey. 195 }
Then the sev'n stars first felt Apollo's ray, }
And wish'd to dip in the forbidden sea. }
The folded serpent next the frozen pole,
Stiff and benumb'd before, began to roll,
And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
And shot a redder light from ev'ry star; 201
Nay, and 'tis said Bootes too, that fain
Thou would'st have fled, tho' cumber'd with thy wane.

Th' unhappy youth then, bending down his head
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him spread. 205
His colour chang'd, he startled at the sight,
And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.
Now could he wish the fiery steeds untry'd,
His birth obscure, and his request deny'd :
Now would he Merops for his father own, 210
And quit his boasted kindred to the sun.

So fares the pilot, when his ship is tost
In troubled seas, and all its steerage lost,

He gives her to the winds, and in despair
Seeks his last refuge in the gods and pray'r. 215

What could he do? his eyes, if backward cast,
Find a long path he had already past;
If forward, still a longer path they find:
Both he compares, and measures in his mind;
And sometimes casts an eye upon the east, 220
And sometimes looks on the forbidden west.
The horses names he knew not in the fright,
Nor would he loose the reins, nor cou'd he hold 'em
right.

Now all the horrors of the heav'ns he spies,
And monstrous shadows of prodigious size, 225 }
That, deck'd with stars, lie scatter'd o'er the skies. }
There is a place above, where Scorpio bent
In tail and arms surrounds a vast extent;
In a wide circuit of the heav'ns he shines,
And fills the space of two cœlestial signs. 230
Soon as the youth beheld him vex'd with heat
Brandish his sting, and in his poison sweat,
Half dead with sudden fear he dropt the reins;
The horses felt 'em loose upon their manes,
And, flying out through all the plains above, 235
Ran uncontroul'd wherew'er their fury drove;
Rush'd on the stars, and through a pathless way
Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day.
And now above, and now below they flew,
And near the earth the burning chariot drew. 240

The clouds disperse in fumes, the wond'ring moon,
Beholds her brother's steeds beneath her own;
The highlands smoke, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own fuel blaze.
Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harvests grow,
The running conflagration spreads below. 246
But these are trivial ills: whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into ashes turn.

The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear; 250
Æagrian Hæmus (then a single name)
And virgin Helicon increase the flame;
Taurus and Cète glare amid the sky,
And Ida, spight of all her fountains, dry.
Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithæron, glow, 255
And Rhodopè, no longer cloath'd in snow;
High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnassus sweat,
And Ætna rages with redoubled heat.
Ev'n Scythia, through her hoary regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native frost was arm'd. 260
Cover'd with flames, the tow'ring Appennine,
And Caucasus, and proud Olympus shine;
And, where the long-extended Alps aspire,
Now stands a huge continu'd range of fire.

The astonish'd youth, wheree'er his eyes could turn,
Beheld the universe around him burn: 266
The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear
The sultry vapour and the scorching air,

Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd: 270
Lost in the whirling clouds, that round him broke,
And white with ashes, hov'ring in the smoke,
He flew where e'er the horses drove, nor knew
Whither the horses drove, or where he flew.

'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor begun
To change his hue, and blacken in the sun. 276
Then Libia first, of all her moisture drain'd,
Became a barren waste, a wild of sand.
The water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
Bæotia, robb'd of silver Dirce, mourns, 280
Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails,
And Argos grieves whilst Amymonè fails.

The floods are drain'd from ev'ry distant coast,
Ev'n Tanaïs, tho' fix'd in ice, was lost.
Enrag'd Cæicus and Lycormas roar, 285
And Xanthus, fated to be burnt once more.
The fam'd Mæander, that unwearied strays
Through mazy windings, smokes in ev'ry maze.
From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies:
The big-swoln Ganges and the Danube rise 290
In thick'ning fumes, and darken half the skies. }
In flames Ismenos and the Phasis roll'd,
And Tagus floating in his melted gold.
The swans, that on Cæyster often try'd
Their tuneful songs, now sung their last and dy'd.
The frightened Nile ran off, and under ground 296
Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found:

His sev'n divided currents all are dry,
And where they roll'd, sev'n gaping trenches lye :
No more the Rhine or Rhone their course maintain,
Nor Tiber, of his promis'd empire vain. 301

The ground, deep-cleft, admits the dazzling ray,
And startles Pluto with the flash of day.
The seas shrink in, and to the sight disclose
Wide naked plains, where once their billows rose ;
Their rocks are all discover'd, and increase, 306
The number of the scatter'd Cyclades.

The fish in shoals about the bottom creep,
Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap :
Gasping for breath, th' unshapen Phocæ die, 310
And on the boiling wave extended lie.

Nereus, and Doris with her virgin train,
Seek out the last recesses of the main ;
Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
And secret in their gloomy caverns pant. 315
Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld
His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.

The earth at length, on ev'ry side embrac'd
With scalding seas that floated round her waist,
When now she felt the springs and rivers come, 320
And croud within the hollow of her womb,
Uplifted to the heav'ns her blasted head,
And clapt her hand upon her brows, and said ;
(But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat :) 325

“ If you, great king of gods, my death approve,
“ And I deserve it, let me die by Jove ;
“ If I must perish by the force of fire,
“ Let me transfix'd with thunderbolts expire.
“ See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapours choke,”
(For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of smoke) 331
“ See my sing'd hair, behold my faded eye,
“ And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lie !
“ And does the plough for this my body tear?
“ This the reward for all the fruits I bear, 335 }
“ Tortur'd with rakes, and harrass'd all the year? }
“ That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
“ And food for man, and frankincense for you ?
“ But grant me guilty ; what has Neptune done ?
“ Why are his waters boiling in the sun ? 340
“ The wavy empire, which by lot was giv'n,
“ Why does it waste, and further shrink from heav'n ?
“ If I nor he your pity can provoke,
“ See your own heav'ns, the heav'ns begin to smoke ?
“ Should once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,
“ Destruction seizes on the heav'ns and gods ; 346
“ Atlas becomes unequal to his freight,
“ And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.
“ If heav'n, and earth, and sea, together burn,
“ All must again into their chaos turn, 350
“ Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,
“ And succour nature, e'er it be too late.”
She ceas'd, for chok'd with vapours round her spread,
Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.

Jove call'd to witness ev'ry pow'r above, 355
And ev'n the god, whose son the chariot drove,
That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
Or universal ruin must ensue.

Straight he ascends the high ætherial throne,
From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down, 360
From whence his show'rs and storms he us'd to pour,
But now could meet with neither storm nor show'r.
Then, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
Full at his head he hurl'd the forked brand,
In dreadful thund'rings. Thus th' almighty sire
Suppress'd the raging of the fires with fire. 366

At once from life and from the chariot driv'n,
Th' ambitious boy fell thunder-struck from heav'n.
The horses started with a sudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground : 370
The studded harness from their necks they broke,
Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke,
Here were the beam and axle torn away ;
And, scatter'd o'er the earth, the shining fragments
The breathless Phaeton, with flaming hair, [lay.
Shot from the chariot, like a falling star, 376
'That in a summer's ev'ning from the top
Of heav'n drops down, or seems at least to drop ;
Till on the Po his blasted corps was hurl'd,
Far from his country, in the western world. 380

PHAETON'S SISTERS TRANSFORMED INTO
TREES.

The Latian nymphs came round him and amaz'd
On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder, gaz'd;
And, whilst yet smoking from the bolt he lay,
His shatter'd body to a tomb convey,
And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise, 385
" Here he who drove the sun's bright chariot lies;
" His father's fiery steeds he cou'd not guide,
" But in the glorious enterprize he dy'd."

Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for grief,
And, if the story may deserve belief, 390
The space of one whole day is said to run,
From morn to wonted ev'n, without a sun:
The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
Supply the sun, and counterfeit a day,
A day, that still did nature's face disclose: 395
This comfort from the mighty mischief rose.

But Clymenè, enrag'd with grief, laments,
And as her grief inspires, her passion vents:
Wild for her son, and frantic in her woes,
With hair dishevel'd round the world she goes, 400
To seek where'er his body might be cast;
Till, on the borders of the Po, at last
The name inscrib'd on the new tomb appears.
The dear, dear name she bathes in flowing tears,
Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart, 405
And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.

Her daughters too lament, and sigh, and mourn,
 (A fruitless tribute to their brother's urn)
 And beat their naked bosoms, and complain,
 And call aloud for Phaeton in vain : 410

All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
 And all the day stand round the tomb and weep.

Four times, revolving, the full moon return'd;
 So long the mother and the daughters mourn'd:
 When now the eldest, Phaethusa, strove 415

To rest her weary limbs, but cou'd not move;
 Lampetia wou'd have help'd her, but she found
 Herself withheld, and rooted on the ground:

A third in wild affliction, as she grieves,
 Wou'd rend her hair, but fill's her hand with leaves;
 One sees her thighs transform'd, another views 421

Her arms shot out, and branching into boughs.

And now their legs, and breasts, and bodies stood
 Crusted with bark, and hard'ning into wood;

But still above were female heads display'd, 425
 And mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid.

What cou'd, alas! the weeping mother do?

From this to that with eager haste she flew,
 And kiss'd her sprouting daughters as they grew. }

She tears the bark that to each body cleaves, 430

And from their verdant fingers strips the leaves:

The blood came trickling, where she tore away

The leaves and bark: The maids were heard to say,

“ Forbear, mistaken parent, oh! forbear;

“ A wounded daughter in each tree you tear; 435

“ Farewell forever.” Here the bark increas’d,
Clos’d on their faces, and their words suppress’d.

The new made trees in tears of amber run,
Which, harden’d into value by the sun,
Distil for ever on the streams below : 440
The limpid streams their radiant treasure show,
Mixt in the sand ; whence the rich drops convey’d
Shine in the dress of the bright Latian maid.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CYCNUS INTO A SWAN.

Cycnus beheld the nymphs transform’d, ally’d
To their dead brother on the mortal side, 445
In friendship and affection nearer bound ;
He left the cities and the realms he own’d,
Thro’ pathless fields and lonely shores to range,
And woods, made thicker by the sisters’ change.
Whilst here, within the dismal gloom, alone, 450
The melancholy monarch made his moan,
His voice was lessen’d, as he try’d to speak,
And issu’d through a long extended neck ;
His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In skinny films, and shape his oary feet ; 455
From both his sides the wings and feathers break ;
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak :
All Cycnus now into a swan was turn’d,
Who, still rememb’ring how his kinsman burn’d,
To solitary pools and lakes retires, 460
And loves the waters as oppos’d to fires.

Meanwhile Apollo in a gloomy shade
 ('The native lustre of his brows decay'd)
 Indulging sorrow, sickens at the sight
 Of his own sun-shine, and abhors the light : 465
 The hidden griefs, that in his bosom rise,
 Sadden his looks, and overcast his eyes,
 As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,
 And sullies in a dim eclipse the day.

Now secretly with inward griefs he pin'd, 470
 Now warm resentments to his griefs he join'd,
 And now renounc'd his office to mankind. }

" E're since the birth of time, said he, I've born
 " A long ungrateful toil without return;
 " Let now some other manage, if he dare, 475
 " The fiery steeds, and mount the burning car;
 " Or, if none else, let Jove his fortune try,
 " And learn to lay his murd'ring thunder by;
 " Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
 " My son deserv'd not so severe a fate. 480

The gods stand round him, as he mourns, and pray
 He would resume the conduct of the day,
 Nor let the world be lost in endless night :
 Jove too himself, descending from his height,
 Excuses what had happen'd, and intreats, 485
 Majestically mixing pray'rs and threats.
 Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
 The harness'd steeds, that still with horror shook,
 And plies 'em with the lash, and whips 'em on,
 And, as he whips, upbraids 'em with his son. 490

THE STORY OF CALISTO.

The day was settled in its course; and Jove
Walk'd the wide circuit of the heav'ns above,
To search if any cracks or flaws were made;
But all was safe: The earth he then survey'd,
And cast an eye on ev'ry diff'rent coast, 495
And ev'ry land; but on Arcadia most.
Her fields he cloath'd, and chear'd her blasted face.
With running fountains, and with springing grass.
No tracks of heav'n's destructive fire remain,
The fields and woods revive, and nature smiles again.

But as the god walk'd to and fro the earth, 501
And rais'd the plants, and gave the spring its birth,
By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
The nymph nor spun, nor dress'd with artful pride,
Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was ty'd; 506
Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore;
To chaste Diana from her youth inclin'd,
The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd. 510
Diana too the gentle huntress lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
O'er Menalus, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once; but favour lasts not long.

The sun now shone in all its strength, and drove
The heated virgin panting to a grove; 516

The grove around a grateful shadow cast :
She dropt her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd ;
She flung herself on the cool grassy bed ;
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head. 520

Jove saw the charming huntress unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.

" Here I am safe, he cries, from Juno's eye ;
" Or should my jealous queen the theft descry,
" Yet would I venture on a theft like this, 525
" And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss !"

Diana's shape and habit straight he took,
Softens'd his brows, and smooth'd his awful look, }
And mildly in a female accent spoke.

" How fares my girl ? how went the morning chase ?"
To whom the virgin, starting from the grass, 531

" All hail, bright deity, whom I prefer
" To Jove himself, tho' Jove himself were here."

The god was nearer than she thought, and heard
Well pleas'd himself before himself prefer'd. 53

He then salutes her with a warm embrace ;
And, ere she half had told the morning chase,
With love inflam'd, and eager on his bliss,
Smother'd her words, and stopp'd her with a kiss ;
His kisses with unwonted ardour glow'd, 540
Nor could Diana's shape conceal the god.

The virgin did whate'er a virgin could ;
(Sure Juno must have pardon'd, had she view'd)
With all her might against his force she strove ;
Eut how can mortal maids contend with Jove ? 545

Possest at length of what his heart desir'd,
Back to his heav'ns th' exulting god retir'd.
The lovely huntress, rising from the grass,
With down-cast eyes, and with a blushing face,
By shame confounded, and by fear dismay'd, 550
Flew from the covert of the guilty shade,
And almost, in the tumult of her mind,
Left her forgotten bow and shafts behind.

But now Diana, with a sprightly train
Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain, 553
Call'd to the nymph ; the nymph began to fear
A second fraud, a Jove disguis'd in her ;
But, when she saw the sister nymphs, suppress'd
Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.

How in the look does conscious guilt appear ! 560
Slowly she mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear ;
Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddess ran,
As once she us'd, the foremost of the train.
Her looks were flush'd, and sullen was her mien,
That sure the virgin goddess (had she been 565
Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen. }
'Tis said the nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright :
And now the moon had nine times lost her light,
When Dian, fainting in the mid-day beams,
Found a cool covert, and refreshing streams 570
That in soft murmurs through the forest flow'd,
And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.

A covert so obscure, and streams so clear,
The goddess prais'd : " And now no spies are near

" Let's strip, my gentle maids, and wash," she cries.
 Pleas'd with the motion, ev'ry maid complies; 576
 Only the blushing huntress stood confus'd,
 And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd;
 In vain excus'd: her fellows round her press'd,
 And the reluctant nymph by force undress'd. 580
 The naked huntress all her shame reveal'd,
 In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd;
 " Begone! the goddess cries with stern disdain,
 " Begone! nor dare the hallow'd stream to stain;" }
 She fled, forever banish'd from the train. 585 }

This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
 To punish the detested rival's crime;
 The time was come: for, to enrage her more,
 A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.

The goddess cast a furious look, and cry'd, 590
 " It is enough! I'm fully satisfy'd!
 " This boy shall stand a living mark, to prove
 " My husband's baseness and the strumpet's love:
 " But vengeance shall awake: those guilty charms
 " That drew the thunderer from Juno's arms, 595
 " No longer shall their wonted force retain,
 " Nor please the god, nor make the mortal vain."

This said, her hand within her hair she wound,
 Swung her to earth, and drag'd her on the ground:
 The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in pray'r;
 Her arms grow shaggy, and deform'd with hair, 601
 Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws,
 Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;

Her lips, that once cou'd tempt a god, begin
To grow distorted in an ugly grin. 605
And, lest the supplicating brute might reach
The ears of Jove, she was depriv'd of speech :
Her surly voice thro' a hoarse passage came
In savage sounds : her mind was still the same.
The furry monster fix'd her eyes above, 610
And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to Jove,
And beg'd his aid with inward groans ; and tho'
She could not call him false, she thought him so.

How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows, once her own !
How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs pursue, 616
Whilst from her hounds the frightened huntress flew !
How did she fear her fellow-brutes, and shun
The shaggy bear, tho' now herself was one !
How from the sight of rugged wolves retire, 620
Although the grim Lycaon was her sire !

But now her son had fifteen summers told,
Fierce at the chase, and in the forest bold ;
When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
He chanc'd to rouse his mother where she lay. 625
She knew her son, and kept him in her sight,
And fondly gaz'd : the boy was in a fright,
And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breast,
And would have slain his mother in the beast ;
But Jove forbad, and snatch'd 'em through the air
In whirlwinds up to heav'n, and fix'd 'em there : 631

Where the new constellations nightly rise,
And add a lustre to the northern skies.

When Juno saw the rival in her height,
Spangled with stars, and circled round with light,
She sought old Ocean in his deep abodes, 36
And Tethys, both rever'd among the gods. [she;
They ask what brings her there: "Ne'er ask," says
"What brings me here, heav'n is no place for me.
"You'll see, when night has cover'd all things o'er,
"Jove's starry bastard and triumphant whore, 641
"Usurp the heav'ns; you'll see 'em proudly roll
"In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
"And who shall now on Juno's altars wait,
"When those she hates grow greater by her hate?
"I on the nymph a brutal form impress'd, 646
"Jove to a goddess has transform'd the beast;
"This, this was all my weak revenge could do:
"But let the god his chaste amours pursue,
"And as he acted after Iö's rape, 650
"Restore th' adultress to her former shape;
"Then may he cast his Juno off, and lead
"The great Lycaon's offspring to his bed.
"But you ye venerable pow'rs, be kind,
"And, if my wrongs a due resentment find, 655
"Receive not in your waves their setting beams,
"Nor let the glaring strumpet taint your streams."

The goddess ended, and her wish was giv'n,
Back she return'd in triumph up to heav'n;

Her gawdy peacocks drew her through the skies, 660
Their tails were spotted with a thousand eyes ;
The eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd,
At the same time the raven's colour chang'd.

THE STORY OF CORONIS, AND BIRTH OF
ÆSCULAPIUS.

The raven once in snowy plumes was drest,
White as the whitest dove's unsully'd breast, 665
Fair as the guardian of the capitol,
Soft as the swan; a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue had chang'd him quite
To sooty blackness from the purest white.

The story of his change shall here be told; 670
In Thessaly there liv'd a nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerless maid she shin'd,
Confest the fairest of the fairer kind.
Apollo lov'd her, till her guilt he knew,
While true she was, or whilst he thought her true.
But his own bird the raven chanc'd to find 676
The false one with a secret rival join'd.
Coronis begg'd him to suppress the tale,
But cou'd not with repeated pray'rs prevail.
His milk-white pinions to the god he ply'd; 680
The busy daw flew with him side by side,
And by a thousand teizing questions drew
Th' important secret from him as they flew.
The daw gave honest counsel, tho' despis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus advis'd. 685

- “ Stay, silly bird, th’ ill-natur’d task refuse,
“ Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.
“ Be warn’d by my example : you discern
“ What now I am, and what I was shall learn.
“ My foolish honesty was all my crime ; 690
“ Then hear my story. Once upon a time,
“ The two-shap’d Erichthonius had his birth
“ (Without a mother) from the teeming earth ;
“ Minerva nurs’d him, and the infant laid
“ Within a chest of twining osiers made. 695
“ The daughters of king Cecrops undertook
“ To guard the chest, commanded not to look
“ On what was hid within. I stood to see
“ The charge obey’d, perch’d on a neighb’ring tree.
“ The sisters Pandrosos and Hersé keep 700
“ The strict command ; Aglauros needs would peep,
“ And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,
“ And call’d her sisters to the hideous sight :
“ A boy’s soft shape did to the waste prevail,
“ But the boy ended in a dragron’s tail. 705
“ I told the stern Minerva all that pass’d,
“ But for my pains, discarded and disgrac’d,
“ The frowning goddess drove me from her sight,
“ And for a fav’rite chose the bird of night.
“ Be then no tell-tale ; for I think my wrong 710
“ Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
“ But you, perhaps, may think I was remov’d,
“ As never by the heav’nly maid belov’d :

- " But I was lov'd; ask Pallas if I lie;
 " Tho' Pallas hate me now, she won't deny: 715
 " For I, whom in a feather'd shape you view,
 " Was once a maid (by heav'n the story's true) }
 " A blooming maid, and a king's daughter too. }
 " A croud of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
 " My beauty was the cause of all my harms; 720
 " Neptune, as on his shores I wont to rove,
 " Observ'd me in my walks, and fell in love.
 " He made his courtship, he confess'd his pain,
 " And offer'd force when all his arts were vain;
 " Swift he pursu'd: I ran along the strand, 725
 " Till, spent and weary'd on the sinking sand,
 " I shriek'd aloud, with cries I fill'd the air
 " To gods and men: nor god nor man was there: }
 " A virgin goddess heard a virgin's pray'r. }
 " For, as my arms I lifted to the skies, 730
 " I saw black feathers from my fingers rise;
 " I strove to fling my garment on the ground;
 " My garment turn'd to plumes, and girt me round:
 " My hands to beat my naked bosom try;
 " Nor naked bosom now nor hands had I: 735
 " Lightly I tript, nor weary as before
 " Sunk in the sand, but skim'd along the shore;
 " Till, rising on my wings, I was preferr'd
 " To be the chaste Minerva's virgin bird:
 " Prefer'd in vain! I now am in disgrace: 740
 " Nyctimene the owl enjoys my place.

“ On her incestuous life I need not dwell,
“ (In Lesbos still the horrid tale they tell)
“ And of her dire amours you must have heard,
“ For which she now does penance in a bird, 745
“ That conscious of her shame, avoids the light,
“ And loves the gloomy cov’ring of the night;
“ The birds, wheree’er she flutters, scare away
“ The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day.”

The raven, urg’d at such impertinence, 750
Grew passionate, it seems, and took offence,
And curs’d the harmless daw; the daw withdrew:
The raven to her injur’d patron flew,
And found him out, and told the fatal truth
Of false Coronis and the favour’d youth. 755

The god was wroth; the colour left his look,
The wreath his head, the harp his hand forsook: }
His silver bow and feather’d shafts he took, }
And lodg’d an arrow in the tender breast,
That had so often to his own been prest. 760
Down fell the wounded nymph, and sadly groan’d,
And pal’d his arrow reeking from the wound;
And welt’ring in her blood, thus faintly cry’d,
“ Ah cruel god! tho’ I have justly dy’d,
“ What has, alas! my unborn infant done, 765
“ That he should fall, and two expire in one?”
This said, in agonies she fetch’d her breath,
The god dissolves in pity at her death;
He hates the bird that made her falsehood known,
And hates himself for what himself had done; 770

The feather'd shaft, that sent her to the fates,
And his own hand, that sent the shaft, he hates.
Fain would he heal the wound, and ease her pain,
And tries the compass of his art in vain.
Soon as he saw the lovely nymph expire, 775
The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,
And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.
Her corps he kiss'd, and heav'nly incense brought,
And solemniz'd the death himself had wrought. 780

But, lest his offspring should her fate partake,
Spite of th' immortal mixture in his make,
He ript her womb, and set the child at large,
And gave him to the Centaur Chiron's charge :
Then in his fury black'd the raven o'er, 785
And bid him prate in his white plumes no more.

OCYRRHOE TRANSFORMED INTO A MARE.

Old Chiron took the babe with secret joy,
Proud of the charge of the celestial boy.
His daughter too, whom on the sandy shore
The nymph Charicle to the Centaur bore, 790
With hair dishevell'd on her shoulders came
To see the child, Ocyrrhoë was her name;
She knew her father's arts, and could rehearse
The depths of prophecy in sounding verse.
Once, as the sacred infant she survey'd, 795
The god was kindled in the raving maid,

And thus she utter'd her prophetic tale;
“ Hail, great physician of the world, all-hail;
“ Hail, mighty infant, who in years to come,
“ Shalt heal the nations, and defraud the tomb;
“ Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd! 801
“ Make kingdoms thicker, and increase mankind.
“ Thy daring art shall animate the dead,
“ And draw the thunder on thy guilty head:
“ Then shalt thou dye, but from the dark abode
“ Rise up victorious, and be twice a god. 806
“ And thou, my sire, not destin'd by thy birth
“ To turn to dust, and mix with common earth,
“ How wilt thou toss, and rave, and long to die,
“ And quit thy claim to immortality; 810
“ When thou shalt feel, enrag'd with inward pains,
“ The Hydra's venom rankling in thy veins?
“ The gods, in pity, shall contract thy date,
“ And give thee over to the pow'r of fate.

Thus ent'ring into destiny, the maid 815
The secrets of offended Jove betray'd:
More had she still to say; but now appears
Oppress'd with sobs and sighs, and drown'd in tears.
“ My voice, says she, is gone, my language fails;
“ Through ev'ry limb my kindred shape prevails:
“ Why did the god this fatal gift impart, 821
“ And with prophetic raptures swell my heart!
“ What new desires are these? I long to pace
“ O'er flow'ry meadows, and to feed on grass;

" I hasten to a brute, a maid no more ; 825

" But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?

" My sire does half a human shape retain,

" And in his upper parts preserves the man."

Her tongue no more distinct complaints affords,

But in shrill accents and mis-shapen words 830

Pours forth such hideous wailings, as declare

The human form confounded in the mare :

Till by degrees accomplish'd in the beast,

She neigh'd outright, and all the steed exprest.

Her stooping body on her hands is borne, 835

Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and shod in horn,

Her yellow tresses ruffle in a mane,

And in a flowing tail she frisks her train.

The mare was finish'd in her voice and look,

And a new name from the new figure took. 840

THE TRANSFORMATION OF BATTUS TO A TOUCH-STONE.

Sore wept the Centaur, and to Phœbus pray'd;

But how could Phœbus give the Centaur aid?

Degraded of his pow'r by angry Jove,

In Elis then a herd of beeves he drove;

And wielded in his hand a staff of oak, 845

And o'er his shoulders threw a shepherd's cloak;

On sev'n compacted reeds he us'd to play,

And on his rural pipe to waste the day.

As once, attentive to his pipe, he play'd,
 The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd 850 }
 A drove, that sep'rate from their fellows stray'd, }
 The theft an old insidious peasant view'd,
 (They call'd him Battus in the neighbourhood)
 Hir'd by a wealthy Pylia prince to feed
 His fav'rite mares, and watch the gen'rous breed.
 The thievish god suspected him, and took 856
 The hind aside, and thus in whispers spoke ;
 " Discover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
 " And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee."
 " Go, stranger," cries the clown, " securely on," 860
 " That stone shall sooner tell," and show'd a stone.
 The god withdrew, but straight return'd again,
 In speech and habit like a country swain ;
 And cries out, " Neighbour, hast thou seen a stray
 " Of bullocks and of heifers pass this way? 865
 " In the recov'ry of my cattle join,
 " A bullock and a heifer shall be thine."
 The peasant quick replies, " You'll find 'em there
 " In yon dark vale;" and in the vale they were.
 The double bribe had his false heart beguil'd : 870
 The god successful in the trial smil'd ;
 " And dost thou thus betray myself to me ?
 " Me to myself dost thou betray ?" says he :
 Then to a Touch-stone turns the faithless spy,
 And in his name records his infamy. 875

THE STORY OF AGLAUROS TRANSFORM'D
INTO A STATUE.

This done, the god flew up on high, and pass'd
O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva grac'd,
And wide Munichia, whilst his eyes survey
All the vast region that beneath him lay.

'Twas now the feast, when each Athenian maid
Her yearly homage to Minerva paid ; 881
In canisters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
High on their heads their mystic gifts they bore :
And now, returning in a solemn train,
The troop of shining virgins fill'd the plain. 885

The god-well-pleas'd beheld the pompous show,
And saw the bright procession pass below ;
Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
And hover'd o'er them : As the spreading kite,
That smells the slaughter'd victim from on high,
Flies at a distance, if the priests are nigh, 891
And sails around, and keeps it in her eye ;
So kept the god the virgin quire in view,
And in slow winding circles round them flew.

As Lucifer excels the meanest star, 895
Or, as the full orb'd Phœbe Lucifer ;
So much did Hersè all the rest outvie,
And gave a grace to the solemnity.
Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung :
So the cold bullet, that with fury slung 900

From Balearic engines mounts on high,
Glow's in the whirl, and burns along the sky.
At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and show'd
The form divine, the features of a god.
He knew their virtue o'er a female heart, 905
And yet he strives to better them by art.
He hangs his mantle loose, and sets to show
The golden edging on the seam below ;
Adjusts his flowing curls, and in his hand
Waves, with an air, the sleep-procuring wand ; 910
The glitt'ring sandals to his feet applies,
And to each heel the well-trim'd pinion ties.

His ornaments with nicest art display'd,
He seeks th' apartment of the royal maid.
The roof was all with polish'd iv'ry lin'd, 915
That, richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoise shin'd.
Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were plac'd,
The midmost by the beauteous Hersè grac'd ;
Her virgin sisters lodg'd on either side.
Aglauros first th' approaching god descry'd, 920
And, as he cross'd her chamber, ask'd his name,
And what his business was, and whence he came.
" I come, reply'd the god, from heav'n, to woo
" Your sister, and to make an aunt of you ;
" I am the son and messenger of Jove, 925
" My name is Mercury, my bus'ness love ;
" Do you, kind damsel, take a lover's part,
" And gain admittance to your sister's heart."

She star'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
As when she on Minerva's, secret gaz'd, 930
And asks a mighty treasure for her hire,
And, till he brings it, makes the god retire.
Minerva griev'd to see the nymph succeed;
And now rememb'ring the late impious deed,
When, disobedient to her strict command, 935
She touch'd the chest with an unhallow'd hand;
In big-swoln sighs her inward rage express'd,
That heav'd the rising Ægis on her breast;
Then sought out Envy in her dark abode,
Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood: 940
Shut from the winds and from the wholesome skies,
In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
Dismal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter, or disturbs the night.

Directly to the cave her course she steer'd;
Against the gates her martial lance she rear'd; 946 }
The gates flew open, and the fiend appear'd. }
A pois'nous morsel in her teeth she chew'd,
And gorg'd the flesh of vipers for her food.
Minerva loathing turn'd away her eye; 950
The hideous monster, rising heavily,
Came stalking forward with a sullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Soon as she saw the goddess gay and bright.
She fetch'd a groan at such a chearful sight. 955
Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In foul distorted glances turn'd awry;

A hoard of gall her inward parts possest,
And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast ;
Her teeth were brown with rust, and from her tongue,
In dangling drops, the stringy poison hung. 961
She never smiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep,
Restless in spite : while watchful to destroy,
She pines and sickens at another's joy, 965
Foe to herself, distressing and distress,
She bears her own tormentor in her breast.
The goddess gave (for she abhor'd her sight)
A short command : " To Athens speed thy flight ;
" On curst Aglauros try thy utmost art, 970
" And fix thy rankest venoms in her heart."
This said, her spear she push'd against the ground,
And mounting from it with an active bound,
Flew off to Heav'n : The hag with eyes askew
Look'd up, and mutter'd curses as she flew ; 975
For sore she fretted, and began to grieve
At the success which she herself must give.
Then takes her staff, hung round with wreaths of thorn,
And sails along, in a black whirlwind borne,
O'er fields and flow'ry meadows : Where she steers
Her baneful course, a mighty blast appears, 981
Mildews and blight ; the meadows are defac'd,
The fields, the flow'rs, and the whole year laid waste :
On mortals next, and peopled towns she falls,
And breathes a burning plague among their walls.

When Athens she beheld, for arts renown'd, 986
With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.
Th' apartment now she enter'd, where at rest 990
Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep oppress.
To execute Minerva's dire command,
She stroak'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
Then prickly thorns into her breast convey'd,
That stung to madness the devoted maid : 995
Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.

To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view
Her sister's marriage, and her glorious fate : 1000
Th' imaginary bride appears in state ;
'The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows ;
For envy magnifies whate'er she shows.

Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
In tears all night, in darkness all the day ; 1005
Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run,
When feebly smitten by the distant sun ;
Or like unwholesome weeds, that set on fire
Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.
Giv'n up to envy (for in ev'ry thought 1010
The thorns, the venom, and the vision wrought)
Oft did she call on death, as oft decreed,
Rather than see her sister's wish succeed,

To tell her awful father what had past :
At length before the door herself she cast ; 1015
And, sitting on the ground with sullen pride,
A passage to the love-sick god deny'd.
The god caress'd, and for admission pray'd,
And sooth'd in softest words th' envenom'd maid.
In vain he sooth'd ; " Begone ! the maid replies,
" Or here I keep my seat, and never rise." 1021
" Then keep thy seat for ever," cries the god,
And touch'd the door, wide op'ning to his rod.
Fain would she rise, and stop him, but she found
Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground ; 1025
Her joints are all benum'd, her hands are pale,
And marble now appears in ev'ry nail.
As when a cancer in the body feeds,
And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds ;
So does the chillness to each vital part 1030
Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart ;
Till hard'ning ev'ry where, and speechless grown,
She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a stone.
But still her envious hue and sullen mien
Are in the sedentary figure seen. 1035

EUROPA'S RAPE.

When now the god his fury had allay'd,
And taken vengeance of the stubborn maid,
From where the bright Athenian turrets rise
He mounts aloft, and re-ascends the skies,

Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes, 1040
And, as he mix'd among the crowd of gods,
Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
And in soft whispers thus his will exprest.

“ My trusty Hermes, by whose ready aid
“ Thy sire's commands are through the world con-
vey'd, 1045

“ Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force,
“ And to the walls of Sidon speed thy course ;
“ There find a herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
“ The neighb'ring hill, and drive 'em to the shore.”

Thus spoke the god, concealing his intent. 1050
The trusty Hermes on his message went,
And found the herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
A neighb'ring hill, and drove 'em to the shore ;
Where the king's daughter, with a lovely train
Of fellow-nymphs, was sporting on the plain. 1055

The dignity of empire laid aside,
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride)
The ruler of the skies, the thund'ring god,
Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran, 1060
Frisk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung.
His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
Unsully'd by the breath of southern skies ; 1065
Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
As turn'd and polish'd by the work-man's hand ;

His eye-balls roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light.
His ev'ry look was peaceful, and exprest 1070
The softness of the lover in the beast.

Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white bull survey'd,
And view'd his spotless body with delight,
And at a distance kept him in her sight. 1075
At length she pluck'd the rising flow'rs, and fed
The gentle beast, and fondly strok'd his head.
He stood well pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neighb'ring strand,
Now rolls his body on the yellow sand; 1081
And, now perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes tossing forward to the royal maid;
Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward turns
His grizly brow, and gently stoops his horns.
In flow'ry wreaths the royal virgin drest 1086
His bending horns, and kindly clapt his breast.
Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear
Not knowing that she prest the thunderer,
She plac'd herself upon his back, and rode 1090
O'er fields and meadows, seated on the god.

He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas;
Where now he dips his hoofs and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize. 1095

The frighted nymph looks backward on the shore,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
But still she holds him fast : one hand is borne
Upon his back ; the other grasps a horn :
Her train of ruffling garments flies behind, 1100
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.

Through storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
And lands her safe on the Dictean shore ;
Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
In his true shape he captivates the maid ; 1105
Who gazes on him, and with wond'ring eyes
Beholds the new majestic figure rise,
His glowing features, and celestial light,
And all the god discover'd to her sight.

The lighted nymph look backward on the shore,
 And hears the rushing billows round her roar;
 But still she holds him fast: one hand is bound
 Upon his back; the other grasps a horn
 Her train of rustling garments flies behind,
 Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.
 Through storms and tempests he the virgin bears,
 And lands her safe on the British shore;
 Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
 In his true shape he captivates the maid;
 Who gazes on him, and with wond'ring eyes
 Beholds the new majestic figure rise,
 His glowing tresses and celestial light,
 And all the god discover'd to her sight.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK III.

TRANSLATED BY MR. ADDISON.

THE STORY OF CADMUS.

WHEN now Agenor had his daughter lost,
He sent his son to search on ev'ry coast;
And sternly bid him to his arms restore
The darling maid, or see his face no more,
But live an exile in a foreign clime; 5
Thus was the father pious to a crime.

The restless youth search'd all the world around;
But how can Jove in his amours be found?
When tir'd at length with unsuccessful toil,
To shun his angry sire and native soil, 10
He goes a suppliant to the Delphic dome;
There asks the god what new-appointed home
Should end his wand'rings, and his toils relieve.
The Delphic oracles this answer give.

" Behold among the fields a lonely cow, 15
 " Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plough ;
 " Mark well the place where first she lays her down,
 " There measure out thy walls, and build thy town,
 " And from thy guide Bœotia call the land,
 " In which the destin'd walls and town shall stand."

No sooner had he left the dark abode, 21
 Big with the promise of the Delphic God,
 When in the fields the fatal cow he view'd,
 Nor gail'd with yokes, nor worn with servitude :
 Her gently at a distance he pursu'd ; 25
 And, as he walk'd aloof, in silence pray'd
 To the great pow'r whose counsels he obey'd.
 Her way through flow'ry Panopè she took,
 And now, Cephissus, cross'd thy silver brook ;
 When to the heav'ns her spacious front she rais'd, 30
 And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning gaz'd
 On those behind, till on the destin'd place
 She stoop'd, and couch'd amid the rising grass.

Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails
 The new-found mountains, and the nameless vales,
 And thanks the gods, and turns about his eye 36
 To see his new dominions round him lie ;
 Then sends his servants to a neighb'ring grove
 For living streams, a sacrifice to Jove.
 O'er the wide plain there rose a shady wood 40
 Of aged trees ; in its dark bosom stood
 A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
 O'er-run with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn :

Amidst the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round. 45

Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
Bloated with poison to a monstrous size ;
Fire broke in flashes when he glanc'd his eyes :
His tow'ring crest was glorious to behold, 50
His shoulders and his sides were scal'd with gold ;
Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his foes ;
His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.

The Tyrians in the den for water sought,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault : 55
From side to side their empty urns rebound,
And rouse the sleeping serpent with the sound.
Straight he bestirs him, and is seen to rise ;
And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,
And darts his forky tongues, and rolls his glare-
ing eyes. 60

The Tyrians drop their vessels in the fright,
All pale and trembling at the hideous sight.
Spire above spire uprear'd in air he stood,
And gazing round him, over-look'd the wood :
Then floating on the ground in circles roll'd ; 65
Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.

Of such a bulk, and such a monst'rous size,
The serpent in the polar circle lies,
That stretches over half the northern skies. }
In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely, 70
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly :

All their endeavours and their hopes are vain ;
Some die entangl'd in the winding train ;
Some are devour'd, or feel a loathsome death,
Swoln up with blasts of pestilential breath. 75

And now the scorching sun was mounted high,
In all its lustre, to the noon-day sky ;
When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
To search the woods th' impatient chief prepares.
A lion's hide around his loins he wore, 80
The well-poiz'd jav'lin to the field he bore
Inur'd to blood ; the far-destroying dart ;
And, the best weapon, an undaunted heart.

Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
He saw his servants breathless on the grass ; 85
The scaly foe amid their corps he view'd,
Basking at ease, and feasting in their blood.
“ Such friends, he cries, deserv'd a longer date ;
“ But Cadmus will revenge or share their fate.
Then heav'd a stone, and rising to the throw, 90
He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe :
A tow'r assaulted by so rude a stroke,
With all its lofty battlements had shook ;
But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounding harmless from the plated scales, 95
That, firmly join'd, preserv'd him from a wound,
With native armour crusted all around.
With more success, the dart unerring flew,
Which at his back the raging warrior threw ;

Amid the plated scales it took its course, 100
And in the spinal marrow spent its force.
The monster hiss'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,
And writh'd his body to and fro with pain;
He bit the dart, and wrench'd the wood away.
The point still buried in the marrow lay. 105
And now his rage, increasing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in ev'ry vein;
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom rose,
Whilst from his mouth a blast of vapours flows,
Such as th' infernal Stygian waters cast; 110
The plants around him wither in the blast.
Now in a maze of rings he lies enroll'd,
Now all unravel'd, and without a fold;
Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
Bears down the forest in his boist'rous course. 115
Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's spoil
Sustain'd the shock, then forc'd him to recoil;
The pointed jav'lin warded off his rage:
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear,
'Till blood and venom all the point besmear. 121
But still the hurt he yet receiv'd was slight;
For, whilst the champion with redoubled might
Strikes home the jav'lin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow.
The dauntless hero still pursues his stroke, 126
And presses forward, 'till a knotty oak

Retards his foe, and stops him in the rear ;
Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal spear,
That in th' extended neck a passage found, 130
And pierc'd the solid timber through the wound.
Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
Of his huge tail, he lash'd the sturdy oak ;
Till spent with toil, and lab'ring hard for breath,
He now lay twisting in the pangs of death. 135

Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of swimming poison, intermix'd with blood ;
When suddenly a speech was heard from high,
(The speech was heard, nor was the speaker nigh)
" Why dost thou thus with secret pleasure see, 140
" Insulting man ! what thou thyself shalt be ?"
Astonish'd at the voice, he stood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horror gaz'd :
When Pallas swift descending from the skies,
Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wise, 145
Bids him plough up the field, and scatter round
The dragon's teeth o'er ail the furrow'd ground ;
Then tells the youth how to his wond'ring eyes
Embattled armies from the field should rise.

He sows the teeth at Pallas's command, 150
And flings the future people from his hand.
The clods grow warm, and crumble where he sows ;
And now the pointed spears advance in rows ;
Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts ; 155

O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
A growing host, a crop of men and arms.

So through the parting stage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears
By just degrees; 'till all the man arise, 160
And in his full proportion strikes the eyes.

Cadmus surpriz'd, and startled at the sight
Of his new foes, prepar'd himself for fight:
When one cry'd out, "Forbear, fond man, forbear
"To mingle in a blind promiscuous war." 165
This said, he struck his brother to the ground,
Himself expiring by another's wound;
Nor did the third his conquest long survive,
Dying e'er scarce he had begun to live.

The dire example ran through all the field, 170
'Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd,
The furrows swam in blood: and only five
Of all the vast increase were left alive.
Echion one, at Pallas's command,
Let fall the guiltless weapon from his hand, 175
And with the rest a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes:
So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new Bœotian empire birth. 179

Here Cadmus reign'd; and now one would have
The royal founder in his exile blest: [guest
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Ally'd by marriage to the deathless gods;

And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
 A long increase of children's children told : 185
 But no frail man, however great or high
 Can be concluded blest before he die.

Actæon was the first of all his race,
 Who griev'd his grandsire in his borrow'd face ;
 Condemn'd by stern Diana to bemoan 190
 The branching horns, and visage not his own ;
 To shun his once lov'd dogs, to bound away,
 And from their huntsman to become their prey.
 And yet consider why the change was wrought,
 You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault ; 195
 Or, if a fault, it was the fault of chance :
 For how can guilt proceed from ignorance ?

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ACTÆON INTO A STAG.

In a fair chace a shady mountain stood, 198
 Well stor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of
 Here did the huntsmen, 'till the heat of day [blood.
 Pursue the stag, and load themselves with prey ;
 When thus Actæon calling to the rest :
 " My friends, says he, our sport is at the best.
 " The sun is high advanc'd, and downward sheds
 " His burning beams directly on our heads ; 205
 " Then by consent abstain from further spoils,
 " Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils ;
 " And e'er to-morrow's sun begins his race,
 " Take the cool morning to renew the chace."

They all consent, and in a chearful train 210
The jolly huntsmen, loaden with the slain,
Return in triumph from the sultry plain. }

Down in a vale with pine and cypress clad,
Refresh'd with gentle winds, and brown with shade,
The chaste Diana's private haunt, there stood 215
Full in the centre of the darksome wood
A spacious grotto, all around o'er-grown
With hoary moss, and arch'd with pumice-stone.
From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
And trickling swell into a lake below. 220

Nature had every where so play'd her part,
That ev'ry where she seem'd to vie with art.
Here the bright goddess, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.

Here did she now with all her train resort, 225
Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport ;
Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside,
Some loos'd her sandals, some her veil unty'd ;
Each busy nymph her proper part undrest ;
While Crocale, more handy than the rest, 230
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a noose
Bound it together, whilst her own hung loose.
Five of the more ignoble sort by turns
Fetch up the water, and unlade the urns.

Now all undrest the shining goddess stood, 235
When young Actæon, wilder'd in the wood,
To the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd,
The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs survey'd.

The frighted virgins shriek'd at the surprize,
(The forest echo'd with their piercing cries) 240
Then in a huddle round their goddess prest :
She, proudly eminent above the rest,
With blushes glow'd ; such blushes as adorn
The ruddy welkin, or the purple morn ;
And tho' the crouding nymphs her body hide, 245
Half backward shrunk, and view'd him from aside.
Surpriz'd, at first she would have snatch'd her bow,
But sees the circling waters round her flow ;
These in the hollow of her hand she took,
And dash'd 'em in his face, while thus she spoke : 250
“ Tell if thou can'st the wond'rous sight disclos'd,
“ A goddess naked to thy view expos'd.”

This said, the man begun to disappear
By slow degrees, and ended in a deer.
A rising horn on either brow he wears, 255
And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears ;
Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'er-grown,
His bosom pants with fears before unknown :
Transform'd at length, he flies away in haste,
And wonders why he flies away so fast. 260
But as by chance, within a neighb'ring brook,
He saw his branching horns and alter'd look,
Wretched Actæon ! in a doleful tone
He try'd to speak, but only gave a groan ;
And as he wept, within the wat'ry glass, 265
He saw the big round drops, with silent pace,
Run trickling down a savage hairy face. }

What should he do? Or seek his old abodes,
 Or herd among the deer, and skulk in woods!
 Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails, 270
 And each by turns his aking heart assails.

As he thus ponders, he behind him spies
 His op'ning hounds, and now he hears their cries:
 A gen'rous pack, or to maintain the chace,
 Or snuff the vapour from the scented grass. 275

He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
 O'er craggy mountains, and the flow'ry plain;
 Through brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
 Through many a ring, where once he did pursue.
 In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim 280

His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
 Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies;
 From shouting men, and horns, and dogs he flies,
 Deafen'd and stunn'd with their promiscuous cries. }

When now the fleetest of the pack, that prest 285
 Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest,
 Had fasten'd on him, straight another pair,

Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,
 'Till all the pack came up, and ev'ry hound 289
 Tore the sad hunstman grov'ling on the ground,
 Who now appear'd but one continu'd wound. }

With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
 And fills the mountains with his dying groans.

His servants with a piteous look he spies,
 And turns about his supplicating eyes. 295

His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
 With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,
 And call'd their lord Actæon to the game :
 He shook his head in answer to the name ;
 He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone, 300
 Or only to have stood a looker on.
 But to his grief he finds himself too near,
 And feels his rav'nous dogs with fury tear
 Their wretched master panting in a deer. }

THE BIRTH OF BACCHUS.

Actæon's suff'rings, and Diana's rage, 305
 Did all the the thoughts of men and gods engage ;
 Some call'd the evils, which Diana wrought,
 Too great, and disproportion'd to the fault ;
 Others again, esteem'd Actæon's woes
 Fit for a virgin goddess to impose. 310
 The hearers into diff'rent parts divide,
 And reasons are produc'd on either side.

Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
 Nor would condemn the goddess, nor excuse :
 She heeded not the justice of the deed, 315
 But joy'd to see the race of Cadmus bleed ;
 For still she kept Europa in her mind,
 And, for her sake, detested all her kind.
 Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard
 How Semele, to Jove's embrace preferr'd, 320
 Was now grown big with an immortal load,
 And carry'd in her womb a future god.

Thus terribly incens'd, the goddess broke
To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke :

“ Are my reproaches of so small a force ? 325

“ 'Tis time I then pursue another course :

“ It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,

“ If I'm indeed the mistress of the sky,

“ If rightly styl'd among the pow'rs above

“ The wife and sister of the thund'ring Jove ; 330

“ (And none can sure a sister's right deny)

“ It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,

“ She boasts an honour I can hardly claim,

“ Pregnant she rises to a mother's name ;

“ While proud and vain she triumphs in her Jove,

“ And shows the glorious tokens of his love : 336

“ But if I'm still the mistress of the skies,

“ By her own lover the fond beauty dies.”

This said, descending in a yellow cloud,

Before the gates of Semele she stood. 340

Old Beroe's decrepit shape she wears,

Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs ;

Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,

And learns to tattle in the nurse's tone.

The goddess, thus disguis'd in age, beguil'd 345

With pleasing stories her false foster-child.

Much did she talk of love, and when she came

To mention to the nymph her lover's name,

Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,

“ 'Tis well, says she, if all be true that's said. 350

“ But trust me, child, I’m much inclin’d to fear
“ Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.
“ Many an honest well-designing maid
“ Has been by these pretended gods betray’d.
“ But if he be indeed the thund’ring Jove, 355
“ Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
“ Descend triumphant from th’ etherial sky,
“ In all the pomp of his divinity,
“ Encompas’d round by those celestial charms,
“ With which he fills th’ immortal Juno’s arms,” 360
Th’ unwary nymph, ensnar’d with what she said,
Desir’d of Jove, when next he sought her bed,
To grant a certain gift which she would chuse;
“ Fear not, reply’d the god, that I’ll refuse 364
“ Whate’er you ask : may Styx confirm my voice,
“ Chuse what you will, and you shall have your
choice.”
“ Then, says the nymph, when next you seek my
arms,
“ May you descend in those celestial charms,
“ With which your Juno’s bosom you enflame, 369
“ And fill with transport heav’n’s immortal dame.”
The god surpriz’d would fain have stopp’d her voice,
But he had sworn, and she had made her choice.
To keep his promise he ascends, and shrouds
His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds;
Whilst all around, in terrible array, 375
His thunders rattle, and his light’nings play.

And yet, the dazzling lustre to abate,
He set not out in all his pomp and state,
Clad in the mildest light'ning of the skies,
And arm'd with thunder of the smallest size : 380
Not those huge bolts, by which the giants slain
Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain.
'Twas of a lesser mould, and lighter weight ;
They call it thunder of a second-rate.
For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command 385
Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
Work'd up less flame and fury in its make,
And quench'd it sooner in the standing lake.
Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,
Th' illustrious god, descending from his height,
Came rushing on her in a storm of light. 391 }

The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The light'nings flashes, and the thunder's rage,
Consum'd amidst the glories she desir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd. 395

But, to preserve his offspring from the tomb,
Jove took him smoking from the blasted womb ;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Inclos'd th' abortive infant in his thigh.
Here when the babe had all his time fulfill'd, 400
Ino first took him for her foster-child ;
Then the Niseans, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd secretly with milk the thriving god.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF TIRESIAS.

'Twas now, while these transactions past on earth,
 And Bacchus thus procur'd a second birth, 405
 When Jove, dispos'd to lay aside the weight
 Of public empire, and the cares of state,
 As to his queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd :

" In troth, says he, and as he spoke he laugh'd,
 " The sense of pleasure in the male is far 410
 " More dull and dead, than what you females share :"
 Juno the truth of what was said deny'd ;
 Tiresias therefore must the cause decide,
 For he the pleasure of each sex had try'd. }

It happen'd once, within a shady wood, 415
 Two twisted snakes he in conjunction view'd,
 When with his staff their slimy folds he broke,
 And lost his manhood at the fatal stroke.

But, after sev'n revolving years he view'd
 The self same serpents in the self-same wood ; 420

" And if, says he, such virtue in you lie,
 " That he who dares your slimy folds untie
 " Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll try." }

Again he struck the snakes, and stood again
 New-sex'd, and straight recovered into man. 425

Him, therefore both the deities create
 The sov'reign umpire, in their grand debate ;
 And he declar'd for Jove : When Juno fir'd,
 More than so trivial an affair requir'd,

Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his sight, 430
And left him groping round in sudden night.
But Jove (for so it is in heav'n decreed,
That no one god repeal another's deed)
Irradiates all his soul with inward light, 434
And with the prophet's art relieves the want of sight.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ECHO.

Fam'd far and near for knowing things to come,
From him th' enquiring nations sought their doom;
The fair Liriope his answers try'd,
And first th' unerring prophet justify'd.
This nymph the god Cephissus had abus'd, 440
With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
And on the Nereid got a lovely boy,
Whom the soft maids ev'n then beheld with joy.

The tender dame, solicitous to know
Whether her child should reach old age or no, 445
Consults the sage Tiresias, who replies,
"If e'er he knows himself, he surely dies."
Long liv'd the dubious mother in suspence,
'Till time unriddled all the prophet's sense.

Narcissus now his sixteenth year began, 450
Just turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
Many a friend the blooming youth caress'd,
Many a love-sick maid her flame confess'd:
Such was his pride, in vain the friend caress'd.
The love-sick maid in vain her flame confess'd. 455

Once, in the woods, as he pursu'd the chace,
The babbling Echo had descry'd his face ;
She, who in other's words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.
Echo was then a maid, of speech bereft, 460
Of wonted speech ; for tho' her voice was left,
Juno a curse did on her tongue impose,
To sport with ev'ry sentence in the close.
Full often when the goddess might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault, 465
This nymph with subtle stories would delay
Her coming, 'till the lovers slipp'd away.
The goddess found out the deceit in time,
And then she cry'd, " That tongue, for this thy crime,
" Which could so many subtle tales produce, 470
" Shall be hereafter but of little use."
Hence 'tis, she prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic sounds, and accents not her own.

This love-sick virgin, over-joy'd to find
The boy alone, still follow'd him behind ; 475
When glowing warmly at her near approach,
As sulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
She long'd her hidden passion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not words to tell :
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound, 480
To catch his voice, and to return the sound.

The nymph, when nothing could Narcissus move,
Still dash'd with blushes for her slighted love,

Liv'd in the shady covert of the woods,
 In solitary caves and dark abodes; 485
 Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
 'Till harrass'd out, and worn away with care,
 The sounding skeleton, of blood bereft,
 Besides her bones and voice had nothing left.
 Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found 490
 In vaults, where still it doubles ev'ry sound.

THE STORY OF NARCISSUS.

Thus did the nymphs in vain caress the boy,
 He still was lovely, but he still was coy;
 When one fair virgin of the slighted train
 Thus pray'd the gods, provok'd by his disdain, 495
 "Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!" }
 Rhamnusia pity'd the neglected fair,
 And with just vengeance answer'd to her pray'r.

There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
 Nor stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud; 500
 Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
 Unsully'd by the touch of men or beasts;
 High bow'rs of shady trees above it grow,
 And rising grass and chearful greens below.
 Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place, 505
 And over-heated by the morning chace,
 Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies:
 But whilst within the chrystal fount he tries }
 To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise. }

For as his own bright image he survey'd, 510
He fell in love with the fantastic shade;
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.
The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,
The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes; 515
The hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow;
With all the purple youthfulness of face,
That gently blushes in the wat'ry glass;
By his own flames consum'd the lover lies, 520
And gives himself the wound by which he dies.
To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
His arms, as often from himself he slips.
Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue 525
With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.

What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?
What kindle in thee this unpity'd love?
Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes,
Its empty being on thy self relies; 531
Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.

Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he stood, }
Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food. }
Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd. }
At length he rais'd his head, and thus began 536
To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain.

- “ You trees, says he, and thou surrounding grove,
“ Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,
“ Tell me, if e’er within your shades did lie 540
“ A youth so tortur’d, so perplex’d as I ?
“ I, who before me see the charming fair,
“ Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there :
“ In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost ;
“ And yet no bulwark’d town, nor distant coast,
“ Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen, 546
“ No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.
“ A shallow water hinders my embrace ;
“ And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
“ That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join 550
“ My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
“ Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,
“ Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
“ My charms an easy conquest have obtain’d
“ O’er other hearts, by thee alone disdain’d. 555
“ But why should I despair ? I’m sure he burns
“ With equal flames, and languishes by turns.
“ When e’er I stoop he offers at a kiss,
“ And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his.
“ His eye with pleasure on my face he keeps, 560
“ He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps.
“ When e’er I speak, his moving lips appear
“ To utter something, which I cannot hear.
“ Ah wretched me ! I now begin too late
“ To find out all the long-perplex’d deceit : 565

- " It is myself I love, myself I see ;
" The gay delusion is a part of me.
" I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
" And my own beauties from the well return.
" Whom should I court? how utter my complaint! }
" Enjoyment but produces my restraint, 571 }
" And too much plenty makes me die for want. }
" How gladly would I from myself remove !
" And at a distance set the thing I love.
" My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire, 575
" I wish him absent whom I most desire.
" And now I faint with grief ; my fate draws nigh ;
" In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
" Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve :
" Oh might the visionary youth survive, 580
" I should with joy my latest breath resign !
" But oh ! I see his fate involv'd in mine."

This said, the weeping youth again return'd
To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd ;
His tears defac'd the surface of the well, 585
With circle after circle, as they fell :
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O'er-run with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
" Ah whither, cries Narcissus, dost thou fly ?
" Let me still feed the flame by which I die ; 590
" Let me still see, tho' I'm no further blest."
Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast :
His naked bosom redden'd with the blow,
In such a blush as purple clusters show,

E're yet the sun's autumnal heats refine 595

Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.

The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,

And with a new redoubled passion dies.

As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,

And trickle into drops before the sun; 600

So melts the youth, and languishes away,

His beauty withers, and his limbs decay;

And none of those attractive charms remain,

To which the slighted Echo su'd in vain.

She saw him in his present misery, 605

Whom, spight of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see.

She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,

Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to ev'ry groan:

" Ah youth! belov'd in vain, Narcissus cries;

" Ah youth! belov'd in vain, the nymph replies.

" Farewell, says he;" the parting sound scarce fell 611

From his faint lips, but she reply'd, " Farewel."

Then on th' unwholesome earth he gasping lies,

Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.

To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires, 615

And in the Stygian waves itself admires.

For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,

Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn,

And now the sister-nymphs prepare his urn: }

When, looking for his corps, they only found 620

A rising stalk, with yellow blossoms crown'd.

THE STORY OF PENTHEUS.

This sad event gave blind Tiresias fame,
Through Greece establish'd in a prophet's name.

Th' unhallow'd Pentheus only durst deride
The cheated people, and their eyeless guide. 625
To whom the prophet in his fury said,
Shaking the hoary honours of his head; [thee
" 'Twere well, presumptuous man, 'twere well for
" If thou wert eyeless too, and blind like me:
" For the time comes, nay 'tis already here, 630
" When the young god's solemnities appear:
" Which, if thou dost not with just rites adorn,
" Thy impious carcase, into pieces torn,
" Shall strew the woods, and hang on ev'ry thorn. }
" Then, then, remember what I now foretel, 635
" And own the blind Tiresias saw too well."

Still Pentheus scorns him, and derides his skill,
But time did all the prophet's threats fulfil.
For now through prostrate Greece young Bacchus rode,
Whilst howling matrons celebrate the god. 640
All ranks and sexes to his orgies ran,
To mingle in the pomps, and fill the train.
When Pentheus thus his wicked rage express'd;
" What madness, Thebans, has your souls possess'd?
" Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout, 645
" And the lewd clamours of a beastly rout,
" Thus quell your courage? can the weak alarm
" Of women's yells, those stubborn souls disarm,

“ Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e’er could fright,
“ Nor the loud din and horror of a fight? 650
“ And you our sires, who left your old abodes,
“ And fix’d in foreign earth your country gods;
“ Will you without a stroke your city yield,
“ And poorly quit an undisputed field?
“ But you, whose youth and vigour should inspire
“ Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire, 656
“ Whom burnish’d arms and crested helmets grace,
“ Not flow’ry garlands and a painted face;
“ Remember him to whom you stand ally’d:
“ The serpent for his well of waters dy’d. 660
“ He fought the strong; do you his courage show,
“ And gain a conquest o’er a feeble foe.
“ If Thebes must fall, oh might the fates afford
“ A nobler doom from famine, fire, or sword.
“ Then might the Thebans perish with renown:
“ But now a beardless victor sacks the town; 666
“ Whom nor the prancing steed, nor pond’rous shield
“ Nor the hack’d helmet, nor the dusty field,
“ But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
“ The purple vests, and flow’ry garlands please.
“ Stand then aside, I’ll make the counterfeit 671
“ Renounce his god-head, and confess the cheat.
“ Acrisius from the Grecian walls repell’d [yield?
“ This boasted pow’r; why then should Pentheus
“ Go quickly, drag th’ impostor boy to me; 675
“ I’ll try the force of his divinity.”

Thus did th' audacious wretch those rites profane;
His friends dissuade th' audacious wretch in vain;
In vain his grandsire urg'd him to give o'er
His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.

So have I seen a river gently glide, 681
In a smooth course, and inoffensive tide;
But if with dams its current we restrain,
It bears down all, and foams along the plain.

But now his servants came besmear'd with blood,
Sent by their haughty prince to seize the god; 686
The god they found not in the frantic throng,
But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

THE MARINERS TRANSFORMED TO DOLPHINS.

Him Pentheus view'd with fury in his look, 689
And scarce withheld his hands, while thus he spoke;
" Vile slave! whom speedy vengeance shall pursue,
" And terrify thy base seditious crew;
" Thy country and thy parentage reveal,
" And, why thou join'st in these mad orgies, tell."

The captive views him with undaunted eyes, 695
And arm'd with inward innocence, replies.

" From high Meonia's rocky shores I came,
" Of poor descent, Acætes is my name:
" My sire was meanly born; no oxen plough'd
" His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low'd, 700
" His whole estate within the waters lay;
" With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey:

- “ His art was all his livelihood ; which he
“ Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me ;
“ In streams, my boy, and rivers take thy chance ;
“ There swims, said he, thy whole inheritance. 706
“ Long did I live on this poor legacy ;
“ Till tir'd with rocks, and my old native sky,
“ To arts of navigation I inclin'd ;
“ Observ'd the turns and changes of the wind ; 710
“ Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
“ The stormy Hyades, the rainy goat,
“ The bright Taygete, and the shining bears,
“ With all the sailor's catalogue of stars.
“ Once, as by chance for Delos I design'd, 715
“ My vessel driv'n by a strong gust of wind,
“ Moor'd in a Chian creek ; ashore I went,
“ And all the following night in Chios spent.
“ When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring
“ Supplies of water from a neighb'ring spring, 720
“ Whilst I the motion of the winds explor'd ;
“ Then summon'd in my crew, and went aboard.
“ Opheltes heard my summons, and with joy
“ Brought to the shore a soft and lovely boy,
“ With more than female sweetness in his look, 725
“ Whom straggling in the neighb'ring fields he took.
“ With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
“ And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.

- " I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
 " Each heav'nly feature, each immortal grace,
 " And saw divinity in all his face. 731 }
 " I know not who, said I, this god should be;
 " But that he is a god I plainly see :
 " And thou, whoe'er thou art, excuse the force
 " These men have us'd ; and oh befriend our course!
 " Pray not for us, the nimble Dictys cry'd, 736 }
 " Dictys, that could the main top-mast bestride,
 " And down the ropes with active vigour slide. }
 " To the same purpose old Epopeus spoke,
 " Who over-look'd the oars, and tim'd the stroke ;
 " The same the pilot, and the same the rest ; 741
 " Such impious avarice their souls possess.
 " Nay, heav'n forbid that I should bear away
 " Within my vessel so divine a prey,
 " Said I; and stood to hinder their intent : 745 }
 " When Lycabas, a wretch for murder sent
 " From Tuscany, to suffer banishment, }
 " With his clinch'd fist had struck me overboard,
 " Had not my hands in falling grasp'd a cord,
 " His base confederates the fact approve ; 750
 " When Bacchus, (for 'twas he) begun to move,
 " Wak'd by the noise and clamours which they rais'd;
 " And shook his drowsy limbs, and round him gaz'd :
 " What means this noise ? he cries ; am I betray'd !
 " Ah ; whither, whither must I be convey'd ? 755
 " Fear not, said Proteus, child, but tell us where
 " You wish to land, and trust our friendly care,

- ‘ To Naxos then direct your course, said he;
‘ Naxos a hospitable port shall be
‘ To each of you, a joyful home to me. 760 }
“ By ev’ry god, that rules the sea or sky,
“ The perjur’d villains promise to comply,
“ And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.
“ With eager joy I launch into the deep;
“ And heedless of the fraud, for Naxos stand. 765
“ They whisper oft, and beckon with the hand,
“ And give me signs, all anxious for their prey,
“ To tack about, and steer another way.
‘ Then let some other to my post succeed,
‘ Said I, I’m guiltless of so foul a deed. 770
‘ What, says Ethalion, must the ship’s whole crew
‘ Follow your humour, and depend on you?
“ And strait himself he seated at the prore,
“ And tack’d about, and sought another shore.
“ The beauteous youth now found himself be-
“ tray’d, 775 }
“ And from the deck the rising waves survey’d,
“ And seem’d to weep, and as he wept he said : }
‘ And do you thus my easy faith beguile?
‘ Thus do you bear me to my native isle?
‘ Will such a multitude of men employ 780
‘ Their strength against a weak defenceless boy?
“ In vain did I the god-like youth deplore,
“ The more I begg’d, they thwarted me the more.
“ And now by all the gods in heav’n that hear
“ This solemn oath, by Bacchus self, I swear, 785

- “ The mighty miracle that did ensue,
“ Although it seems beyond belief, is true.
“ The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
“ Unmov'd by all the beating billows stood.
“ In vain the mariners would plow the main, 790
“ With sails unfurl'd, and strike their oars in vain ;
“ Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
“ And climbs the mast, and hides the cords in leaves :
“ The sails are cover'd with a chearful green,
“ And berries in the fruitful canvas seen. 795
“ Amidst the waves a sudden forest rears
“ Its verdant head, and a new spring appears.
“ The god we now behold with open'd eyes ;
“ A herd of spotted panthers round him lies
“ In glaring forms ; the grapy clusters spread 800
“ On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
“ And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
“ My mates, surpris'd with madness or with fear,
“ Leap'd overboard ; first perjur'd Madon found
“ Rough scales and fins his stiff'ning sides surround ;
“ Ah what, cries one, has thus transform'd thy
“ look ! 806
“ Strait his own mouth grew wider as he spoke ;
“ And now himself he views with like surprise.
“ Still at his oar th' industrious Libys plies ;
“ But, as he plies, each busy arm shrinks in, 810
“ And by degrees is fashion'd to a fin.
“ Another as he catches at a cord,
“ Misses his arms, and, tumbling over-board,

“ With his broad fins and forky tail he laves
“ The rising surge, and flounces in the waves. 815
“ Thus all my crew transform'd around the ship,
“ Or dive below, or on the surface leap,
“ And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
“ Full nineteen sailors did the ship convey,
“ A shoal of nineteen dolphins round her play. 820
“ I only in my proper shape appear,
“ Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear,
“ Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more.
“ With him I landed on the Chian shore,
“ And him shall ever gratefully adore.” 825
“ This forging slave, says Pentheus, would prevail,
“ O'er our just fury by a far fetch'd tale :
“ Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
“ And in the tortures of the rack expire.”
Th' officious servants hurry him away, 830
And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.
But, whilst the whips and torture are prepar'd,
The gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd ;
At liberty th' unfetter'd captive stands,
And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands. 835

THE DEATH OF PENTHEUS.

But Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
But went himself to the distracted throng,
Where high Cithæron echo'd with their song,

And as the fiery war-horse paws the ground, 840
 And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound;
 Transported thus he heard the frantic rout,
 And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.

A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
 Level and wide, and skirted round with wood; 845
 Here the rash Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
 The howling dames and mystic Orgies spies,
 His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
 And kindled into madness as she view'd:
 Her leafy jav'ling at her son she cast, 850
 And cries, "The boar that lays our country waste
 "The boar, my sisters! aim the fatal dart,
 "And strike the brindled monster to the heart."

Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal sound,
 And sees the yelling matrons gath'ring round; 855
 He sees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
 And begs for mercy, and repents too late.

"Help, help! my aunt Autonoe, he cry'd;
 "Remember, how your own Actæon dy'd."
 Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops 860
 One stretch'd out arm, the other Ino lops.

In vain does Pentheus to his mother sue,
 And the raw bleeding stumps presents to view:
 His mother howl'd; and, heedless of his pray'r,
 Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair, 865
 "And this," she cry'd, "shall be Agave's share."
 When from his neck the struggling head she tore,
 And in her hands the ghastly visage bore.

With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey;
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
As starting in the pangs of death it lay. 871

Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,
Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal blasts,
With such a sudden death lay Pentheus slain,
And in a thousand pieces strow'd the plain. 875

By so distinguishing a judgment aw'd,
The Thebans tremble, and confess the god.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK IV.

BY MR. EUSDEN.

THE STORY OF ALCITHÖE AND HER SISTERS.

YET still Alcithöe perverse remains,
And Bacchus still, and all his rites disdains.
Too rash and madly bold, she bids him prove
Himself a god, nor owns the son of Jove.
Her sisters too unanimous agree, 5
Faithful associates in impiety.

Be this a solemn feast, the priest had said,
Be, with each mistress, unemploy'd each maid.
With skins of beasts your tender limbs enclose,
And with an ivy-crown adorn your brows. 10
The leafy Thyrsus high in triumph bear,
And give your locks to wanton in the air.

These rites profan'd, the holy seer foreshow'd
A mournful people, and a vengeful god.

Matrons, and pious wives obedience show, 15
Distaffs, and wool, half-spun, away they throw :
Then incense burn, and, Bacchus, thee adore,
Or lov'st thou Nyseus, or Lyæus more ?
O ! doubly got, O ! doubly born, they sung,
Thou mighty Bromius, hail, from light'ningsprung ! 20
Hail, Thyon ! Eleleus ! each name is thine :
Or listen, Parent of the genial vine !
Iacchus ! Evøe ! loudly they repeat,
And not one Grecian attribute forget,
Which to thy praise, great deity, belong, 25
Stil'd justly Liber in the Roman song.
Eternity of youth is thine ! enjoy
Years roll'd on years, yet still a blooming boy.
In heav'n thou shin'st with a superior grace ;
Conceal thy horns, and 'tis a virgin's face. 30
Thou taught'st the tawny Indian to obey,
And Ganges, smoothly flowing, own'd thy sway.
Lycurgus, Pentheus, equally profane,
By thy just vengeance equally were slain.
By thee the Tuscans, who conspir'd to keep 35
Thee captive, plung'd, and cut with fins the deep ;
With painted reins, all-glitt'ring from afar,
The spotted Lynxes proudly draw thy car.
Around, the Bacchæ, and the satyrs throng ;
Behind, Silenus, drunk, lags slow along : 40
On his dull ass he nods from side to side,
Forbears to fall, yet half forgets to ride.

Still at thy near approach, applauses loud
Are heard, with yellings of the female croud.
Timbrels, and boxen pipes, with mingled cries, 45
Swell up in sounds confus'd, and rend the skies.
Come, Bacchus, come propitious, all implore,
And act thy sacred orgies o'er and o'er.

But Mineus' daughters, while these rites were pay'd,
At home, impertinently busy, stay'd. 50
Their wicked tasks they ply with various art,
And through the loom the sliding shuttle dart;
Or at the fire to comb the wool they stand,
Or twirl the spindle with a dext'rous hand.
Guilty themselves, they force the guiltless in; 55
Their maids, who share the labour, share the sin.
At last one sister cries, who nimbly knew
To draw nice threads, and wind the finest clue,
While others idly rove, and gods revere,
Their fancy'd gods! they know not who, or where;
Let us, whom Pallas taught her better arts, 61
Still working, cheer with mirthful chat our hearts,
And to deceive the time, let me prevail
With each by turns, to tell some antique tale.
She said: her sisters lik'd the humour well, 65
And smiling, bade her the first story tell.
But she awhile profoundly seem'd to muse,
Perplex'd amid variety to chuse:
And knew not, whether she should first relate
The poor Dircetis, and her wond'rous fate. 70

The Palestines believe it to a man,
And show the lake, in which her scales began.
Or if she rather should the daughter sing,
Who in the hoary verge of life took wing ;
Who soar'd from earth, and dwelt in tow'rs on
high,

And now a dove, she flits along the sky.
Or how lewd Naïs, when her lust was cloy'd,
To fishes turn'd the youths, she had enjoy'd,
By pow'rful verse, and herbs ; effect most strange !
At last the changer shar'd herself the change. 80
Or how the tree, which once white berries bore,
Still crimson bears, since stain'd with crimson gore.
The tree was new ; she likes it, and begins
To tell the tale, and as she tells, she spins.

THE STORY OF PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

In Babylon, where first her queen, for state 85
Rais'd walls of brick magnificently great,
Liv'd Pyramus, and Thisbe, lovely pair !
He found no eastern youth his equal there, }
And she beyond the fairest nymph was fair. }
A closer neighbourhood was never known, 90
Tho' two the houses, yet the roof was one.
Acquaintance grew, th' acquaintance they improve
To friendship, friendship ripen'd into love :
Love had been crown'd, but impotently mad,
What parents could not hinder, they forbade. 95

For with fierce flames young Pyramus still burn'd,
And grateful Thisbe's flames as fierce return'd.

Aloud in words their thoughts they dare not break
But silent stand, and silent looks can speak.

The fire of love the more it is suppress, 100

The more it glows, and rages in the breast.

When the division-wall was built, a chink
Was left, the cement unobserv'd to shrink.

So slight the cranny, that it still had been

For centuries unclos'd, because unseen. 105

But oh! what thing so small, so secret lies,

Which 'scapes, if form'd for love, a lover's eyes?

Ev'n in this narrow chink they quickly found

A friendly passage for a trackless sound.

Safely they told their sorrows and their joys, 110

In whisper'd murmurs, and a dying noise.

By turns to catch each other's breath they strove,

And suck'd in all the balmy breeze of love.

Oft as on diff'rent sides they stood, they cry'd,

Malicious wall, thus lovers to divide! 115

Suppose, thou should'st awhile to us give place

To lock, and fasten in a close embrace:

But if too much to grant so sweet a bliss,

Indulge at least the pleasure of a kiss.

We scorn ingratitude: To thee, we know, 120

This safe conveyance of our minds we owe.

Thus they their vain petition did renew
Till night, and then they softly sigh'd adieu.

But first they strove to kiss, and that was all;
Their kisses dy'd untasted on the wall. 125
Soon as the morn had o'er the stars prevail'd,
And warn'd by Phœbus, flow'rs their dew's exhal'd,
'The lovers to their well-known place return,
Alike they suffer, and alike they mourn.
At last their parents they resolve to cheat, 130
(If to deceive in love be call'd deceit)
To steal by night from home, and thence unknown
To seek the fields, and quit th' unfaithful town.
But to prevent their wand'ring in the dark,
They both agree to fix upon a mark; 135
A mark that could not their designs expose:
The tomb of Ninus was the mark they chose;
There they might rest secure beneath the shade,
Which boughs, with snowy fruit encumber'd, made:
A wide-spread mulberry its rise had took 140
Just on the margin of a gurgling brook.
Impatient for the friendly dusk they stay;
And chide the slowness of departing day;
In western seas down sunk at last the light,
From western seas up-rose the shades of night. 145
The loving Thisbe ev'n prevents the hour,
With cautious silence she unlocks the door,
And veils her face, and marching thro' the gloom
Swiftly arrives at th' assignation tomb.
For still the fearful sex can fearless prove; 150
Boldly they act, if spirited by love.

When lo! a lioness rush'd o'er the plain,
Grimly besmear'd with blood of oxen slain :
And what to the dire sight new horrors brought,
To slake her thirst the neighb'ring spring she sought.
Which, by the moon, when trembling Thisbe spies, 156
Wing'd with her fear, swift, as the wind, she flies;
And in a cave recovers from her fright,
But dropp'd her veil, confounded in her flight.
When sated with repeated draughts, again 160
The queen of beasts scour'd back along the plain.
She found the veil, and mouthing it all o'er.
With bloody jaws the lifeless prey she tore.

Theyouth, who could not cheat his guards so soon,
Late came, and noted by the glimm'ring moon 165
Some savage feet, new printed on the ground,
His cheeks turn'd pale, his limbs no vigour found :
But, when advancing on, the veil he spied
Distain'd with blood, and ghastly torn, he cried,
One night shall death to two young lovers give, 170
But she deserv'd unnumber'd years to live !
'Tis I am guilty, I have thee betray'd,
Who came not early, as my charming maid.
Whatever slew thee, I the cause remain,
I nam'd, and fix'd the place, where thou wast slain.
Ye lions from your neighb'ring dens repair, 176
Pity the wretch, this impious body tear !
But cowards thus for death can idly cry ;
The brave still have it in their pow'r to die.

Then to th' appointed tree he hastes away, 180
The veil first gather'd, tho' all rent it lay :
The veil all rent, yet still itself endears,
He kist, and kissing, wash'd it with his tears.
Tho' rich (he cry'd) with many a precious stain,
Still from my blood a deeper tincture gain. 185
Then in his breast his shining sword he drown'd,
And fell supine, extended on the ground.
As out again the blade he dying drew,
Out spun the blood, and streaming upwards flew.
So if a conduit pipe e'er burst you saw, 190
Swift spring the gushing waters through the flaw :
Then spouting in a bow, they rise on high,
And a new fountain plays amid the sky.
The berries, stain'd with blood, began to show
A dark complexion, and forgot their snow ; 195
While fatten'd with the flowing gore, the root
Was doom'd forever to a purple fruit.

Meantime poor Thisbe fear'd, so long she stay'd,
Her lover might suspect a perjur'd maid.
Her fright scarce o'er, she strove the youth to find
With ardent eyes, which spoke an ardent mind. 201
Already in his arms, she hears him sigh
At her destruction, which was once so nigh.
The tomb, the tree, but not the fruit she knew,
The fruit she doubted for its alter'd hue. 205
Still as she doubts, her eyes a body found
Quiv'ring in death, and gasping on the ground.

She started back, the red her cheeks forsook,
And ev'ry nerve with thrilling horrors shook.
So trembles the smooth surface of the seas, 210
If brush'd o'er gently with a rising breeze.
But when her view her bleeding love confest,
She shriek'd, she tore her hair, she beat her breast ;
She rais'd the body, and embrac'd it round,
And bath'd with tears unfeign'd the gaping wound.
Then her warm lips to the cold face apply'd, 216
And is it thus, ah ! thus we meet, she cry'd !
My Pyramus ! whence sprung thy cruel fate ?
My Pyramus ! — ah ! speak, e'er 'tis too late.
I, thy own Thisbe, but one word implore, 220
One word thy Thisbe never ask'd before.
At Thisbe's name, awak'd, he open'd wide
His dying eyes ; with dying eyes he try'd
On her to dwell, but clos'd them slow, and dy'd. }

The fatal cause was now at last explor'd, 225
Her veil she knew, and saw his sheathless sword :
From thy own hand thy ruin thou hast found,
She said, but love first taught that hand to wound.
Ev'n I for thee as bold a hand can show,
And love, which shall as true direct the blow. 230
I will against the woman's weakness strive,
And never thee, lamented youth, survive.
The world may say, I caus'd, alas ! thy death,
But saw thee breathless, and resign'd my breath.
Fate, tho' it conquers, shall no triumph gain, 235
Fate, that divides us, still divides in vain.

Now, both our cruel parents, hear my pray'r,
My pray'r to offer for us both I dare;
Oh! see our ashes in one urn confin'd,
Whom love at first, and fate at last has join'd. 240
The bliss you envy'd, is not our request;
Lovers, when dead, may sure together rest.
Thou, tree, where now one lifeless lump is laid,
E're long o'er two shalt cast a friendly shade.
Still let our loves from thee be understood, 245
Still witness in thy purple fruit our blood.
She spoke, and in her bosom plung'd the sword,
All warm and reeking from its slaughter'd lord.

The pray'r, which dying Thisbe had preferr'd,
Both gods and parents with compassion heard. 250
The whiteness of the mulberry soon fled,
And rip'ning, sadden'd in a dusky red:
While both their parents their lost children mourn,
And mix their ashes in one golden urn.

Thus did the melancholy tale conclude, 255
And a short, silent interval ensu'd.
The next in birth unloos'd her artful tongue,
And drew attentive all the sister throng.

THE STORY OF LEUCOTHÖE AND THE SUN.

The sun, the source of light, by beauty's pow'r
Once am'rous grew; then hear the sun's amour. 260
Venus, and Mars, with his far-piercing eyes
This god first spy'd; this god first all things spies.

Stung at the sight, and swift on mischief bent,
To haughty Juno's shapeless son he went :
The goddess, and her god gallant betray'd, 265
And told the cuckold, where their pranks were play'd.
Poor Vulcan soon desir'd to hear no more,
He dropp'd his hammer, and he shook all o'er :
Then courage takes, and full of vengeful ire
He heaves the bellows, and blows fierce the fire, 270
From liquid brass, tho' sure, yet subtle snares
He forms, and next a wond'rous net prepares,
Drawn with such curious art, so nicely sly,
Unseen the meshes cheat the searching eye.
Not half so thin their webs the spiders weave, 275
Which the most wary, buzzing prey deceive.
These chains, obedient to the touch, he spread
In secret foldings o'er the conscious bed :
The conscious bed again was quickly prest
By the fond pair, in lawless raptures blest. 280
Mars wonder'd at his Cytheræa's charms,
More fast than ever lock'd within her arms ;
While Vulcan th' iv'ry doors unbarr'd with care,
Then call'd the gods to view the sportive pair :
The gods throng'd in, and saw in open day, 285
Where Mars, and beauty's queen, all naked, lay.
O ! shameful sight, if shameful that we name,
Which gods with envy view'd, and could not blame, }
But for the pleasure wish'd to bear the shame. }
Each deity, with laughter tir'd, departs, 290
Yet all still laugh'd at Vulcan in their hearts.

Thro' heav'n the news of this surprizal run,
But Venus did not thus forget the sun.
He, who stol'n transports idly had betray'd,
By a betrayer was in kind repay'd. 295
What now avails, great god, thy piercing blaze,
That youth, and beauty, and those golden rays?
Thou, who canst warm this universe alone,
Feel'st now a warmth more pow'rful than thy own :
And those bright eyes, which all things should survey.
Know not from fair Leucothœe to stray. 301
The lamp of light, for human good design'd,
Is to one virgin niggardly confin'd.
Sometimes too early rise thy eastern beams,
Sometimes too late they set in western streams : 305
'Tis then her beauty thy swift course delays,
And gives to winter skies long summer days.
Now in thy face thy love-sick mind appears,
And spreads thro' impious nations empty fears :
For when thy beamless head is wrapt in night, 310
Poor mortals tremble in despair of light.
'Tis not the moon, that o'er thee casts a veil,
'Tis love alone, which makes thy looks so pale.
Leucothœe is grown thy only care,
Not Phæton's fair mother now is fair. 315
The youthful Rhodos moves no tender thought,
And beauteous Porsa is at last forgot.
Fond Clytiè, scorn'd, yet lov'd, and sought thy bed,
Ev'n then thy heart for other virgins bled.

Leucothœ has all thy soul possess, 320

And chas'd each rival passion from thy breast.

To this bright nymph Eurynomè gave birth

In the blest confines of the spicy earth;

Excelling others, she herself beheld

By her own blooming daughter far excell'd. 325

The sire was Orchamus, whose vast command,

The sev'nth from Belus, rul'd the Pèrsian land.

Deep in cool vales, beneath th' Hesperian sky,

For the sun's fiery steeds the pastures lie.

Ambrosia there they eat, and thence they gain 330

New vigour, and their daily toils sustain.

While thus on heav'nly food the coursers fed,

And night, around, her gloomy empire spread,

The god assum'd the mother's shape, and air,

And pass'd unheeded, to his darling fair. 335

Close by a lamp, with maids encompass'd round,

The royal spinster, full employ'd, he found :

Then cry'd, awhile from work, my daughter, rest ;

And, like a mother, scarce her lips he prest.

Servants, retire !—nor secrets dare to hear 340

Intrusted only to a daughter's ear.

They swift obey'd : Not one, suspicious, thought

The secret, which their mistress would be taught.

Then he : Since now no witnesses are near,

Behold ! the god, who guides the various year ! 345

The world's vast eye, of light the source serene,

Who all things sees, by whom are all things seen.

Believe me nymph ! (for I the truth have show'd)
Thy charms have pow'r to charm so great a god.
Confus'd she heard him his soft passion tell, 350
And on the floor, untwirl'd, the spindle fell :
Still from the sweet confusion some new grace
Blush'd out by stealth, and languish'd in her face.
The lover, now inflam'd, himself put on,
And out at once the god, all-radiant, shone. 355
The virgin startled at his alter'd form,
Too weak to bear a god's impetuous storm :
No more against the dazzling youth she strove,
But silent yielded, and indulg'd his love.

This Clytiè knew, and knew she was undone, 360
Whose soul was fix'd, and doated on the sun.
She rag'd to think on her neglected charms,
And Phœbus, panting in another's arms.
With envious madness fir'd, she flies in haste,
And tells the king, his daughter was unchaste. 365
The king, incens'd to hear his honour stain'd,
No more the father, nor the man retain'd.
In vain she stretch'd her arms, and turn'd her eyes
To her lov'd god, th' enlight'ner of the skies.
In vain she own'd, it was a crime yet still 370
It was a crime not acted by her will.
The brutal sire stood deaf to ev'ry pray'r,
And deep in earth entomb'd alive the fair.
What Phœbus could do, was by Phœbus done, 374
Full on her grave with pointed beams he shone :

To pointed beams the gaping earth gave way,
Had the nymph eyes, her eyes had seen the day,
But lifeless now, yet lovely still, she lay. }
Not more the god wept, when the world was fir'd,
And in the wreck his blooming boy expir'd. 380
The vital flame he strives to light again,
And warm the frozen blood in ev'ry vein:
But since resistless fates deny'd that pow'r,
On the cold nymph he rain'd a nectar show'r.
Ah! undeserving thus (he said) to die, 385
Yet still in odours thou shalt reach the sky.
The body soon dissolv'd, and all around
Perfum'd with heav'nly fragrances the ground.
A sacrifice for gods up-rose from thence,
A sweet delightful tree of frankincense. 390

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CLYTIÈ.

Tho' guilty Clytiè thus the sun betray'd,
By too much passion she was guilty made.
Excess of love begot excess of grief,
Grief fondly bad her hence to hope relief.
But angry Phœbus hears, unmov'd, her sighs, 395
And scornful from her loath'd embraces flies.
All day, all night, in trackless wilds, alone
She pin'd, and taught the list'ning rocks her moan.
On the bare earth she lies, her bosom bare,
Loose her attire, dishevel'd is her hair. 400
Nine times the morn unbarr'd the gates of light,
As oft were spread th' alternate shades of night,

So long no sustenance the mourner knew,
Unless she drunk her tears, or suck'd the dew.
She turn'd about, but rose not from the ground, 405
Turn'd to the sun, still as he roll'd his round :
On his bright face hung her desiring eyes,
Till fix'd to earth, she strove in vain to rise.
Her looks their paleness in a flow'r retain'd,
But here, and there, some purple streaks they gain'd.
Still the lov'd object the fond leaves pursue, 411
Still move their root, the moving sun to view, }
And in the Heliotrope the nymph is true.

The sisters heard these wonders with surprise,
But part receiv'd them, as romantic lies; 415
And pertly rally'd, that they could not see
In pow'rs divine so vast an energy.
Part own'd, true gods such miracles might do,
But own'd not Bacchus, one among the true.
At last a common, just request they make, 420
And beg Alcithœe her turn to take.
I will (she said) and please you, if I can,
Then shot her shuttle swift, and thus began.
The fate of Daphnis is a fate too known,
Whom an enamour'd nymph transform'd to stone,
Because she fear'd another nymph might see 426
The lovely youth, and love as much as she : }
So strange the madness is of jealousy!
Nor shall I tell, what changes Scython made,
And how he walk'd a man, or tripp'd a maid. 430

You too would peevish frown, and patience want
 To hear, how Celmis grew an adamant.
 He once was dear to Jove, and saw of old
 Jove, when a child, but what he saw, he told.
 Crocus, and Smilax may be turn'd to flow'rs, 435
 And the Curetes spring from bounteous show'rs;
 I pass a hundred legends stale, as these,
 And with sweet novelty your taste will please.

THE STORY OF SALMACIS AND HERMA- PHRODITUS.

BY MR. ADDISON.

How Salmacis, with weak enfeebling streams
 Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs, 440
 And what the secret cause, shall here be shown;
 The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.

The Naïds nurst an infant heretofore,
 That Cytherea once to Hermes bore:
 From both th' illustrious authors of his race 445 }
 The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace }
 Both the bright parents thro' the infant's face.
 When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat,
 The boy had told, he left his native seat,
 And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil: 450
 The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.
 With eager steps the Lycian fields he cross'd,
 And fields that border on the Lycian coast;

A river here he view'd so lovely bright,
 It shew'd the bottom in a fairer light, 455
 Nor kept a sand conceal'd from human sight.
 The stream produc'd nor slimy ooze, nor weeds,
 Nor miry rushes, nor the spiky reeds;
 But dealt enriching moisture all around, 459
 The fruitful banks with chearful verdure crown'd,
 And kept the spring eternal on the ground.
 A nymph presides, nor practis'd in the chace,
 Nor skilful at the bow, nor at the race;
 Of all the blue-ey'd daughters of the main,
 The only stranger to Diana's train: 465
 Her sisters often, as 'tis said, would cry
 " Fy, Salmacis, what always idle! fy,
 " Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize,
 " And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease."
 Nor quiver she nor arrows e'er would seize, 470
 Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease.
 But oft would bathe her in the crystal tide,
 Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide;
 Now in the limpid streams she views her face,
 And drest her image in the floating glass: 475
 On beds of leaves she now repos'd her limbs,
 Now gather'd flow'rs that grew about her streams,
 And then by chance was gath'ring, as she stood
 To view the boy, and long'd for what she view'd.
 Fain wou'd she meet the youth with hasty feet,
 She fain wou'd meet him, but refus'd to meet. 481

Before her locks were set with nicest care,
And well deserv'd to be reputed fair.

“Bright youth, she cries, whom all thy features prove

“A god, and, if a god, the god of love; 485

“But if a mortal, blest thy nurse's breast,

“Blest are thy parents, and thy sisters blest:

“But oh how blest! how more than blest thy bride,

“Ally'd in bliss, if any yet ally'd.

“If so, let mine the stoln enjoyments be; 490

“If not, behold a willing bride in me.”

The boy knew nought of love, and touch'd with
shame,

He strove, and blush'd, but still the blush became:

In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose;

The sunny side of fruit such blushes shows, 595

And such the moon, when all her silver white

Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.

The nymph still begs, if not a nobler bliss,

A cold salute at least, a sister's kiss:

And now prepares to take the lovely boy 500

Between her arms. He, innocently coy,

Replies, “Or leave me to myself alone,

“You rude uncivil nymph, or I'll begone.”

“Fair stranger then, says she, it shall be so;” 504

And, for she fear'd his threats, she feign'd to go:

But hid within a covert's neighbouring green,

She kept him still in sight, herself unseen.

The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,

And innocently sports about the shore,

Playful and wanton to the stream he trips, 510

And dips his foot, and shivers, as he dips.

The coolness pleas'd him, and with eager haste

His airy garments on the banks he cast;

His godlike features, and his heav'nly hue,

And all his beauties were expos'd to view. 515

His naked limbs the nymph with rapture spies,

While hotter passions in her bosom rise,

Flush in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes. }

She longs, she burns to clasp him in her arms,

And looks, and sighs, and kindles at his charms. 520

Now all undrest upon the banks he stood,

And clapt his sides, and leapt into the flood:

His lovely limbs the silver waves divide,

His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;

As lilies shut within a crystal case, 525

Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.

He's mine, he's all my own, the Naïd cries,

And flings off all, and after him she flies.

And now she fastens on him as he swims,

And holds him close, and wraps about his limbs.

The more the boy resisted, and was coy, 531

The more she clasp'd, and kiss'd the struggling boy.

So when the wriggling snake is snatch'd on high

In eagle's claws, and hisses in the sky,

Around the foe his twirling tail he flings, 535

And twists her legs, and wriths about her wings.

The restless boy still obstinately strove

To free himself, and still refus'd her love.

Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs intwin'd, 539 }
" And why coy youth, she cries, why thus unkind! }
" Oh may the gods thus keep us ever join'd! }
" Oh may we never, never part again!"
So pray'd the nymph, nor did she pray in vain:
For now she finds him, as his limbs she prest,
Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast; 545
Till, piercing each the other's flesh, they run
Together, and incorporate in one:
Last in one face are both their faces join'd, }
As when the stock and grafted twig combin'd }
Shoot up the same, and wear a common rind: 550 }
Both bodies in a single body mix,
A single body with a double sex.

The boy, thus lost in woman, now survey'd
The river's guilty stream, and thus he pray'd.
(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his softer tone, 555
Surpriz'd to hear a voice but half his own.)
You parent-gods, whose heav'nly names I bear,
Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my pray'r;
Oh grant, that whomso'er these streams contain, }
If man he enter'd, he may rise again 560 }
Supple, unsinew'd, and but half a man!

The heav'nly parents answer'd, from on high,
Their two shap'd son, the double votary;
Then gave a secret virtue to the flood,
And ting'd its source to make his wishes good. 565

CONTINUED BY MR. EUSDEN.

ALCITHÖE AND HER SISTERS TRANS-
FORMED TO BATS.

But Mineus' daughters still their tasks pursue,
To wickedness most obstinately true :
At Bacchus still they laugh, when all around,
Unseen, the timbrels hoarse were heard to sound.
Saffron, and myrrh their fragrant odours shed, 570
And now the present deity they dread.
Strange to relate ! here ivy first was seen,
Along the distaff crept the wond'rous green.
Then sudden-springing vines began to bloom,
And the soft tendrils curl'd around the loom: 575
While purple clusters, dangling from on high,
Ting'd the wrought purple with a second die.

Now from the skies was shot a doubtful light,
The day declining to the bounds of night.
The fabric's firm foundations shake all o'er, 580
False tigers rage, and figur'd lions roar.
Torches, aloft, seem blazing in the air,
And angry flashes of red light'nings glare.
To dark recesses, the dire sight to shun,
Swift the pale sisters in confusion run. 585
Their arms were lost in pinions, as they fled,
And subtile films each slender limb o'er-spread.
Their alter'd forms their senses soon reveal'd ;
Their forms, how alter'd, darkness still conceal'd.

Close to the roof each, wond'ring, upwards springs,
Borne on unknown, transparent, plumeless wings. 591
They strove for words; their little bodies found
No words, but murmur'd in a fainting sound.
In towns, not woods, the sooty batts delight,
And never, till the dusk, begin their flight; 595
Till Vesper rises with his ev'ning flame;
From whom the Romans have deriv'd their name.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF INO AND MELICERTA TO SEA GODS.

The pow'r of Bacchus now o'er Thebes had flown,
With awful rev'rence soon the god they own.
Proud Ino, all around, the wonder tells, 600
And on her nephew deity still dwells.
Of num'rous sisters, she alone yet knew
No grief, but grief, which she from sisters drew.

Imperial Juno saw her with disdain,
Vain in her offspring, in her consort vain, 605
Who rul'd the trembling Thebans with a nod,
But saw her vainest in her foster-god.
Could then (she cry'd) a bastard-boy have pow'r
To make a mother her own son devour?
Could he the Tuscan crew to fishes change, 610
And now three sisters damn to forms so strange?
Yet shall the wife of Jove find no relief?
Shall she, still unreveng'd, disclose her grief?
Have I the mighty freedom to complain?
Is that my pow'r? is that to ease my pain? 615

A foe has taught me vengeance, and who ought
To scorn that vengeance, which a foe has taught?
What sure destruction frantic rage can throw,
The gaping wounds of slaughter'd Pentheus show.
Why should not Ino, fir'd with madness stray, 620
Like her mad sisters her own kindred slay,
Why, she not follow, where they lead the way. }

Down a steep, yawning cave, where yews display'd
In arches meet, and lend a baleful shade,
Thro' silent labyrinths a passage lies 625
To mournful regions, and infernal skies.

Here Styx exhales its noisome clouds, and here,
The fun'ral rites once paid, all souls appear.
Stiff cold, and horror with a ghastly face
And staring eyes, infest the dreary place. 630
Ghosts, new arriv'd, and strangers to these plains,
Know not the palace, where grim Pluto reigns.
They journey doubtful, nor the road can tell,
Which leads to the metropolis of hell.

A thousand avenues those tow'rs command, 635
A thousand gates forever open stand.

As all the rivers, disembogu'd, find room
For all their waters in old ocean's womb:
So this vast city worlds of shades receives,
And space for millions still of worlds she leaves. 640
Th' unbody'd spectres freely rove, and show
Whate'er they lov'd on earth, they love below.
The lawyers still, or right, or wrong, support,
The courtiers smoothly glide to Pluto's court.

Still airy heroes thoughts of glory fire, 645
Still the dead poet strings his deathless lyre,
And lovers still with fancy'd darts expire. }

The queen of heav'n, to gratify her hate,
And sooth immortal wrath, forgets her state.
Down from the realms of day, to realms of night, 650
The goddess swift precipitates her flight.
At hell arriv'd, the noise hell's porter heard,
Th' enormous dog his triple head up-rear'd :
Thrice from three grisly throats he howl'd profound,
Then suppliant couch'd, and stretch'd along the
ground. 655

The trembling threshold which Saturnia prest,
The weight of such divinity confest.

Before a lofty, adamantine gate,
Which clos'd a tow'r of brass, the furies sat :
Mis-shapen forms tremendous to the sight, 660
Th' implacable, foul daughters of the night.
A sounding whip each bloody sister shakes,
Or from her tresses combs the curling snakes.
But now great Juno's majesty was known,
Thro' the thick gloom, all-heav'nly bright, she shone :
The hideous monsters their obedience show'd, 666
And rising from their seats, submissive bow'd.

This is the place of woe, here groan the dead ;
Huge Tityus o'er nine acres here is spread.
Fruitful for pain, th' immortal liver bleeds, 670
Still grows, and still th' insatiate vulture feeds.

Poor Tantalus to taste the water tries,
But from his lips the faithless water flies :
Then thinks, the bending tree he can command,
The tree starts backwards, and eludes his hand. 675
The labour too of Sisyphus is vain,
Up the steep mount he heaves the stone with pain,
Down from the summit rolls the stone again. }
The Belides their leaky vessels still
Are ever filling, and yet never fill : 680
Doom'd to this punishment for blood they shed,
For bridegrooms slaughter'd in the bridal bed.
Stretch'd on the rolling wheel Ixion lies ;
Himself he follows, and himself he flies.
Ixion, tortur'd, Juno sternly ey'd, 685
Then turn'd, and toiling Sisyphus espy'd :
And why (she said) so wretched is the fate
Of him, whose brother proudly reigns in state ?
Yet still my altars unador'd have been
By Athamas, and his presumptuous queen. 690
What caus'd her hate, the goddess thus confest,
What caus'd her journey now was more than guest.
That hate, relentless, its revenge did want,
And that revenge the furies soon could grant :
They could the glory of proud Thebes efface, 695
And hide in ruin the Cadmëan race.
For this she largely promises, entreats,
And to entreaties adds imperial threats.
Then fell Tisiphonè with rage was stung,
And from her mouth th' untwisted serpents flung. 700

To gain this trifling boon, there is no need
(She cry'd) in formal speeches to proceed.
Whatever thou command'st to do, is done;
Believe it finish'd, tho' not yet begun.
But from these melancholy seats repair 705
To happier mansions, and to purer air.
She spoke : The goddess, darting upwards, flies,
And joyous re-ascends her native skies :
Nor enter'd there, 'till 'round her Iris threw
Ambrosial sweets, and pour'd celestial dew. 710

The faithful fury, guiltless of delays,
With cruel haste the dire command obeys.
Girt in a bloody gown, a torch she shakes,
And 'round her neck twines speckled wreaths of
snakes,

Fear, and dismay, and agonizing pain, 715
With frantic rage, complete the loveless train.
To Thebes her flight she sped, and hell forsook ;
At her approach the Theban turrets shook :
The sun shrunk back, thick clouds the day o'er-cast,
And springing greens were wither'd, as she past. 720

Now, dismal yellings heard, strange spectres seen
Confound as much the monarch, as the queen.
In vain to quit the palace they prepar'd,
Tisiphonè was there, and kept the ward.
She wide extended her unfriendly arms, 725
And all the fury lavish'd all her harms.
Part of her tresses loudly hiss, and part
Spread poison, as their forked tongues they dart.

Then from her middle locks two snakes she drew,
Whose merit from superior mischief grew : 730
Th' envenom'd ruin, thrown with spiteful care,
Clung to the bosoms of the hapless pair.
The hapless pair soon with wild thoughts were fir'd,
And madness, by a thousand ways inspir'd.
'Tis true, th' unwounded body still was sound, 735
But 'twas the soul, which felt the deadly wound.
Nor did th' unsated monster here give o'er,
But dealt of plagues a fresh, unnumber'd store.
Each baneful juice too well she understood,
Foam, churn'd by Cerberus, and Hydra's blood. 740
Hot hemlock, and cold Aconite she chose,
Delighted in variety of woes.
Whatever can untune th' harmonious soul,
And its mild, reas'ning faculties controul,
Give false ideas, raise desires profane, 745
And whirl in eddies the tumultuous brain.
Mix'd with curs'd art, she direfully around
Thro' all their nerves diffus'd the sad compound.
Then toss'd her torch in circles still the same,
Improv'd their rage, and added flame to flame. 750
The grinning fury her own conquest spy'd,
And to her rueful shades return'd with pride,
And threw th' exhausted, useless snakes aside. }
Now Athamas cries out, his reason fled,
Here, fellow-hunters, let the toils be spread. 755
I saw a lioness, in quest of food,
With her two young, run roaring in this wood.

Again the fancy'd savages were seen,
As thro' his palace still he chac'd his queen;
Then tore Learchus from her breast: The child 760
Stretch'd little arms, and on it's father smil'd:
A father now no more, who now begun
Around his head to whirl his giddy son,
And, quite insensible to nature's call,
The helpless infant flung against the wall. 765
The same mad poison in the mother wrought,
Young Melicerta in her arms she caught,
And with disorder'd tresses, howling, flies,
O! Bacchus, Evôe, Bacchus! loud she cries.
The name of Bacchus, Juno laugh'd to hear, 770
And said, thy foster-god has cost thee dear.

A rock there stood, whose side the beating waves
Had long consum'd, and hollow'd into caves.
The head shot forwards in a bending steep,
And cast a dreadful covert o'er the deep. 775
The wretched Iuo, on destruction bent,
Climb'd up the cliff; such strength her fury lent:
Thence with her guiltless boy, who wept in vain,
At one bold spring she plung'd into the main.

Her niece's fate touch'd Cytherëa's breast, 780
And in soft sounds she Neptune thus addrest.
Great god of waters, whose extended sway
Is next to his, whom heav'n and earth obey:
Let not the suit of Venus thee displease,
Pity the floaters on th' Ionian seas. 785

Increase thy subject gods, nor yet disdain
To add my kindred to that glorious train.
If from the sea I may such honours claim,
If 'tis desert, that from the sea I came,
As Grecian poets artfully have sung, 790
And in the name confest, from whence I sprung.

Pleas'd Neptune nodded his assent, and free
Both soon became from frail mortality.
He gave them form, and majesty divine,
And bade them glide along the foamy brine. 795
For Melicerta is Palæmon known,
And Ino once, Leucothœe is grown.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE THEBAN MATRONS.

The Theban matrons their lov'd queen pursu'd,
And tracing to the rock, her footsteps view'd.
Too certain of her fate, they rend the skies 800
With piteous shrieks, and lamentable cries.
All beat their breasts, and Juno all upbraid,
Who still remember'd a deluded maid :
Who, still revengeful for one stol'n embrace,
Thus wreak'd her hate on the Cadmæan race. 805
This Juno heard ; And shall such elfs, she cry'd,
Dispute my justice, or my pow'r deride ?
You too shall feel my wrath not idly spent ;
A goddess never for insults was meant. 809

She, who lov'd most, and who most lov'd had been,
Said, not the waves shall part me from my queen.

She strove to plunge into the roaring flood;
Fix'd to the stone, a stone herself she stood.
This, on her breast would fain her blows repeat,
Her stiffen'd hands refus'd her breast to beat. 815
That, stretch'd her arms unto the seas; in vain
Her arms she labour'd to unstretch again.
To tear her comely locks another try'd,
Both comely locks, and fingers petrify'd.
Part thus; but Juno with a softer mind 820
Part doom'd to mix among the feather'd kind.
Transform'd, the name of Theban birds they keep,
And skim the surface of that fatal deep.

CADMUS AND HIS QUEEN TRANSFORM'D TO SERPENTS.

Meantime, the wretched Cadmus mourns, nor knows,
That they who mortal fell, immortal rose. 825
With a long series of new ills oppress,
He droops, and all the man forsakes his breast.
Strange prodigies confound his frighted eyes;
From the fair city, which he rais'd, he flies:
As if misfortune not pursu'd his race, 830
But only hung o'er that devoted place.
Resolv'd by sea to seek some distant land,
At last he safely gain'd th' Illyrian strand.
Cheerless himself, his consort still he cheers,
Hoary, and loaded both with woes, and years. 835
Then to recount past sorrows they begin,
And trace them to the gloomy origin.

That serpent sure was hallow'd, Cadmus cry'd,
Which once my spear transfix'd with foolish pride ;
When the big teeth, a seed before unknown, 840
By me along the wond'ring glebe were sown,
And sprouting armies by themselves o'erthrown. }
If thence the wrath of heav'n on me is bent,
May heav'n conclude it with one sad event ;
To an extended serpent change the man : 845
And while he spoke, the wish'd-for change began.
His skin with sea-green spots was vary'd 'round,
And on his belly prone he prest the ground.
He glitter'd soon with many a golden scale,
And his shrunk legs clos'd in a spiry tail. 850
Arms yet remain'd, remaining arms he spread
To his lov'd wife, and human tears yet shed.
Come, my Harmonia, come, thy face recline
Down to my face ; still touch, what still is mine.
O ! let these hands, while hands, he gently prest,
While yet the serpent has not all possest. 856
More he had spoke, but strove to speak in vain, }
The forky tongue refus'd to tell his pain,
And learn'd in hissings only to complain. }

Then shriek'd Harmonia, stay, my Cadmus, stay,
Glide not in such a monstrous shape away ! 861
Destruction, like impetuous waves rolls on,
Where are thy feet, thy legs, thy shoulders gone ?
Chang'd is thy visage, chang'd is all thy frame ;
Cadmus is only Cadmus now in name. 865

Ye Gods, my Cadmus to himself restore,
Or me like him transform; I ask no more.

The husband-serpent show'd, he still had thought,
With wonted fondness an embrace he sought;
Play'd 'round her neck in many a harmless twist,
And lick'd that bosom, which, a man, he kist. 871
The lookers on (for lookers on there were)
Shock'd at the sight, half-dy'd away with fear.

The transformation was again renew'd
And, like the husband, chang'd the wife they view'd.
Both, serpents now, with fold involv'd in fold, 876
To the next covert amicably roll'd.

There curl'd they lie, or wave along the green,
Fearless see men, by men are fearless seen, 879
Still mild, and conscious, what they once have been. }

THE STORY OF PERSEUS.

Yet tho' this harsh, inglorious fate they found,
Each in the deathless grandson liv'd renown'd.
Thro' conquer'd India Bacchus nobly rode,
And Greece with temples hail'd the conqu'ring god.
In Argos only proud Acrisius reign'd, 885
Who all the consecrated rites profan'd.
Audacious wretch! thus Bacchus to deny,
And the great thunderer's great son defy!
Nor him alone: thy daughter vainly strove,
Brave Perseus of celestial stem to prove, 890
And herself pregnant by a golden Jove. }

Yet this was true, and truth in time prevails ;
Acrisius now his unbelief bewails.
His former thought, an impious thought he found,
And both the hero, and the god were own'd. 895
He saw, already one in heav'n was plac'd,
And one with more, than mortal triumphs grac'd.
The victor Perseus with the gorgon head,
O'er Libyan sands his airy journey sped.
The gory drops distill'd, as swift he flew, 900
And from each drop envenom'd serpents grew.
The mischiefs brooded on the barren plains,
And still th' unhappy fruitfulness remains.

ATLAS TRANSFORM'D TO A MOUNTAIN.

Thence Perseus, like a cloud, by storms was driv'n,
Thro' all th' expanse beneath the cope of heav'n. 905
The jarring winds unable to control,
He saw the southern, and the northern pole :
And eastward thrice, and westward thrice was whirl'd,
And from the skies survey'd the nether world.
But when grey ev'ning show'd the verge of night,
He fear'd in darkness to pursue his flight. 911
He pois'd his pinions, and forgot to soar,
And sinking, clos'd them on th' Hesperian shore :
Then begg'd to rest, till Lucifer begun
To wake the morn, the morn to wake the sun. 915
Here Atlas reign'd, of more than human size,
And in his kingdom the world's limit lies.

Here Titan bids his weary'd coursers sleep,
And cools the burning axle in the deep.
The mighty monarch, uncontroll'd, alone, 920
His sceptre sways : no neighb'ring states are known.
A thousand flocks on shady mountains fed,
A thousand herds o'er grassy plains were spread.
Here wond'rous trees their shining stores unfold, }
Their shining stores too wond'rous to be told, 925 }
Their leaves, their branches, and their apples, gold. }
Then Perseus the gigantic prince addrest,
Humbly implor'd a hospitable rest.
If bold exploits thy admiration fire,
He said, I fancy, mine thou wilt admire. 930
Or if the glory of a race can move,
Not mean my glory, for I spring from Jove.
At this confession Atlas ghastly star'd,
Mindful of what an oracle declar'd,
That the dark womb of time conceal'd a day, 935
Which should, disclos'd, the bloomy gold betray :
All should at once be ravish'd from his eyes,
And Jove's own progeny enjoy the prize.
For this, the fruit he loftily immur'd.
And a fierce dragon the strait pass secur'd. 940
For this, all strangers he forbad to land,
And drove them from th' inhospitable strand.
To Perseus then : Fly quickly, fly this coast,
Nor falsely dare thy acts, and race to boast.
In vain the hero for one night entreats, 945
Threat'ning he storms, and next adds force to threats.

By strength not Perseus could himself defend,
 For who in strength with Atlas could contend?
 But since short rest to me thou wilt not give,
 A gift of endless rest from me receive. 950
 He said, and, backward turn'd, no more conceal'd
 The present, and Medusa's head reveal'd.
 Soon the high Atlas a high mountain stood,
 His locks, and beard became a leafy wood.
 His hands, and shoulders into ridges went, 955
 The summit-head still crown'd the steep ascent.
 His bones a solid, rocky hardness gain'd :
 He thus immensely grown, (as fate ordain'd)
 The stars, the heav'ns, and all the gods sustain'd. }

ANDROMEDA RESCUED FROM THE SEA-MONSTER.

Now Æolus had with strong chains confin'd, 960
 And deep imprison'd ev'ry blust'ring wind.
 The rising Phosphor with a purple light
 Did sluggish mortals to new toils invite.
 His feet again the valiant Perseus plumes,
 And his keen sabre in his hand resumes : 965
 Then nobly spurns the ground, and upwards springs,
 And cuts the liquid air with sounding wings.
 O'er various seas, and various lands he past,
 Till Æthiopia's shore appear'd at last.
 Andromeda was there, doom'd to atone 970
 By her own ruin follies not her own :

And if injustice in a god can be,
Such was the Libyan god's unjust decree.
Chain'd to a rock she stood ; young Perseus stay'd
His rapid flight, to view the beauteous maid. 975
So sweet her frame, so exquisitely fine,
She seem'd a statue by a hand divine,
Had not the wind her waving tresses show'd,
And down her cheeks the melting sorrows flow'd.
Her faultless form the hero's bosom fires, 980
The more he looks, the more he still admires.
Th' admirer almost had forgot to fly,
And swift descended, flutt'ring from on high.
O ! virgin, worthy no such chains to prove,
But pleasing chains in the soft folds of love ; 985
Thy country, and thy name (he said) disclose,
And give a true rehearsal of thy woes.

A quick reply her bashfulness refus'd,
To the free-converse of a man unus'd.
Her rising blushes had concealment found 990
From her spread hands, but that her hands were bound.
She acted to her full extent of pow'r,
And bath'd her face with a fresh, silent show'r.
But by degrees in innocence grown bold,
Her name, her country, and her birth she told : 995
And how she suffer'd for her mother's pride,
Who with the Nereids once in beauty vy'd.

Part yet untold, the seas began to roar,
And mounting billows tumbled to the shore.
Above the waves a monster rais'd his head, 1000
His body o'er the deep was widely spread :
Onward he flounc'd ; aloud the virgin cries ;
Each parent to her shrieks in shrieks replies, }
But she had deepest cause to rend the skies.
Weeping, to her they cling ; no sign appears 1005
Of help, they only lend their helpless tears.
Too long you vent your sorrows, Perseus said,
Short is the hour, and swift the time of aid.
In me the son of thund'ring Jove behold,
Got in a kindly show'r of fruitful gold. 1010
Medusa's snaky head is now my prey,
And through the clouds I boldly wing my way.
If such desert be worthy of esteem,
Add, if your daughter I from death redeem,
Shall she be mine ? shall it not then be thought, 1015
A bride, so lovely, was too cheaply bought ?
For her my arms I willingly employ,
If I may beauties, which I save, enjoy.
The parents eagerly the terms embrace,
For who would slight such terms in such a case ? 1020
Nor her alone they promise, but beside,
The dow'ry of a kingdom with the bride.

As well-rigg'd gallies, which slaves, sweating, row
With their sharp beaks the whiten'd ocean plough ;

So when the monster mov'd, still at his back 1025
The furrow'd waters left a foamy track.
Now to the rock he was advanc'd so nigh,
Whirl'd from a sling a stone the space would fly.
Then bounding, upwards the brave Perseus sprung,
And in mid air on hov'ring pinions hung. 1030
His shadow quickly floated on the main,
The monster could not his wild rage restrain,
But at the floating shadow leap'd in vain. }
As when Jove's bird, a speckled serpent spies,
Which in the shine of Phœbus basking lies, 1035
Unseen, he souses down, and bears away,
Truss'd from behind, the vainly hissing prey.
To writhe his neck the labour nought avails,
Too deep th' imperial talons pierce his scales.
Thus the wing'd hero now descends, now soars, 1040
And at his pleasure the vast monster gores.
Full in his back, swift stooping from above,
The crooked sabre to its hilt he drove.
The monster rag'd, impatient of the pain,
First bounded high, and then sunk low again. 1045
Now, like a savage boar, when chaf'd with wounds,
And bay'd with op'ning mouths of hungry hounds,
He on the foe turns with collected might,
Who still eludes him with an airy flight ;
And wheeling round, the scaly armour tries 1050
Of his thick sides ; his thinner tail now plies :

Till from repeated strokes out-gush'd a flood,
And the waves redden'd with the streaming blood.
At last the dropping wings, befoam'd all o'er,
With flaggy heaviness their master bore : 1055

A rock he spy'd, whose humble head was low,
Bare at an ebb, but cover'd at a flow.

A ridgy hold, he, thither flying, gain'd,
And with one hand his bending weight sustain'd ;
With th' other, vig'rous blows he dealt around, 1060

And the home-thrusts th' expiring monster own'd.

In deaf'ning shouts the glad applauses rise,
And peal on peal runs rattling thro' the skies.

The saviour-youth the royal pair confess, [bless.

And with heav'd hands their daughter's bridegroom

The beauteous bride moves on, now loos'd from
chains, 1066

The cause, and sweet reward of all the hero's pains.

Meantime, on shore triumphant Perseus stood,
And purg'd his hands, smear'd with the monster's
blood :

Then in the windings of a sandy bed 1070

Compos'd Medusa's execrable head.

But to prevent the roughness, leaves he threw,

And young, green twigs, which soft in waters grew.

There soft, and full of sap, but here, when laid,

Touch'd by the head, that softness soon decay'd. 1075

The wonted flexibility quite gone,
The tender Scions harden'd into stone.
Fresh, juicy twigs, surpriz'd, the Nereids brought,
Fresh, juicy twigs the same contagion caught.
The nymhs the petrifying seeds still keep, 1080
And propagate the wonder thro' the deep.
The pliant sprays of coral yet declare
Their stiff'ning nature, when expos'd to air.
Those sprays, which did, like bending osiers, move, }
Snatch'd from their element, obdurate prove, 1085 }
And shrubs beneath the waves, grow stones above.

The great immortals grateful Perseus prais'd,
And to three pow'rs three turfy altars rais'd.
To Hermes this, and that he did assign
To Pallas : the mid honours, Jove, were thine. 1090
He hastes for Pallas a white cow to cull,
A calf for Hermes, but for Jove a bull.
Then seiz'd the prize of his victorious fight,
Andromeda, and claim'd the nuptial rite.
Andromeda alone he greatly sought, 1095
The dowry kingdom was not worth his thought.

Pleas'd Hymen now his golden torch displays ;
With rich oblations fragrant altars blaze.
Sweet wreaths of choicest flow'rs are hung on high,
And cloudless pleasure smiles in ev'ry eye. 1100
The melting music melting thoughts inspires,
And warbling songsters aid the warbling lyres.

The palace opens wide in pompous state,
 And by his peers surrounded, Cepheus sate.
 A feast was serv'd, fit for a king to give, 1105
 And fit for god-like heroes to receive.
 The banquet ended, the gay, chearful bowl
 Mov'd round, and brighten'd, and enlarg'd each soul.
 Then Perseus ask'd, what customs there obtain'd,
 And by what laws the people were restrain'd. 1110
 Which told; the teller a like freedom takes,
 And to the warrior his petition makes,
 To know, what arts had won Medusa's snakes. }

THE STORY OF MEDUSA'S HEAD.

The hero with his just request complies,
 Shows, how a vale beneath cold Atlas lies, 1115
 Where, with aspiring mountains fenc'd around,
 He the two daughters of old Phorcus found.
 Fate had one common eye to both assign'd,
 Each saw by turns, and each by turns was blind.
 But while one strove to lend her sister sight, 1120
 He stretch'd his hand, and stole their mutual light,
 And left both eyeless, both involv'd in night. }
 Thro' devious wilds, and trackless woods he past,
 And at the Gorgon seats arriv'd at last :
 But as he journey'd, pensive he survey'd, 1125
 What wasteful havoc dire Medusa made.
 Here, stood still breathing statues, men before ;
 There, rampant lions seem'd in stone to roar,

Nor did he, yet affrighted, quit the field,
But in the mirror of his polish'd shield 1130
Reflected saw Medusa slumbers take,
And not one serpent by good chance awake.
Then backward an unerring blow he sped,
And from her body lop'd at once her head.
The gore prolific prov'd ; with sudden force 1135
Sprung Pegasus, and wing'd his airy course.

The heav'n born warrior faithfully went on,
And told the num'rous dangers which he run.
What subject seas, what lands he had in view.
And nigh what stars th' advent'rous hero flew. 1140
At last he silent sat ; the list'ning throng
Sigh'd at the pause of his delightful tongue.
Some beg'd to know, why this alone should wear
Of all the sisters such destructive hair.

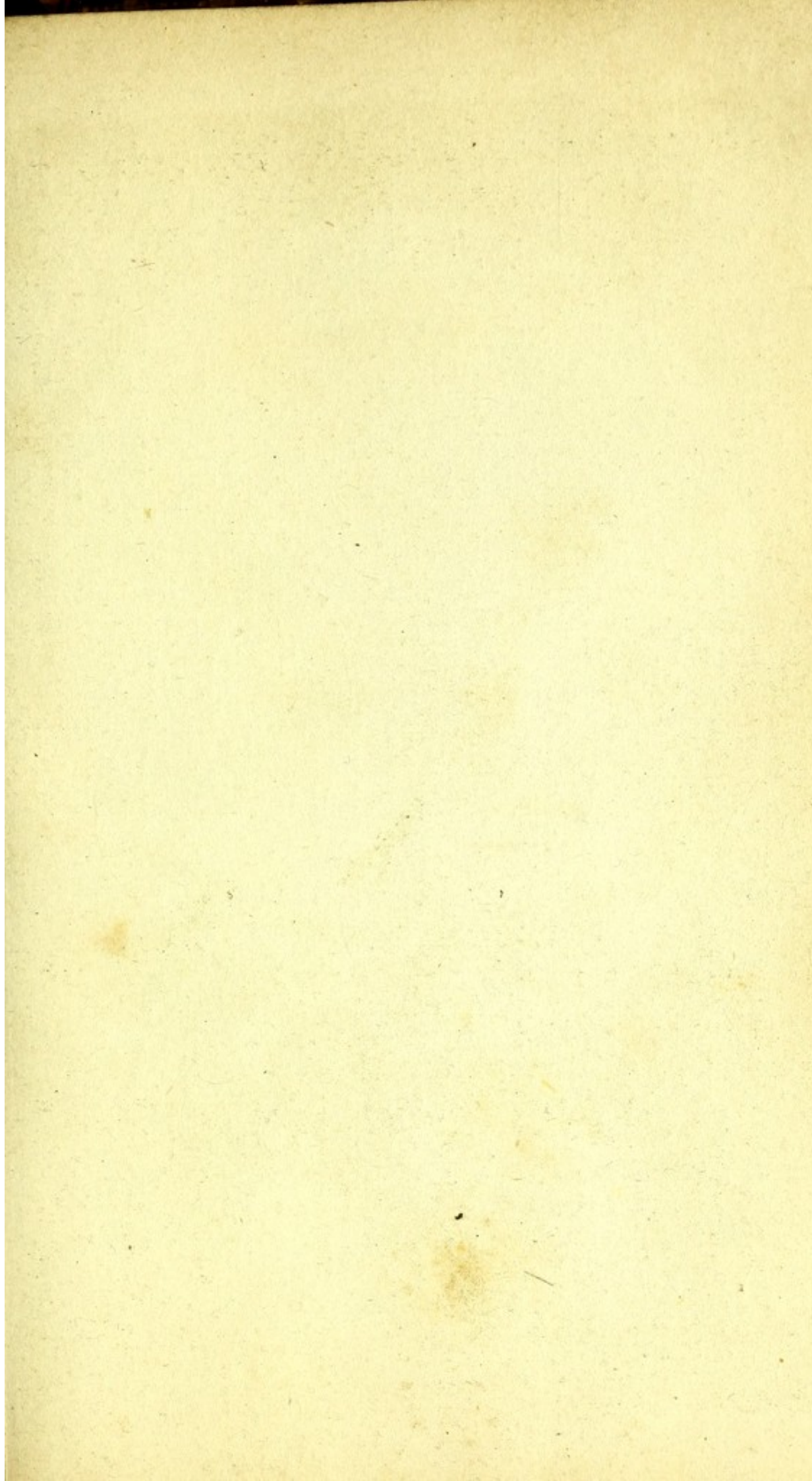
Great Perseus then : With me you shall prevail,
Worth the relation, to relate a tale. 1146
Medusa once had charms ; to gain her love
A rival croud of envious lovers strove.
They, who have seen her, own they ne'er did trace
More moving features in a sweeter face. 1150
Yet above all, her length of hair, they own,
In golden ringlets wav'd, and graceful shone.
Her, neptune saw, and with such beauties fir'd,
Resolv'd to compass what his soul desir'd.
In chaste Minerva's fane, he, lustful, stay'd, 1155
And seiz'd, and rifled the young, blushing maid.

The bashful goddess turn'd her eyes away,
Nor durst such bold impurity survey;
But on the ravish'd virgin vengeance takes,
Her shining hair is chang'd to hissing snakes. 1160
These in her Ægis Pallas joys to bear,
The hissing snakes her foes more sure ensnare,
Than they did lovers once, when shining hair.

Printed by RICKABY,

Anno 1794.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.





OVID.

Engraved by Sholtoz & Co. London by Burn

OXFORD



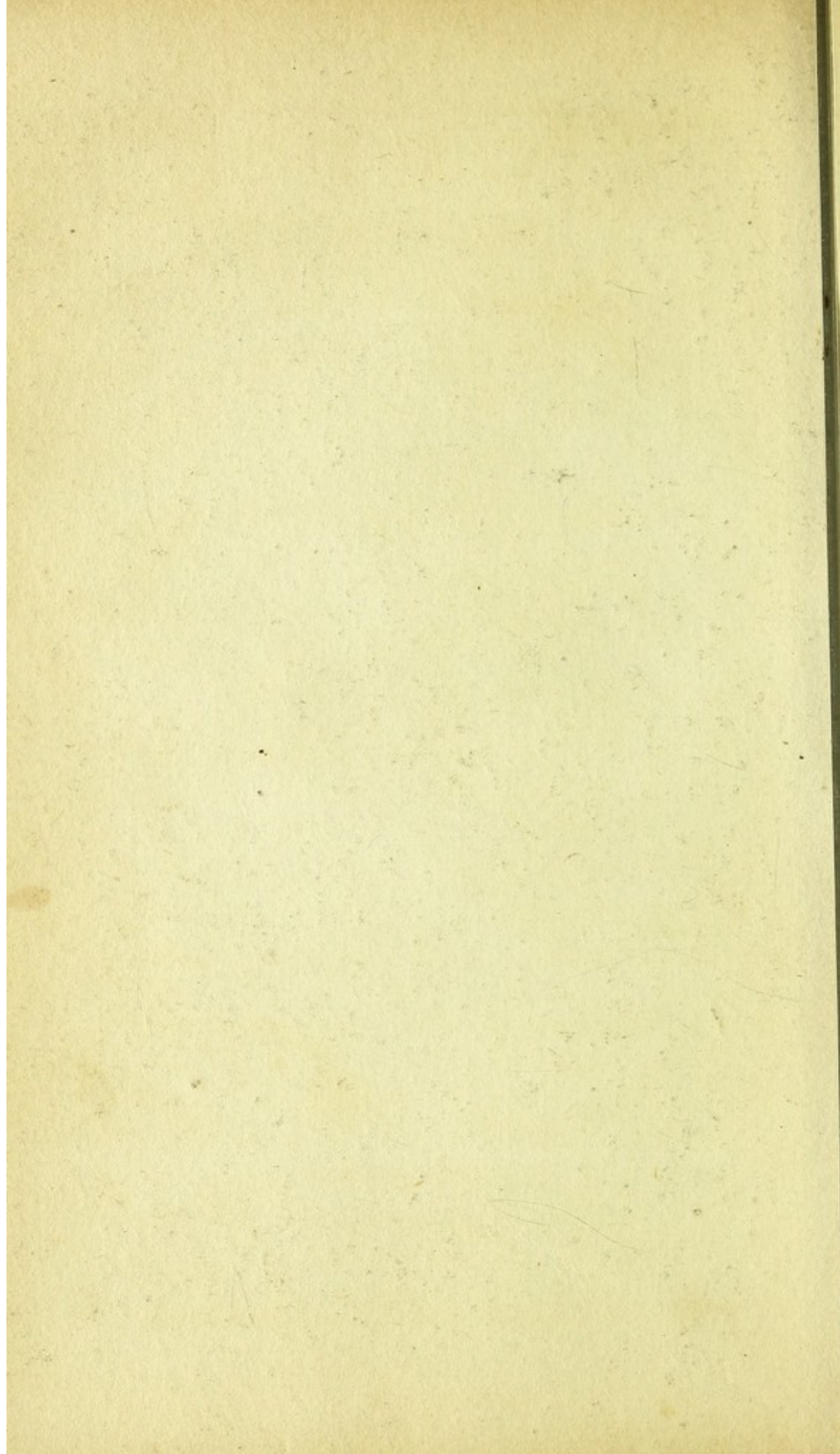
METAMORPHOSES VOL. 2.

For pity begg'd her keep her sitting breath
And not to leave me gully of her death.

Book 7 ver. 175

Burney del.

Holloway sculp.



O V I D ' S
METAMORPHOSES:

TRANSLATED BY

EMINENT PERSONS.

PUBLISHED BY

SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

Of Bodies chang'd to various forms I sing.

Metam.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed for Martin and Bain, Fleet-Street.

Anno 1794.

2. DIVO

METAMORPHOSIS:

TRANSLATED BY

EMINENT PERSONS.

PUBLISHED BY

1875

OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES:

TRANSLATED BY

DRYDEN,

ADDISON,

GARTH,



CONGREVE,

POPE,

GAY,

AND OTHER EMINENT PERSONS.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING

BOOK.... V. || BOOK..... VII.

BOOK.... VI. || BOOK.... VIII.

LONDON:

Printed for Martin and Bain, Fleet-Street.

Anno 1794.

OVERVIEW
METAMORPHOSIS

TRANSLATED BY

CONGREVE,

POPE,

GAY,

DRYDEN,

ADDISON,

CATTE,

AND OTHER EMINENT PERSONS.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING

BOOK... VII.

BOOK... VIII.

LONDON:

Printed for J. B. and T. A. Street.

June 1. 1794.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK V.

TRANSLATED BY ARTHUR MAYNWARING, ESQ.

THE STORY OF PERSEUS CONTINUED.

WHILE Perseus entertain'd with this report,
His father Cepheus, and the list'ning court,
Within the palace walls was heard aloud
The roaring noise of some unruly croud ;
Not like the songs which chearful friends prepare 5
For nuptial days, but sounds that threaten'd war ;
And all the pleasures of this happy feast,
'To tumult turn'd, in wild disorder ceas'd :
So, when the sea is calm, we often find
A storm rais'd sudden by some furious wind. 10

Chief in the riot Phineus first appear'd,
The rash ringleader of this boist'rous herd,
And brandishing his brazen-pointed lance,
Behold, he said, an injur'd man advance,

Stung with resentment for his ravish'd wife, 15
Nor shall thy wings, O Perseus, save thy life;
Nor Jove himself; tho' we've been often told
Who got thee in the form of tempting gold.
His lance was aim'd, when Cepheus ran, and said,
Hold, brother, hold; what brutal rage has made 20
Your frantic mind so black a crime conceive?
Are these the thanks that you to Perseus give?
This the reward that to his worth you pay,
Whose timely valour sav'd Andromeda?
Nor was it he, if you would reason right, 25
That forc'd her from you, but the jealous spight
Of envious Nereids, and Jove's high decree;
And that devouring monster of the sea,
That ready with his jaws wide gaping stood
To eat my child, the fairest of my blood. 30
You lost her then, when she seem'd past relief,
And wish'd perhaps her death, to ease your grief
With my afflictions: Not content to view
Andromeda in chains, unhelp'd by you,
Her spouse, and uncle; will you grieve that he 35
Expos'd his life the dying maid to free?
And shall you claim his merit? Had you thought
Her charms so great, you shou'd have bravely sought
That blessing on the rocks, where fix'd she lay:
But now let Perseus bear his prize away, 40
By service gain'd, by promis'd faith possess'd;
To him I owe it, that my age is bless'd

Still with a child: Nor think that I prefer
Perseus to thee, but to the loss of her.

Phineus on him, and Perseus roll'd about 45
His eyes in silent rage, and seem'd to doubt
Which to destroy; till, resolute at length,
He threw his spear with the redoubled strength
His fury gave him, and at Perseus struck;
But missing Perseus, in his seat it stuck; 50
Who, springing nimbly up, return'd the dart,
And almost plung'd it in his rival's heart;
But he, for safety, to the altar ran,
Unfit protection for so vile a man;
Yet was the stroke not vain, as Rhætus found, 55
Who in his brow receiv'd a mortal wound;
Headlong he tumbled, when his skull was broke,
From which his friends the fatal weapon took,
While he lay trembling, and his gushing blood
In crimson streams around the table flow'd. 60

But this provok'd th' unruly rabble worse,
They flung their darts, and some in loud discourse
To death young Perseus, and the monarch doom;
But Cepheus left before the guilty room,
With grief appealing to the gods above, 65
Who laws of hospitality approve,
Who faith protect, and succour injur'd right,
That he was guiltless of this barb'rous fight.

Pallas her brother Perseus close attends,
And with her ample shield from harm defends, 70

Raising a sprightly courage in his heart :
 But Indian Athis took the weaker part,
 Born in the crystal grottoes of the sea,
 Limnatè's son, a fenny nymph, and she
 Daughter of Ganges ; graceful was his mein, 75
 His person lovely, and his age sixteen.
 His habit made his native beauty more ;
 A purple mantle fring'd with gold he wore ;
 His neck well turn'd with golden chains was grac'd ;
 His hair with myrrh perfum'd, was nicely dress'd. 80
 Tho' with just aim he could the jav'lin throw,
 Yet with more skill he drew the bending bow ;
 And now was drawing it with artful hand,
 When Perseus snatching up a flaming brand,
 Whirl'd sudden at his face the burning wood, 85
 Crush'd his eyes in, and quench'd the fire with blood ;
 Thro' the soft skin the splinter'd bones appear,
 And spoil'd the face that lately was so fair.

When Lycabas his Athis thus beheld,
 How was his heart with friendly horror fill'd! 90
 A youth so noble, to his soul so dear,
 To see his shapeless look, his dying groans to hear!
 He snatch'd the bow the boy was us'd to bend,
 And cry'd, with me, false traitor, dare contend ;
 Boast not a conquest o'er a child, but try 95
 Thy strength with me, who all thy pow'rs defy : }
 Nor think so mean an act a victory. }
 While yet he spoke he flung the whizzing dart,
 Which pierc'd the plaited robe, but miss'd his heart :

Perseus defy'd, upon him fiercely press'd 100
With sword unsheath'd, and plung'd it in his breast;
His eyes o'erwhelm'd with night, he stumbling falls,
And with his latest breath on Athis calls;
Pleas'd that so near the lovely youth he lies,
He sinks his head upon his friend, and dies. 105

Next eager Phorbas, old Methion's son,
Came rushing forward with Amphimedon;
When the smooth pavement, slippery made with gore,
Tripp'd up their feet, and flung them on the floor;
The sword of Perseus, who by chance was nigh, 110
Prevents their rise, and where they fall, they lie:

Full in his ribs Amphimedon he smote,
And then stuck fiery Phorbas in the throat.
Eurythus lifting up his axe, the blow
Was thus prevented by his nimble foe; 115

A golden cup he seizes, high embost,
And at his head the massy goblet tost:
It hits, and from his forehead bruise'd rebounds,
And blood, and brains he vomits from his wounds;
With his slain fellows on the floor he lies, 120
And death forever shuts his swimming eyes.

Then Polydæmon fell, a goddess-born;
Phlegias, and Elycen with locks unshorn
Next follow'd; next, the stroke of death he gave
To Clytus, Abanis, and Lycetus brave; 125
While o'er unnumber'd heaps of ghastly dead,
The Argive hero's feet triumphant tread.

But Phineus stands aloof, and dreads to feel
His rival's force, and flies his pointed steel :
Yet threw a dart from far ; by chance it lights 130
On Idas, who for neither party fights ;
But wounded, sternly thus to Phineus said,
Since of a neuter thou a foe hast made,
This I return thee, drawing from his side
The dart ; which, as he strove to fling, he dy'd. 135
Odites fell by Clymenus's sword,
The Cephen court had not a greater lord.
Hypseus his blade does in Protenor sheath,
But brave Lyncides soon reveng'd his death.
Here too was old Emathion, one that fear'd 140
The gods, and in the cause of heav'n appear'd,
Who only wishing the success of right,
And, by his age, exempted from the fight,
Both sides alike condemns ; this impious war,
Cease, cease, he cries ; these bloody broils forbear. 145
This scarce the sage with high concern had said,
When Chromis at a blow struck off his head.
Which dropping, on the royal altar roll'd,
Still staring on the crowd with aspect bold ;
And still it seem'd their horrid strife to blame, 150
In life and death, his pious zeal the same ;
While, clinging to the horns, the trunk expires,
The sever'd head consumes amidst the fires.

Then Phineus, who from far his jav'lin threw,
Brotcas and Ammon, twins and brothers, slew ; 155

For knotted gauntlets matchless in the field;
But gauntlets must to swords and jav'lines yield.
Ampycus next, with hallow'd fillets bound,
As Ceres' priest, and with a mitre crown'd,
His spear transfix'd, and struck him to the ground. }

O Iäpetides, with pain I tell 161

How you, sweet lyrist, in the riot fell;
What worse than brutal rage his breast could fill,
Who did thy blood, O bard celestial, spill?
Kindly you press'd amid the princely throng, 165
To crown the feast, and give the nuptial song,
Discord abhorr'd the music of thy lyre,
Whose notes did gentle peace so well inspire;
Thee, when fierce Pettalus far off espy'd,
Defenceless with thy harp, he scoffing cry'd, 170
Go; to the ghosts thy soothing lessons play;
We loath thy lyre, and scorn thy peaceful lay:
And, as again he fiercely bid him go,
He pierc'd his temples with a mortal blow.
His harp he held, tho' sinking on the ground, 175
Whose strings in death his trembling fingers found }
By chance, and tun'd by chance a dying sound. }

With grief Lycormas saw him fall from far,
And, wresting from the door a massy bar,
Full in his poll lays on a load of knocks, 180
Which stun him, and he falls like a devoted ox.
Another bar Pelates would have snatch'd,
But Corythus his motions slyly watch'd;

He darts his weapon from a private stand,
And rivets to the post his veiny hand : 185
When straight a missive spear transfix'd his side,
By Abas thrown, and as he hung, he dy'd.

Melaneus on the prince's side was slain ;
And Dorylas, who own'd a fertile plain,
Of Nasamonias fields the wealthy lord, 190
Whose crowded barns could scarce contain their
A whizzing spear obliquely gave a blow, [hoard.
Stuck in his groin, and pierc'd the nerves below ;
His foe beheld his eyes convulsive roll,
His ebbing veins, and his departing soul ; 195
Then taunting said, of all thy spacious plains,
This spot thy only property remains.

He left him thus ; but had no sooner left,
Than Perseus in revenge his nostrils cleft ; 199
From his friend's breast the murd'ring dart he drew,
And the same weapon at the murd'rer threw ;
His head in halves the darted javelin cut,
And on each side the brain came issuing out.

Fortune his friend, his deaths around he deals,
And this his lance, and that his faulchion feels : 205
Now Clytius dies ; and by a diff'rent wound,
The twin his brother Clanis, bites the ground.
In his rent jaw the bearded weapon sticks,
And the steel'd dart does Clytius' thigh transfix.
With these Mendesian Celadon he slew : 210
And Astreus next, whose mother was a jew,

His sire uncertain : Then by Perseus fell
Æthion, who could things to come foretell ;
But now he knows not whence the javelin flies
That wounds his breast, nor by whose arm he dies.

The squire to Phineus next his valour try'd, 216
And fierce Agyrtes stain'd with parricide.

As these are slain, fresh numbers still appear,
And wage with Perseus an unequal war ;
To rob him of his right, the maid he won, 220
By honour, promise, and desert his own.
With him, the father of the beauteous bride,
The mother, and the frighted virgin side ;
With shrieks, and doleful cries they rend the air :
Their shrieks confounded with the din of war, 225
With clashing arms, and groanings of the slain,
They grieve unpitied, and unheard complain.
The floor with ruddy streams Bellona stains,
And Phineus a new war with double rage maintains.

Perseus begirt, from all around they pour 230
Their lances on him, a tempestuous show'r,
Aim'd all at him ; a cloud of darts, and spears,
Or blind his eyes, or whistle round his ears.
Their numbers to resist, against the wall
He guards his back secure, and dares them all. 235
Here from the left Molpeus renews the fight,
And bold Ethemon presses on the right :
As when a hungry tiger near him hears
Two lowing herds, awhile he both forbears ;

Nor can his hopes of this, or that renounce, 240
So strong he lusts to prey on both at once;
Thus Perseus now with that, or this is loath
To war distinct, but fain would fall on both.
And first Chaonian Molpeus felt his blow,
And fled, and never after fac'd his foe; 245
Then fierce Ethemon, as he turn'd his back,
Hurried with fury, aiming at his neck,
His brandish'd sword against the marble struck,
With all his might; the brittle weapon broke, }
And in his throat the point rebounding stuck. 250 }
Too slight the wound for life to issue thence,
And yet too great for battle, or defence;
His arms extended in this piteous state,
For mercy he would sue, but sues too late;
Perseus has in his bosom plung'd the sword, 255
And, e'er he speaks, the wound prevents the word.

The crowds encreasing and his friends distress'd,
Himself by warring multitudes oppress'd;
Since thus unequally you fight, 'tis time,
He cry'd, to punish your presumptuous crime; 260
Beware, my friends; his friends were soon prepar'd, }
Their sight averting, high the head he rear'd, }
And Gorgon on his foes severely star'd.
Vain shift! says Thescelus, with aspect bold,
Thee, and thy bugbear monster I behold 265
With scorn; he lifts his arm, but ere he threw
The dart, the hero to a statue grew.

In the same posture still the marble stands,
And holds the warrior's weapons in it's hands.
Amphyx, whom yet this wonder can't alarm, 270
Heaves at Lyncides' breast his impious arm;
But, while thus daringly he presses on,
His weapon, and his arm are turn'd to stone.
Next Nileus, he who vainly said he ow'd
His origin to Nile's prolific flood; 275
Who on his shield seven silver rivers bore,
His birth to witness by the arms he wore;
Full of his sev'n-fold father, thus express'd
His boast to Perseus, and his pride confess'd :
See whence we sprung; Let this thy comfort be 280
In thy sure death, that thou didst die by me.
While yet he spoke, the dying accents hung
In sounds imperfect on his marble tongue;
Tho' chang'd to stone, his lips he seem'd to stretch,
And thro' th' insensate rock would force a speech. 285

This Eryx saw, but seeing would not own;
The mischief by yourselves, he cries, is done, }
'Tis your cold courage turns your hearts to stone. }
Come, follow me; fall on the stripling boy,
Kill him, and you his magic arms destroy. 290
Then rushing on, his arm to strike he rear'd,
And marbled o'er, his varied frame appear'd.

These for affronting Pallas were chastis'd,
And justly met the death they had despis'd.
But brave Aconteus, Perseus' friend, by chance 295
Look'd back, and met the Gorgon's fatal glance :

A statute now become, he ghastly stares,
And still the foe to mortal combat dares.
Astyages the living likeness knew,
On the dead stone with vengeful fury flew ; 300
But impotent his rage, the jarring blade
No print upon the solid marble made :
Again, as with redoubled might he struck,
Himself astonish'd in the quarry stuck.

'The vulgar deaths 'twere tedious to rehearse, 305
And fates below the dignity of verse ;
Their safety in their flight two hundred found,
Two hundred, by Medusa's head were ston'd.
Fierce Phineus now repents the wrongful fight,
And views his varied friends, a dreadful sight ; 310
He knows their faces, for their help he sues,
And thinks, not hearing him, that they refuse :
By name he begs their succour, one by one,
Then doubts their life, and feels the friendly stone.
Struck with remorse, and conscious of his pride, 315
Convict of sin, he turn'd his eyes aside ;
With suppliant mein to Perseus thus he prays,
Hence with the head, as far as winds and seas
Can bear thee ; Hence, O quit the Cephene shore,
And never curse us with Medusa more, 320
That horrid head, which stiffens into stone
Those impious men who, daring death, look on.
I warr'd not with thee out of hate of strife,
My honest cause was to defend my wife,

First pledg'd to me; What crime cou'd I suppose, 325
To arm my friends, and vindicate my spouse?
But vain, too late, I see was our design;
Mine was the title, but the merit thine.
Contending made me guilty, I confess,
But penitence should make that guilt the less: 330
'Twas thine to conquer by Minerva's pow'r;
Favour'd of heav'n, thy mercy I implore;
For life I sue; the rest to thee I yield;
In pity, from my sight remove the shield.

He suing said; nor durst revert his eyes 335
On the grim head: And Perseus thus replies;
Coward, what is in me to grant, I will,
Nor blood, unworthy of my valour spill:
Fear not to perish by my vengeful sword,
From that secure; 'tis all the fates afford. 340
Where I now see thee, thou shalt still be seen,
A lasting monument to please our queen;
There still shall thy betroth'd behold her spouse,
And find his image in her father's house.
This said; where Phineus turn'd to shun the shield,
Full in his face the staring head he held; 346
As here, and there he strove to turn aside,
The wonder wrought, the man was petrify'd:
All marble was his frame, his humid eyes
Drop'd tears, which hung upon the stone like ice.
In suppliant posture, with uplifted hands, 351
And fearful look, the guilty statue stands.

Hence Perseus to his native city hies,
Victorious, and rewarded with his prize.
Conquest, o'er Prætus the usurper, won, 355
He reinstates his grandsire in the throne.
Prætus, his brother, dispossess'd by might,
His realm enjoy'd, and still detain'd his right:
But Perseus pull'd the haughty tyrant down,
And to the rightful king restor'd the throne. 360
Weak was th' usurper, as his cause was wrong;
Where Gorgon's head appears, what arms are
strong?

When Perseus to his host the monster held,
They soon were statues, and their king expell'd.

Thence, to Seriphus with the head he sails, 365
Whose prince his story treats as idle tales:
Lord of a little isle, he scorns to seem
Too credulous, but laughs at that, and him.
Yet did he not so much suspect the truth,
As out of pride, or envy hate the youth. 370
The Argive prince, at his contempt enrag'd,
To force his faith by fatal proof engag'd,
Friends, shut your eyes, he cries; his shield he
takes,

And to the king expos'd Medusa's snakes.
The monarch felt the pow'r he would not own, 375
And stood convict of folly in the stone.

MINERVA'S INTERVIEW WITH THE MUSES.

Thus far Minerva was content to rove
With Perseus, offspring of her father Jove :
Now, hid in clouds, Seriphus she forsook ;
And to the Theban tow'rs her journey took. 380
Cythnos and Gyaros lying to the right,
She pass'd unheeded in her eager flight ;
And choosing first on Helicon to rest,
The virgin muses in these words address'd :

Me, the strange tidings of a new-found spring,
Ye learned sisters, to this mountain bring.
If all be true that fame's wide rumours tell,
'Twas Pegasus discover'd first your well ;
Whose piercing hoof gave the soft earth a blow,
Which broke the surface, where the waters flow. 390
I saw that horse by miracle obtain
Life, from the blood of dire Medusa slain ;
And now, this equal prodigy to view,
From distant isles to fam'd Bœotia flew.

The muse Urania said, whatever cause 395
So great a goddess to this mansion draws ;
Our shades are happy with so bright a guest,
You, queen, are welcome, and we muses blest.
What fame has publish'd of our spring is true,
Thanks for our spring to Pegasus are due. 400
Then with becoming courtesy, she led
The curious stranger to their fountain's head ;

Who long survey'd, with wonder, and delight,
Their sacred water, charming to the sight;
Their ancient groves, dark grotto, shady bow'rs, 405
And smiling plains adorn'd with various flow'rs.
O happy muses ! she with rapture cry'd,
Who, safe from cares, on this fair hill reside;
Blest in your seat, and free yourselves to please
With joys of study, and with glorious ease. 410

THE FATE OF PYRENEUS.

Then one replies : O goddess, fit to guide
Our humble works, and in our choir preside,
Who sure would wisely to these fields repair,
To taste our pleasures, and our labours share,
Were not your virtue, and superior mind 415
To higher arts, and nobler deeds inclin'd;
Justly you praise our works, and pleasing seat,
Which all might envy in this soft retreat,
Were we secur'd from dangers, and from harms;
But maids are frighten'd with the least alarms, 420
And none are safe in this licentious time;
Still fierce Pyreneus, and his daring crime
With lashing horror strikes my feeble sight,
Nor is my mind recover'd from the fright.
With Thracian arms this bold usurper gain'd, 425
Daulis, and Phocis, where he proudly reign'd :
It happen'd once, as thro' his lands we went,
For the bright temple of Parnassus bent,

He met us there, and in his artful mind
Hiding the faithless action he design'd, 430
Confer'd on us (whom, Oh ! too well he knew)
All honours that to goddesses are due.
Stop, stop, ye muses, 'tis your friend who calls,
The tyrant said ; behold the rain that falls
On ev'ry side, and that ill-boding sky, 435
Whose lowring face portends more storms are nigh.
Pray make my house your own, and void of fear,
While this bad weather lasts, take shelter here.
Gods have made meaner places their resort,
And, for a cottage, left their shining court. 440
Oblig'd to stop, by the united force
Of pouring rains, and complaisant discourse,
His courteous invitation we obey,
And in his hall resolve awhile to stay.
Soon it clear'd up ; the clouds began to fly, 445
The driving north refin'd the show'ry sky ;
Then to pursue our journey we began :
But the false traitor to his portal ran,
Stopt our escape, the door securely barr'd,
And to our honour, violence prepar'd. 450
But we transform'd to birds, avoid his snare,
On pinions rising in the yielding air.
But he, by lust and indignation fir'd,
Up to his highest tow'r with speed retir'd,
And cries, in vain you from my arms withdrew, 455
The way you go your lover will pursue.

Then, in a flying posture wildly plac'd,
And daring from that height himself to cast,
The wretch fell headlong, and the ground bestrew'd
With broken bones, and stains of guilty blood. 460

THE STORY OF THE PIERIDES.

The muse yet spoke; when they began to hear
A noise of wings that flutter'd in the air; [bough,
And straight a voice, from some high spreading
Seem'd to salute the company below. 464

The goddess wonder'd, and inquir'd from whence
That tongue was heard, that spoke so plainly sense;
(It seem'd to her a human voice to be,
But prov'd a bird's; for in a shady tree
Nine magpies perch'd lament their alter'd state,
And what they hear, are skilful to repeat.) 470

The sister to the wond'ring goddess said,
These, foil'd by us, by us were thus repaid.
These did Evippè of Pæonia bring
With nine hard labour-pangs to Pella's king.
The foolish virgins, of their number proud, 475
And puff'd with praises of the senseless croud,
Thro' all Achaia, and th' Æmonian plains,
Defy'd us thus, to match their artless strains;
No more, ye Thespian girls, your notes repeat,
Nor with false harmony the vulgar cheat; 480
In voice or skill, if you with us will vye,
As many we, in voice or skill will try.

Surrender you to us, if we excel,
Fam'd Aganippè, and Medusa's well.
The conquest yours, your prize from us shall be 485
Th' Æmathian plains to snowy Pæonè;
The nymphs our judges. To dispute the field,
We thought a shame; but greater shame to yield.
On seats of living stone the sisters sit,
And by the rivers swear to judge aright. 490

THE SONG OF THE PIERIDES.

Then rises one of the presumptuous throng,
Steps rudely forth, and first begins the song :
With vain address describes the giants wars,
And to the gods their fabled acts prefers.
She sings, from earth's dark womb how Typhon rose,
And struck with mortal fear his heav'nly foes. 496
How the gods fled to Egypt's slimy soil,
And hid their heads beneath the banks of Nile;
How Typhon, from the conquer'd skies, pursu'd
Their routed godheads to the sev'n-mouth'd flood; 500
Forc'd ev'ry god, his fury to escape,
Some beastly form to take, or earthly shape.
Jove (so she sung) was chang'd into a ram,
From whence the horns of Libyan Ammon came.
Bacchus a goat, Apollo was a crow, 505
Phæbè a cat; the wife of Jove a cow,
Whose hue was whiter than the falling snow. }
Mercury to a nasty Ibis turn'd,
The change obscene, afraid of Typhon, mourn'd;

While Venus from a fish protection craves, 510
And once more plunges in her native waves.

She sung, and to her harp her voice apply'd;
Then us again to match her they defy'd,
But our poor song, perhaps, for you to hear,
Nor leisure serves, nor is it worth your ear. 515

That causeless doubt remove, O muse rehearse,
The goddess cry'd, your ever-grateful verse.
Beneath a chequer'd shade she takes her seat,
And bids the sister her whole song repeat.

The sister thus; Calliopè we chose 520
For the performance. The sweet virgin rose,
With ivy crown'd she tunes her golden strings,
And to her harp this composition sings.

THE SONG OF THE MUSES.

First Ceres taught her lab'ring hind to plow
The pregnant earth, and quick'ning seed to sow. 525
She first for man did wholesome food provide,
And with just laws the wicked world supply'd:
All good from her deriv'd, to her belong
The grateful tributes of the muse's song.
Her more than worthy of our verse we deem, 530
Oh! were our verse more worthy of the theme.

Jove on the giant fair Trinacria hurl'd,
And with one bolt reveng'd his starry world.
Beneath her burning hills Tiphæus lies,
And, struggling always, strives in vain to rise. 535

Down does Pelorus his right hand suppress
Tow'rd Latium, on the left Pachynè weighs.
His legs are under Lilybæum spread,
And Ætna presses hard his horrid head.
On his broad back he there extended lies, 540
And vomits clouds of ashes to the skies.
Oft lab'ring with his load, at last he tires,
And spews out in revenge a flood of fires.
Mountains he struggles to o'erwhelm and towns,
Earth's inmost bowels quake, and nature groans. 545
His terrors reach the direful king of hell;
He fears his throes will to the day reveal
The realms of night, and fright his trembling
ghosts.

This to prevent, he quits the Stygian coasts,
In his black car, by sooty horses drawn, 550
Fair Sicily he seeks, and dreads the dawn.
Around her plains he casts his eager eyes,
And ev'ry mountain to the bottom tries.
But when, in all the careful search, he saw
No cause of fear, no ill-suspected flaw; 555
Secure from harm, and wand'ring on at will,
Venus beheld him from her flow'ry hill:
When straight the dame her little Cupid prest
With secret rapture to her snowy breast,
And in these words the flutt'ring boy address. 560 }

O thou, my arms, my glory, and my pow'r,
My son, whom men, and deathless gods adore;

Bend thy sure bow, whose arrows never miss'd,
 No longer let hell's king thy sway resist :
 Take him, while straggling from his dark abodes 565
 He coasts the kingdoms of superior gods.
 If sov'reign Jove, if gods who rule the waves,
 And Neptune, who rules them, have been thy slaves;
 Shall hell be free? the tyrant strike, my son,
 Enlarge thy mother's empire, and thy own. 570
 Let not our heav'n be made the mock of hell,
 But Pluto to confess thy pow'r compel.
 Our rule is slighted in our native skies,
 See Pallas, see Diana too defies 574 }
 Thy darts, which Ceres' daughter would despise. }
 She too our empire treats with aukward scorn;
 Such insolence no longer's to be borne.
 Revenge our slighted reign, and with thy dart
 Transfix the virgin's to the uncle's heart. 579

She said; and from his quiver straight he drew
 A dart that surely would the business do.
 She guides his hand, she makes her touch the test,
 And of a thousand arrows chose the best:
 No feather better pois'd, a sharper head
 None had, and sooner none, and surer sped. 585
 He bends his bow, he draws it to his ear,
 Thro' Pluto's heart it drives, and fixes there.

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

Near Enna's walls a spacious lake is spread,
 Fam'd for the sweetly-singing swans it bred;

Pergusa is its name: And never more 590
Were heard, or sweeter on Cayster's shore.
Woods crown the lake; and Phœbus ne'er invades
The tufted fences, or offends the shades :
Fresh fragrant breezes fan the verdant bow'rs,
And the moist ground smiles with enamell'd flow'rs.
The chearful birds their airy carols sing, 596
And the whole year is one eternal spring.

Here, while young Proserpine, among the maids,
Diverts herself in these delicious shades ;
While like a child with busy speed and care 600
She gathers lilies here, and vi'lets there;
While first to fill her little lap she strives,
Hell's grizzly monarch at the shade arrives ;
Sees her thus sporting on the flow'ry green,
And loves the blooming maid, as soon as seen. 605
His urgent flame impatient of delay ;
Swift as his thought he seiz'd the beauteous prey, }
And bore her in his sooty car away.
The frightened goddess to her mother cries,
But all in vain, for now far off she flies ; 610
Far she behind her leaves her virgin train;
To them too cries, and cries to them in vain.
And, while with passion she repeats her call,
The vi'lets from her lap, and lilies fall :
She misses 'em, poor heart! and makes new moan;
Her lillies, ah! are lost, her vi'lets gone. 616

O'er hills, the ravisher, and vallies speeds,
By name encouraging his foamy steeds ;

He rattles o'er their necks the rusty reins,
And ruffles with the stroke their shaggy manes. 620
O'er lakes he whirls his flying wheels, and comes
To the Palici breathing sulph'rous fumes.
And thence to where the Bacchiads of renown
Between unequal havens built their town:
Where Arethusa, round th' imprison'd sea, 625
Extends her crooked coast to Cyanè;
The nymph who gave the neighb'ring lake a name,
Of all Sicilian nymphs the first in fame.
She from the waves advanc'd her beauteous head,
The goddess knew, and thus to Pluto said; 630
Farther thou shalt not with the virgin run;
Ceres unwilling, canst thou be her son? }
The maid should be by sweet persuasion won. }
Force suits not with the softness of the fair;
For, if great things with small I may compare, 635
Me Anapis once lov'd; a milder course
He took, and won me by his words, not force.

Then, stretching out her arms, she stopt his way:
But he impatient of the shortest stay,
Throws to his dreadful steeds the slacken'd rein, 640
And strikes his iron sceptre thro' the main;
The depths profound thro' yielding waves he cleaves,
And to hell's centre a free passage leaves;
Down sinks his chariot, and his realms of night
The god soon reaches with a rapid flight. 645

CYANÈ DISSOLVES TO A FOUNTAIN.

But still does Cyanè the rape bemoan,
And with the goddess' wrongs laments her own;
For the stol'n maid, and for her injur'd spring,
Time to her trouble no relief can bring.
In her sad heart a heavy load she bears, 650
Till the dumb sorrow turns her all to tears.
Her mingling waters with that fountain pass,
Of which she late immortal goddess was.
Her varied members to a fluid melt,
A pliant softness in her bones is felt. 655
Her wavy locks first drop away in dew,
And liquid next her slender fingers grew.
The body's change soon seizes its extreme,
Her legs dissolve, and feet flow off in stream.
Her arms, her back, her shoulders, and her side, 660
Her swelling breasts in little currents glide.
A silver liquor only now remains
Within the channel of her purple veins;
Nothing to fill love's grasp; her husband chaste
Bathes in that bosom he before embrac'd. 665

A BOY TRANSFORMED TO AN EFT.

Thus, while thro' all the earth, and all the main,
Her daughter mournful Ceres sought in vain;
Aurora, when with dewy looks she rose,
Nor burnish'd vesper found her in repose.

At Ætna's flaming mouth two pitchy pines 670

To light her in her search at length she tines.

Restless with these, thro' frosty night she goes,

Nor fears the cutting winds, nor heeds the snows;

And, when the morning star the day renews,

From east to west her absent child pursues. 675

Thirsty at last by long fatigue she grows,

But meets no spring, no riv'let near her flows.

Then looking round, a lowly cottage spies,

Smoking among the trees, and thither hies.

The goddess knocking at the little door, 680

'Twas open'd by a woman old and poor,

Who, when she begg'd for water, gave her ale

Brew'd long, but well preserv'd from being stale.

The goddess drank; a chuffy lad was by,

Who saw the liquor with a grudging eye, 685

And grinning cries, She's greedy more than dry. }

Ceres, offended at his foul grimace,

Flung what she had not drunk into his face.

The sprinklings speckle where they hit the skin,

And a long tail does from his body spin; 690

His arms are turn'd to legs, and lest his size

Should make him mischievous, and he might rise

Against mankind, diminutives his frame,

Less than a lizard, but in shape the same.

Amaz'd the dame the wondrous sight beheld, 695

And weeps, and fain would touch her quondam child.

Yet her approach th' affrighted vermin shuns,

And fast into the greatest crevice runs.

A name they gave him, which the spots exprest,
That rose like * stars, and varied all his breast. 700

What lands, what seas the goddess wander'd o'er,
Were long to tell, for there remain'd no more.
Searching all round, her fruitless toil, she mourns,
And with regret to Sicily returns.

At length, where Cyanè now flows, she came, 705
Who could have told her, were she still the same
As when she saw her daughter sink to hell,
But what she knows she wants a tongue to tell.

Yet this plain signal manifestly gave,
The virgin's girdle floating on a wave, 710
As late she dropt it from her slender waste,
When with her uncle thro' the deep she past.

Ceres the token by her grief confest,
And tore her golden hair, and beat her breast.
She knows not on what land her curse should fall,
But, as ingrate, alike upbraids them all, 716

Unworthy of her gifts; Trinacria most,
Where the last steps she found of what she lost.
The plough for this the vengeful goddess broke,
And with one death the ox, and owner struck. 720

In vain the fallow fields the peasant tills,
The seed, corrupted ere 'tis sown, she kills.
The fruitful soil, that once such harvests bore,
Now mocks the farmer's care, and teems no more.

And the rich grain which fills the furrow'd glade,
Rots in the seed, or shrivels in the blade; 726

Or too much sun burns up, or too much rain
 Drowns, or black blights destroy the blasted plain ;
 Or greedy birds the new-sown seed devour,
 Or Darnell, thistles, and a crop impure 730
 Of knotted grass along the acres stand,
 And spread their thriving roots thro' all the land.

Then from the waves soft Arethusa rears
 Her head, and back she flings her dropping hairs.
 O mother of the maid, whom thou so far 735
 Hast sought, of whom thou canst no tidings hear ;
 O thou, she cry'd, who art to life a friend,
 Cease here thy search, and let thy labour end.
 Thy faithful Sicily's a guiltless clime,
 And should not suffer for another's crime ; 740
 She neither knew, nor could prevent the deed—
 Nor think that for my country thus I plead ;
 My country's Pisa, I'm an alien here,
 Yet these abodes to Elis I prefer, }
 No clime to me so sweet, no place so dear. 745 }
 These springs I Arethusa now possess,
 And this my seat, O gracious goddess, bless.
 This island why I love, and why I crost
 Such spacious seas to reach Ortygia's coast,
 To you I shall impart, when, void of care, 750
 Your heart's at ease, and you more fit to hear ;
 When on your brow no pressing sorrow sits,
 For gay content alone such tales admits.
 When thro' earth's caverns I awhile have roll'd
 My waves, I rise, and here again behold 755

The long lost stars ; and, as I late did glide
Near Styx, Proserpina there I espy'd.
Fear still with grief might in her face be seen ;
She still her rape laments ; yet, made a queen,
Beneath those gloomy shades her sceptre sways, 760
And ev'n th' infernal king her will obeys.

This heard, the goddess like a statue stood,
Stupid with grief : and in that musing mood
Continu'd long ; new cares awhile suppress
The reigning pow'rs of her immortal breast. 765
At last to Jove her daughter's sire she flies,
And with her chariot cuts the crystal skies ;
She comes in clouds and with dishevell'd hair,
Standing before his throne, prefers her pray'r.

King of the gods, defend my blood and thine, 770
And use it not the worse for being mine.
If I no more am gracious in thy sight,
Be just, O Jove, and do thy daughter right.
In vain I sought her the wide world around,
And, when I most despair'd to find her, found. 775
But how can I the fatal finding boast,
By which I know she is for ever lost ?
Without her father's aid, what other pow'r
Can to my arms the ravish'd maid restore ?
Let him restore her, I'll the crime forgive, 780
My child, tho' ravish'd, I'd with joy receive.
Pity, your daughter with a thief should wed,
Tho' mine, you think, deserves no better bed.

Jove thus replies ; it equally belongs
 To both, to guard our common pledge from wrongs.
 But if to things we proper names apply, 786
 This hardly can be call'd an injury.
 The theft is love ; nor need we blush to own
 The thief, if I can judge, to be our son.
 Had you of his desert no other proof, 790
 To be Jove's brother is methinks enough.
 Nor was my throne by worth superior got,
 Heav'n fell to me, as hell to him, by lot :
 If you are still resolv'd her loss to mourn,
 And nothing less will serve than her return ; 795
 Upon these terms she may again be yours,
 (Th' irrevocable terms of fate, not ours)
 Of Stygian food if she did never taste,
 Hell's bounds may then, and only then, be past.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ASCALAPHUS INTO AN OWL.

The goddess now, resolving to succeed, 800
 Down to the gloomy shades descends with speed ;
 But adverse fate had otherwise decreed. }
 For, long before, her giddy thoughtless child
 Had broke her fast, and all her projects spoil'd.
 As in the garden's shady walks she stray'd, 805
 A fair pomegranate charm'd the simple maid,
 Hung in her way, and tempting her to taste,
 She pluck'd the fruit, and took a short repast.

Seven times, a seed at once, she eat the food ;
The fact Ascalaphus had only view'd ; 810
Whom Acheron begot in Stygian shades
On Orphnè, fam'd among Avernial maids ;
He saw what past, and by discov'ring all,
Detain'd the ravish'd nymph in cruel thrall.

But now a queen, she with resentment heard, 815
And chang'd the vile informer to a bird.
In Phlegeton's black stream her hand she dips,
Sprinkles his head, and wets his babbling lips.
Soon on his face, bedropt with magic dew,
A change appear'd, and gawdy feathers grew. 820
A crooked beak the place of nose supplies,
Rounder his head, and larger are his eyes.
His arms and body waste, but are supply'd
With yellow pinions flagging on each side.
His nails grow crooked, and are turn'd to
claws, 825
And lazily along his heavy wings he draws.
Ill-omen'd in his form, th' unlucky fowl,
Abhorr'd by men, and call'd a screeching owl.

THE DAUGHTERS OF ACHELOUS TRANS- FORMED TO SIRENS.

Justly this punishment was due to him,
And less had been too little for his crime ; 830
But, O ye nymphs that from the flood descend.
What fault of yours the gods could so offend,

With wings and claws your beauteous forms to spoil,
Yet save your maiden face, and winning smile ?
Were you not with her in Pergusa's bow'rs, 835
When Proserpine went forth to gather flow'rs ?
Since Pluto in his car the goddess caught,
Have you not for her in each climate sought ?
And when on land you long had search'd in vain,
You wish'd for wings to cross the pathless main ; 840
That earth and sea might witness to your care :
The gods were easy, and return'd your pray'r ;
With golden wing o'er foamy waves you fled,
And to the sun your plumy glories spread.
But, lest the soft enchantment of your songs, 845
And the sweet music of your flatt'ring tongues
Should quite be lost, (as courteous fates ordain)
Your voice and virgin beauty still remain.
Jove some amends for Ceres' loss to make,
Yet willing Pluto should the joy partake, 850
Gives 'em of Proserpine an equal share,
Who, claim'd by both, with both divides the year.
The goddess now in either empire sways,
Six moons in hell, and six with Ceres stays.
Her peevish temper's chang'd ; that sullen mind, 855
Which made ev'n hell uneasy, now is kind.
Her voice refines, her mien more sweet appears,
Her forehead free from frowns, her eyes from tears.
As when, with golden light, the conqu'ring day
Thro' dusky exhalations clears a way. 860

Ceres her daughter's rape no longer mourn'd,
But back to Arethusa's spring return'd ;
And sitting on the margin, bid her tell
From whence she came, and why a sacred well.

THE STORY OF ARETHUSA.

Still were the purling waters, and the maid 865
From the smooth surface rais'd her beauteous head,
Wipes off the drops that from her tresses ran,
And thus to tell Alpheus' loves began.

In Elis first I breath'd the living air,
The chase was all my pleasure, all my care. 870
None lov'd like me the forest to explore,
To pitch the toils, and drive the bristled boar.
Of fair, tho' masculine, I had the name,
But gladly would to that have quitted claim :
It less my pride than indignation rais'd, 875
To hear the beauty I neglected prais'd ;
Such compliments I loath'd, such charms as these
I scorn'd, and thought it infamy to please.

Once, I remember, in the summer's heat,
Tir'd with the chase, I sought a cool retreat ; 880
And, walking on, a silent current found,
Which gently glided o'er the grav'ly ground.
The crystal water was so smooth, so clear,
My eye distinguish'd ev'ry pebble there.
So soft its motion, that I scarce perceiv'd 885
The running stream, or what I saw, believ'd.

The hoary willow, and the poplar made
Along the shelving bank a grateful shade.
In the cool rivulet my feet I dipt,
Then waded to the knee, and then I stript ; 890
My robe I careless on an osier threw,
That near the place commodiously grew ;
Nor long upon the border naked stood,
But plung'd with speed into the silver flood.
My arms a thousand ways I mov'd, and try'd 895
To quicken, if I cou'd, the lazy tide ;
Where, while I play'd my swimming gambols o'er,
I heard a murm'ring voice, and frighted sprung to
Oh ! whither, Arethusa, dost thou fly ? [shore.
From the brook's bottom did Alpheus cry ; 900
Again, I heard him, in a hollow tone,
Oh ! whither Arethusa, dost thou run ?
Naked I flew, nor could I stay to hide
My limbs, my robe was on the other side ;
Alpheus follow'd fast, th' inflaming sight 905
Quickened his speed, and made his labour light ;
He sees me ready for his eager arms,
And with a greedy glance devours my charms.
As trembling doves from pressing danger fly, 909
When the fierce hawk comes sousing from the sky ;
And, as fierce hawks the trembling doves pursue,
From him I fled, and after me he flew.
First by Orchomenus I took my flight,
And soon had Psophis and Cyllene in sight ;

Behind me then high Mænalus I lost, 915
And craggy Erimanthus scal'd with frost;
Elis was next; thus far the ground I trod
With nimble feet, before the distanc'd god.
But here I lagg'd, unable to sustain
The labour longer, and my flight maintain; 920
While he more strong, more patient of the toil,
And fir'd with hopes of beauty's speedy spoil,
Gain'd my lost ground, and by redoubled pace,
Now left between us but a narrow space.
Unweary'd I till now o'er hills, and plains, 925
O'er rocks, and rivers ran, and felt no pains :
The sun behind me, and the god I kept,
But, when I fastest should have run, I stept.
Before my feet his shadow now appear'd ;
As what I saw, or rather what I fear'd. 930
Yet there I could not be deceiv'd by fear,
Who felt his breath pant on my braided hair, [near. }
And heard his sounding tread, and knew him to be }
Tir'd, and despairing, O celestial maid,
I'm caught, I cry'd, without thy heav'nly aid. 935
Help me, Diana, help a nymph forlorn, }
Devoted to the woods, who long has worn }
Thy livery, and long thy quiver borne. }
The goddess heard ; my pious pray'r prevail'd ;
In muffling clouds my virgin head was veil'd. 940
The am'rous god, deluded of his hopes,
Searches the gloom, and thro' the darkness gropes ;

Twice, where Diana did her servant hide
He came, and twice, O Arethusa cry'd.
How shaken was my soul, how sunk my heart ! 945
The terror seiz'd on ev'ry trembling part.
Thus when the wolf about the mountain prowls
For prey, the lambkin hears his horrid howls :
The tim'rous hare, the pack approaching nigh,
Thus hearkens to the hounds, and trembles at the cry ;
Nor dares she stir, for fear her scented breath 951
Direct the dogs, and guide the threaten'd death.
Alpheus in the cloud no traces found
To mark my way, yet stays to guard the ground.
The god so near, a chilly sweat possest 955
My fainting limbs, at ev'ry pore exprest ;
My strength distill'd in drops, my hair in dew,
My form was chang'd, and all my substance new.
Each motion was a stream, and my whole frame
Turn'd to a fount, which still preserves my name.
Resolv'd I should not his embrace escape, 961
Again the god resumes his fluid shape ;
To mix his streams with mine he fondly tries,
But still Diana his attempt denies,
She cleaves the ground ; thro' caverns dark I run
A diff'rent current, while he keeps his own. 966
To dear Ortygia she conducts my way,
And here I first review the welcome day.
Here Arethusa stopt ; then Ceres takes
Her golden car, and yokes her fiery snakes ; 970

With a just rein, along mid-heav'n she flies
O'er earth, and seas, and cuts the yielding skies.
She halts at Athens, dropping like a star,
And to Triptolemus resigns her car.
Parent of seed, she gave him fruitful grain, 975
And bade him teach, to till and plough the plain;
The seed to sow, as well in fallow fields,
As where the soil manur'd a richer harvest yields.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF LYNCUS.

The youth o'er Europe, and o'er Asia drives,
'Till at the court of Lyncus he arrives. 980
The tyrant Scythia's barb'rous empire sway'd;
And, when he saw, Triptolemus, he said,
How cam'st thou, stranger, to our court, and why?
Thy country, and thy name? the youth did thus reply:
Triptolemus my name; my country's known 985
O'er all the world, Minerva's fav'rite town,
Athens, the first of cities in renown. }
By land I neither walk'd, nor sail'd by sea,
But hither thro' the Æther made my way.
By me, the goddess who the fields befriends, 990
These gifts, the greatest of all blessings, sends.
The grain she gives if in your soil you sow,
Thence wholesome food in golden crops shall grow.
Soon as the secret to the king was known,
He grudg'd the glory of the service done, 995 }
And wickedly resolv'd to make it all his own.

To hide his purpose, he invites his guest,
 The friend of Ceres, to a royal feast.
 And when sweet sleep his heavy eyes had seiz'd,
 The tyrant with his steel attempts his breast. 1000
 Him straight a Lynx's shape the goddess gives,
 And home the youth her sacred dragons drives.

THE PIERIDES TRANSFORM'D TO MAG- PIES.

The chosen muse here ends her sacred lays ;
 The nymphs unanimous decree the bays, 1004 }
 And give the Heliconian goddesses the praise. }
 Then, far from vain that we should thus prevail,
 But much provok'd to hear the vanquish'd rail,
 Calliopè resumes ; too long we've borne
 Your daring taunts, and your affronting scorn ;
 Your challenge justly merited a curse, 1010
 And this unmanner'd railing makes it worse.
 Since you refuse us calmly to enjoy
 Our patience, next our passions we'll employ ;
 The dictates of a mind enrag'd pursue,
 And, what our just resentment bids us, do. 1015

The railers laugh, our threats and wrath despise,
 And clap their hands, and make a scolding noise :
 But in the fact they're seiz'd ; beneath their nails
 Feathers they feel, and on their faces scales ;

Their horny beaks at once each other scare, 1020 }
Their arms are plum'd, and on their backs they bear }
Py'd wings, and flutter in the fleeting air. }
Chatt'ring, the scandal of the woods they fly,
And there continue still their clam'rous cry :
The same their eloquence, as maids, or birds, 1025
Now only noise, and nothing then but words.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK VI.

TRANSLATED BY MR. CROXALL.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ARACHNE INTO A SPIDER.

PALLAS, attending to the muse's song,
Approv'd the just resentment of their wrong;
And thus reflects: while tamely I commend
Those who their injur'd deities defend,
My own divinity affronted stands, 5
And calls aloud for justice at my hands;
Then takes the hint, asham'd to lag behind,
And on Arachné bends her vengeful mind;
One at the loom so excellently skill'd,
That to the goddess she refus'd to yield. 10

Low was her birth, and small her native town,
She from her art alone obtain'd renown.
Idmon, her father, made it his employ,
To give the spungy fleece a purple dye.

Of vulgar strain her mother, lately dead, 15
With her own rank had been content to wed ;
Yet she their daughter, tho' her time was spent
In a small hamlet, and of mean descent,
Thro' the great towns of Lydia gain'd a name,
And fill'd the neighb'ring countries with her fame. 20

Oft, to admire the niceness of her skill,
The nymphs would quit their fountain, shade, or hill :
Thither, from green Tymolus, they repair,
And leave the vineyards, their peculiar care ;
Thither, from fam'd Pactolus' golden stream, 25
Drawn by her art, the curious Naiads came.
Nor would the work, when finish'd, please so much,
As, while she wrought, to view each graceful touch ;
Whether the shapeless wool in balls she wound,
Or with quick motion turn'd the spindle round, 30
Or with her pencil drew the neat design,
Pallas her mistress shone in every line.

This the proud maid with scornful air denies,
And ev'n the goddess at her work defies ;
Disowns her heav'nly mistress ev'ry hour, 35
Nor asks her aid, nor deprecates her pow'r.
Let us, she cries, but to a trial come,
And, if she conquers, let her fix my doom.

The goddess then a beldame's form put on,
With silver hairs her hoary temples shone ; 40
Propp'd by a staff, she hobbles in her walk,
And tott'ring thus begins her old wive's talk.

Young maid attend, nor stubbornly despise
The admonitions of the old, and wise ;
For age, tho' scorn'd, a ripe experience bears, 45
That golden fruit, unknown to blooming years :
Still may remotest fame your labours crown,
And mortals your superior genius own ;
But to the goddess yield, and humbly meek
A pardon for your bold presumption seek ; 50
The goddess will forgive. At this the maid,
With passion fir'd, her gliding shuttle stay'd ;
And, darting vengeance with an angry look,
To Pallas in disguise, thus fiercely spoke.

Thou doating thing, whose idle babbling tongue 55
But too well shews the plague of living long ;
Hence, and reprove, with this your sage advice,
Your giddy daughter, or your awkward niece ;
Know I despise your counsel, and am still
A woman, ever wedded to my will ; 60
And, if your skilful goddess better knows,
Let her accept the trial I propose.

She does, impatient Pallas straight replies,
And, cloath'd with heav'nly light, sprung from her
odd disguise.

The nymphs, and virgins of the plain adore 65
The awful goddess, and confess her pow'r ;
The maid alone stood unappall'd ; yet show'd
A transient blush, that for a moment glow'd,
'Then disappear'd : as purple streaks adorn
The op'ning beauties of the rosy morn ; 70

Till Phœbus rising prevalently bright,
 Allays the tincture with his silver light.
 Yet she persists, and obstinately great,
 In hopes of conquest hurries on her fate.
 The goddess now the challenge waves no more, 75
 Nor, kindly good, advises as before.

Straight to their posts appointed both repair,
 And fix their threaded looms with equal care:
 Around the solid beam the web is ty'd,
 While hollow canes the parting warp divide; 80
 Thro' which with nimble flight the shuttles play,
 And for the woof prepare a ready way; } *slay.*
 The woof and warp unite, press'd by the toothy }

Thus both, their mantles button'd to their breast,
 Their skilful fingers ply with willing haste, 85
 And work with pleasure; while they cheer the eye
 With glowing purple of the Tyrian dye;
 Or, justly intermixing shades with light,
 Their colourings insensibly unite.

As when a show'r transpierc'd with sunny rays, 90
 It's mighty arch along the heav'n displays;
 From whence a thousand diff'rent colours rise,
 Whose fine transition cheats the clearest eyes;
 So like the intermingled shading seems,
 And only differs in the last extremes. 95

Then threads of gold both artfully dispose,
 And, as each part in just proportion rose,
 Some antique fable in their work disclose.

Pallas in figures wrought the heav'nly pow'rs,
And Mars's hill among th' Athenian tow'rs. 100
On lofty thrones twice six celestials sate,
Jove in the midst, and held their warm debate;
The subject weighty, and well-known to fame,
From whom the city should receive its name.
Each god by proper features was exprest, 105
Jove with majestic mein excell'd the rest.
His three-fork'd mace the dewy sea-god shook,
And, looking sternly, smote the ragged rock;
When from the stone leapt forth a sprightly steed,
And Neptune claims the city for the deed. 110

Herself she blazons with a glitt'ring spear,
And crested helm that veil'd her braided hair,
With shield, and scaly breast-plate, implements
of war. }

Struck with her pointed lance, the teeming earth
Seem'd to produce a new surprizing birth; 115
When, from the glebe, the pledge of conquest sprung,
A tree pale-green with fairest olives hung.

And then, to let her giddy rival learn
What just rewards such boldness was to earn,
Four trials at each corner had their part, 120
Design'd in miniature, and touch'd with art.
Hæmus in one, and Rhodopè of Thrace,
Transform'd to mountains, fill'd the foremost place;
Who claim'd the titles of the gods above,
And vainly us'd the epithets of Jove. 125

Another shew'd, where the Pigmæan dame,
Profaning Juno's venerable name,
Turn'd to an airy crane, descends from far,
And with her pigmy subjects wages war.
In a third part, the rage of heaven's great queen, 130
Display'd on proud Antigone, was seen :
Who with presumptuous boldness dar'd to vie,
For beauty, with the empress of the sky.
Ah ! what avails her ancient princely race,
Her sire a king, and Troy her native place : 135
Now, to a noisy stork transform'd, she flies,
And with her whiten'd pinions cleaves the skies.
And in the last remaining part was drawn
Poor Cinyras, that seem'd to weep in stone ;
Clasping the temple steps, he sadly mourn'd 140
His lovely daughters now to marble turn'd.
With her own tree the finish'd piece is crown'd,
And wreaths of peaceful olive all the work surround.
Arachnè drew the fam'd intrigues of Jove,
Chang'd to a bull to gratify his love ; 145
How thro' the briny tide all foaming hoar,
Lovely Europa on his back he bore.
The sea seem'd waving, and the trembling maid
Shrunk up her tender feet, as if afraid ;
And, looking back on the forsaken strand, 150
To her companions wafts her distant hand.
Next she design'd Asteria's fabled rape,
When Jove assum'd a soaring eagle's shape ;

And shew'd how Leda lay supinely press'd,
Whilst the soft snowy swan sate hov'ring o'er her
breast. 155

How in a satyr's form the god beguil'd,
When fair Antiopè with twins he fill'd.
'Then, like Amphytrion, but a real Jove
In fair Alcmena's arms he cool'd his love.
In fluid gold to Danæ's heart he came, 160
Ægina felt him in a lambent flame.
He took Mnemosynè in shepherd's make,
And for Dëois was a speckled snake.

She made thee, Neptune, like a wanton steer,
Pacing the meads for love of Arné dear : 165
Next like a stream, thy burning flame to slake,
And like a ram, for fair Bisaltis' sake.
Then Ceres in a steed your vigour try'd,
Nor cou'd the mare the yellow goddess hide.
Next to a fowl transform'd, you won by force 170
The snake-hair'd mother of the winged horse;
And, in a dolphin's fishy form, subdu'd
Melantho sweet beneath the oozy flood.

All these the maid with lively features drew,
And open'd proper landscapes to the view. 175
There Phœbus, roving like a country swain,
Attunes his jolly pipe along the plain ;
For lovely Isse's sake in shepherd's weeds,
O'er pastures green his bleating flock he feeds.
There Bacchus, imag'd like the clust'ring grape, 180
Melting bedrops Erigone's fair lap ;

And there old Saturn, stung with youthful heat,
Form'd like a stallion, rushes to the feat.
Fresh flow'rs, which twists of ivy intertwine,
Mingling a running foliage, close the neat design. 185

This the bright goddess, passionately mov'd,
With envy saw, yet inwardly approv'd.
The scene of heav'nly guilt with haste she tore,
Nor longer the affront with patience bore ;
A boxen shuttle in her hand she took, 190
And more than once Arachne's forehead struck.
Th' unhappy maid, impatient of the wrong,
Down from a beam her injur'd person hung;
When Pallas, pitying her wretched state,
At once prevented, and pronounc'd her fate ; 195
Live ; but depend, vile wretch, the goddess cry'd,
Doom'd in suspense for ever to be ty'd ;
That all your race, to utmost date of time,
May feel the vengeance, and detest the crime.

Then, going off, she sprinkled her with juice, 200
Which leaves of baleful Aconite produce.
Touch'd with the pois'nous drug, her flowing hair
Fell to the ground, and left her temples bare ;
Her usual features vanish'd from their place,
Her body lessen'd all, but most her face. 205
Her slender fingers, hanging on each side
With many joints, the use of legs supply'd :
A spider's bag the rest, from which she gives
A thread, and still by constant weaving lives. 209

THE STORY OF NIOBÈ.

Swift thro' the Phrygian towns the rumour flies,
And the strange news each female tongue employs :
Niobè, who before she married knew
The famous nymph, now found the story true ;
Yet, unreclaim'd by poor Arachnè's fate,
Vainly above the gods assum'd a state. 215

Her husband's fame, their family's descent,
Their pow'r, and rich dominion's wide extent,
Might well have justify'd a decent pride ;
But not on these alone the dame rely'd.

Her lovely progeny, that far excell'd, 220
The mother's heart with vain ambition swell'd :
The happiest mother not unjustly styl'd,
Had no conceited thoughts her tow'ring fancy fill'd.

For once a prophetess with zeal inspir'd,
Their slow neglect to warm devotion fir'd ; 225
Thro' ev'ry street of Thebes who ran possess'd,
And thus in accents wild her charge express'd :
Haste, haste, ye Theban matrons, and adore,
With hallow'd rites, Latona's mighty pow'r ;
And, to the heav'nly twins that from her spring, 230
With laurel crown'd, your smoking incense bring.
Straight the great summons ev'ry dame obey'd,
And due submission to the goddess paid ;
Graceful, with laurel chaplets dress'd, they came,
And offer'd incense in the sacred flame. 235

Meanwhile, surrounded with a courtly guard,
The royal Niobè in state appear'd ;
Attir'd in robes embroider'd o'er with gold,
And mad with rage, yet lovely to behold :
Her comely tresses, trembling as she stood, 240
Down her fine neck with easy motion flow'd ;
Then, darting round a proud disdainful look,
In haughty tone her hasty passion broke,
And thus began ; what madness this, to court
A goddess founded merely on report ? 245
Dare ye a poor pretended pow'r invoke,
While yet no altars to my godhead smoke ?
Mine, whose immediate lineage stands confess'd
From Tantalus, the only mortal guest
That e'er the gods admitted to their feast. 250
A sister of the Pleiads gave me birth ;
And Atlas, mightiest mountain upon earth,
Who bears the globe of all the stars above,
My grandsire was, and Atlas sprung from Jove.
The Theban towns my majesty adore, 255
And neighb'ring Phrygia trembles at my pow'r :
Rais'd by my husband's lute, with turrets crown'd,
Our lofty city stands secur'd around.
Within my court, where-e'er I turn my eyes,
Unbounded treasures to my prospect rise : 260
With these my face I modestly may name,
As not unworthy of so high a claim ;
Seven are my daughters, of a form divine,
With seven fair sons, an indefective line.

Go, fools! consider this; and ask the cause 265
From which my pride its strong presumption draws;
Consider this; and then prefer to me
Cæus the Titan's vagrant progeny;
To whom, in travail, the whole spacious earth
No room afforded for her spurious birth. 270
Not the least part in earth, in heav'n, or seas,
Would grant your outlaw'd goddess any ease:
Till pitying her's, from his own wand'ring case,
Delos, the floating island, gave a place.
There she a mother was, of two at most; 275
Only the seventh part of what I boast.
My joys all are beyond suspicion fix'd;
With no pollutions of misfortune mix'd:
Safe on the basis of my pow'r I stand,
Above the reach of fortune's fickle hand. 280
Lessen she may my inexhausted store,
And much destroy, yet still must leave me more.
Suppose it possible that some may die
Of this my num'rous lovely progeny;
Still with Latona I might safely vie, 285
Who, by her scanty breed, scarce fit to name,
But just escapes the childless woman's shame.
Go then, with speed your laurel'd heads uncrown,
And leave the silly farce you have begun.

The tim'rous throng their sacred rites forbore, 290
And from their heads the verdant laurel tore;
Their haughty queen they with regret obey'd,
And still in gentle murmurs softly pray'd.

High, on the top of Cynthus' shady mount,
 With grief the goddess saw the base affront ; 295
 And, the abuse revolving in her breast,
 The mother her twin-offspring thus addrest.

Lo I, my children, who with comfort knew
 Your god-like birth, and thence my glory drew ;
 And thence have claim'd precedence of place 300
 From all but Juno of the heav'nly race,
 Must now despair, and languish in disgrace. }
 My godhead question'd, and all rites divine,
 Unless you succour, banish'd from my shrine.
 Nay more, the imp of Tantalus has flung 305
 Reflections with her vile paternal tongue ;
 Has dar'd prefer her mortal breed to mine,
 And call'd me childless ; which, just fate, may she
 repine !

When to urge more the goddess was prepar'd,
 Phœbus in haste replies, too much we've heard, 310 }
 And ev'ry moment's lost, while vengeance is defer'd. }
 Diana spoke the same. Then both enshroud
 Their heav'nly bodies in a sable cloud ;
 And to the Theban tow'rs descending light,
 Thro' the soft yielding air direct their flight. 315

Without the wall there lies a champaign ground
 With even surface, far extending round,
 Beaten and levell'd, while it daily feels
 The trampling horse, and chariot's grinding wheels.
 Part of proud Niobè's young rival breed, 320
 Practising there to ride the manag'd steed,

Their bridles boss'd with gold, were mounted high
On stately furniture of Tyrian dye.
Of these, Ismenos, who by birth had been
The first fair issue of the fruitful queen, 325
Just as he drew the rein to guide his horse
Around the compass of the circling course,
Sigh'd deeply, and the pangs of smart express'd,
While the shaft stuck, engor'd within his breast :
And, the reins dropping from his dying hand, 330
He sunk quite down, and tumbled on the sand.
Sipylus next the rattling quiver heard,
And with full speed for his escape prepar'd ;
As when the pilot from the black'ning skies
A gath'ring storm of wintry rain descries, 335
His sails unfurl'd, and crowded all with wind,
He strives to leave the threat'ning cloud behind ;
So fled the youth ; but an unerring dart
O'ertook him, quick discharg'd, and sped with art ;
Fix'd in his neck behind, it trembling stood, 340
And at his throat display'd the point besmear'd with
Prone, as his posture was, he tumbled o'er, [blood.
And bath'd his courser's mane with streaming gore.
Next at young Phædimus they took their aim ;
And Tantalus, who bore his grandsire's name : 345
These, when their other exercise was done,
To try the wrestler's oily sport begun ;
And, straining ev'ry nerve, their skill express'd
In closest grapple, joining breast to breast :

When from the bending bow an arrow sent, 350
Join'd as they were, thro' both their bodies went :
Both groan'd, and writhing both their limbs with pain,
They fell together bleeding on the plain ;
Then both their languid eye-balls faintly roll,
And thus together breath away their soul. 355
With grief Alphenor saw their doleful plight,
And smote his breast, and sicken'd at the sight ;
Then to their succour ran with eager haste,
And, fondly griev'd, their stiff'ning limbs embrac'd :
But in the action falls : a thrilling dart, 360
By Phœbus guided, pierc'd him to the heart.
This, as they drew it forth, his midriff tore,
It's barbed point the fleshy fragments bore,
And let the soul gush out in streams of purple gore. }
But Damasicthon, by a double wound, 365
Beardless, and young, lay gasping on the ground.
Fix'd in his sinewy ham, the steely point
Stuck thro' his knee, and pierc'd the nervous joint :
And, as he stoop'd to tug the painful dart,
Another struck him in a vital part ; 370
Shot through his wezen, by the wing it hung,
The life-blood forc'd it out, and darting upward
Ilioneus, the last, with terror stands, [sprung.
Lifting in pray'r his unavailing hands ;
And, ignorant from whom his griefs arise, 375
Spare me, O all ye heav'nly pow'rs, he cries :
Phœbus was touch'd too late, the sounding bow
Had sent the shaft, and struck the fatal blow ;

Which yet but gently gor'd his tender side,
So by a slight, and easy wound he dy'd. 380

Swift to the mother's ears the rumour came,
And doleful sighs the heavy news proclaim;
With anger and surprise inflam'd by turns,
In furious rage her haughty stomach burns:
First she disputes th' effects of heav'nly pow'r, 385
Then at their daring boldness wonders more;
For poor Amphion with sore grief distress,
Hoping to sooth his cares by endless rest,
Had sheath'd a dagger in his wretched breast. }
And she, who toss'd her high disdainful head, 390 }
When thro' the streets in solemn pomp she led }
The throng that from Latona's altar fled,
Assuming state beyond the proudest queen;
Was now the miserablest object seen.

Prostrate among the clay-cold dead she fell, 395
And kiss'd an undistinguish'd last farewell.
Then her pale arms advancing to the skies,
Cruel Latona! triumph now, she cries.
My grieving soul in bitter anguish drench,
And with my woes your thirsty passion quench; 400
Feast your black malice at a price thus dear,
While the sore pangs of sev'n such deaths I bear.
Triumph, too cruel rival, and display
Your conqu'ring standard; for you've won the day.
Yet I'll excel; for yet, tho' sev'n are slain, 405
Superior still in number I remain.

Scarce had she spoke ; the bow-string's twanging
 sound
Was heard, and dealt fresh terrors all around ;
Which all, but Niobè alone confound.
Stunn'd and obdurate by her load of grief, 410
Insensible she sits, nor hopes relief.

Before the fun'ral biers, all weeping sad,
Her daughters stood, in vests of sable clad.
When one, surpriz'd, and stung with sudden smart,
In vain attempts to draw the sticking dart ; 415
But to grim death her blooming youth resigns,
Ando'er her brother's corpse her dying head reclines.
This, to assuage her mother's anguish tries,
And, silenc'd in the pious action, dies ;
Shot by a secret arrow, wing'd with death, 420
Her fault'ring lips but only gasp'd for breath.
One, on her dying sister, breathes her last ;
Vainly in flight another's hopes are plac'd :
This hiding, from her fate a shelter seeks ;
That trembling stands, and fills the air with shrieks.
And all in vain ; for now all six had found 426
Their way to death, each by a diff'rent wound.
The last, with eager care the mother veil'd,
Behind her spreading mantle close conceal'd,
And with her body guarded, as a shield. 430
Only for this, this youngest, I implore,
Grant me this one request, I ask no more ;
O grant me this ! she passionately cries,
But while she speaks, the destin'd virgin dies.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF NIOBÈ.

Widow'd, and childless, lamentable state! 435
A doleful sight, among the dead she sate;
Harden'd with woes, a statue of despair,
To ev'ry breath of wind unmov'd her hair;
Her cheek still redd'ning, but its colour dead,
Faded her eyes, and set within her head. 440
No more her pliant tongue its motion keeps,
But stands congeal'd within her frozen lips.
Stagnate and dull, within her purple veins,
Its current stopp'd, the lifeless blood remains.
Her feet their usual offices refuse, 445
Her arms and neck their graceful gestures lose:
Action, and life from ev'ry part are gone;
End ev'n her entrails turn to solid stone;
Yet still she weeps, and whirl'd by stormy winds,
Borne thro' the air, her native country finds; 450
There fix'd, she stands upon a bleaky hill,
There yet her marble cheeks eternal tears distil.

THE PEASANTS OF LYCIA TRANSFORMED
TO FROGS.

Then all, reclaim'd by this example, show'd
A due regard for each peculiar god:
Both men and women their devoirs express'd, 455
And great Latona's awful pow'r confess'd.
Then, tracing instances of older time,
To suit the nature of the present crime,

Thus one begins his tale.—Where Lycia yields
A golden harvest from its fertile fields, 460
Some churlish peasants, in the days of yore,
Provok'd the goddess to exert her pow'r.
The thing indeed the meanness of the place
Has made obscure, surprising as it was ;
But I myself once happen'd to behold 465
This famous lake of which the story's told.
My father then, worn out by length of days,
Nor able to sustain the tedious ways,
Me with a guide had sent the plains to roam,
And drive his well-fed straggling heifers home. 470
Here, as we saunter'd thro' the verdant meads,
We spy'd a lake o'er-grown with trembling reeds,
Whose wavy tops an op'ning scene disclose,
From which an antique smoky altar rose.
I, as my superstitious guide had done, 475
Stopp'd short, and bless'd myself, and then went on ;
Yet I enquir'd to whom the altar stood,
Faunus, the Naïds, or some native god ?
No Sylvan deity, my friend replies,
Enshrin'd within this hallow'd altar lies : 480
For this, O youth, to that fam'd goddess stands,
Whom, at th' imperial Juno's rough commands,
Of ev'ry quarter of the earth bereav'd,
Delos, the floating isle, at length receiv'd.
Who there, in spite of enemies, brought forth, 485
Beneath an olive's shade, her great twin-birth.

Hence too she fled the furious step-dame's pow'r,
And in her arms a double godhead bore;
And now the borders of fair Lycia gain'd,
Just when the summer solstice parch'd the land. 490
With thirst the goddess languishing, no more
Her empty'd breast would yield its milky store;
When, from below, the smiling valley show'd
A silver lake that in its bottom flow'd:
A sort of clowns were reaping, near the bank, 495
The bending osier, and the bullrush dank;
The cresse, and water-lilly, fragrant weed,
Whose juicy stalk the liquid fountains feed.
The goddess came, and kneeling on the brink,
Stoop'd at the fresh repast, prepar'd to drink. 500
Then thus, being hinder'd by the rabble race,
In accents mild expostulates the case.
Water I only ask, and sure 'tis hard
From nature's common rights to be debarr'd:
This, as the genial sun, and vital air, 505
Should flow alike to ev'ry creature's share,
Yet still I ask, and as a favour crave,
That, which a public bounty, nature gave.
Nor do I seek my weary limbs to drench;
Only, with one cool draught, my thirst I'd quench.
Now from my throat the usual moisture dries, 511
And ev'n my voice in broken accents dies:
One draught as dear as life I should esteem,
And water, now I thirst, would nectar seem.

Oh ! let my little babes your pity move, 515
And melt your hearts to charitable love ;
'They (as by chance they did) extend to you
Their little hands, and my request pursue.

Whom would these soft persuasions not subdue,
Tho' the most rustic, and unmanner'd crew? 520
Yet they the goddess's request refuse,
And with rude words reproachfully abuse:
Nay more, with spiteful feet the villains trod
O'er the soft bottom of the marshy flood, [mud. }
And blacken'd all the lake with clouds of rising }

Her thirst by indignation was suppress'd ; 526
Bent on revenge, the goddess stood confess'd.
Her suppliant hands uplifting to the skies,
For a redress, to heav'n she now applies.
And, may you live, she passionately cry'd, 530
Doom'd in that pool forever to abide.

The goddess has her wish ; for now they chuse
To plunge and dive among the wat'ry ooze ;
Sometimes they shew their head above the brim,
And on the glassy surface spread to swim ; 535
Often upon the bank their station take,
Then spring, and leap into the coolly lake.
Still, void of shame, they lead a clam'rous life,
And, croaking, still scold on in endless strife ;
Compell'd to live beneath the liquid stream, 540
Where still they quarrel, and attempt to scream.
Now, from their bloated throat, their voice puts on
Imperfect murmurs in a hoarser tone ;

Their noisy jaws, with bawling now grown wide,
An ugly sight ! extend on either side : 545
Their motley back, streak'd with a list of green,
Join'd to their head, without a neck is seen ;
And, with a belly broad and white, they look
Meer frogs, and still frequent the muddy brook.

THE FATE OF MARSYAS.

Scarce had the man this famous story told, 550
Of vengeance on the Lycians shown of old,
When straight another pictures to their view
The Satyr's fate, whom angry Phœbus slew ;
Who, rais'd with high conceit, and puff'd with pride,
At his own pipe the skilful god defy'd. 555
Why do you tear me from myself he cries ?
Ah cruel ! must my skin be made the prize ?
This for a silly pipe ? he roaring said,
Mean while the skin from off his limbs was flay'd.
All bare and raw, one large continu'd wound, 560
With streams of blood his body bath'd the ground.
The blueish veins their trembling pulse disclos'd,
The stringy nerves lay naked, and expos'd ;
His guts appear'd, distinctly each express'd,
With ev'ry shining fibre of his breast. 565

The fauns, and sylvans, with the nymphs that rove
Among the satyrs in the shady grove ;
Olympus, known of old, and ev'ry swain
That fed, or flock, or herd upon the plain.

Bewail'd the loss; and with their tears that flow'd, 570
A kindly moisture on the earth bestow'd;
That soon, conjoin'd, and in a body rang'd,
Sprung from the ground, to limpid water chang'd;
Which, down thro' Phrygia's rocks, a mighty stream,
Comes tumbling to the sea, and Marsya is its name.

THE STORY OF PELOPS.

From these relations straight the people turn 576
To present truths, and lost Amphion mourn:
The mother most was blam'd, yet some relate
That Pelops pity'd, and bewail'd her fate,
And stript his clothes, and laid his shoulder bare, 580
And made the iv'ry miracle appear.
This shoulder, from the first, was form'd of flesh,
As lively as the other, and as fresh;
But, when the youth was by his father slain,
The gods restor'd his mangled limbs again; 585
Only that place which joins the neck, and arm,
The rest untouch'd, was found to suffer harm:
The loss of which an iv'ry piece sustain'd;
And thus the youth his limbs, and life regain'd.

THE STORY OF TEREUS, PROCNÈ, AND PHILOMELA.

To Thebes the neighb'ring princes all repair, 590
And with condolence the misfortune share.

Each bord'ring state in solemn form address'd,
And each betimes a friendly grief express'd.
Argos, with Sparta's, and Mycenæ's towns,
And Calydon, yet free from fierce Diana's frowns.
Corinth for finest brass well fam'd of old, 596
Orthomenos for men of courage bold :
Cleonæ lying in the lowly dale,
And rich Messænè with its fertile vale :
Pylos, for Nestor's city after fam'd, 600
And Trœzen, not as yet from Pittheus nam'd.
And those fair cities, which are hemm'd around
By double seas within the Isthmian ground ;
And those, which farther from the sea-coast stand,
Lodg'd in the bosom of the spacious land. 605

Who can believe it? Athens was the last :
Tho' for politeness fam'd for ages past.
For a straight siege, which then their walls enclos'd,
Such acts of kind humanity oppos'd :
And thick with ships, from foreign nations bound, 610
Sea-ward their city lay invested round.

These, with auxiliar forces led from far,
Tereus of Thrace, brave, and inur'd to war,
Had quite defeated, and obtain'd a name,
The warrior's due, among the sons of fame. 615
This, with his wealth, and pow'r, and ancient line,
From Mars deriv'd, Pandion's thoughts incline
His daughter Procnè with the prince to join. }

Nor Hymen, nor the Graces here preside
Nor Juno to befriend the blooming bride; 620

But fiends with fun'ral brands the process led,
And furies waited at the genial bed:
And all night long the screeching owl aloof,
With baleful notes, sat brooding o'er the roof.
With such ill omens was the match begun, 625
That made them parents of a hopeful son.
Now Thrace congratulates their seeming joy,
And they, in thankful rites, their minds employ.
If the fair queen's espousals pleas'd before,
Itys, the new-born prince, now pleases more; 630
And each bright day, the birth, and bridal feast,
Were kept with hallow'd pomp above the rest.
So far true happiness may lay conceal'd,
When, by false lights, we fancy 'tis reveal'd!

Now, since their nuptials, had the golden sun 635
Five courses round his ample zodiac run;
When gentle Procnè thus her lord address'd,
And spoke the secret wishes of her breast:
If I, she said, have ever favour found,
Let my petition with success be crown'd: 640
Let me at Athens my dear sister see,
Or let her come to Thrace, and visit me.
And lest my father should her absence mourn,
Promise that she shall make a quick return.
With thanks I'd own the obligation due 645
Only, O Tereus, to the gods, and you.

Now, ply'd with oar, and sail at his command,
The nimble gallies reach'd th' Athenian land,

And anchor'd in the fam'd Piræan bay,
While Tereus to the Palace takes his way; 650
The king salutes, and ceremonies past,
Begins the fatal embassy at last;
The occasion of his voyage he declares,
And, with his own, his wife's request prefers;
Asks leave that, only for a little space, 655
Their lovely sister might embark for Thrace.

Thus, while he spoke, appear'd the royal maid,
Bright Philomela, splendidly array'd;
But most attractive in her charming face,
And comely person, turn'd with ev'ry grace: 660
Like those fair nymphs, that are describ'd to rove
Across the glades, and op'nings of the grove;
Only that these are dress'd for Sylvan sports,
And less become the finery of courts.

Tereus beheld the virgin, and admir'd, 665
And with the coals of burning lust was fir'd:
Like crackling stubble, or the summer hay,
When forked lightnings o'er the meadows play.
Such charms in any breast might kindle love,
But him the heats of inbred lewdness move; 670
To which, tho' Thrace is naturally prone,
Yet his is still superior, and his own.
Straight her attendants he designs to buy,
And with large bribes her governess would try:
Herself with ample gifts resolves to bend, 675
And his whole kingdom in th' attempt expend:

Or, snatch'd away by force of arms, to bear,
And justify the rape with open war.
The boundless passion boils within his breast,
And his projecting soul admits no rest. 680

And now, impatient of the least delay,
By pleading Procnè's cause, he speeds his way :
The eloquence of love his tongue inspires,
And in his wife's, he speaks his own desires ;
Hence all his importunities arise, 685
And tears unmanly trickle from his eyes.

Ye gods ! what thick involving darkness blinds
The stupid faculties of mortal minds !
Tereus the credit of good-nature gains
From these his crimes ; so well the villain feigns. 690
And, unsuspecting of his base designs,
In the request fair Philomela joins ;
Her snowy arms her aged sire embrace,
And clasp his neck with an endearing grace ;
Only to see her sister she entreats, 695
A seeming blessing, which a curse completes.
Tereus surveys her with a luscious eye,
And in his mind forestalls the blissful joy :
Her circling arms a scene of lust inspire,
And ev'ry kiss foment the raging fire. 700
Fondly he wishes for the father's place,
To feel, and to return the warm embrace ;
Since not the nearest ties of filial blood
Would damp his flame, and force him to be good.

At length, for both their sakes, the king agrees;
And Philomela, on her bended knees ; 706
Thanks him for what her fancy calls success,
When cruel fate intends her nothing less.

Now Phœbus, hast'ning to ambrosial rest,
His fiery steeds drove sloping down the west : 710
The sculptur'd gold with sparkling wines was fill'd,
And, with rich meats, each chearful table smil'd.
Plenty, and mirth the royal banquet close,
Then all retire to sleep, and sweet repose,
But the lewd monarch, tho' withdrawn apart, 715
Still feels love's poison rankling in his heart :
Her face divine is stamp'd within his breast,
Fancy imagines, and improves the rest :
And thus, kept waking by intense desire,
He nourishes his own prevailing fire. 720

Next day the good old king for Tereus sends,
And to his charge the virgin recommends ;
His hand with tears th' indulgent father press'd,
Then spoke, and thus with tenderness address'd.

Since the kind instances of pious love, 725
Do all pretence of obstacle remove ;
Since Procnè's, and her own, with your request,
O'er-rule the fears of a paternal breast ;
With you, dear son, my daughter I entrust,
And by the gods adjure you to be just ; 730
By truth, and ev'ry consanguineal tie,
To watch, and guard her with a father's eye.

And, since the least delay will tedious prove,
In keeping from my sight the child I love,
With speed return her, kindly to assuage 735
The tedious troubles of my ling'ring age.
And you, my Philomel, let it suffice,
To know your sister's banish'd from my eyes ;
If any sense of duty sways your mind,
Let me from you the shortest absence find. 740

He wept ; then kiss'd his child ; and while he speaks,
The tears fall gently down his aged cheeks.
Next, as a pledge of fealty, he demands,
And, with a solemn charge, conjoins their hands :
Then to his daughter, and his grandson sends, 745
And by their mouth a blessing recommends ;
While, in a voice with dire forebodings broke,
Sobbing, and faint, the last farewell was spoke.

Now Philomela, scarce receiv'd on board,
And in the royal gilded bark secur'd, 750
Beheld the dashes of the bending oar,
The ruffled sea, and the receding shore ;
When straight (his joy impatient of disguise)
We've gain'd our point, the rough barbarian cries ;
Now I possess the dear, the blissful hour, 755
And ev'ry wish subjected to my pow'r.
Transports of lust his vicious thoughts employ,
And he forbears, with pain, th' expected joy.
His gloating eyes incessantly survey'd
The virgin beauties of the lovely maid : 760

As when the bold rapacious bird of Jove,
With crooked talons stooping from above,
Has snatcht, and carry'd to his lofty nest
A captive hare, with cruel gripe opprest ;
Secure, with fix'd, and unrelenting eyes, 765
He sits, and views the helpless, trembling prize.

Their vessels now had made th' intended land,
And all with joy descend upon the strand ;
When the false tyrant seiz'd the princely maid,
And to a lodge in distant woods convey'd ; 770
Pale, sinking, and distress'd with jealous fears,
And asking for her sister all in tears.
The letcher, for enjoyment fully bent,
No longer now conceal'd his base intent :
But with rude haste the bloomy girl deflour'd, 775
Tender, defenceless, and with ease o'erpower'd.
Her piercing accents to her sire complain,
And to her absent sister, but in vain :
In vain she importunes, with doleful cries,
Each unattentive godhead of the skies. 780
She pants, and trembles, like the bleating prey,
From some close-hunted wolf just snatch'd away ;
That still, with fearful horror, looks around,
And on its flank regards the bleeding wound.
Or, as the tim'rous dove, the danger o'er, 785
Beholds her shining plumes besmear'd with gore,
And, tho' delivered from the falcon's claw,
Yet shivers, and retains a secret awe.

But when her mind a calm reflection shar'd,
And all her scatter'd spirits were repair'd : 790
Torn, and disorder'd while her tresses hung,
Her livid hands, like one that mourn'd, she wrung ;
Then thus, with grief o'erwhelm'd her languid eyes,
Savage, inhumane, cruel wretch! she cries ; 794
Whom nor a parent's strict commands could move,
Tho' charg'd, and utter'd with the tears of love ;
Nor virgin innocence, nor all that's due
To the strong contract of the nuptial vow :
Virtue, by this, in wild confusion's laid,
And I compell'd to wrong my sister's bed ; 800
Whilst you, regardless of your marriage oath,
With stains of incest have defil'd us both.
Tho' I deserv'd some punishment to find,
This was, ye gods, too cruel, and unkind.
Yet, villain, to compleat your horrid guilt, 805
Stab here, and let my tainted blood be spilt.
Oh happy ! had it come, before I knew
The curs'd embrace of vile perfidious you ;
Then my pale ghost, pure from incestuous love,
Had wander'd spotless thro' th' Elysian grove. 810
But, if the gods above have pow'r to know,
And judge those actions that are done below ;
Unless the dreaded thunders of the sky,
Like me, subdu'd, and violated lie ;
Still my revenge shall take its proper time, 815
And suit the baseness of your hellish crime.

My self, abandon'd, and devoid of shame,
Thro' the wide world your actions will proclaim ;
Or tho' I'm prison'd in this lonely den,
Obscur'd, and bury'd from the sight of men, 820
My mournful voice the pitying rocks shall move,
And my complainings echo thro' the grove.
Hear me, O heav'n ! and, if a god be there,
Let him regard me, and accept my pray'r.

Struck with these words, the tyrant's guilty breast
With fear, and anger, was, by turns, possess'd ; 826
Now, with remorse his conscience deeply stung,
He drew the faulchion that beside him hung,
And first her tender arms behind her bound,
Then dragg'd her by the hair along the ground. 830
The princess willingly her throat reclin'd,
And view'd the steel with a contented mind ;
But soon her tongue the girding pinchers strain,
With anguish, soon she feels the piercing pain :
Oh father ! father ! she would fain have spoke, 835
But the sharp torture her intention broke ;
In vain she tries, for now the blade has cut
Her tongue sheer off, close to the trembling root.
The mangled part still quiver'd on the ground,
Murmuring with a faint imperfect sound : 840
And, as a serpent writhes his wounded train,
Uneasy, panting, and possess'd with pain ;
The piece, while life remain'd, still trembled fast,
And to its mistress pointed to the last.

Yet, after this so damn'd, and black a deed, 845
Fame (which I scarce can credit) has agreed,
That on her rifled charms, still void of shame,
He frequently indulg'd his lustful flame.
At last he ventures to his Procnè's sight,
Loaded with guilt, and cloy'd with long delight ; 850
There, with feign'd grief, and false, dissembled sighs
Begins a formal narrative of lies ;
Her sister's death he artfully declares,
Then weeps, and raises credit from his tears. 854
Her vest, with flow'rs of gold embroider'd o'er,
With grief distress'd, the mournful matron tore, }
And a beseeeming suit of gloomy sable wore. }
With cost, an honorary tomb she rais'd,
And thus th' imaginary ghost appeas'd.
Deluded queen ! the fate of her you love, 860
Nor grief, nor pity, but revenge should move.

Thro' the twelve signs had pass'd the circling sun,
And round the compass of the zodiac run ;
What must unhappy Philomela do,
For ever subject to her keeper's view ? 865
Huge walls of massy stone the lodge surround,
From her own mouth no way of speaking's found.
But all our wants he wit may be supply'd,
And art makes up, what fortune has denied :
With skill exact a Phrygian web she strung, 870
Fix'd to a loom that in her chamber hung,
Where in-wrought letters, upon white display'd,
In purple notes, her wretched case betray'd :

The piece, when finish'd, secretly she gave
Into the charge of one poor menial slave ; 875
And then, with gestures, made him understand,
It must be safe convey'd to Procnè's hand.

The slave, with speed, the queen's apartment sought,
And render'd up his charge, unknowing what he
But when the cyphers, figur'd in each fold, [brought.
Her sister's melancholy story told, 881

(Strange that she could !) with silence, she survey'd
The tragic piece, and without weeping read :

In such tumultuous haste her passions sprung,
They choak'd her voice, and quite disarm'd her tongue.

No room for female tears ; the furies rise, 886
Darting vindictive glances from her eyes ;

And, stung with rage, she bounds from place to place,
While stern revenge sits low'ring in her face.

Now the triennial celebration came, 890
Observ'd to Bacchus by each Thracian dame ;
When, in the privacies of night retir'd,

They act his rites, with sacred rapture fir'd :
By night, the twinkling cymbals ring around,
While the shrill notes from Rhodopè resound ; 895

By night, the queen, disguis'd, forsakes the court,
To mingle in the festival resort.

Leaves of the curling vine her temples shade,
And, with a circling wreath, adorn her head :
Adown her back the stag's rough spoils appear, 900
Light on her shoulder leans a cornel spear.

Thus, in the fury of the god conceal'd,
Procnè her own mad headstrong passion veil'd ;
Now, with her gang, to the thick wood she flies,
And with religious yellings fills the skies ; 905
The fatal lodge, as 'twere by chance, she seeks,
And, thro' the bolted doors, an entrance breaks ;
From thence, her sister snatching by the hand,
Mask'd like the ranting Bacchanalian band,
Within the limits of the court she drew, 910
Shading, with ivy green, her outward hue.
But Philomela, conscious of the place,
Felt new reviving pangs of her disgrace ;
A shiv'ring cold prevail'd in ev'ry part, 914
And the chill'd blood ran trembling to her heart.

Soon as the queen a fit retirement found,
Stript of the garlands that her temples crown'd,
She straight unveil'd her blushing sister's face,
And fondly clasp'd her with a close embrace :
But, in confusion lost, th' unhappy maid, 920
With shame dejected, hung her drooping head, }
As guilty of a crime that stain'd her sister's bed. }
That speech, that should her injur'd virtue clear,
And make her spotless innocence appear,
Is now no more ; only her hands, and eyes 925
Appeal, in signals, to the conscious skies.
In Procnè's breast the rising passions boil,
And burst in anger with a mad recoil ;
Her sister's ill-tim'd grief, with scorn, she blames,
Then, in these furious words her rage proclaims.

Tears, unavailing, but defer our time, 931
The stabbing sword must expiate the crime;
Or worse, if wit, on bloody vengeance bent,
A weapon more tormenting can invent.
O sister ! I've prepar'd my stubborn heart, 935
To act some hellish, and unheard-of part ;
Either the palace to surround with fire,
And see the villain in the flames expire ;
Or, with a knife, dig out his cursed eyes,
Or, his false tongue with racking engines seize ;
Or, cut away the part that injur'd you, 941
And, thro' a thousand wounds, his guilty soul pursue.
Tortures enough my passion has design'd,
But the variety distracts my mind.

Awhile, thus wav'ring, stood the furious dame,
When Itys fondling to his mother came ; 946
From him the cruel fatal hint she took,
She view'd him with a stern remorseless look ;
Ah ! but too like thy wicked sire, she said,
Forming the direful purpose in her head. 950
At this a sullen grief her voice suppress,
While silent passions struggle in her breast.

Now, at her lap arriv'd, the flatt'ring boy
Salutes his parent with a smiling joy :
About her neck his little arms are thrown, 955
And he accosts her in a prattling tone.
Then her tempestuous anger was allay'd,
And in its full career her vengeance stay'd ;

While tender thoughts, in spite of passion, rise,
And melting tears disarm her threat'ning eyes. 960
But when she found the mother's easy heart,
Too fondly swerving from th' intended part ;
Her injur'd sister's face again she view'd :
And, as by turns surveying both she stood,
While this fond boy (she said) can thus express 965
The moving accents of his fond address ;
Why stands my sister of her tongue bereft,
Forlorn, and sad, in speechless silence left ?
O Procnè, see the fortune of your house ! 969
Such is your fate, when match'd to such a spouse !
Conjugal duty, if observ'd to him,
Would change from virtue, and become a crime ;
For all respect to Tereus must debase
The noble blood of great Pandion's race. 974

Straight at these words, with big resentment fill'd,
Furious her look, she flew, and seiz'd her child ;
Like a fell tigress of the savage kind,
That drags the tender suckling of the hind
Thro' India's gloomy groves, where Ganges laves
The shady scene, and rolls his streamy waves. 980

Now to a close apartment they were come
Far off retir'd within the spacious dome ;
When Procnè, on revengeful mischief bent,
Home to his heart a piercing poniard sent.
Itys, with rueful cries, but all too late, 985
Holds out his hands, and deprecates his fate ;

Still at his mother's neck he fondly aims,
 And strives to melt her with endearing names;
 Yet still the cruel mother perseveres,
 Nor with concern his bitter anguish hears. 990
 This might suffice; but Philomela too
 Across his throat a shining cutlass drew.
 Then both, with knives, dissect each quiv'ring part,
 And carve the butcher'd limbs with cruel art; 994
 Which, whelm'd in boiling cauldrons o'er the fire,
 Or turn'd on spits, in steamy smoke aspire:
 While the long entries, with their slipp'ry floor,
 Run down in purple streams of clotted gore.

Ask'd by his wife to this inhuman feast,
 Tereus unknowingly is made a guest: 1000
 Whilst she her plot the better to disguise,
 Stiles it some unknown mystic sacrifice;
 And such the nature of the hallow'd rite,
 The wife her husband only could invite, [sight. }
 The slaves must all withdraw, and be debarr'd the }
 Tereus, upon a throne of antique state, 1006
 Loftily rais'd, before the banquet sate;
 And glutton like, luxuriously pleas'd,
 With his own flesh his hungry maw appeas'd.
 Nay, such a blindness o'er his senses falls, 1010
 That he for Itys to the table calls.
 When Procnè, now impatient to disclose
 The joy that from her full revenge arose,
 Cries out, in transports of a cruel mind,
 Within your self your Itys you may find. 1015

Still at this puzzling answer, with surprise,
Around the room he sends his curious eyes;
And, as he still inquir'd, and call'd aloud,
Fierce Philomela, all besmear'd with blood, 1019
Her hands with murder stain'd, her spreading hair
Hanging dishevell'd with a ghastly air,
Stept forth, and flung full in the tyrant's face
The head of Itys, goary as it was :
Nor ever long'd so much to use her tongue, 1024
And with a just reproach to vindicate her wrong.

The Thracian monarch from the table flings,
While with his cries the vaulted parlour rings;
His imprecations echo down to hell,
And rouze the snaky furies from their Stygian cell.
One while he labours to disgorge his breast, 1030
And free his stomach from the cursed feast;
Then, weeping o'er his lamentable doom,
He stiles himself his son's sepulchral tomb.
Now, with drawn sabre, and impetuous speed,
In close pursuit he drives Pandion's breed ; 1035
Whose nimble feet spring with so swift a force
Across the fields, they seem to wing their course.
And now, on real wings themselves they raise,
And steer their airy flight by diff'rent ways;
One to the woodland's shady covert hies, 1040
Around the smoky roof the other flies ;
Whose feathers yet the marks of murder stain,
Where, stamp'd upon her breast, the crimson spots
remain.

Tereus, through grief, and haste to be reveng'd,
Shares the like fate, and to a bird is chang'd: 1045
Fix'd on his head, the crested plumes appear,
Long is his beak, and sharpen'd like a spear;
Thus arm'd, his looks his inward mind display,
And, to a lapwing turn'd, he fans his way.

Exceeding trouble, for his children's fate, 1050
Shorten'd Pandion's days, and chang'd his date;
Down to the shades below, with sorrow spent,
An early, unexpected ghost he went.

BOREAS IN LOVE.

Erechtheus next th' Athenian sceptre sway'd,
Whose rule the state with joint consent obey'd;
So mix'd his justice with his valour flow'd, 1056
His reign one scene of princely goodness shew'd.
Four hopeful youths, as many females bright,
Sprung from his loins, and sooth'd him with delight.

Two of these sisters, of a lovelier air, 1060
Excell'd the rest, tho' all the rest were fair.
Procris, to Cephalus in wedlock ty'd,
Bless'd the young Sylvan with a blooming bride:
For Orithyia Boreas suffer'd pain,
For the coy maid su'd long, but su'd in vain: 1065
Tereus his neighbour, and his Thracian blood,
Against the match a main objection stood;
Which made his vows, and all his suppliant love,
Empty as air, and ineffectual prove. 1069

But when he found his soothing flatt'ries fail,
Nor saw his soft addresses could avail;
Blust'ring with ire, he quickly has recourse
To rougher arts, and his own native force.
'Tis well, he said; such usage is my due,
When thus disguis'd by foreign ways I sue; 1075
When my stern airs, and fierceness I disclaim,
And sigh for love, ridiculously tame;
When soft addresses foolishly I try,
Nor my own stronger remedies apply.
By force and violence I chiefly live, 1080
By them the low'ring stormy tempests drive;
In foaming billows raise the hoary deep,
Writhe knotted oaks, and sandy desarts sweep;
Congeal the falling flakes of fleecy snow, 1084
And bruise, with ratling hail, the plains below.
I, and my brother-winds, when join'd above,
Thro' the waste champaign of the skies we rove,
With such a boist'rous full career engage,
That heav'n's whole concave thunders at our rage.
While, struck from nitrous clouds, fierce lightnings
play, 1090
Dart thro' the storm, and gild the gloomy day.
Or when, in subterraneous caverns pent,
My breath, against the hollow earth, is bent,
The quaking world above, and ghosts below, 1094
My mighty pow'r, by dear experience, know,
Tremble with fear, and dread the fatal blow. }

This is the only cure to be apply'd,
Thus to Erechtheus I should be ally'd;
And thus the scornful virgin should be woo'd,
Not by intreaty, but by force subdu'd. 1100

Boreas, in passion, spoke these huffing things,
And, as he spoke, he shook his dreadful wings;
At which, afar, the shiv'ring sea was fann'd,
And the wide surface of the distant land :
His dusty mantle o'er the hills he drew, 1105
And swept the lowly vallies, as he flew ;
Then, with his yellow wings, embrac'd the maid,
And, wrapt in dusky clouds, far off convey'd.
The sparkling blaze of love's prevailing fire 1109
Shone brighter as he flew, and flam'd the higher.
And now the god, possess'd of his delight,
To northern Thrace pursu'd his airy flight,
Where the young ravish'd nymph became his bride,
And soon the luscious sweets of wedlock try'd. 1114

Two lovely twins, th' effect of this embrace,
Crown their soft labours, and their nuptials grace ;
Who, like their mother, beautiful, and fair,
Their father's strength, and feather'd pinions share :
Yet these, at first, were wanting, as 'tis said, 1119
And after, as they grew, their shoulders spread.
Zethes and Calais, the pretty twins,
Remain'd unfledg'd, while smooth their beardless
chins ;

But when, in time, the budding silver down
Shaded their face, and on their cheeks was grown,

Two sprouting wings upon their shoulders sprung,
Like those in birds that veil the callow young. 1125
Then as their age advanc'd, and they began
From greener youth to ripen into man,
With Jason's Argonauts they cross'd the seas,
Embark'd in quest of the fam'd golden fleece; 1130
There, with the rest, the first frail vessel try'd,
And boldly ventur'd on the swelling tide.

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 sightless Phineus spent his age in grief,
But Boreas' sons engage in his relief;
And those unwelcome guests, the odious race 5
Of Harpies, 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: 10
That mighty labours they must first o'ercome,
Or sail their Argo thence unfreighted home.

Meanwhile 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. 16

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. 20

Why shou'd I for a stranger fear, lest he
Should 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 could I, all would then be well! 25

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, shouldst thou desire to wed 30

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. 35

Yet may he 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 would not Jason's valour, youth, and blood

Invite? or could these merits be withstood, 40

At least his charming person must incline

The hardest heart—l'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. 46
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 tragic scene my eyes profane? 50
My magic's art employ, not to assuage
The savages, but to enflame their rage?
His earth-born foes to fiercer fury move,
And accessory to his murder prove?
The gods forbid—But pray'rs are idle breath, 55
When action only can prevent his death.
Shall I betray my father, and the state,
To intercept a rambling hero's fate;
Who may sail off next hour, and sav'd from harms
By my assistance, bless another's arms? 60
Whilst I, not only of my hopes bereft,
But to unpity'd punishment am left.
If he is false, let the ungrateful bleed!
But no such symptom in his looks I read.
Nature would ne'er have lavish'd so much grace 65
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; 70

And thou, his queen, with sov'reign state install'd,
By Grecian 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? 75
Forsake 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 them all
Inspires my breast, and I obey his call. 80
That great endearments I forsake, is true,
But greater far the hopes that I pursue:
The pride of having sav'd the youths of Greece,
(Each life more precious than our golden fleece;)
A nobler soil by me shall be possest, 85
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, 90
Of floating islands justling in the main;
Our tender bark expos'd to dreadful shocks
Of fierce Charybdis' gulf, and Scylla's rocks,
Where breaking waves in whirling eddies roll,
And rav'nous dogs that in deep caverns howl: 95
Amidst these terrors, while I lye possest
Of him I love, and lean on Jason's breast,
In tempests unconcern'd I will appear,
Or, only for my husband's safety fear.

Didst thou say husband?—can'st thou so deceive 100
Thyself, 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. 105
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 : 110
She finds the fury of her flames asswag'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, 115
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 120
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, 125
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 : 130
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, 135
And by her grandfather's prophetic skill,
By ev'ry thing that doubting love could press,
His present danger, and desir'd success.
She credits him, and kindly does produce
Enchanted herbs, and teaches him their use ; 140
Their mystic names, and virtues he admires,
And with his booty joyfully retires.

THE DRAGON'S TEETH TRANSFORMED TO MEN.

Impatient for the wonders of the day,
Aurora drives the loit'ring stars away.
Now Mars's mount the pressing people fill, 145
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 brass-hoof'd bulls are set at large,
Whose furious nostrils sulph'rous flame discharge 150
The blasted herbage by their breath expires ;
As forges rumble with excessive fires,
And furnaces with fiercer fury glow,
When water on the panting mass ye throw ;

With such a noise from their convulsive breast, 155
Thro' bellowing throats, the struggling vapour prest.

Yet Jason marches up without concern,
While on th' adventurous youth the monsters turn
Their glaring eyes, and, eager to engage, 159
Brandish their steel-tipt horns in threat'ning rage:
With brazen hoofs they beat the ground and choak
The ambient air with clouds of dust and smoke:
Each gazing Grecian for his champion shakes,
While bold advances he securely makes
Thro' singing blasts; such wonders magic art 165
Can work, when love conspires, and plays his part.
The passive savages like statues stand,
While he their dew-laps strokes with soothing hand;
To unknown yokes their brawny necks they yield,
And, like tame oxen, plough the wond'ring field. 170
The Colchians stare; the Grecians 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, 175
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; 180
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 completely arm'd ;
In rank and file, as they were sow'd, they stand, 185
Impatient for the signal of command.

No foe but the Æmonian youth appears ;
At him they level their steel-pointed spears ;
His frightened friends, who triumph'd just before,
With peals of sighs his desp'rate case deplore: 190
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, 195
She knew their 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. 200
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 ; 206
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 ; 210

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,
She kisses, courts, and hugs him in her mind;
To fav'ring pow'rs her silent thanks she gives, 215
By whose indulgence her lov'd hero 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, 220
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 Lethean dew, 225
The fair enchantress 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; 230
While the soft guest his drowzy eye-lids seals,
Th' unguarded golden fleece the stranger steals;
Proud to possess the purchase of his toil,
Proud of his royal bride, the richer spoil;
To sea both prize, and patroness he bore, 235
And lands trimphant on his native shore.

OLD ÆSON RESTORED 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, 240
 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 music drown'd.
 Amidst these revels, why that cloud of care 245 }
 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, 250 }
 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, 255
 '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 had one favour more,
 Greater than all that you conferr'd before, 260
 But not too hard for love and magic 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, 265
And add them 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 diff'rent from her treatment of her own, 270
But still endeav'ring her remorse to hide,
She check'd her rising sighs, and thus reply'd.

How could the thought of such inhuman wrong
Escape (said she) from pious Jason's tongue?
Does the whole world another Jason bear, 275
Whose life Medea can to yours prefer?
Or could 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; 280
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 285
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, 290

Medea steals from court ; her ancles bare,
 Her garments closely girt, but loose her hair ;
 Thus sally'd, like a solitary sprite,
 She traverses the terrors of the night.

Men, beasts, and birds in soft repose lay charm'd, 295
 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 ; 300
 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, 305
 Her bare knee bended on the flinty ground.
 O night (said she) thou confidant and guide
 Of secrets, such as darkness ought to hide ;
 Ye stars and moon, that, when the sun retires,
 Support his empire with succeeding fires ; 310
 And thou, great Hecate, friend to my design ;
 Songs, mutt'ring spells, your magic forces join ;
 And thou, O earth, the magazine that yields
 The midnight sorcerer drugs ; skies, mountains, fields ;
 Ye wat'ry pow'rs of fountain, stream, and lake ; 315
 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, 320

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 could draw; 325

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, 331

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, 335

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; 340

And, while the dragon slept, to distant Greece,

Thro' cheated guards, conveyed 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. 346

And you'll perform't—

You will; for lo! the stars, with sparkling fires,
Presage as bright success to my desires:
And now another happy omen see! 350
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 her to the skies,
And now beneath her fruitful Tempè lies, 355 }
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. 360
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 365
Sustain, nor could Enipeus' banks 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; 370
Meanwhile 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 sate, 375 }
The sky her only canopy of state.

All conversation with her sex she fled,
Shunn'd the caresses of the nuptial bed :
Two altars next of grassy turf she rears, 379
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 : 384
New wine she pours, and milk from th' udder warm,
With mystic murmurs to complete 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 390
They would dispense, and lengthen his short date ;
Thus with repeated pray'rs she long assails
Th' infernal tyrant, and at last prevails ;
Then calls to have decrepit Æson brought,
And stupifies him with a sleeping draught ; 395
On earth his body, like a corpse, extends,
Then charges Jason and his waiting friends
To quit the place, that no unhallow'd eye
Into her art's forbidden secrets pry.
This done, th' enchantress, with her locks unbound,
About her altars trips a frantic round ; 401
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. 405

In a large cauldron now the med'cine boils,
Compounded of her late collected spoils,
Blending into the mash the various pow'rs
Of wonder-working juices, roots, and flow'rs;
With gems i' th' eastern ocean's cell refin'd, 410
And such as ebbing tides had left behind;
To them the midnight's pearly dew she flings,
A screech-owl's carcass, and ill-boding wings;
Nor could the wizard wolf's warm entrails 'scape,
(That wolf who counterfeits a human shape.) 415
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 420
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, 424
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; 434
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. 435
 The meagre 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. 440
 But Æson is the most surpris'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, 446
 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 tragic part ;
 Medea feigns a mortal quarrel bred 450
 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 : 455
 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, 460
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; 465
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, 470
And scarce sufficient blood to stain the steel.
His carcase she into a cauldron threw,
With drugs whose vital qualities she knew;
His limbs grew less, he casts his horns, and years,
And tender bleatings strike their wond'ring ears. 475
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 480
Before experiment th' enchantress 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. 485

Meanwhile the king with all his guards lay bound
In magic sleep, scarce that of death so sound;

The daughters now are by the sorc'ress 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? 491
Unsheath 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? 495
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 this putrid gore; 500
'Tis charity to wound, when wounding will restore.

Thus urg'd, the poor deluded maids proceed, }
Betray'd by zeal, to an inhuman deed, }
And, in compassion, make a father bleed. }
Yes, she who had the kindest, tend'rest heart, 505
Is foremost to perform the bloody part.

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 511
(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, 515
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 tragic scene to close, 520
 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, 525
 With Othrys, that above the clouds did rise ;
 Withskilful Chiron's cave, andneighb'ringround,
 For old Cerambus' strange escape renown'd,
 Bynymphs deliver'd, whentheworldwasdrown'd ;
 Who him with unexpected wings supply'd, 530
 When delug'd hills a safe retreat deny'd.

Æolian Pitanè 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, 535
 Made the stol'n steer a stag to represent
 Cocytus' father's sandy monument ;
 And fields that held the murder'd sire's remains,
 Where howling Mœra frights the startled plains.
 Euryphilus' high town, with tow'rs defac'd 540
 By Hercules, and matrons more disgrac'd
 With sprouting horns, in signal punishment,
 From Juno, or resenting Venus sent.
 Then Rhodes, which Phœbus did so dearly prize,
 And Jove no less severely did chastise; 545

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 550
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, 555
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; 560
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;
Nor sooner said, but, in a peevish mood, 565
Leapt from the precipice on which he stood:
The standers-by were struck with fresh surprize,
Instead of falling, to behold him rise
A snowy swan, and soaring to the skies.
But dearly the rash prank his mother cost, 570
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 Lafona's isle, where once were seen,
 Transform'd to birds, a monarch, and his queen. 575
 Far off she saw how old Cephisus mourn'd
 His son, into a seal by Phœbus 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, 580
 Where sons a mother's murder did essay,
 But sudden plumes the matron bore away.
 On her right hand, Cyllenè, a fair soil,
 Fair, till Menephron there the beauteous hill
 Attempted with foul incest to defile. 585

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, 590
 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 ; 595
 She murders her own infants, in despite
 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, 600
Where Phineus, so renown'd for doing right;
Where Periphas, and Polyphemon's niece,
Soaring with sudden plumes, amaz'd the towns of
Here Ægeus so engaging she addrest, [Greece.
That first he treats her like a royal guest; 605
Then takes the sorc'ress for his wedded wife;
The only blemish of his prudent life.

Meanwhile his son, from actions of renown,
Arrives at court, but to his sire unknown.
Medea, to dispatch a dang'rous heir, 610
(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 Echydnaean monster's jaws
Deriv'd its origin, and this the cause. 615

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. 620 }
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; 624
Which, with its own, and rankness of the ground, }
Produced 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, 630
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 635
The iv'ry-hilted sword that grac'd his side.

The 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. 640

Revenge is swift, but her more active charms
A whirlwind rais'd, that snatch'd her from his arms.
While conjur'd clouds their baffled sense surprise,
She vanishes from their deluded eyes,
And thro' the hurricane triumphant flies. 645

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. 650
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 655
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'ningspheres their joint applause they raise, 660
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, 665
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 dreaded valley view, 670
And cry, here Theseus the grand robber slew.
Cephysus' 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. 675
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, 680
And now Alcatho's road's 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. 685

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 public health.
Your praise the senate, and plebeians sing, 690
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; 695
While for his son's arrival, rev'ling joy
Ægeus, 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, 700
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 sail,
And with the pow'rful princes to prevail. 705

First Anaphe, 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; 710
Impregnable Sithonia; yet betray'd
To a weak foe by a gold-admiring maid,
Who chang'd into a daw of sable hue,
Still hoards up gold, and hides it from the view.

But as these islands cheerfully combine, 715
 Others refuse t' embark in his design.
 Now leftward with an easy sail he bore,
 And pros'prous passage to Cænopia's shore ;
 Cænopia once, but now Ægina call'd,
 And with his royal mother's name install'd 720
 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 : 725 }
 Then Æacus, altho' opprest with years,
 To ask the cause of their approach appears.

That question does the Gnessian's grief renew,
 And sighs from his afflicted bosom drew ;
 Yet after a short solemn respite made, 730
 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. 735

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. 740

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,
E're into port another navy bore, 746
With Cephalus, and all his jolly crew ;
Th' Æacides their old acquaintance knew :
The princes bid him welcome, and in state
Conduct the hero to their palace gate ; 750
Who ent'ring, seem'd the charming mien 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, 755
Their mutual friendship, leagues of ancient date ;
Their common danger, ev'ry thing could 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. 760
Then thus the king : like suitors do you stand
For that assistance which you may command ?
Athenians, all our listed 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 : 766
So stock'd with people, that we can prepare
Both for domestic, and for distant war,
Ours, or our friends insulters to chastize.
Long may ye flourish thus, the prince replies. 770

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 miss'd :
Ev'n all that to your palace did resort, 775
When first you entertain'd me at your court ;
And cannot guess the cause from whence could spring
So vast a change . . . then thus the sighing king :
Illustrious guest, to my strange tale attend,
Of sad beginning, but a joyful end : 780
The whole to a vast history would 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 : 784
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, 790
All remedies we try, all med'cines use,
Which nature could 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 795 }
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. 800 }
Our fountains too a dire infection yield,
For crouds 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, 805
And rag'd on birds, and beasts, excusing man.
The lab'ring oxen fall before the plough,
Th' unhappy plough-men stare, and wonder how :
The tabid sheep, with sickly bleatings, pines ;
Its wool decreasing, as its strength declines : 810
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, 815
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 : 820
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, 825 }
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 830
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, 835
Returns the heat which they imparted first.

In vain physicians would bestow their aid,
Vain all their art, and useless all their trade ;
And they, ev'n they, who fleeting life recall,
Feel the same pow'rs, and undistinguish'd fall. 840
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, 845
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 extinguis'd are. 850

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, 855
The victim crawls and rolls, till on the ground he lies.
Each shuns his bed, as each would 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 straight augments a heap; 860
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. 865 }

What now, ah ! what employ'd my troubled mind ?
But only hopes my subjects fate to find.
What place soe'er my weeping eyes survey,
There in lamented heaps the vulgar lay ;
As acorns scatter when the winds prevail, 870
Or mellow fruit from shaken branches fall.

You see that dome which rears it's 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 ? 875
There fathers for expiring sons implor'd,
And there the wife bewail'd her gasping lord ;

With pious off'rings they'd appease the skies,
 But they, ere yet th' atoning vapours rise,
 Before the altars fall, themselves a sacrifice : 880
 They fall, while yet their hands the gums contain,
 The gums surviving, but their off'ers slain.

The destin'd ox, with holy garlands crown'd,
 Prevents the blow, and feels th' expected wound :
 When I myself invok'd the pow'rs divine, 885
 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 : 890
 Scarce was the knife with the pale purple stain'd,
 And no presages could 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, 895
 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 899
 The very altars, stain'd with trophies of the dead.

The rest grown mad, and frantic 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 honours to their urns are paid, 905
 Nor could the graves receive the num'rous dead :

For, as 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. 910
Unmourn'd they fall, for who surviv'd to mourn ?
And sires, and mothers unlamented burn :
Parents, and sons sustain an equal fate,
And wand'ring ghosts their kindred shadows meet.
The dead a larger space of ground require, 915
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, 920
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 925
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 930
A pledge, said I, of your returning love.

By chance a rev'rend oak was near a place,
Sacred to Jove, and of Dodona's race.
Where frugal ants laid up their winter meat,
Whose little bodies bear a mighty weight : 935

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, 940
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 ; 945
Yet both the earth and sacred oak I kist,
And scarce could hope, yet still I hop'd the best ;
For wretches, whatso'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. 951
Lo ! the same oak appears before my eyes,
Nor alter'd in its shape, nor former size ;
As many ants the num'rous branches bear,
The same their labour, and their frugal care ; 955
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 an unusual pace, 960
With manly strides, and an erected face ;
Their num'rous legs, and former colour lost,
The insects could a human figure boast.

I wake, and waking find my cares again,
And to the unperforming gods complain, 965 }
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, 970
Op'ning the door with an impetuous haste,
O come, said he, and see your faith and hopes surpast :
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 975
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, 980
To give the new born youth an equal share,
And call'd 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, 985
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. 990

CONTINUED 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, 995
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. 1000

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 hunstman's sport, 1005
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 ! 1010
The guest then interrupts him.....'twould produce
Still greater wonder, if you knew it's 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 ; 1020
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 1025
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 ; 1030
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, 1035
Nor would her image from my thoughts depart.
At last, in rage she cry'd, ungrateful 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, 1040
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 lewd adultress, but her life a saint.
Yet I was absent long, the goddess too 1045
Taught me how far a woman could be true.
Aurora's treatment much suspicion bred ;
Besides, who truly love, ev'n shadows dread.
I straight impatient for the trial grew, 1049
What courtship back'd with richest gifts could 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, 1055
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. 1060
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. 1064
What greater proofs of truth than these could 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 ; 1070

And so became, her purpose to retain,
A nymph, and huntress in Diana's train:
Forsaken thus, I found my flames increase,
I own'd my folly, and I sued for peace.
It was a fault, but not of guilt to move, 1075
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; 1080
The fleetest greyhound, 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; 1086
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 would do: 1090
He long before was struggling from my hands,
And, ere we could unloose him, broke his bands.
That minute where he was, we could not find,
And only saw the dust he left behind.
I climb'd a neighb'ring hill to view the chase, 1095
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 straight course;

But running counter, from the foe withdraws,
And with short turning cheats his gaping jaws : 1100
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 ; 1105
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 : 1110
Some god their course did with this wonder grace,
That neither might be conquer'd in the chase.
A sudden silence here his tongue suppress,
He here stops short, and fain would wave the rest.

The eager prince then urg'd him to impart, 1115
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 : 1120
The kindest pair ! what more could 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, 1125
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. 1130
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, 1135
Come 'suage 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) 1140
Thou art my joy, for thy dear sake I love
Each desart 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, 1145
And cheated with the sound of Aura's name,
He thought I had some assignation 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. 1150
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 could proceed, 1155
Till she herself were witness of the deed.
Next morn I to the woods again repair,
And, weary with the chase, invoke the air ;
Approach, dear Aura, and my bosom cheer :
At which a mournful sound did strike my ear ; 1160
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. 1166
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 1170
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 begg'd her keep her flitting breath, 1175
And not to leave me guilty of her death.
While I entreat she fainted fast away,
And these few words had only strength to say ;
By all the sacred bonds of plighted love,
By all your rev'ence to the pow'rs above, 1180
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, 1185

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; 1190

Yet, being undeceiv'd, resign'd her breath

Methought more cheerfully, and smil'd in death.

With such concern the weeping hero told
This tale, that none who heard him could with-hold
From melting into sympathising tears, 1195
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.

O V I D' S
METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK VIII.

TRANSLATED BY MR. DRYDEN AND OTHERS.

THE STORY OF NISUS AND SCYLLA.

BY MR. CROXALL.

Now 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, 5
His new allies unfurl the swelling sails ;
Steady their course, they cleave the yielding main,
And, with a wish, th' intended harbour gain.

Meanwhile king Minos, on the attic strand,
Displays his martial skill, and wastes the land. 10
His army is encamp'd upon the plains,
Before Alcathœ'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. 16

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

High on the walls, by Phœbus vocal made,
A turret of the palace rais'd its head; 20

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 it's music ring;

And, striking with a pebble, would release 25
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; 30

Their arms, their horse, and quiver she descry'd,
Nor could the dress of war the warrior 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, 35

She thinks it adds a more peculiar grace:
His ample shield, emboss'd 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 sighing maid commends;
Or, when he strains to draw the circling bow, 40

And his fine limbs a manly posture show,

Compar'd with Phœbus, he performs so well,
Let her be judge, and Minos shall excel.

But when the helm, put off, display'd to sight, 45
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 frantic maid. 50

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 could wing her way
Thro' the stern hostile troops without dismay ;
Or throw her body to the distant ground, 55
And in the Cretans happy camp be found.
Would 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 should request, 60

And, as she sat, and pleas'd her longing sight,
Viewing the king's pavillion veil'd with white,
Should 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, 65
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. 70

Oh! with what joy I'd wear the chains he gave!
A patient hostage, and a willing slave.
Thou lovely object! if the nymph that bare
Thy charming person, were but half so fair;
Well might a god her virgin bloom desire, 75
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. 80
All, all I'd give; only my native land,
My dearest country, should 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, 85
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: 90
We must be conquer'd; and the captive's fate
Will surely seize us, tho' it seize us late.
Why then should love be idle, and neglect
What Mars, by arms and perils, will effect?
Oh! prince, I die, with anxious fear oppress, 95
Lest some rash hand should wound my charmer's
 breast:
For, if they saw, no barb'rous mind could 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. 100
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 :
The keys my father keeps ; ah ! there's my grief ; 105
'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. 110
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 would take courage, and abandon shame ?
But would, tho' ruin should ensue, remove 115
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 should force it's way. 120
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 125
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 it's care, by downy sleep possest : 130
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, 135
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. 140
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 ; 145
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) 150
Perdition seize thee, thou, thy kind's disgrace !
May thy devoted carcase find no place
In earth, or air, or sea, by all out-cast !
Shall Minos, with so foul a monster, blast

His Cretan world, where cradled Jove was nurst? 155
Forbid it heav'n!—away, thou most accurst!

And now Alcathöe, it's lord exchang'd,
Was under Minos' domination rang'd.
While the most equal king his care applies
To curb the conquer'd, and new laws devise, 160
The fleet, by his command, with hoisted sails,
And ready oars, invites the murm'ring gales.
At length the Cretan hero anchor weigh'd,
Repaying, with neglect, th' abandon'd maid.
Deaf to her cries, he furrows up the main: 165
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 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 could sacrifice 171
Her country, and her parent, sacred ties!
Nor can my love, nor proffer'd presents find
A passage to thy heart, and make thee kind?
Can nothing move thy pity? O ingrate, 175
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: 180
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, myself have thrown, 185
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 tygress bred,
On the bleak Syrt's inhospitable bed; 190
Or where Charybdis pours it's 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; 195
Some wild outrageous bull thy dam sustain'd.
O father Nisus, now my death behold;
Exult, O city, by my baseness sold:
Minos, obdurate, has aveng'd ye all;
But 'twere more just by those I wrong'd to fall: 200
For why shouldst thou, who only didst subdue
By my offending, my offence pursue?
Well art thou match'd to one whose am'rous flame
Too fiercely rag'd, for human kind to tame;
One who, within a wooden heifer thrust, 205
Court'd 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 avail my plaints? the whistling wind,
Which bears him far away, leaves them behind. 210

Well weigh'd Pasiphaë, when she preferr'd
A bull to thee, more brutish than the herd.
But ah ! time presses, and the labour'd oars
To distance drive the fleet, and lose the less'ning
shores.

Think not ungrateful man, the liquid way 215
And threat'ning billows shall enforce my stay.
I'll follow thee in spite : my arms I'll throw
Around thy oars, or grasp thy crooked prow,
And drag thro' drenching seas. Her eager tongue
Had hardly clos'd the speech, when forth she sprung
And prov'd the deep. Cupid with added force 221
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 : 225
('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 herself sustain'd in air. 230
Chang'd to a lark, she mottled pinions shook,
And, from the ravish'd lock, the name of Ciris took.

THE LABYRINTH.

Now Minos, landed on the Cretan shore,
Performs his vows to Jove's protecting pow'r ;
A hundred bullocks, of the largest breed, 235
With flow'rets crown'd, before his altar bleed :

While trophies of the vanquish'd, brought from far
Adorn the palace with the spoils of war.

Meanwhile the monster of a human beast,
His family's reproach, and stain, increas'd. 240

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 tattling fame,
Resolves a dark inclosure to provide, 245
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 wond'rous
Where rooms within themselves encircled lie, [plan;
With various windings, to deceive the eye. 250

As soft Mæander's wanton current plays,
When thro' the Phrygian fields it loosely strays;
Backward, and forward rolls 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: 256

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 it's turns could trace;
And Dædalus was puzzled how to find 261
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, 265
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. 270
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 275
Should 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,
It's diamonds twinkle in the distant skies ; 280
There, in their pristine 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 : 285
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. 290

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, 295
The bottom stems are join'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 300
The floating feathers, which the moving air
Bore loosely from the ground, and wafted here and
Or with the wax impertinently play'd, [there.
And with his childish tricks the great design delay'd.

The final master-stroke at last impos'd, 305
And now, the neat machine completely 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; 310
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 315
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 roll gently down his aged cheeks. 320
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 aching sight,
As parent birds, when first their callow care 325
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, 330
Or gaping ploughman from the vale descries,
They stare, and view 'em with religious eyes,
And straight conclude 'em gods ; since none, but they,
Thro' their own azure skies could find a way.

Now Delos, Paros, on the left are seen, 335
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, 340
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, 345
His feathers gone, no longer care 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. 350

The father, now no more a father, cries,
 Ho Icarus ! where 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 conferr'd, 355
 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 : 360
 The only bird of all it's 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 ; 365
 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, 370
 Fil'd teeth in ir'n, and made the grating saw.
 He was the first, that from a knob of brass
 Made two straight arms with widening stretch to pass ;
 That, while one stood upon the centre's place,
 The other round it drew a circling space, 375

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; 381
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 : 385
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 it's humble nest ;
And, in remembrance of the former ill, 390
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. 395
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 smoke, 400
They each with victims, and perfumes invoke.

Now talking Fame, thro' ev'ry Grecian town,
Had spread, immortal Theseus, thy renown.

From him, the neighb'ring nations in distress,
In suppliant terms implore a kind redress. 405

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, 410
By gifts to heav'n his gratitude express'd :
Cull'd sheaves, 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 415
Was lib'ral to the pow'rs of high command :
Each deity in ev'ry kind was bless'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, 420
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' Ægyptian pastures feed, 425
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; 430
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 435
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, 441
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 445
Their shepherds, nor the grooms their bulls can keep.
From fields to walls the frightened rabble run,
Nor think themselves secure within the town :
Till Meleagrus, and his chosen crew,
Contemn the danger, and the praise pursue. 450
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 Perithous came ; 455
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; 460
 Acastus, Phileus, Phœnix, Telamon,
 Echion, Lelix, and Eurytion,
 Achilles' father, and great Phocus' son;
 Dryas the fierce, and Hippasus the strong;
 With twice old Iolas, and Nestor then but young. 465
 Laertes active, and Ancæus bold;
 Mopsus the sage, who future things foretold;
 And t'other seer, yet by his wife * unsold.
 A thousand others of immortal fame;
 Amongst the rest, fair Atalanta came, 470
 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, 475
 Sweet negligence! unheeded bait of love!
 Her sounding quiver, on her shoulder ty'd,
 One hand a dart, and one a bow supply'd.
 Such was her face, as in a nymph display'd
 A fair fierce boy, or in a boy betray'd 480
 The blushing beauties of a modest maid.
 The Caledonian chief at once the dame
 Beheld, at once his heart receiv'd the flame,

* Amphiaraus.

With heav'ns averse. O happy youth, he cry'd;
 For whom the fates reserve so fair a bride! 485
 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. 490
 No sounding axe 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, 496
 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, 500
 Whose edges were with bending osiers 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; 505
 Beats down the trees before him, shakes the ground,
 The forest echoes to the crackling sound; }
 Shout the fierce youth, and clamours ring around. }
 All stood with their protended spears prepar'd,
 With broad steel heads the brandish'd weapons
 glar'd. 510

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 miss'd his mark,
 And stuck his boar-spear on a maple's bark. 515
 Then Jason ; and his jav'lin seem'd to take,
 But fail'd with over-force, and whizz'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 520
 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 could :
 He reach'd the savage, but no blood he drew,
 Dian unarm'd the jav'lin as it flew. 524

This chaf'd the boar, his nostrils flames expire,
 And his red eye-balls roll with living fire.
 Whirl'd from a sling, or from an engine thrown,
 Amid the foes, so flies a mighty stone,
 As flew the beast : the left wing put to flight, 530
 The chiefs o'er-borne, he rushes on the right.
 Eupalamos, 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, 535
 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. 541
Against a stump his tusk the monster grinds,
And in the sharpen'd edge new vigour finds ;
Then, trusting to his arms, young Othrys found,
And ranch'd his hips with one continu'd wound. 545

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, 550
Conceal'd from aiming spears, not perview to the
But Telamon rush'd in, and happ'd to meet [steed.
A rising root, that held his fast'ned feet ;
So down he fell, whom, sprawling on the ground,
His brother from the wooden gyves unbound. 555

Meantime the virgin-huntress was not slow
T' expel the shaft from her contracted bow :
Beneath his ear the fast'ned arrow stood,
And from the wound appear'd the trickling blood.
She blush'd for joy : but Meleagrus rais'd 560
His voice with loud applause, and the fair archer
He was the first to see, and first to show [prais'd.
His friends the marks of the successful blow.
Nor shall thy valour want the praises due,
He said ; a virtuous envy seiz'd the crew. 565
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; 570
 And flourishes his double-biting-axe:
 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; 575
 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, 580
 And upward rips the groin of his audacious foe.
 Ancæus falls; his bowels from the wound
 Rush out, and clotted blood distains the ground.

Perithous, 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, 586
 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 jav'lin threw, 590
 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, 595 }
 And through 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. 600

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 605
Explores the nearest passage to his heart.
Quick, and more quick he spins in giddy gires,
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. 610
Then all approach'd 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. 614

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 : 620
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 sullen discontent, 625
And a deaf murmur through the squadron went:
All envy'd; but the Thestyan 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: 630
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. 636

But soon th' impatient prince his faulchion 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. 640
At this advanc'd, and sudden as the word,
In proud Plexippus' bosom plung'd the sword:
Toxeus amaz'd, and with amazement slow,
Or to revenge, or ward the coming blow, 644
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 : 650
 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 ; 655
 Which burning upwards in succession, dries
 The tears, that stood consid'ring in her eyes.

There lay a log unlighted on the hearth,
 When she was lab'ring in the throes of birth
 For th' unborn chief ; the fatal sisters came, 660
 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 sung, to this red brand and thee,
 O new-born babe, we give an equal destiny : 665
 So vanish'd out of view. The frightened 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 brand she now produc'd ; and first she strows 670
 The hearth with heaps of chips, and after blows ;
 Thrice heav'd her hand, and heav'd, she thrice re-
 The sister, and the mother long contest, [press'd :
 Two doubtful titles, in one tender breast :
 And now her eyes, and cheeks with fury glow, 675
 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 ; 680
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 : 685
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 ; 690
But sighs were stifled in the cries of blood.

The pious, impious wretch at length decreed,
To please her brother's ghost, her son should bleed :
And when the fun'ral flames began to rise,
Receive, she said, a sister's sacrifice ; 695
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 700
A sister paying her dead brother's 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. 705

Let the whole houshold 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. 710 }

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, 715

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 ? 720

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 withall ; 725

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. 730

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, 735
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. 740

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, 745
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 away. 750

Just then the hero cast a doleful cry,
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 755
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, 761
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 765
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 unsluice their eyes; 770
And heav'n and earth resound with murmurs,
groans, and cries. }

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, 775
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 herself her impious deed.

Had I a hundred tongues, a wit so large 780
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
Would offer to describe his sister's pain: [vain
They beat their breasts with many a bruizing blow,
Till they turn livid, and corrupt the snow. 787
The corps they cherish, while the corps remains,
And exercise, and rub with fruitless pains;

And when to fun'ral flames 'tis borne away, 790

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, 794

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, 800

Not with less ruin than a race content :

Excepting Gorgè, perish'd all the seed,

And * her whom heav'n for Hercules decreed.

Satiate at last, no longer she pursu'd

The weeping sisters; but with wings endu'd, 805

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 meanwhile acquitting well his share

In the bold chace confed'rate like a war,

To Athens' lofty tow'rs his march ordain'd, 810

By Pallas lov'd, and where Erectheus reign'd.

* Dejanira.

But Acheloüs stopp'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; 815
It solid oaks has from it's margin tore,
And rocky fragments down it's 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; 820
Nor strength the bulky steer from ruin freed,
Nor matchless swiftness 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, 825
Strongyouths 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. }

Theseus persuaded, in compliance bow'd; 830
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 rustic of the wall; 835
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, 840

Next his companions in the daring chace ;

Perithous here, there 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, 845

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. 850

Then the great hero 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 ? 855

How nam'd ? and yet methinks it seems not one.

To whom the wat'ry 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, 860

These once proud Naiads were, before their change.

'Twas on a day more solemn than the rest,

Ten bullocks slain, a sacrificial feast,

The rural gods of all the region near

They bid to dance, and taste the hallow'd cheer. 865

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, rememb'ring me, 870
I, with their country, wash'd into the sea ;
And joining waters with the social main,
Rent the gross land, and split the firm champaign.
Since the Echinades, remote from shore
Are view'd as many isles, as nymphs before. 875

PERIMELE TURNED 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, 880
Gall'd with th' abuse, and fretted at the wrong,
He threw 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 : 885
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 ; 890
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. 895
 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. 900

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,
 I felt her heart leap trembling in her breast ;
 But hard'ning soon, whilst I her pulse explore, 905
 A crusting earth cas'd her stiff body o'er ;
 And as accretions of new cleaving soil
 Enlarg'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 910
 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 lies :
 You attribute too much to heav'nly sway, 915
 To think they give 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 ; 920
 Heav'n's pow'r is infinite : earth, air, and sea,
 The manufactur'd mass, the making pow'r obey :
 By proof to clear your doubt ; in Phrygian ground
 Twoneighb'ring trees, with walls encompass'd round,
 Stand on a mod'rate rise, with wonder shown, 925
 One a hard oak, a softer Linden one :
 I saw the place, and them, by Pittheus sent
 To Phrygian realms, my grandsire's government.
 Not far from thence is seen a lake, the haunt
 Of coots, and of the fishing cormorant : 930
 Here Jove with Hermes came ; but in disguise
 Of mortal men conceal'd their deities ;
 One laid aside his thunder, one his rod ;
 And many toilsome steps together trod :
 For harbour at a thousand doors they knock'd, 935
 Not one of all the thousand but was lock'd.
 At last an hospitable house 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 940
 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, professing to be poor. }
 For master, or for servant here to call, 945
 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 stooping, enter'd through the little door: 950
The man (their hearty welcome first express'd)
A common settle drew for either guest,
Inviting each his weary limbs to rest. }

But ere they sate, officious Baucis lays
Two cushions stuff'd with straw, the seat to raise; 955
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 smokes; and then with trembling breath she blows,
Till in a cheerful blaze the flames arose. 961

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) 965

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; 970
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. 975

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 980
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. }

This done, the host produc'd the genial bed, 985
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, or holidays.

The good old housewife, tucking up her gown, 990
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 : 995

Then rubb'd it o'er with newly gather'd mint,

A wholesome 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, 1000

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' busy care 1005
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, 1010
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 smoking lard ; 1015
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, 1020
Plumbs, 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 1026
With hearty welcome, and an open face :
In all they did, you might discern with ease,
A willing mind, and a desire to please.

Meantime the beechen bowls went round, and still,
Though often empty'd, were observ'd to fill; 1031

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; 1035
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 : 1040 }
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, 1045
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 was declar'd,
And own'd the god. The neighbourhood, said he,
Shall justly perish for impiety : 1050
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, 1055
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: 1060

A wat'ry desert covers all the plains,
Their cot alone, as in an isle, remains.
Wond'ring with weeping eyes, while they deplore
Their neighbours' fate, and country now no more,
Their little shed, scarce large enough for two, 1065
Seems, from the ground increas'd, in height and bulk
A stately temple shoots within the skies, [to grow.
The crotchets of their cot in columns rise :
The pavement polish'd marble they behold,
The gates with sculpture grac'd, the spires and tiles
of gold. 1070

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.

Awhile they whisper; then, to Jove address'd, 1075
Philemon thus prefers their joint request :
We crave to serve before your sacred shrine,
And offer at your altars rites divine :
And since not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domestic strife ; 1080
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 sepulchre.

The godheads sign their suit. They run their race
In the same tenour all th' appointed space : 1086
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: 1090
 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, 1095
 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 in-
 Ev'n yet, an ancient Tyanæan shows [vade.
 A spreading oak, that near a linden grows; 1100
 The neighbourhood confirm the prodigy,
 Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
 I saw myself the garlands on their boughs,
 And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows;
 And off'ring fresher up, with pious pray'r, 1105 }
 The good, said I, are God's peculiar care, [share.
 And such as honour heav'n, shall heav'nly honour }

CONTINUED 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 1110
 From gods what wond'rous alterations grow.
 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, 1116
Thou inmate of the seas, which earth surround.
Sometimes a blooming youth you grac'd the shore;
Oft a fierce lion, or a furious boar :
With glist'ring spires now seem'd an hissing snake,
The bold would tremble in his hands to take; 1121
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. 1125

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 Autolicus in dow'r.
Her atheist sire the slighted gods defy'd, 1130
And ritual honours to their shrines deny'd.
As fame reports, his hand an axe sustain'd,
Which Ceres' consecrated grove prophan'd;
Which durst the venerable gloom invade,
And violate with light the awful shade. 1135
An antient oak in the dark centre stood,
The covert's glory, and itself a wood :
Garlands embrac'd it's shaft, and from the boughs
Hung tablets, monuments of prosp'rous vows.

In the cool dusk it's unpierc'd verdure spread, 1140
The Dryads oft their hallow'd dances led ;
And oft, when round their gaging arms they cast,
Full fifteen ells it measur'd in the waist :
Its height all under standards did surpass,
As they aspir'd above the humbler grass. 1145

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 sacred steel the gashing tree.
But whilst they, ling'ring, his commands delay'd,
He snatch'd an axe, and thus blaspheming said : 1151
Was this no oak, nor Ceres' fav'rite care,
But Ceres' self, this arm, unaw'd, should dare
It's leafy honours in the dust to spread,
And level with the earth it's airy head. 1155

He spoke, and as he pois'd a slanting stroke,
Sighs heav'd, and tremblings shook the frightened oak ;
It's leaves look'd sickly, pale it's acorns grew,
And it's long branches sweat a chilly dew.
But when his impious hand a wound bestow'd, 1160
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 altar stains. 1165

The wonder all amaz'd ; yet one more bold,
The fact dissuading, strove his axe to hold.

But the Thessalian, obstinately bent,
Too proud to change, too harden'd to repent,
On his kind monitor, his eyes, which burn'd 1170
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; 1175
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, 1180
And death is chear'd with this prophetic view.

At last the oak with cords enforc'd to bow,
Strain'd from the top, and sapp'd with wounds below,
The humbler wood, partaker of its fate, 2184
Crush'd with it's fall, and shiver'd with it's weight.

The grove destroy'd, the sister Dryads moan,
Griev'd at it's loss, and frighted at their own.
Straight, suppliants for revenge, to Ceres go,
In sable weeds, expressive of their woe.

The beauteous goddess with a graceful air 1190
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 petious in it's kind, 1195

(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 1200

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 FAMINE.

Where frozen Scythia's utmost bound is plac'd,
A desert lies, a melancholy waste : 1205

In yellow crops there nature never smil'd,

No fruitful tree to shade the barren wild.

There sluggish cold it's icy station makes,

There paleness frights, and anguish trembling shakes.

Of pining famine this the fated seat, 1210

To whom my orders in these words repeat :

Bid her this miscreant with her sharpest pains

Chastise, and sheath herself into his veins ;

Be unsubdu'd by plenty's baffled store,

Reject my empire, and defeat my pow'r. 1215

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 car, 1220
Sprung to the seat, and posted thro' the air ;
Nor stopp'd till she to a bleak mountain came
Of wond'rous height, and Caucasus it's name.
There in a stony field the fiend she found,
Herbs gnawing, and roots scratching from the
ground. 1225

Her elfelock hair in matted tresses grew, }
Sunk were her eyes, and pale her ghastly hue, }
Wan were her lips, and foul with clammy glue. }
Her throat was furr'd, her guts appear'd within
With snaky crawlings thro' her parchment skin. 1230
Her jutting hips seem'd starting from their place,
And for a belly was a belly's space.
Her dugs hung dangling from her craggy spine,
Loose to her breast, and fasten'd to her chine
Her joints protuberant by leanness grown, 1235
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. 1240
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, 1245
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, 1249
And reach'd the mansion by the nymph assign'd.

'Twas night, when entring Erisichthon'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 wholeself inspir'd;
Breath'd on his throat and chest a tainting blast,
And in his veins infus'd an endless fast. 1256

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. 1260

Still slumbers Erisichthon's senses drown,
And sooth his fancy with her softest down.
He dreams of viands delicate to eat,
And revels on imaginary meat. 1264
Chews with his working mouth, but chews 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; 1270

The cank'rous rage still gnaws with griping pains,
Stings in his throat, and in his bowels reigns.

Straight he requires, impatient in demand,
Provisions from the air, the seas, the land.
But tho' the land, air, seas, provisions grant, 1275
Starves at full tables, and complains of want.

What to a people might in dole be paid,
Or victual cities for a long blockade,
Could not one wolfish appetite assuage;
For glutting nourishment increas'd it's rage. 1280
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, 1285
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. 1290
He grows more empty, as the more supply'd,
And endless cramming but extends the void.

THE TRANSFORMATIONS OF ERISICH- THON'S DAUGHTER.

Now riches hoarded by paternal care
Were sunk, the glutton swallowing up the heir.

Yet the devouring flame no stores abate, 1295

Nor less his 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, 1300

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, 1304

('Twas Neptune who deflower'd the beauteous 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; 1310

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, 1316

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 1320

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. 1325
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 myself I view'd.
Back o'er the sands, deluded, he withdrew, 1330
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 : 1335
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, 1340
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 it's own decay.

But foreign stories why should I relate ?
I too myself can to new forms translate, 1345
Tho' the variety's not unconfined,
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 transferr'd,
A bull I march, the captain of the herd. 1351
But whilst I once those goring weapons wore,
Vast wrestling force one from my forehead tore.
Lo, my maim'd brows the injury still own ;
He ceas'd ; his words concluding with a groan. 1355

Printed by RICKABY,
Anno 1794.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

CONTENTS.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

BOOK V.

BY ARTHUR MAYNWARING, ESQ.

	Page.
THE Story of Perseus continued,	6
Minerva's Interview with the Muses,	19
The Fate of Pyreneus,	20
The Story of the Pierides,	22
The Song of the Pierides,	23
The Song of the Muses,	24
The Rape of Proserpine,	26
Cyane dissolves to a Fountain,	29
A Boy transformed to an Eft,	ib,
The Transformation of Ascalaphus into an Owl,	34
The Daughters of Achelous transformed to Sirens,	35
The Story of Arethusa,	37
The Transformation of Lynceus,	41
The Pierides transformed to Magpies,	42

BOOK VI.

BY MR. CROXALL.

The Transformation of Arachne into a Spider,	45
The Story of Niobe,	53
The Transformation of Niobe,	61
The Peasants of Lycia transformed to Frogs,	ib.
The Fate of Marsyas,	65
The Story of Pelops,	66
The Story of Tereus, Procne and Philomela,	ib.
Boreas in Love,	83

CONTENTS.

BOOK VII.

BY MR. TATE AND MR. STONESTREET.

	Page.
The Story of Medea and Jason, - - -	87
The Dragon's Teeth, transformed to Men, - - -	92
Old Æson restored to Youth, - - -	96
The Death of Pelias, - - -	103
The Story of Ægeus, - - -	109
The Story of Ants chang'd to Men, by Mr. Stonestreet, -	115
The Story of Cephalus and Procris, by Mr. Tate, -	123

BOOK VIII.

BY MR. DRYDEN AND OTHERS.

The Story of Nisus and Scylla, by Mr. Croxall, -	131
The Labyrinth, by Mr. Croxall, -	139
The Story of Dædalus and Icarus, by Mr. Croxall, -	141
The Story of Meleager and Atalanta, by Mr. Dryden, -	146
The Transformation of the Naiads, by Mr. Vernon, -	160
Perimele turn'd into an Island, by Mr. Vernon, -	163
The Story of Baucis and Philemon, by Mr. Dryden, -	164
The Changes of Proteus, by Mr. Vernon, -	171
The Story of Erisichthon, by Mr. Vernon, -	172
The Description of Famine, by Mr. Vernon, -	175
The Transformations of Erisichthon's Daughter, by Mr. Vernon. -	178

