





Charles Douglass Smith.





O V I D's

METAMORPHOSES,

I N

FIFTEEN BOOKS.

Translated by the most Eminent HANDS.

Adorn'd with SCULPTURES.

VOLUME *the* SECOND.

The THIRD EDITION.

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O V I D
METHUEN BOOKS

THE
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THE HISTORY OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

BY THE REV. J. B. BURNETT

IN THREE VOLUMES

LONDON

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THE HISTORY OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

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To Her
Dutchess



Grace the
of Rutland



O V I D's
METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK VIII.

Translated by Mr. DRYDEN and Others.

The Story of NISUS and SCYLLA.

By Mr. CROXALL.



O W shone the Morning Star in bright
Array,
To vanquish Night, and usher in the
Day:
The Wind veers Southward, and moist
Clouds arise,
That blot with Shades the Blue Meridian
Skies.

Cephalus feels with Joy the kindly Gales,
His new Allies unfurl the swelling Sails;

Steady their Course, they cleave the yielding Main,
And, with a Wish, th'intended Harbour gain.

Mean while King *Minos*, on the *Attick* Strand,
Displays his martial Skill, and wastes the Land.
His Army lies encamp't upon the Plains,
Before *Alcathoë's* Walls, where *Nisus* reigns;
On whose grey Head a Lock of Purple Hue,
The Strength, and Fortune of his Kingdom, grew.

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

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

High on the Walls, by *Phæbus* vocal made,
A Turret of the Palace rais'd its Head;

And where the God his tuneful Harp resign'd,
The Sound within the Stone still lay enshrin'd.

Hither the Daughter of the Purple King

Ascended oft, to hear its Musick ring;

And, striking with a Pebble, wou'd release
Th'enchanted Notes, in Times of happy Peace.

But now, from thence, the curious Maid beheld
Rough Feats of Arms, and Combats of the Field:

And, since the Siege was long, had learnt the Name
Of ev'ry Chief, his Character, and Fame;

Their Arms, their Horse, and Quiver she descry'd,
Nor cou'd the Dress of War the Warriour hide.

Europa's Son she knew above the Rest,

And more, than well became a Virgin Breast:

In vain the crested Morion veils his Face,
She thinks it adds a more peculiar Grace:

His ample Shield, embost with burnish'd Gold,
Still makes the Bearer lovelier to behold:

When the tough Jav'lin, with a Whirl, he sends,
His Strength, and Skill the fighting Maid commends;

Or, when he strains to draw the circling Bow,
And his fine Limbs a manly Posture show,

Compar'd with *Phæbus*, he performs so well;
Let her be Judge, and *Minos* shall excell.

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

And, as she sate, and pleas'd her longing Sight,
Viewing the King's Pavilion veil'd with White,
Shou'd Joy, or Grief, she said, possess my Breast,
To see my Country by a War oppress?
I'm in Suspense! For, tho' 'tis Grief to know
I love a Man that is declar'd my Foe;
Yet, in my own Despite, I must approve
That lucky War, which brought the Man I love.
Yet, were I tender'd as a Pledge of Peace,
The Cruelties of War might quickly cease.
Oh! with what Joy I'd wear the Chains he gave!
A patient Hostage, and a willing Slave.
Thou lovely Object! if the Nymph that bare
Thy charming Person, were but half so fair;
Well might a God her Virgin Bloom desire,
And with a Rape indulge his amorous Fire.
Oh! had I Wings to glide along the Air,
To his dear Tent I'd fly, and settle there:—

There tell my Quality, confess my Flame,
 And grant him any Dowry that he'd name.
 All, all I'd give; only my native Land,
 My dearest Country, shou'd excepted stand.
 For, perish Love, and all expected Joys,
 E're, with so base a Thought, my Soul complies.
 Yet, oft the Vanquish'd some Advantage find,
 When conquer'd by a noble, gen'rous Mind.
 Brave *Minos* justly has the War begun,
 Fir'd with Resentment for his murder'd Son:
 The righteous Gods a righteous Cause regard,
 And will, with Victory, his Arms reward:
 We must be conquer'd; and the Captive's Fate
 Will surely seize us, tho' it seize us late.
 Why then shou'd Love be idle, and neglect
 What *Mars*, by Arms and Perils, will effect?
 Oh! Prince, I dye, with anxious Fear oppress'd,
 Lest some rash Hand shou'd wound my Charmer's Breast:
 For, if they saw, no barb'rous Mind cou'd dare
 Against that lovely Form to raise a Spear.

But I'm resolv'd, and fix'd in this Decree,
 My Father's Country shall my Dowry be.
 Thus I prevent the Loss of Life and Blood,
 And, in Effect, the Action must be good.
 Vain Resolution! for, at ev'ry Gate
 The trusty Centinels, successive, wait:
 The Keys my Father keeps; ah! there's my Grief:
 'Tis he obstructs all Hopes of my Relief.
 Gods! that this hated Light I'd never seen!
 Or, all my Life, without a Father been!
 But Gods we all may be; for those that dare,
 Are Gods, and Fortune's chiefest Favours share.
 The ruling Pow'rs a lazy Pray'r detest,
 The bold Adventurer succeeds the best.
 What other Maid, inspir'd with such a Flame,
 But wou'd take Courage, and abandon Shame?

But

But wou'd, tho' Ruin shou'd ensue, remove
 Whate'er oppos'd, and clear the Way to Love?
 This, shall another's feeble Passion dare?
 While I sit tame, and languish in Despair:
 No; for tho' Fire and Sword before me lay,
 Impatient Love thro' both shou'd force it's Way.
 Yet I have no such Enemies to fear,
 My sole Obstruction is my Father's Hair;
 His Purple Lock my sanguine Hope destroys,
 And clouds the Prospect of my rising Joys.

Whilst thus she spoke, amid the thick'ning Air,
 Night supervenes, the greatest Nurse of Care:
 And, as the Goddess spreads her sable Wings,
 The Virgin's Fears decay, and Courage springs.
 The Hour was come, when Man's o'er-labour'd Breast
 Surceas'd its Care by downy Sleep possess'd:
 All things now hush'd, *Scylla* with silent Tread
 Urg'd her Approach to *Nisus*' Royal Bed:
 There, of the fatal Lock (accursed Theft!)
 She her unwitting Father's Head bereft.
 In safe Possession of her impious Prey,
 Out at a Postern Gate she takes her Way.
 Embolden'd, by the Merit of the Deed,
 She traverses the adverse Camp with Speed,
 Till *Minos*' Tent she reach'd: The righteous King
 She thus bespoke, who shiver'd at the thing.

Behold th' Effect of Love's resistless Sway!
 I, *Nisus*' Royal Seed, to thee betray
 My Country, and my Gods. For this strange Task,
Minos, no other Boon but thee I ask.
 This Purple Lock, a Pledge of Love, receive;
 No worthless Present, since in it I give
 My Father's Head.—Mov'd at a Crime so new,
 And with Abhorrence fill'd, back *Minos* drew,
 Nor touch'd th' unhallow'd Gift; but thus exclaim'd,
 (With Mein indignant, and with Eyes inflam'd).

Perdition seize thee, thou, thy Kind's Disgrace!
 May thy devoted Carcass find no Place
 In Earth, or Air, or Sea, by all out-cast!
 Shall *Minos*, with so foul a Monster, blast
 His *Cretan* World, where cradled *Jove* was nurs'd?
 Forbid it Heav'n!—away, thou most accurst!

And now *Alcathöë*, its 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,
 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:
 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 cou'd sacrifice
 Her Country, and her Parent, sacred Ties!
 Can nor my Love, nor proffer'd Presents find
 A Passage to thy Heart, and make thee kind?
 Can nothing move thy Pity? O Ingrate,
 Can'st thou behold my lost, forlorn Estate,
 And not be soften'd? Can'st thou throw off one
 Who has no Refuge left but thee alone?
 Where shall I seek for Comfort? whither fly?
 My native Country does in Ashes lye:
 Or were't not so, my Treason bars me there,
 And bids me wander. Shall I next repair
 To a wrong'd Father, by my Guilt undone?—
 Me all Mankind deservedly will shun.
 I, out of all the World, my self have thrown,
 To purchase an Access to *Crete* alone.

Which

Which, since refus'd, ungen'rous Man, give o'er
 To boast thy Race; *Europa* never bore
 A thing so savage. Thee some Tygres bred,
 On the bleak *Syrt's* inhospitable Bed;
 Or where *Charybdis* pours its rapid Tide
 Tempestuous. Thou art not to *Jove* ally'd;
 Nor did the King of Gods thy Mother meet
 Beneath a Bull's forg'd Shape, and bear to *Crete*.
 That Fable of thy glorious Birth is feign'd;
 Some wild outrageous Bull thy Dam sustain'd.
 O Father *Nisus*, now my Death behold;
 Exult, O City, by my Baseness fold:
Minos, obdurate, has aveng'd ye all;
 But 'twere more just by those I wrong'd to fall:
 For why shou'dst thou, who only didst subdue
 By my offending, my Offence pursue?
 Well art thou matcht to one whose am'rous Flame
 Too fiercely rag'd, for Human kind to tame;
 One who, within a wooden Heifer thrust,
 Courted a low'ring Bull's mistaken Lust;
 And, from whose Monster-teeming Womb, the Earth
 Receiv'd, what much it mourn'd, a bi-form Birth.
 But what avail my Plaints? the whistling Wind,
 Which bears him far away, leaves them behind.
 Well weigh'd *Pasiphaë*, when she prefer'd
 A Bull to thee, more brutish than the Herd.
 But ah! Time presses, and the labour'd Oars
 To Distance drive the Fleet, and lose the leff'ning Shores.
 Think not, ungrateful Man, the liquid Way
 And threat'ning Billows shall inforce my Stay.
 I'll follow thee in Spite; My Arms I'll throw
 Around thy Oars, or grasp thy crooked Prow,
 And drag 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
 Recruits each Nerve, and aids her wat'ry Course.

Soon she the Ship attains, unwelcome Guest ;
 And, as with close Embrace its Sides she prest,
 A Hawk from upper Air came pouring down :
 ('Twas *Nifus* 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 wondring, finds her self sustain'd in Air.
 Chang'd to a Lark, she mottled Pinions shook,
 And, from the ravish'd Lock, the Name of *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,
 With Flowrets crown'd, before his Altar bleed :
 While Trophies of the Vanquish'd, brought from far
 Adorn the Palace with the Spoils of War.

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

Great *Dadalus* of *Athens* was the Man
 That made the Draught, and form'd the wondrous Plan,
 Where Rooms within themselves encircled lye,
 With various Windings, to deceive the Eye.
 As soft *Maander's* wanton Current plays,
 When thro' the *Phrygian* Fields it loosely strays ;
 Backward; and forward roul's the dimpl'd Tide,
 Seeming, at once, two different Ways to glide :

While

Book 8. OVID'S *Metamorphoses*. 9

While circling Streams their former Banks survey,
And Waters past succeeding Waters see :
Now floating to the Sea with downward Course,
Now pointing upward to its ancient Source.
Such was the Work, so intricate the Place,
That scarce the Workman all its Turns cou'd trace;
And *Dædalus* was puzzled how to find
The secret Ways of what himself design'd.

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

The Story of DÆDALUS, and ICARUS.

In tedious Exile now too long detain'd,
Dædalus languish'd for his native Land :
The Sea foreclos'd his Flight ; yet thus he said ;
Tho' Earth and Water in Subjection laid,

O cruel *Minos*, thy Dominion be,
 We'll go thro' Air; for sure the Air is free.
 Then to new Arts his cunning Thought applies,
 And to improve the Work of Nature tries.
 A Row of Quills in gradual Order plac'd,
 Rise by Degrees in Length from first to last;
 As on a Cliff th' ascending Thicket grows,
 Or, different Reeds the rural Pipe compose.
 Along the Middle runs a Twine of Flax,
 The Bottom Stems are joyn'd by pliant Wax.
 Thus, well compact, a hollow Bending brings
 The fine Composure into real Wings.

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

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

And

And mounting upward, as he wings his Flight,
 Back on his Charge he turns his aking Sight;
 As Parent Birds, when first their callow Care
 Leave the high Nest to tempt the liquid Air.
 Then cheers him on, and oft, with fatal Art,
 Reminds the Stripling to perform his Part.

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

Now *Delos*, *Paros* on the Left are seen,
 And *Samos*, favour'd by *Jove's* haughty Queen;
 Upon the Right, the Isle *Lebynthos* nam'd,
 And fair *Calymnè* for its Honey fam'd.

When now the Boy, whose childish Thoughts aspire
 To loftier Aims, and make him ramble high'r,
 Grown wild, and wanton, more embolden'd flies
 Far from his Guide, and soars among the Skies.

The soft'ning Wax, that felt a nearer Sun,
 Dissolv'd apace, and soon began to run.

The Youth in vain his melting Pinions shakes,
 His Feathers gone, no longer Air he takes:

Oh! Father, Father, as he strove to cry,
 Down to the Sea he tumbled from on high,

And found his Fate; yet still subsists by Fame,
 Among those Waters that retain his Name.

The Father, now no more a Father, cries,
 Ho *Icarus*! where are you? as he flies;

Where shall I seek my Boy? he cries again,
 And saw his Feathers scatter'd on the Main.

Then curs'd his Art; and fun'ral Rites confer'd,
 Naming the Country from the Youth interr'd.

A Partridge, from a neighb'ring Stump, beheld
 The Sire his monumental Marble build;

Who,

Who, with peculiar Call, and flutt'ring Wing,
 Chirpt joyful, and malicious seem'd to sing:
 The only Bird of all its Kind, and late
 Transform'd in Pity to a feather'd State:
 From whence, O *Dadalus*, thy Guilt we date.

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

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

At length, fatigu'd with long laborious Flights,
 On fair *Sicilia's* Plains the Artist lights;

Where

Where *Cocalus* the King, that gave him Aid,
 Was, for his Kindness, with Esteem repaid.
Athens no more her doleful Tribute sent,
 That Hardship gallant *Theseus* did prevent;
 Their Temples hung with Garlands, they adore
 Each friendly God, but most *Minerva's* Pow'r:
 To her, to *Jove*, to All, their Altars smoak,
 They each with Victims, and Perfumes invoke.

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

The Story of MELEAGER, and ATALANTA.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

From him, the *Caledonians* fought Relief;
 Though valiant *Meleagrus* was their Chief.
 The Cause, a Boar, who ravag'd far and near:
 Of *Cynthia's* Wrath, th' avenging Minister.
 For *Oeneus* with Autumnal Plenty bless'd,
 By Gifts to Heav'n his Gratitude express'd:
 Cull'd Sheafs, to *Ceres*; to *Lyæus*, Wine;
 To *Pan*, and *Pales*, offer'd Sheep and Kine;
 And Fat of Olives, to *Minerva's* Shrine.
 Beginning from the Rural Gods, his Hand
 Was lib'ral to the Pow'rs of high Command:
 Each 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,
 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,
 And none so large *Sicilian* Meadows breed:
 His Eye-balls glare with Fire suffus'd with Blood;
 His Neck shoots up a thick-set thorny Wood;
 His bristled Back a Trench impal'd appears,
 And stands erected, like a Field of Spears;
 Froth fills his Chaps, he sends a grunting Sound,
 And part he churns, and part befoams the Ground.
 For Tusks with *Indian* Elephants he strove,
 And *Jove's* own Thunder from his Mouth he drove.
 He burns the Leaves; the scorching Blast invades
 The tender Corn, and shrivels up the Blades:
 Or suff'ring not their yellow Beards to rear,
 He tramples down the Spikes, and intercepts the Year.
 In vain the Barns expect their promis'd Load,
 Nor Barns at home, nor Rocks are heap'd abroad:
 In vain the Hinds the Threshing-Floor prepare,
 And exercise their Flails in empty Air.
 With Olives ever-green the Ground is strow'd,
 And Grapes ungather'd shed their gen'rous Blood.
 Amid the Fold he rages, nor the Sheep
 Their Shepherds, nor the Grooms their Bulls can keep.

From Fields to Walls the frighted Rabble run,
 Nor think themselves secure within the Town:
 Till *Meleagrus*, and his chosen Crew,
 Contemn the Danger, and the Praise pursue.
 Fair *Leda's* Twins (in time to Stars decreed)
 One fought on Foot, one curb'd the fiery Steed;
 Then issu'd forth fam'd *Jason* after these,
 Who mann'd the foremost Ship that sail'd the Seas;
 Then *Thefeus* join'd with bold *Perithous* came;
 A single Concord in a double Name:
 The *Thestian* Sons, *Idas* who swiftly ran,
 And *Ceneus*, once a Woman, now a Man.
Lyncæus, with Eagle's Eyes, and Lion's Heart;
Leucippus, with his never-erring Dart;

Acastus;

Acastus, Phileus, Phoenix, 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.

Laertes active, and *Ancas* bold;

Mopsus the Sage, who future things foretold;

And t'other Seer, yet by his Wife * unfold.

A thousand others of immortal Fame;

Among the rest, fair *Atalanta* came,

Grace of the Woods: A Diamond Buckle bound

Her Vest behind, that else had flow'd upon the Ground,

And shew'd her buskin'd Legs; her Head was bare,

But for her native Ornament of Hair;

Which in a simple Knot was ty'd above,

Sweet Negligence! unheeded Bait of Love!

Her sounding Quiver, on her Shoulder ty'd,

One Hand a Dart, and one a Bow supply'd.

Such was her Face, as in a Nymph display'd

A fair fierce Boy, or in a Boy betray'd

The blushing Beauties of a modest Maid.

The *Caledonian* Chief at once the Dame

Beheld, at once his Heart receiv'd the Flame,

With Heav'n's averse. O happy Youth, he cry'd;

For whom thy Fates reserve so fair a Bride!

He sigh'd, and had no Leisure more to say;

His Honour call'd his Eyes another Way,

And forc'd him to pursue the now neglected Prey.

There stood a Forest on a Mountain's Brow,

Which over-look'd the shaded Plains below.

No founding Ax presum'd those Trees to bite;

Coeval with the World, a venerable Sight.

The Heroes there arriv'd, some spread around

The Toils; some search the Footsteps on the Ground:

Some from the Chains the faithful Dogs unbound.

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

From hence the Boar was rous'd, and sprung amain
 Like Lightning sudden, on the Warrior-Train;
 Beats down the Trees before him, shakes the Ground,
 The Forest echoes to the crackling Sound;
 Shout the fierce Youth, and Clamours ring around.
 All stood with their protended Spears prepar'd,
 With broad Steel Heads the brandish'd Weapons glar'd.
 The Beast impetuous with his Tusks aside
 Deals glancing Wounds; the fearful Dogs divide:
 All spend their Mouths aloof, but none abide.
Ecbion threw the first, but miss'd his Mark,
 And stuck his Boar-spear on a Maple's Bark.
 Then *Jason*; and his Javelin seem'd to take,
 But fail'd with Over-force, and whiz'd above his Back.
Mopsus was next; but e'er he threw, address'd
 To *Phœbus*, thus: O Patron, help thy Priest:
 If I adore, and ever have ador'd
 Thy Pow'r Divine, thy present Aid afford;
 That I may reach the Beast. The God allow'd
 His Pray'r, and smiling, gave him what he cou'd:
 He reach'd the Savage, but no Blood he drew,
Dian unarm'd the Javelin, as it flew.

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

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

Nestor had fail'd the Fall of *Troy* to see,
 But leaning on his Launce, he vaulted on a Tree;
 Then gath'ring up his Feet, look'd down with Fear.
 And thought his monstrous Foe was still too near.
 Against a Stump his Tusk the Monster grinds,
 And in the sharpen'd Edge new Vigour finds;
 Then, trusting to his Arms, young *Othrys* found,
 And ranch'd his Hips with one continu'd Wound.

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

Mean time the Virgin-Huntress was not slow
 T' expel the Shaft from her contracted Bow:
 Beneath his Ear the fastned Arrow stood,
 And from the Wound appear'd the trickling Blood.
 She blush'd for Joy: But *Meleagrus* rais'd
 His Voice with loud Applause, and the fair Archer prais'd.
 He was the first to see, and first to show
 His Friends the Marks of the successful Blow.
 Nor shall thy Valour want the Praises due,
 He said; a virtuous Envy seiz'd the Crew.
 They shout; the Shouting animates their Hearts,
 And all at once employ their thronging Darts:

But out of Order thrown, in Air they joyn,
 And Multitude makes frustrate the Design.
 With both his Hands the proud *Ancaus* takes,
 And flourishes his double-biting Ax:
 Then, forward to his Fate he took a Stride
 Before the rest, and to his Fellows cry'd,
 Give place, and mark the Diff'rence, if you can,
 Between a Woman Warrior, and a Man;
 The Boar is doom'd; nor though *Diana* lend
 Her Aid, *Diana* can her Beast defend.
 Thus boasted he; then stretch'd, on Tiptoe stood,
 Secure to make his empty Promise good.
 But the more wary Beast prevents the Blow,
 And upward rips the Groin of his audacious Foe.
Ancaus 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,
 My more than Mistress; of my Heart, the Heart.
 The Strong may fight aloof; *Ancaus* try'd
 His Force too near, and by presuming dy'd:
 He said, and while he spake his Javelin threw,
 Hissing in Air th' unerring Weapon flew; —
 But on an Arm of Oak, that stood betwixt
 The Marks-Man, and the Mark, his Lance he fixt.

Once more bold *Jason* threw, but fail'd to wound
 The Boar, and slew an undeserving Hound,
 And 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.
 Now while the tortur'd Savage turns around,
 And flings about his Foam, impatient of the Wound,

The Wound's great Author close at Hand provokes
His Rage, and plies him with redoubled Strokes;
Wheels, as he wheels; and with his pointed Dart
Explores the nearest Passage to his Heart.

Quick, and more quick he spins in giddy 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.
Then all approach the Slain with vast Surprise,
Admire on what a Breadth of Earth he lies,
And scarce secure, reach out their Spears afar,
And blood their Points, to prove their Partnership of War.

But he, the conqu'ring Chief, his Foot impreis'd
On the strong Neck of that destructive Beast;
And gazing on the Nymph with ardent Eyes,
Accept, said he, fair *Nonacrine*, my Prize,
And, though inferior, suffer me to join
My Labours, and my part of Praise with thine:
At this presents her with the Tusky Head
And Chine, with rising Bristles roughly spread.
Glad, she receiv'd the Gift; and seem'd to take
With double Pleasure for the Giver's sake.
The rest were seiz'd with fullen Discontent,
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:
Ours is the Title, thine a foreign Claim,
Since *Meleagrus* from our Lineage came.
Trust not thy Beauty; but restore the Prize,
Which he, befotted on that Face, and Eyes,
Would rend from us: At this, inflam'd with Spite,
From her they snatch the Gift, from him the Giver's Right.

But soon th' impatient Prince his Faulchion drew,
And cry'd, Ye Robbers of another's Due,

Now learn the Diff'rence, at your proper Cost,
 Fetwixt true Valour, and an empty Boast.
 At this advanc'd, and sudden as the Word,
 In proud *Pleippus*' Bosom plung'd the Sword:
Toxens amaz'd, and with Amazement flow,
 Or to revenge, or ward the coming Blow,
 Stood doubting; and while doubting thus he stood,
 Receiv'd the Steel bath'd in his Brother's Blood.

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

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

And

And now her Eyes, and Cheeks with Fury glow,
 Now pale her Cheeks, her Eyes with Pity flow :
 Now low'ring Looks preface approaching Storms,
 And now prevailing Love her Face reforms :
 Resolv'd, she doubts again; the Tears she dry'd
 With burning Rage, are by new Tears supply'd;
 And as a Ship, which Winds and Waves assail,
 Now with the Current drives, now with the Gale,
 Both opposite, and neither long prevail :
 She feels a double Force, by Turns obeys
 Th' imperious Tempest, and th' impetuous Seas :
 So fares *Althea's* Mind, she first relents
 With Pity, of that Pity then repents :
 Sister, and Mother long the Scales divide,
 But the Beam nodded on the Sister's Side.
 Sometimes she softly sigh'd, then roar'd aloud ;
 But Sighs were stifled in the Cries of Blood.

}

The pious, impious Wretch at length decreed,
 To please her Brothers Ghost, her Son should bleed :
 And when the fun'ral Flames began to rise,
 Receive, she said, a Sister's Sacrifice ;
 A Mother's Bowels burn : High in her Hand,
 Thus while she spoke, she held the fatal Brand ;
 Then thrice before the kindled Pile she bow'd,
 And the three Furies thrice invok'd aloud :
 Come, come, revenging Sisters, come, and view
 A-Sister paying her dead Brothers Due :
 A Crime I punish, and a Crime commit ;
 But Blood for Blood, and Death for Death is fit :
 Great Crimes must be with greater Crimes repaid,
 And second Fun'ral on the former laid.
 Let the whole Houshold in one Ruin fall,
 And may *Diana's* Curse o'ertake us all.
 Shall Fate to happy *Oeneus* still allow
 One Son, while *Thesius* stands depriv'd of two?
 Better Three lost, than one unpunish'd go.

}

Take then, dear Ghosts, (while yet admitted new
 In Hell you wait my Duty) take your Due :
 A costly Offering on your Tomb is laid,
 When with my Blood the Price of yours is paid.

Ah! whither am I hurry'd? Ah! forgive,
 Ye Shades, and let your Sister's Issue live:
 A Mother cannot give him Death; tho' he
 Deserves it, he deserves it not from me.

Then shall th' unpunish'd Wretch insult the Slain,
 Triumphant live, nor only live, but reign?
 While you, thin Shades, the sport of Winds, are tost
 O'er dreary Plains, or tread the burning Coast.
 I cannot, cannot bear; 'tis past 'tis done;
 Perish this Impious, this detested Son:
 Perish his Sire, and perish I withal;
 And let the House's Heir, and the hop'd Kingdom fall.

Where is the Mother fled, her pious Love,
 And where the Pains with which ten Months I strove!
 Ah! hadst thou dy'd, my Son, in tender Years,
 Thy little Herse had been bedew'd with Tears.

Thou liv'st by me; to me thy Breath resign;
 Mine is the Merit, the Demerit thine.
 Thy Life by double Title I require,
 Once giv'n at Birth, and once preserv'd from Fire:
 One Murder pay, to add one Murder more,
 And me to them who fell by thee restore.

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

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

At this, for the last Time, she lifts her Hand,
 Averts her Eyes, and, half unwilling, drops the Brand.

The Brand, amid the flaming Fewel thrown,
 Or drew, or seem'd to draw, a dying Groan:
 The Fires themselves but faintly lick'd their Prey,
 Then loath'd their impious Food, and would have shrunk
 away.

Just then the Heroe 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
 Without an honest Wound, and by a Death so dry.
 Happy *Ancæus*, thrice aloud he cry'd,
 With what becoming Fate in Arms he dy'd!
 Then call'd his Brothers, Sisters, Sire around,
 And her to whom his Nuptial Vows were bound:
 Perhaps his Mother; a long sigh he drew,
 And his Voice failing, took his last Adieu.
 For as the Flames augment, and as they stay
 At their full Height, then languish to decay,
 They rise and sink by Fits; at last they soar
 In one bright Blaze, and then descend no more.
 Just so his inward Heats, at height, impair,
 Till the last burning Breath shoots out the Soul in Air.

Now lofty *Calidon* in Ruins lies;
 All Ages, all Degrees unfluceth their Eyes;
 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,
 Deforms his hoary Locks with Dust obscene,
 And curses Age, and loaths a Life prolong'd with Pain.
 By Steel her stubborn Soul his Mother freed,
 And punish'd on her self her impious Deed.

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

The Transformation of the NAIADS.

By Mr. VERNON.

Theseus mean while acquitting well his share
 In the bold Chace confed'rate like a War,

* *Dejanira*.

To

To *Athens*' lofty Tow'rs his March ordain'd,
 By *Pallas* lov'd, and where *Eretheus* reign'd.
 But *Acheloüs* stop'd him on the Way,
 By Rains a Déluge, and constrain'd his Stay.

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

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

The Grot he enter'd, Pumice built the Hall,
 And Tophi made the Rustick of the Wall;
 The Floor, soft Moss, an humid Carpet spread,
 And various Shells the chequer'd Roof inlaid.
 'Twas now the Hour when the declining Sun
 Two Thirds had of his daily Journey run;
 At the spread Table *Theseus* took his Place,
 Next his Companions in the daring Chace;
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,
 Elate with Joy, and proud of such a Guest.
 The Nymphs were waiters, and with naked Feet
 In Order serv'd the Courses of the Meat.

The Banquet done, delicious Wine they brought,
 Of one Transparent Gem the Cup was wrought.

Then the great Heroe of this gallant Train,
 Surveying far the Prospect of the Main;

What is that Land, says he, the Waves embrace?
 (And with his Finger pointed at the Place;)

Is it one parted Isle which stands alone?
 How nam'd? and yet methinks it seems not one.

To whom the watry God made this reply;
 'Tis not one Isle, but five; distinct they lie;

'Tis Distance which deceives the cheated Eye.
 But that *Diana's* Act may seem less strange,

These once proud *Naiads* were, before their Change.
 'Twas 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.
 Me they forgot: Affronted with the Slight,

My Rage, and Stream swell'd to the greatest Height;
 And with the Torrent of my flooding store,

Large Woods from Woods, and Fields from Fields I tore.
 The Guilty Nymphs, oh! then, remembering me,

I, with their Country, wash'd into the Sea;
 And joyning Waters with the Social Main,

Rent the gross Land, and split the firm Champagne.
 Since, the *Echinades*, remote from Shore

Are view'd as many Isles, as Nymphs before.

PERIMELE turn'd into an *Island*.

But yonder far, lo, yonder does appear
 An Isle, a Part to me for ever dear.
 From that (it Sailors *Perimele* name)
 I doating, forc'd by Rape a Virgin's Fame.
Hypodamas's Passion grew so strong,
 Gall'd with th' Abuse, and fretted at the Wrong,
 He cast his pregnant Daughter from a Rock;
 I spread my Waves beneath, and broke the Shock;
 And as her swimming Weight my Stream convey'd,
 I su'd for Help Divine, and thus I pray'd:
 O pow'rful Thou, whose Trident does command
 The Realm of Waters, which surround the Land;
 We sacred Rivers, wheresoe'er begun,
 End in thy Lot, and to thy Empire run.
 With Favour hear and help with present Aid;
 Her whom I bear 'twas guilty I betray'd.
 Yet if her Father had been just, or mild,
 He would have been less Impious to his Child;
 In her, have pity'd Force in the Abuse;
 In me admitted Love, for my Excuse.
 O let Relief for her hard Case be found,
 Her whom Paternal Rage expell'd from Ground,
 Her whom Paternal Rage relentless drown'd. }
 Grant her some Place, or change her to a Place,
 Which I may ever clasp with my Embrace.

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

The Story of BAUCIS and PHILEMON.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Thus *Achelous* ends: His Audience hear:
 With Admiration, and admiring, fear
 The Pow'rs of Heav'n; except *Ixion's* Son,
 Who laugh'd at all the Gods, believ'd in none:
 He shook his impious Head, and thus replies,
 These Legends are no more than pious Lies:
 You attribute too much to Heav'nly Sway,
 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;
 Heav'n's Pow'r is infinite: Earth, Air, and Sea,
 The Manufacture Mass, the making Pow'r obey:
 By Proof to clear your Doubt; In *Phrygian* Ground
 Two neighb'ring Trees, with Walls encompass'd round,
 Stand on a mod'rate Rise, with Wonder shown,
 One a hard Oak, a softer Linden one:
 I saw the Place, and them, by *Pitheus* sent
 To *Phrygian* Realms, my Grandfire's Government.
 Not far from thence is seen a Lake, the Haunt
 Of Coots, and of the Fishing Cormorant:
 Here *Jove* and *Hermes* came; but in Disguise
 Of mortal Men conceal'd their Deities;
 One laid aside his Thunder, one his Rod;
 And many-toil some Steps together trod:
 For Harbour at a thousand Doors they knock'd.
 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

There *Baucis*, and *Philemon* liv'd, and there
 Had liv'd long Marry'd, and a happy Pair:
 Now old in Love, tho' 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,
 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;
 The Man (their hearty Welcome first express'd)
 A common Settle drew for ev'ry Guest,
 Inviting each his weary Limbs to rest.
 But ere they fate, officious *Baucis* lays
 Two Cushions stuff'd with Straw, the Seat to raise;
 Course, but the best she had; then rakes the Load
 Of Ashes from the Hearth, and spreads abroad
 The living Coals; and lest they should expire,
 With Leaves, and Bark she feeds her Infant Fire:
 It smoaks; and then with trembling Breath she blows,
 Till in a cheerful Blaze the Flames arose.
 With Brush-wood, and with Chips she strengthens these,
 And adds at last the Boughs of rotten Trees.
 The Fire thus form'd, she set the Kettle on,
 (Like burnish'd Gold the little Seether shone)
 Next took the Coleworts which her Husband got
 From his own Ground, (a small well water'd Spot;)
 She stripp'd the Stalks of all their Leaves; the best
 She cull'd, and them with handy Care she dress'd.
 High o'er the Hearth a Chine of Bacon hung;
 Good old *Philemon* seiz'd it with a Prong,
 And from the sooty Rafter drew it down,
 Then cut a Slice, but scarce enough for one;
 Yet a large Portion of a little Store,
 Which for their Sakes alone he wish'd were more.

This

This in the Pot he plung'd without Delay,
 To tame the Flesh, and drain the Salt away.
 The Time between, before the Fire they sat,
 And shorten'd the delay by pleasing Chat.

A Beam there was, on which a Beechen Pail
 Hung by the Handle, on a driven Nail:
 This fill'd with Water, gently warm'd, they set
 Before their Guests; in this they bath'd their Feet,
 And after with clean Towels dry'd their Sweat.
 This done, the Host produc'd the genial Bed,
 Sallow the Feet, the Borders, and the Sted,
 Which with no costly Coverlet they spread,
 But coarse old Garments; yet such Robes as these
 They laid alone, at Feasts, on Holydays.
 The good old Housewife, tucking up her Gown,
 The Table sets, th'invested Gods lie down.
 The Trivet-Table of a Foot was lame,
 A Blot which prudent *Baucis* overcame,
 Who thursts beneath the limping Leg a Sherd,
 So was the mended Board exactly rear'd:
 Then rubb'd it o'er with newly gather'd Mint,
 A wholesom Herb, that breath'd a grateful Scent.
Pallas began the Feast, where first was seen
 The Party-colour'd Olive, Black, and Green:
 Autumnal Cornals next in order serv'd,
 In Lees of Wine well pickled, and preserv'd.
 A Garden Sallad was the third Supply,
 Of Endive, Radishes, and Succory:
 Then Curds, and Cream, the Flow'r of Country Fare,
 And new-laid Eggs, which *Baucis*' busie Care
 Turn'd by a gentle Fire, and roasted rare.
 All these in Earthen Ware were serv'd to Board;
 And next in Place, an Earthen Pitcher stor'd,
 With Liquor of the best the Cottage could afford.
 This was the Table's Ornament, and Pride,
 With Figures wrought: Like Pages at his Side

Stood

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 smoaking Table sent the smoaking Lard;

On which with eager Appetite they dine,

A sav'ry Bit, that serv'd to relish Wine:

The Wine itself was suiting to the rest,

Still working in the Must, and lately press'd.

The second Course succeeds like that before,

Plums, Apples, Nuts, and of their wintry Store

Dry Figs, and Grapes, and wrinkled Dates were set

In Canisters, t'enlarge the little Treat:

All these a Milk-white Honey-Comb surround,

Which in the midst the Country-Banquet crown'd:

But the kind Hosts their Entertainment grace

With hearty Welcome, and an open Face:

In all they did, you might discern with Ease,

A willing Mind, and a Desire to please.

Mean time the Beechen Bowls went round, and still,

Though often empty'd, were observ'd to fill;

Fill'd without Hands, and of their own Accord

Ran without Feet, and danc'd about the Board.

Devotion seiz'd the Pair, to see the Feast

With Wine, and of no common Grape, increas'd;

And up they held their Hands, and fell to Pray'r,

Excusing, as they could, their Country Fare.

One Goose they had, ('twas all they could allow)

A wakeful Centry, and on Duty now,

Whom to the Gods for Sacrifice they vow:

Her with malicious Zeal the couple view'd;

She ran for Life, and limping they persu'd:

Full well the Fowl perceiv'd their bad Intent,

And would not make her Master's Compliment;

But persecuted, to the Pow'rs she flies,

And close between the Legs of *Jove* she lies:

He

He with a gracious Ear the suppliant heard,
 And fav'd her Life; then what he was declar'd,
 And own'd the God. The Neighbourhood, said he,
 Shall justly perish for Impiety:
 You stand alone exempted; but obey
 With Speed, and follow where we lead the Way:
 Leave these accurs'd; and to the Mountain's Height
 Ascend; nor once look backward in your Flight.
 They haste, and what their tardy Feet deny'd,
 The trusty Staff (their better Leg) supply'd.
 An Arrow's flight they wanted to the Top,
 And there secure, but spent with Travel, stop;
 Then turn their now no more forbidden Eyes;
 Lost in a Lake the floated Level lies:
 A watry Desert covers all the Plains,
 Their Cot alone, as in an Isle, remains.
 Wondring with weeping Eyes, while they deplore
 Their Neighbours Fate, and Country now no more
 Their little Shed, scarce large enough for two,
 Seems, from the Ground increas'd, in Height and Bulk to
 A stately Temple shoots within the Skies, [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.

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

A while they whisper; then, to *Jove* address'd,
Philemon thus prefers his joynt Request:
 We crave to serve before your sacred Shrine,
 And offer at your Altar Rites Divine:
 And since not any Action of our Life
 Has been polluted with Domestick Strife;

We beg one Hour of Death, that neither she
 With Widow's Tears may live to bury me,
 Nor weeping I with wither'd Arms may bear
 My breathless *Baucis* to the Sepulcher.

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

Continu'd by Mr. VERNON.

The Changes of PROTEUS.

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

Whom

Whom thus the *Calydonian* Stream address'd,
 Rais'd high to speak, the Couch his Elbow press'd.
 Some, when transform'd, fix in the lasting Change;
 Some with more Right, thro' various Figures range.
Proteus, thus large thy Privilege was found,
 Thou Inmate of the Seas, which Earth 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:
 With Horns assum'd a Bull; sometimes you prov'd
 A Tree by Roots, a Stone by Weight unmov'd:
 Sometimes two wav'ring Contraries became,
 Flow'd down in Water, or aspir'd in Flame.

The Story of ERISICHTHON.

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

Its

Its Height all under Standards did surpass,
As they aspir'd above the humbler Grass.

These Motives, which would gentler Minds restrain,
Could not make *Triope's* bold Son abstain;
He sternly charg'd his Slaves with strict Decree,
To fell with gashing Steel the sacred Tree.
But whilst they, lingring, his Commands delay'd,
He snatch'd an Ax, and thus blaspheming said:
Was this no Oak, nor *Ceres'* favourite Care,
But *Ceres'* self, this Arm, unaw'd, shou'd dare
Its leafy Honours in the Dust to spread,
And level with the Earth it's airy Head.
He spoke, and as he poiz'd a slanting Stroak,
Sighs heav'd, and Tremblings shook the frighted Oak;
Its Leaves look'd sickly, pale its Acorns grew,
And its long Branches sweat a chilly Dew.
But when his impious Hand a Wound bestow'd,
Blood from the mangled Bark in Currents flow'd.

When a devoted Bull of mighty Size,
A sinning Nation's grand Atonement, dies;
With such a Plenty from the sprouting Veins,
A crimson Stream the turfy Altar stains.

The Wonder all amaz'd; yet one more bold,
The Fact dissuading, strove his Ax 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
With Rage, and with his Eyes his Weapon turn'd;
Take the Reward, says he, of pious Dread:
Then with a Blow lopp'd off his parted Head.
No longer check'd, the Wretch his Crime pursu'd,
Doubled his Strokes, and Sacrilege renew'd;
When from the groaning Trunk a Voice was heard,
A *Dryad* I, by *Ceres'* Love preferr'd,
Within the Circle of this clasping Rind
Coëval grew, and now in Ruin join'd;

But

But instant Vengeance shall thy Sin pursue,
And Death is cheer'd with this prophetick View.

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

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

The beauteous Goddess with a graceful Air
Bow'd in Consent, and nodded to their Pray'r.
The awful Motion shook the fruitful Ground,
And wav'd the Fields with golden Harvests crown'd.
Soon she contriv'd in her projecting Mind
A Plague severe, and piteous in its Kind,
(If Plagues for Crimes of such presumptuous Height
Could Pity in the softest Breast create.)
With pinching Want, and Hunger's keenest Smart,
To tear his Vitals, and corrode his Heart.
But since her near Approach by Fate's deny'd
To Famine, and broad Climes their Pow'rs divide,
A Nymph, the Mountain's Ranger, she address'd,
And thus resolv'd, her high Commands express'd.

The Description of F A M I N E.

Where frozen *Scythia's* utmost Bound is plac'd,
A Desert lies, a melancholy Waste:
In yellow Crops there Nature never smil'd,
No fruitful Tree to shade the barren Wild.
There sluggish Cold its icy Station makes,
There Paleness, Frights, and anguish Trembling shakes.
Of pining Famine this the fated Seat,
To whom my Orders in these Words repeat:

Bid

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.
 And lest the Distance, and the tedious Way,
 Should with the Toil, and long Fatigue dismay,
 Ascend my Chariot, and convey'd on high,
 Guide the rein'd Dragons thro' the parting Sky.

The Nymph, accepting of the granted Carr,
 Sprung to the Seat, and posted thro' the Air;
 Nor stop'd till she to a bleak Mountain came
 Of wondrous Height, and *Caucasus* it's Name.
 There in a stony Field the Fiend she found,
 Herbs gnawing, and Roots scratching from the Ground.
 Her Efelock Hair in matted Tresses grew,
 Sunk were her Eyes, and pale her ghastly Hue,
 Wan were her Lips, and foul with clammy Glew. }
 Her Throat was furr'd, her Guts appear'd within
 With snaky Crawlings thro' her Parchment Skin.
 Her jutting Hips seem'd starting from their Place,
 And for a Belly was a Belly's Space.
 Her Dugs hung dangling from her craggy Spine,
 Loose to her Breast, and fasten'd to her Chine.
 Her Joints protuberant by Leanness grown,
 Consumption sunk the Flesh, and rais'd the Bone.
 Her Knees large Orbits bunch'd to monstrous Size,
 And Ancles to undue Proportion rise.

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

The Fiend obey'd the Goddeſs's Command,
 (Tho' their Effects in Opposition ſtand)
 She cut her Way, ſupported by the Wind,
 And reach'd the Manſion by the Nymph aſſign'd.

'Twas Night, when entering *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 whole ſelf inſpir'd;
 Breath'd on his Throat, and Cheſt a tainting Blaſt,
 And in his Veins infus'd an endleſs Faſt.

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

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

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

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

Strait he requires, impatient in Demand,
 Proviſions from the Air, the Seas, the Land.
 But tho' the Land, Air, Seas Proviſions grant,
 Starves at full Tables, and complains of Want.
 What to a People might in Dole be paid,
 Or victual Cities for a long Blockade,
 Could not one Wolfiſh Appetite aſſwage;
 For glutting Nouriſhment increas'd its Rage.
 As Rivers pour'd from ev'ry diſtant Shore,
 The Sea inſatiate drinks, and thiſts for more;

Or as the Fire, which all Materials burns,
 And wasted Forests into Ashes turns,
 Grows more voracious, as the more it preys,
 Recruits dilate the Flame, and spread the Blaze.
 So impious *Erisichthon*'s Hunger raves,
 Receives Refreshments, and Refreshments craves.
 Food raises a Desire for Food, and Meat
 Is but a new Provocative to eat.
 He grows more empty, as the more supply'd,
 And endless Cramming but extends the Void.

*The Transformations of ERISICHTHON'S
 Daughter.*

Now Riches hoarded by Paternal Care
 Were sunk, the Glutton swallowing up the Heir.
 Yet the devouring Flame no Stores abate,
 Nor less 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,
 And flying, spread her Hands upon the Main.
 Then pray'd; Grant, Thou, I Bondage may escape,
 And with my Liberty reward thy Rape;
 Repay my Virgin Treasure with thy Aid,
 ('Twas *Neptune* who deflower'd the 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;
 O thou, said he, whose Baits hide treach'rous Wire;
 Whose Art can manage, and experienc'd Skill
 The taper Angle, and the bobbing Quill,

So may the Sea be ruffled with no Storm,
 But smooth with Calms, as you the Truth inform;
 So your Deceit may no shy Fishes feel,
 Till struck, and fasten'd on the bearded Steel.
 Did not you standing view upon the Strand
 A wandering Maid? I'm sure I saw her stand;
 Her Hair disorder'd, and her homely Dress
 Betray'd her Want, and witness'd her Distress.

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

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

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

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

But foreign Stories why shou'd I relate?
 I too, my self can to new Forms translate,
 Tho' the Variety's not unconfin'd,
 But fix'd in Number, and restrain'd in Kind:
 For often I this present Shape retain,
 Oft curl a Snake the Volumes of my Train.

Sometime my Strength into my Horns transfer'd,
A Bull I march, the Captain of the Herd.
But whilst I once those goring Weapons wore,
Vast wresting Force one from my Forehead tore.
Lo, my maim'd Brows the Injury still own;
He ceas'd; his Words concluding with a Groan.

The End of the Eighth Book.



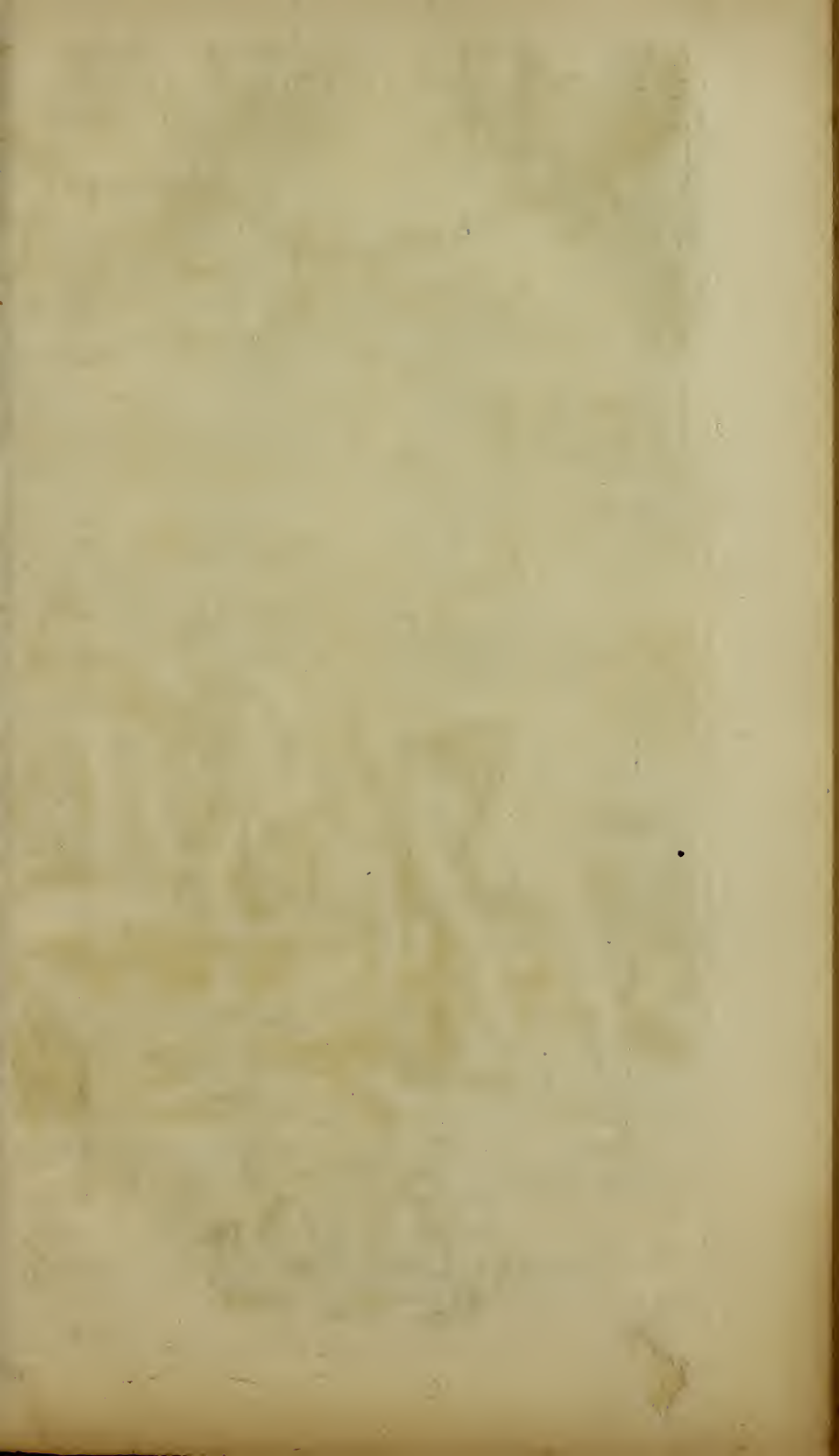
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To the
the Countess



R^t Hon^{ble}
of Lincoln



OVID's
METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK IX.

Translated by Mr. DRYDEN and Others.

The Story of ACHELOÛS and HERCULES.

By Mr. GAY.



Hercules requests the God to tell his
Woes,

Whence his maim'd Brow, and
whence his Groans arose :

When thus the *Calydonian* Stream
reply'd,

With twining Reeds his careless
Tresses ty'd,

Ungrateful is the Tale ; for who can bear,
When conquer'd, to rehearse the shameful War ?

Yet I'll the melancholy Story trace;
 So great a Conqu'ror softens the Disgrace:
 Nor was it still so mean the Prize to yield,
 As great, and glorious to dispute the Field.

Perhaps you've heard of *Deïanira's* Name,
 For all the Country spoke her Beauty's Fame.
 Long was the Nymph by num'rous Suiters woo'd,
 Each with Address his envy'd Hopes pursu'd:
 I joy'd the loving Band; to gain the Fair,
 Reveal'd my Passion to her Father's Ear.
 Their vain Pretensions all the rest resign,
Alcides only strove to equal mine;

He boasts his Birth from *Jove*, recounts his Spoils,
 His Step-dame's Hate subdu'd, and finish'd Toils.

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

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

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

Oft he my Neck, and nimble Legs affails;
 He seems to grasp me, but as often fails.
 Each Part he now invades with eager Hand;
 Safe in my Bulk, immoveable I stand.

So when loud Storms break high, and foam and roar
 Against some Mole, that stretches from the Shore;
 The firm Foundation lasting Tempests braves,
 Defies the warring Winds, and driving Waves.

Awhile we breathe, then forward rush again,
 Renew the Combat, and our Ground maintain;
 Foot strove with Foot, I prone extend my Breast,
 Hands war with Hands, and Forehead Forehead prest.
 Thus have I seen two furious Bulls engage,
 Inflam'd with equal Love, and equal Rage;
 Each claims the fairest Heifer of the Grove,
 And Conquest only can decide their Love:
 The trembling Herds survey the Fight from far,
 Till Victory decides th' important War.

Three times in vain he strove my Joints to wrest,
 To force my Hold, and throw me from his Breast;
 The fourth he broke my Gripe, that clasp'd him round,
 Then with new Force he stretch'd me on the Ground;
 Close to my Back the mighty Burthen clung,
 As if a Mountain o'er my Limbs were flung.
 Believe my Tale; nor do I, boastful, aim
 By feign'd Narration to extol my Fame.
 No sooner from his Grasp I Freedom get,
 Unlock my Arms, that flow'd with trickling Sweat,
 But quick he seiz'd me, and renew'd the Strife,
 As my exhausted Bosom pants for Life:
 My Neck he gripes, my Knee to Earth he strains;
 I fall, and bite the Sand with Shame, and Pains.

O'er-match'd in Strength, to Wiles, and Arts I take,
 And slip his Hold, in Form of speckled Snake;
 Who, when I wreath'd in Spires my Body round;
 Or show'd my forky Tongue with hissing Sound;

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

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

He spoke; when lo, a beauteous Nymph appears,
 Girt like *Diana's* Train, with flowing Hairs;
 The Horn she brings in which all Autumn's stor'd,
 And ruddy Apples for the second Board.

Now Morn begins to dawn, the Sun's bright Fire
 Gilds the high Mountains and the Youths retire;
 Nor stay'd they, till the troubled Stream subsides,
 And in it's Bounds with peaceful Current glides.
 But *Achelois* in his oozy Bed
 Deep hides his Brow deform'd, and rustick Head:

No real Wound the Victor's Triumph show'd,
 But his lost Honours griev'd the watry God;
 Yet ev'n that Loss the Willow's Leaves o'erspread,
 And verdant Reeds, in Garlands, bind his Head.

The Death of NESSUS the Centaur.

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

Th' *Aonian* Chief to *Nessus* trusts his Wife,
 All pale, and trembling for her Heroe's Life:
 Cloath'd as he stood in the fierce-Lyon's Hyde,
 The Leaden Quiver o'er his Shoulder ty'd,
 (For cross the Stream his Bow and Club were cast)
 Swift he plung'd in; These Billows shall be past,
 He said, nor sought where smoother waters glide,
 But stem'd the rapid Dangers of the Tide.
 The Bank he reach'd; again the Bow he bears;
 When, hark! his Bride's known Voice alarms his Ears.
Nessus, to thee I call (aloud he cries)
 Vain is thy Trust in Flight, be timely wise:
 Thou Monster double shap'd, my Right set free;
 If thou no Rev'rence owe my Fame and me,

Yet Kindred should thy lawless Lust deny;
 Think not perfidious Wretch, from me to fly,
 Tho wing'd with Horse's speed; Wounds shall pursue;
 Swift as his Words the fatal Arrow flew:
 The Centaur's Back admits the Feather'd Wood,
 And thro' his Breast the barbed Weapon stood;
 Which when in Anguish, thro' the Flesh he tore
 From both the Wounds gush'd forth the spumy Gore:
 Mix'd with *Lernaan* Venom; this he took,
 Nor dire Revenge his dying Breast forsook.
 His Garment, in the reeking Purple dy'd,
 To rouse Love's Passion, he presents the Bride.

The Death of HERCULES.

Now a long interval of Time succeeds,
 When the great Son of *Jove's* immortal Deeds;
 And Stepdame's Hate had fill'd Earth's utmost round;
 He from *Oechæia*, with new Lawrels crown'd,
 In Triumph was return'd. He Rites prepares,
 And to the King of Gods directs his Pray'rs;
 When Fame (who Falshood cloaths in Truth's Disguise,
 And swells her little Bulk with growing Lies)
 Thy tender Ear, O *Dejanira*, mov'd,
 That *Hercules* the fair *Iole* lov'd.
 Her Love believes the Tale; the Truth She fears,
 Of his new Passion, and gives way to Tears.
 The flowing Tears diffus'd her wretched Grief.
 Why seek I thus, from streaming Eyes, Relief?
 She cries; indulge not thus these fruitless Cares,
 The Harlot will but triumph in thy Tears:
 Let something be resolv'd, while yet there's Time;
 My Bed not conscious of a Rival's Crime.
 In Silence shall I mourn or loud complain?
 Shall I seek *Calydon*, or here remain?

What

What tho', ally'd to *Meleager's* Fame,
 I boast the Honours of a Sister's Name?
 My Wrongs perhaps, now urge me to pursue
 Some desp'rate Deed, by which the World shall view
 How far Revenge, and Woman's Rage can rise,
 When weltring in her Blood the Harlot dies.

Thus various Passions rul'd by Turns her Breast,
 She now resolves to send the fatal Vest,
 Dy'd with *Lernaan* Gore, whose Pow'r might move
 His Soulanew, and rouse declining Love.
 Nor knew she what her sudden Rage bestows,
 When she to *Lychas* trusts her future Woes;
 With soft endearment she the Boy commands,
 To bear the Garment to her Husband's Hands.

Th' unwitting Hero takes the Gift in haste,
 And o'er his Shoulders *Lerna's* Poison cast,
 As first the Fire with Frankincense he strows,
 And utters to the God's his holy Vows;
 And on the Marble Altar's polish'd Frame
 Pours forth the grapy Stream; the rising Flame
 Sudden dissolves the subtle pois'nous Juice,
 Which taints his Blood, and all his Nerves bedews.
 With wonted Fortitude he bore the smart,
 And not a Groan confess'd his burning Heart.
 At length his Patience was subdu'd by Pain,
 He rends the sacred Altar from the Plain;
Oete's wide Forests echo with his Cries:
 Now to rip off the dreadful Robe he tries.
 Where e'er he plucks the Vest, the Skin he tears,
 The mangled Muscles, and huge Bones he bares,
 (A ghastful Sight!) or raging with his Pain,
 To rend the sticking Plague he tugs in vain.

As the red Iron hisses in the Flood,
 So boils the Venom in his curdling Blood.
 Now with the greedy Flame his Entrails glow,
 And livid Sweats down all his Body flow;

The crackling Nerves burnt up are burst in twain,
The lurking Venom melts his swimming Brain.

Then lifting both his Hands aloft, he cries,
Glut thy Revenge dread Empress of the Skies;
Sate with my Death the Rancour of thy Heart,
Look down with Pleasure, and enjoy my Smart.
Or if e'er Pity mov'd a Hostile Breast,
(For here I stand thy Enemy profess'd.)
Take hence this hateful Life, with Tortures torn,
Inur'd to Trouble, and to Labours born.
Death is the Gift most welcome to my Woe,
And such a Gift a Stepdame may bestow.
Was it for this *Busiris* was subdu'd,
Whose barb'rous Temples reek'd with Stranger's Blood?
Press'd in these Arms his Fate *Anteus* found,
Nor gain'd recruited Vigour from the Ground.
Did I not triple form'd *Geryon* fell?
Or did I fear the triple Dog of Hell?
Did not these Hands the Bull's arm'd Forehead hold?
Are not our mighty Toils in *Elis* told?
Do not *Stymphalian* Lakes proclaim thy Fame?
And fair *Parthenian* Woods resound thy Name?
Who seiz'd the golden Belt of *Thermodon*?
And who the Dragon-guarded Apples won?
Could the fierce Centaur's Strength my Force withstand?
Or the fell Boar that spoil'd th' *Arcadian* Land?
Did not these Arms the *Hydra's* Rage subdue,
Who from his Wounds to double Fury grew?
What if the *Thracian* Horses fat with Gore,
Who human Bodies in their Mangers tore,
I saw and with their barb'rous Lord o'erthrew?
What if these Hands *Nemaa's* Lion slew?
Did not this Neck the heav'nly Globe sustain?
The Female Partner of the Thunderer's Reign
Fatigu'd at length suspends her harsh Commands,
Yet no Fatigue hath slack'd these valiant Hands,

But now new Plagues pursue me, neither Force,
 Nor Arms, nor Darts can stop their raging Course.
 Devouring Flame thro' my rack'd Entrails strays,
 And on my Lungs and shrivel'd Muscles preys.
 Yet still *Eurystheus* breaths the vital Air.
 What Mortal now shall seek the Gods with Pray'r?

The Transformation of LYCHAS into a Rock.

The Hero said; and with the Torture Stung,
 Furious o'er *Oete's* lofty Hills he sprung.
 Stuck with the Shaft, thus scours the Tyger round,
 And seeks the flying Author of his Wound.
 Now might you see him trembling, now he vents
 His anguish'd Soul in Groans, and loud Laments;
 He strives to tear the clinging Vest in vain,
 And with up rooted Forests strows the Plain;
 Now kindling into Rage, his Hands he rears,
 And to his kindred Gods directs his Pray'rs.
 When *Lychas*, lo, he spies; who trembling flew,
 And in a hollow Rock conceal'd from View,
 Had shun'd his Wrath. Now Grief renew'd his Pain,
 His Madness chaf'd, and thus he raves again.

Lychas, to thee alone my Fate I owe,
 Who bore the Gift, the Cause of all my Woe.
 The Youth all pale, with shiv'ring Fear was stung;
 And vain Excuses falter'd on his Tongue.
Alcides snatch'd him, as with suppliant Face
 He strove to clasp his Knees, and beg for Grace:
 He toss'd him o'er his Head with airy Course,
 And hurl'd with more than with an Engines Force?
 Far o'er th' *Eubæan* Main aloof he flies,
 And hardens by Degrees amid the Skies.
 So showry Drops, when chilly Tempests blow,
 Thicken at first, then whiten into Snow.

In Balls congeal'd the rolling Fleeces bound
 In solid Hail refult upon the Ground.
 Thus whirl'd with nervous Force thro' distant Air,
 The purple Tide forsook his Veins, with fear;
 All Moisture left his Limbs. Transform'd to Stone,
 In ancient Days the craggy Flint was known;
 Still in th' *Eubean* Waves his Front he rears,
 Still the small Rock in human Form appears
 And still the Name of hapless *Lychas* bears.

The Apotheosis of HERCULES.

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

Now on all Sides the potent Flames aspire,
 And crackle round those Limbs that mock the Fire:
 A sudden Terror seiz'd th' immortal Host,
 Who thought the World's profess'd Defender lost.
 This when the Thund'rer saw, with Smiles he cries,
 'Tis from your Fears, ye Gods, my Pleasures rise;
 Joy swells my Breast, that my all-ruling Hand
 O'er such a grateful People boasts Command,
 That you my suffering Progeny would aid;
 Tho' to his Deeds this just Respect be paid,

Me you've oblig'd. Be all your Fears forborn,
 Th' *OEtean* Fires do thou, great Hero, Scorn.
 Who vanquish'd all things, shall subdue the Flame.
 That part alone of gross maternal Frame
 Fire shall devour; while what from me he drew
 Shall live immortal, and its Force subdue;
 That, when he's dead, I'll raise to Realms above,
 May all the Pow'rs the righteous Act approve.
 If any God dissent, and judge too great
 The sacred Honours of the heav'nly Seat,
 Ev'n he shall own his Deeds deserve the Sky,
 Ev'n he reluctant, shall at length comply.
 Th' assembled Pow'rs assent. No Frown till now
 Had mark'd with Passion vengeful *Juno's* Brow.
 Mean while what e'er was in the Pow'r of Flame
 Was all consum'd; his Body's nervous Frame
 No more was known, of human Form bereft,
 Th' eternal Part of *Jove* alone was left.
 As an old Serpent casts his scaly Vest,
 Wreaths in the Sun, in youthful Glory drest;
 So when *Alcides* mortal Mold resign'd,
 His better Part enlarg'd, and grew refin'd;
 August his Visage shone; Almighty *Jove*
 In his swift Car his honour'd Offspring drove;
 High o'er the hollow Clouds the Coursers fly,
 And lodge the Hero in the Starry Sky.

The Transformation of GALANTHIS.

Atlas perceiv'd the Load of Heav'n's new Guest,
 Revenge still rancour'd in *Eurestheus*' Breast
 Against *Alcides*' Race. *Alcmena* goes
 To *Iole*, to vent maternal Woes;
 Here she pours forth her Grief, recounts the Spoils
 Her Son had bravely reap'd in glorious Toils.

This

This *Iole* by Hercules' Commands,
Hyllas had lov'd, and joyn'd in nuptial Bands.
 Her swelling Womb the teeming Birth confess'd,
 To whom *Alcmena* thus her Speech address'd.

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

When now *Alcides'* mighty Birth drew nigh,
 And the tenth Sign roll'd forward on the Sky,
 My Womb extends with such a mighty Load,
 As *Jove* the Parent of the Burthen show'd.
 I could no more th' encreasing Smart sustain,
 My Horror kindles to recount the Pain;
 Cold chills my Limbs while I the Tale pursue,
 And now methinks I feel my Pangs anew.
 Seven Days and Nights amidst incessant Throws,
 Fatigu'd with ills I lay, nor knew Repose;
 When lifting high my Hands, in Shrieks I pray'd,
 Implor'd the Gods, and call'd *Lucina's* Aid.
 She came, but prejudic'd, to give my Fate
 A Sacrifice to vengful *Juno's* Hate.
 She hears the groaning Anguish of my Fits,
 And on the Altar at my Door she sits.
 O'er her left Knee her crossing Leg she cast,
 Then knits her Fingers close, and wrings them fast:
 This stay'd the Birth; in mutt'ring Verse she pray'd,
 The mutt'ring Verse th' unfinish'd Birth delay'd.
 Now with fierce struggles, raging with my Pain,
 At *Jove's* Ingratitude I rave in vain.
 How did I wish for Death! such Groans I sent,
 As might have made the flinty Heart relent.

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

She

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

The Fable of DRYOPE.

By Mr. POPE.

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

No Nymph of all *Oechalia* could compare
 For beauteous Form with *Dryopè* the Fair;

Her tender Mother's only Hope and Pride,
 (My self the Offspring of a second Bride)
 This Nymph compress'd by him who rules the Day,
 Whom *Delphi*, and the *Delian* Isle obey,
Anaxemon lov'd; and blest in all those Charms
 That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her Arms.

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

Not distant far a watry Lotos grows;
 The Spring was new, and all the verdant Boughs,
 Adorn'd with Blossoms, promis'd Fruits that vye
 In glowing Colours with the *Tyrean* Dye,
 Of these she cropt, to please her Infant Son,
 And I my self the same rash Act had done,
 But, lo! I saw (as near her side I stood):

The violated Blossoms drop with Blood;
 Upon the Tree I cast a frightful Look,
 The trembling Tree with sudden Horror shook.

Lotis the Nymph (if rural Tales be true)
 As from *Priapus*' lawless Lust she flew,
 Forsook her Form; and fixing here became
 A flow'ry Plant, which still preserves her Name.

This Change unknown, astonish'd at the sight,
 My trembling Sister strove to urge her Flight;
 Yet first the Pardon of the *Nymphs* implor'd,
 And those offended *sylvan* Pow'rs ador'd:
 But when she backward would have fled, she found
 Her stiff'ning Feet were rooted to the Ground:
 In vain to free her fasten'd Feet she strove,
 And as she struggles, only moves above;
 She feels th' incroaching Bark around her grow,
 By slow Degrees, and cover all below:

Surpriz'd at this, her trembling Hand she heaves
 To rend her Hair; her Hand is fill'd with Leaves;
 Where late was Hair, the shooting Leaves are seen
 To rise, and shade her with a sudden Green.
 The Child *Amphisus*, to her Bosom prest,
 Perceiv'd a colder and a harder Breast,
 And found the Springs, that ne'er 'till then deny'd
 Their milky Moisture, on a sudden dry'd.
 I saw, unhappy, what I now relate,
 And stood the helpless Witness of thy Fate;
 Embrac'd thy Boughs, the rising Bark delay'd,
 There wish'd to grow, and mingle Shade with Shade.

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

If to the Wretched any Faith be giv'n,
 I swear by all th' unpitying Pow'rs of Heav'n,
 No wilful Crime this heavy Vengeance bred,
 In mutual Innocence our Lives we led:
 If this be false, let these new Greens decay,
 Let sounding Axes lop my Limbs away,
 And crackling Flames on all my Honours prey.
 Now from my branching Arms this Infant bear,
 Let some kind Nurse supply a Mother's Care;
 Yet to his Mother let him oft be led,
 Sport in her Shades, and in her Shades be fed;

Teach him, when first his Infant Voice shall frame
 Imperfect words and list his Mother's Name,
 To hail this Tree, and say with weeping Eyes,
 Within this Plant my hapless Parent lies;
 And when in Youth he seeks the shady Woods,
 Oh! let him fly the chrystal Lakes and Floods,
 Nor touch the fatal Flow'rs; but warn'd by me,
 Believe a Goddess shrin'd in ev'ry Tree.
 My Sire my Sister and my Spouse farewell!
 If in your Breasts or Love or Pity, dwell,
 Protect your Plant, nor let my Branches feel
 The browsing Cattle, or the piercing Steel.
 Farewel! and since I cannot bend to joyn
 My Lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
 My Son thy Mother's parting Kiss receive,
 While yet thy Mother's parting Kiss to give.
 I can no more; the creeping Rind invades
 My closing Lips, and hides my Head in Shades:
 Remove your Hands; the Bark shall soon suffice,
 Without their Aid, to seal these dying Eyes.
 She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be;
 And all the Nymph was lost within the Tree:
 Yet latent Life thro' her new Branches reign'd,
 And long the Plant a human Heat retain'd.

Continu'd by Mr. GAY.

IOLAUS restor'd to Youth.

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

Hebe

Hebe submitted to her Husband's Pray'rs,
Infill'd new Vigour, and restor'd his Years.

The Prophecy of THEMIS.

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

Thebes is embroil'd in War. *Capaneus* stands
Invincible, but by the Thund'rer's Hands.
Ambition shall the guilty * Brothers fire,
Both rush to mutual Wounds, and both expire.
The reeling Earth shall ope her gloomy Womb,
Where the † yet breathing Bard shall find his Tomb.
The § Son shall bath his Hands in Parent's Blood,
And in one Act be both unjust, and good.
Of Home, and Sense depriv'd, where-e'er he flies,
The Furies, and his Mother's Ghost he spies.
His Wife the fatal Bracelet shall implore,
And *Phegeus* stain his Sword in Kindred Gore.
Callirhoe shall then with suppliant Pray'r
Prevail on *Jupiter's* relenting Ear.
Jove shall with Youth her Infant Sons inspire,
And bid their Bosoms glow with manly Fire.

The Debate of the Gods.

When *Themis* thus with prescient Voice had spoke,
Among the Gods a various Murmur broke;
Dissention rose in each immortal Breast,
That one should grant, what was deny'd the rest.
Aurora for her aged Spouse complains,
And *Ceres* grieves for *Jason's* freezing Veins;

* *Eteocles and Polinices.* † *Amphiarus*
§ *Alcmæon.*

Vulcan

Vulcan would *Erichthonius*' Years renew,
 Her future Race the Care of *Venus* drew,
 She would *Archifes*' blooming Age restore;
 A diff'rent Care employ'd each heav'nly Pow'r:
 Thus various Int'rests did their Jars encrease,
 Till *Jove* arose; he spoke, the Tumults cease.

Is any Rev'rence to our Presence giv'n,
 Then why this Discord 'mong the Pow'rs of Heav'n?
 Who can the settled Will of Fate subdue?
 'Twas by the Fates that *Iolaus* knew
 A second Youth. The Fate's determin'd Doom
 Shall give *Callirhoe*'s Race a youthful Bloom.
 Arms, nor Ambition can this Pow'r obtain;
 Quell your Desires; ev'n me the Fates restrain.
 Could I their Will controul, no rolling Years
 Had *Æacus* bent down with Silver Hairs;
 Then *Rhadamanthus* still had Youth possess'd,
 And *Minos* with eternal Bloom been blest'd.
Jove's Words the Synod mov'd; the Pow'rs give o'er,
 And urge in vain unjust Complaints no more.
 Since *Rhadamanthus*' Veins now slowly flow'd,
 And *Æacus*, and *Minos* bore the Load;
Minos, who in the Flow'r of Youth, and Fame,
 Made mighty Nations tremble at his Name,
 Infirm with Age, the proud *Miletus* fears,
 Vain of his Birth, and in the Strength of Years,
 And now regarding all his Realms as lost,
 He durst not force him from his native Coast.
 But you by choice, *Miletus*, fled his Reign.
 And thy swift Vessel plow'd th' *Ægean* Main;
 On *Asiatick* Shores a Town you frame,
 Which still is honour'd with the Founders Name.
 Here you *Cyanæe* knew, the beauteous Maid,
 As on her * Father's winding Banks she stray'd:
Caurus and *Bybli*: hence their Lineage trace,
 The double Offspring of your warm Embrace

* *Maander*.

The Passion of BYBLIS.

By STEPHEN HARVEY, Esq;

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

But Love (too soon from Piety declin'd)
 Insensibly deprav'd her yielding Mind.
 Dress'd she appears, with nicest Art adorn'd,
 And ev'ry Youth, but her lov'd Brother, scorn'd;
 For him alone she labour'd to be fair,
 And curst all Charms that might with hers compare.
 'Twas she, and only she, must *Caurus* please,
 Sick at her Heart, yet knew not her Disease:
 She call'd him Lord, for Brother was a Name
 Too cold, and dull for her aspiring Flame;
 And when he spoke, if Sister, he reply'd,
 For *Byblis* change that frozen Word, she cry'd.
 Yet waking still she watch'd her struggling Breast,
 And Love's Approaches were in vain address'd,
 Till gentle Sleep an easy Conquest made,
 And in her soft Embrace the Conqueror was laid.
 But oh too soon the pleasing Vision fled,
 And left her blushing on the conscious Bed:
 Ah me! (she cry'd) how monstrous do I seem?
 Why these wild thoughts? and this incestuous Dream?

Envy

Envy herself ('tis true) must own his Charms,
 But what is Beauty in a Sister's Arms?
 Oh were I not that despicable she,
 How blest'd, how pleas'd; how happy shou'd I be!
 But unregarded now must bear my Pain,
 And, but in Dreams, my Wishes can obtain.

O Sea-born Goddess! with thy wanton Boy!
 Was ever such a charming Scene of Joy?
 Such perfect Bliss! such ravishing Delight!
 Ne'er hid before in the kind Shades of Night.
 How pleas'd my Heart! in what sweet Raptures tost?
 Ev'n Life it self in the soft Combat lost,
 While breathless he on my heav'd Bosom lay,
 And snatch'd the Treasures of my Soul away.

If the bare Fancy so affects my Mind,
 How shou'd I rave if to the Substance join'd?
 Oh, gentle *Caunus*! quit thy hated Line,
 Or let thy Parents be no longer mine!
 Oh that in common all things were enjoy'd,
 But those alone who have our Hopes destroy'd.
 Were I a Princess, thou an humble Swain,
 The proudest Kings shou'd rival thee in vain.
 It cannot be, alas! the dreadful Ill
 Is fix'd by Fate, and he's my Brother still.
 Hear me, ye Gods! I must have Friends in Heav'n,
 For *Jove* himself was to a Sister giv'n:
 But what are their Prerogatives above,
 To the short Liberties of human Love?
 Fantastick Thoughts! down, down, forbidden Fires,
 Or instant Death extinguish my Desires.
 Strict Virtue, then, with thy malicious Leave,
 Without a Crime I may a Kiss receive:
 But say shou'd I in spite of Laws comply,
 Yet cruel *Caunus* might himself deny,
 No Pity take of an afflicted Maid,
 (For Love's sweet Game must be by Couples play'd.)

Yet

Yet why shou'd Youth, and Charms like mine despair?
Such Fears ne'er startled the *Æolian* Pair;
No Ties of Blood could their full Hopes destroy,
They broke thro' all for the prevailing Joy;
And who can tell but *Caurus* too may be
Rack'd and tormented in his Breast for me?
Like me, to the extremest Anguish drove,
Like me, just waking from a Dream of Love?
But stay! Oh whither wou'd my Fury run!
What Arguments I urge to be undone!
Away fond *Byblis*, quench these guilty Flames;
Caurus thy Love but as a Brother claims;
Yet had he first been touch'd with Love of me,
The charming Youth cou'd I despairing see?
Oppress'd with Grief, and dying by Disdain?
Ah no! too sure I shou'd have eas'd his Pain!
Since then, if *Caurus* ask'd me, it were done;
Asking my self, what Dangers can I run?
But canst thou ask? and see that Right betray'd,
From *Pyrrha* down to thy whole Sex convey'd?
That self-denying Gift we all enjoy,
Of wishing to be won, yet seeming to be coy.
Well then, for once, let a fond Mistress woe,
The Force of Love no Custom can subdue;
This frantick Passion he by Words shall know,
Soft as the melting Heart from whence they flow.
The Pencil then in her fair Hand she held,
By Fear discourag'd, but by Love compell'd;
She writes, then blots, writes on, and blots again,
Likes it as fit, then razes it as vain:
Shame, and Assurance in her Face appear,
And a faint Hope just yielding to Despair;
Sister was wrote, and blotted as a Word
Which she, and *Caurus* too (she hop'd) abhorr'd;
But now resolv'd to be no more controul'd
By scrup'ulous Virtue, thus her Grief she told.

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

We gain one Blessing from our hated Kin,
 Since our Paternal Freedom hides the Sin,
 Uncensur'd in each others Arms we lye,
 Think then how easie to compleat our Joy.
 Oh pardon, and oblige a blushing Maid,
 Whose Rage the Pride of her vain Sex betray'd;
 Nor let my Tomb thus mournfully complain,
 Here *Byblis* lies, by her lov'd *Caunus* slain.

Forc'd here to end, she with a falling Tear
 Temper'd the pliant Wax, which did the Signet bear :
 The curious Cypher was impress'd by Art,
 But Love had stamp'd one deeper in her Heart ;
 Her Page, a Youth of Confidence, and Skill,
 (Secret as Night) stood waiting on her Will ;
 Sighing (she cry'd) bear this, thou faithful Boy,
 To my sweet Partner in eternal Joy :
 Here a long Pause her secret Guilt confess'd,
 And when at length she would have spoke the rest,
 Half the dear Name lay bury'd in her Breast. }

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

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

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

Away false Fears ! he must, he shall be mine,
 In Death alone I will my Claim resign ;
 'Tis vain to wish my written Crime unknown,
 And for my Guilt much vainer to atone.

Repuls'd and baffled, fiercer still she burns,
 And *Caunus* with Disdain her impious Love returns.
 He saw no End of her injurious Flame,
 And fled his Country to avoid the Shame.
 Forsaken *Byblis*, who had Hopes no more,
 Burst out in Rage, and her loose Robes she tore;
 With her fair Hands she smote her tender Breast,
 And to the wond'ring World her Love confess'd;
 O'er Hills and Dales, o'er Rocks and Streams she flew,
 But still in vain did her wild Lust pursue:
 Wearied at length, on the cold Earth she fell,
 And now in Tears alone could her sad Story tell.
 Relenting Gods in Pity fix'd her there,
 And to a Fountain turn'd the weeping Fair.

The Fable of IPHIS and IANTHE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

The Fame of this, perhaps, thro' *Crete* had flown:
 But *Crete* had newer Wonders of her own,
 In *Iphis* chang'd: For, near the *Gnossian* Bounds,
 (As loud Report the Miracle resounds)
 At *Phæstus* dwelt a Man of honest Blood,
 But meanly born, and not so rich as good;
 Esteem'd, and lov'd by all the Neighbourhood;
 Who to his Wife, before the Time assign'd
 For Child-birth came, thus bluntly spoke his Mind:
 If Heav'n, said *Lygdus*, will vouchsafe to hear,
 I have but two Petitions to prefer;
 Short Pains for thee, for me a Son and Heir.
 Girls cost as many Throes in bringing forth;
 Besides, when born, the Tits are little worth;
 Weak puling things, unable to sustain
 Their Share of Labour, and their Bread to gain.

If, therefore, thou a Creature shalt produce,
 Of so great Charges, and so little Use,
 (Bear Witness, Heav'n, with what Reluctancy)
 Her hapless Innocence I doom to die.
 He said, and Tears the common Grief display,
 Of him who bad, and her who must obey.

Yet *Teletusa* still persists, to find
 Fit Arguments to move a Father's Mind;
 To extend his Wishes to a larger Scope,
 And in one Vessel not confine his Hope.
Lygdus continues hard: Her Time drew near,
 And she her heavy Load could scarcely bear;
 When slumbring, in the latter Shades of Night,
 Before th' Approaches of returning Light,
 She saw, or thought she saw, before her Bed,
 A glorious Train, and *Isis* at their Head:
 Her moony Horns were on her Forehead plac'd,
 And yellow Shelves her shining Temples grac'd:
 A Mitre, for a Crown, she wore on high;
 The Dog, and dappl'd Bull were waiting by;
Osiris, fought along the Banks of *Nile*;
 The silent God; the sacred Crocodile;
 And, last, a long Procession moving on,
 With Timbrels, that assist the lab'ring Moon.
 Her Slumbers seem'd dispell'd, and, broad awake,
 She heard a Voice, that thus distinctly spake.
 My Votary, thy Babe from Death defend,
 Nor fear to save whate'er the Gods will send.
 Delude with Art thy Husband's dire Decree:
 When Danger calls, repose thy Trust on me:
 And know thou hast not serv'd a thankless Deity.
 This Promise made, with Night the Goddess fled;
 With Joy the Woman wakes, and leaves her Bed;
 Devoutly lifts her spotless Hands on high,
 And prays the Pow'rs their Gift to ratifie.

}
 Now

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

Now thirteen Years of Age were swiftly run,
 When the fond Father thought the Time drew on
 Of settling in the World his only Son.

Iarthe was his Choice ; so wondrous fair,
 Her Form alone with *Iphis* cou'd compare ;
 A Neighbour's Daughter of his own Degree,
 And not more bless'd with Fortune's Goods than he.

They soon espous'd ; for they with ease were join'd,
 Who were before contracted in the Mind.
 Their Age the same, their Inclinations too ;
 And bred together, in one School they grew.
 Thus, fatally dispos'd to mutual Fires,
 They felt, before they knew, the same Desires.
 Equal their Flame, unequal was their Care ;
 One lov'd with Hope, one languish'd in Despair.
 The Maid accus'd the lingring Day alone :
 For whom she thought a Man, she thought her own.
 But *Iphis* bends beneath a greater Grief ;
 As fiercely burns, but hopes for no Relief.

Ev'n her Despair adds Fuel to her Fire;
 A Maid with Madness does a Maid desire.
 And, scarce refraining Tears, Alas, said she,
 What Issue of my Love remains for me!
 How wild a Passion works within my Breast,
 With what prodigious Flames am I possess'd!
 Could I the Care of Providence deserve,
 Heav'n must destroy me, if it would preserve.
 And that's my Fate, or sure it would have sent
 Some usual Evil for my Punishment:
 Not this unkindly Curse; to rage and burn,
 Where Nature shews no Prospect of Return.
 Nor Cows for Cows consume with fruitless Fire,
 Nor Mares, when hot, their Fellow-Mares desire:
 The Father of the Fold supplies his Ewes;
 The Stag through secret Woods his Hind pursues;
 And Birds for Mates the Males of their own Species }
 chuse.

Her Females Nature guards from Female Flame,
 And joins two Sexes to preserve the Game: }
 Wou'd I were nothing, or not what I am!
Crete, fam'd for Monsters, wanted of her Store,
 Till my new Love produc'd one Monster more.
 The Daughter of the Sun a Bull desir'd,
 And yet ev'n then a Male a Female fir'd:
 Her Passion was extravagantly new,
 But mine is much the madder of the two.
 To things impossible she was not bent,
 But found the Means to compass her Intent.
 To cheat his Eyes she took a different Shape;
 Yet still she gain'd a Lover, and a Leap.
 Shou'd all the Wit of all the World conspire,
 Shou'd *Dædalus* assist my wild Desire,
 What Art can make me able to enjoy,
 Or what can change *Ianthe* to a Boy?

Extinguish then thy Passion, hopeleſs Maid,
 And recollect thy Reason for thy Aid.
 Know what thou art, and love as Maidens ought,
 And drive theſe Golden Wiſhes from thy Thought.
 Thou canſt not hope thy fond Deſires to gain;
 Where Hope is wanting, Wiſhes are in vain.

And yet no Guards againſt our Joys conſpire;
 No jealous Husband hinders our Deſire:
 My Parents are propitious to my Wiſh,
 And ſhe herſelf conſenting to the Blifs,
 All things concur to proſper our Deſign;
 All things to proſper any Love but mine.
 And yet I never can enjoy the Fair;
 'Tis paſt the Pow'r of Heav'n to grant my Pray'r.
 Heav'n has been kind, as far as Heav'n can be;
 Our Parents with our own Deſires agree;
 But Nature, ſtronger than the Gods above,
 Refuſes her Aſſiſtance to my Love;
 She ſets the Bar that cauſes all my Pain;
 One Gift refus'd, makes all their Bounty vain.
 And now the happy Day is juſt at hand,
 To bind our Hearts in *Hymen's* holy Band:
 Our Hearts, but not our Bodies: Thus accurs'd,
 In miſt of Water I complain of Thirſt.
 Why com'ſt thou, *Juno*, to theſe barren Rites,
 To bleſs a Bed defrauded of Delights?
 But why ſhou'd *Hymen* liſt his Torch on high,
 To ſee two Brides in cold Embraces lye?

Thus Love-ſick *Iphis* her vain Paſſion mourns;
 With equal Ardour fair *Ianthe* burns,
 Invoking *Hymen's* Name, and *Juno's* Pow'r,
 To ſpeed the Work, and haſte the happy Hour.

She hopes, while *Telethusa* fears the Day,
 And ſtrives to interpoſe ſome new Delay:
 Now feigns a Sickneſs, now is in a Fright
 For this bad Omen, or that boding Sight.

But having done whate'er she cou'd devise,
 And empty'd all her Magazine of Lies,
 The Time approach'd; the next ensuing Day
 The fatal Secret must to Light betray:
 Then *Teletusa* had recourse to Pray'r,
 She, and her Daughter with dishevel'd Hair;
 Trembling with Fear, great *Isis* they ador'd,
 Embrac'd her Altar, and her Aid implor'd.

Fair Queen, who dost on fruitful *Egypt* smile,
 Who sway'st the Sceptre of the *Pharian* Isle;
 And sev'n-fold Falls of disemboгуing *Nile*,
 Relieve in this our last Distress, she said,
 A suppliant Mother, and a mournful Maid!
 Thou, Goddess, thou wert present to my Sight;
 Reveal'd I saw thee by thy own fair Light:
 I saw thee in my Dream, as now I see,
 With all thy Marks of awful Majesty:
 The glorious Train that compass'd thee around;
 And heard the hollow *Timbrels* holy Sound:
 Thy Words I noted, which I still retain;
 Let not thy sacred Oracles be vain.
 That *Iphis* lives, that I myself am free
 From Shame; and Punishment I owe to thee:
 On thy Protection all our Hopes depend:
 Thy Counsel sav'd us, let thy Pow'r defend.

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

Some Hopes these happy Omens did impart;
 Forth went the Mother with a beating Heart:
 Not much in Fear, nor fully satisfy'd;
 But *Iphis* follow'd with a larger Stride:

The Whiteness of her Skin forsook her Face;
 Her Looks embolden'd with an awful Grace;
 Her Features, and her Strength together grew,
 And her long Hair to curling Locks withdrew.
 Her sparkling Eyes with manly Vigour shone,
 Big was her Voice, audacious was her Tone.
 The latent Parts, at length reveal'd, began
 To shoot, and spread, and burnish into Man.
 The Maid becomes a Youth; no more delay
 Your Vows, but look, and confidently pay.
 Their Gifts the Parents to the Temple bear:
 The Votive Tables this Inscription wear;
Iphis the Man, has to the Goddess paid
 The Vows, that *Iphis* offer'd when a Maid.

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

The End of the Ninth Book.



OVID's

The first part of the book is devoted to a general
 history of the world, from the beginning of
 time to the present day. The author has
 endeavored to give a concise and accurate
 account of the most important events and
 characters of the human race. The second
 part of the book is a history of the
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 of the world, from the beginning of time
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 most important events and characters of
 the American people. The sixth part of
 the book is a history of the world, from
 the beginning of time to the present day.



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





OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK X.

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

The Story of ORPHEUS and EURIDICE.

By Mr. CONGREGVE.



HENCE, in his Saffron Robe, for distant *Thrace*,
Hymen departs thro' Air's unmeasur'd
Space;
By *Orpheus* call'd, the Nuptial Pow'r
attends,
But with ill-omen'd Augury descends;
Nor chearful look'd the God, nor prosp'rous spoke,
Nor blaz'd his Torch, but wept in hissing Smoke.

In

In vain they whirl it round, in vain they shake,
No rapid Motion can its Flames awake.

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

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

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

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

Thus, while the Bard melodiously complains,
And to his Lyre accords his vocal Strains,
The very bloodless Shades Attention keep,
And silent, seem compassionate to weep;
Ev'n *Tantalus* his Flood unthirsty views,
Nor flies the Stream, nor he the Stream pursues;
Ixion's wondring Wheel its Whirl suspends,
And the voracious Vultur, charm'd, attend;
No more the *Belides* their Toil bemoan,
And *Sisyphus* reclin'd, sits list'ning on his Stone.

Then.

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

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

Now thro' the noiseless Throng their Way they bend,
 And both with Pain the rugged Road ascend;
 Dark was the Path, and difficult, and steep,
 And thick with Vapours from the smoaky Deep.
 They well-nigh now had pass'd the Bounds of Night,
 And just approach'd the Margin of the Light,
 When he, mistrusting lest her Steps might stray,
 And gladsome of the Glympe of dawning Day,
 His longing Eyes, impatient, backward cast
 To catch a Lover's Look, but look'd his last;
 For, instant dying, she again descends,
 While he to empty Air his Arms extends.
 Again she dy'd, nor yet her Lord reprov'd;
 What could she say, but that too well he lov'd?
 One last Farewel she spoke, which scarce he heard;
 So soon she dropt, so sudden disappear'd,

All stunn'd he stood, when thus his Wife he view'd
 By second Fate, and double Death subdu'd:
 Not more Amazement by that Wretch was shown,
 Whom *Cerberus* beholding, turn'd to Stone;
 Nor *Olenus* cou'd more astonish'd look,
 When on himself *Lethaa's* Fault he took.

His beauteous Wife, who too secure had dar'd
Her Face to vye with Goddesses compar'd:
Once join'd by Love, they stand united still,
Turn'd to contiguous Rocks on *Ida's* Hill.

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

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

A Hill there was, and on that Hill a Mead,
With Verdure thick, but destitute of Shade.
Where, now, the Muse's Son no sooner sings,
No sooner strikes his sweet resounding Strings,
But distant Groves the flying Sounds receive,
And listning Trees their rooted Stations leave;
Themselves transplanting, all around they grow,
And various Shades their various Kinds bestow.
Here, tall *Chaonian* Oaks their Branches spread,
While weeping Poplars there erect their Head.
The foodful *Esculus* here shoots his Leaves,
That Turf soft Lime-tree, this, that Beach receives;

Here'

Here, brittle Hazels, Lawrels here advance,
 And there tough Ash to form the Heroe's Lance;
 Here silver Firs with knotless Trunks ascend,
 There, Scarlet Oaks beneath their Acorns bend.
 That Spot admits the hospitable Plane,
 On this, the Maple grows with clouded Grain;
 Here, watry Willows are with *Lotus* seen,
 There, Tamarisk, and Box for ever green.
 With double Hue here Mirtles grace the Ground,
 And Laurestines, with purple Berries crown'd,
 With pliant Feet, now, Ivies this way wind,
 Vines yonder rise, and Elms with Vines entwin'd.
 Wild *Ornus* now, the Pitch-tree next takes root,
 And *Arbutus* adorn'd with blushing Fruit.
 Then easy-bending Palms, the Victor's Prize,
 And Pines erect with bristly Tops arise.
 To *Rhea* grateful still the Pine remains,
 For *Atys* still some Favour she retains;
 He once in human Shape her Breast had warm'd,
 And now is cherish'd to a Tree transform'd.

The Fable of CYPARISSUS.

Amid the Throng of this promiscuous Wood,
 With pointed Top, the taper Cypress stood;
 A Tree, which once a Youth, and heav'nly fair,
 Was of that Deity the darling Care,
 Whose Hand adapts, with equal Skill, the Strings
 To Bows with which he kills, and Harps to which he sings.
 For heretofore, a mighty Stag was bred,
 Which on the fertile Fields of *Cæa* fed;
 In Shape, and Size he all his Kind excell'd,
 And to *Carthean* Nymphs was sacred held.
 His beamy Head, with Branches high display'd,
 Afforded to it self an ample Shade;

His Horns were gilt, and his smooth Neck was grac'd
With Silver Collars thick with Gems enchas'd:
A Silver Bos upon his Forehead hung,
And brazen Pendants in his Ear-rings rung.
Frequenting Houses, he familiar grew,
And learnt by Custom, Nature to subdue;
Till by Degrees, of Fear, and Wildness, broke,
Ev'n stranger Hands his proffer'd Neck might stroak.

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

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

And now, of Blood exhausted he appears,
Drain'd by a Torrent of continual Tears;

The fleshy Colour in his Body fades,
 And a green Tincture all his Limbs invades;
 From his fair Head, where curling Locks late hung,
 A horrid Bush with bristled Branches sprung,
 Which stiffning by Degrees, its Stem extends,
 Till to the starry Skies the Spire ascends.

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

Continu'd by Mr. CROXALL.

Thus the sweet Artist in a wondrous Shade
 Of verdant Trees, which Harmony had made,
 Encircled sat, with his own Triumphs crown'd,
 Of listning Birds, and Savages around.
 Again the trembling Strings he dext'rous tries,
 Again from Discord makes soft Musick rise.
 Then tunes his Voice: O Muse, from whom I sprung,
Jove be my Theme, and thou inspire my Song.
 To *Jove* my grateful Voice I oft have rais'd,
 Oft his Almighty Pow'r with Pleasure prais'd.
 I sung the Giants in a solemn Strain,
 Blasted, and Thunder-struck on *Phlegra's* Plain.
 Now be my Lyre in softer Accents mov'd,
 To sing of blooming Boys by Gods belov'd;
 And to relate what Virgins, void of Shame,
 Have suffer'd Vengeance for a lawless Flame.

The King of Gods once felt the burning Joy,
 And sigh'd for lovely *Ganimede* of *Troy*:
 Long was he puzzled to assume a Shape
 Most fit, and expeditious for the Rape;
 A Bird's was proper, yet he scorns to wear
 Any but that which might his Thunder bear.

Down with his masquerading Wings he flies,
 And bears the little *Trojan* to the Skies;
 Where now, in Robes of heav'nly Purple dress,
 He serves the Nectar at th' Almighty's Feast.
 To slighted *Juno* an unwelcome Guest.

HYACINTHUS transform'd into a Flower

By Mr. OZELL.

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

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

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

Both

Both faint, both pale, and breathless now appear,
 The Boy with Pain, the am'rous God with Fear.
 He ran, and rais'd him bleeding from the Ground,
 Chafes his cold Limbs, and wipes the fatal Wound:
 Then Herbs of noblest Juice in vain applies;
 The Wound is Mortal, and his Skill defies.

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

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

While *Phœbus* thus the Laws of Fate reveal'd,
 Behold, the Blood which stain'd the verdant Field,
 Is Blood no longer; but a Flow'r full blown
 Far brighter than the *Tyrian* Scarlet shone.
 A Lilly's Form it took; its purple Hue
 Was all that made a Diff'rence to the View.
 Nor stopt he here; the God upon its Leaves
 The sad Expression of his Sorrow weaves;

* Ajax.

And

And to this Hour the mournful Purple wears
Ai, Ai, inscrib'd in funeral Characters.
 Nor are the *Spartans*, who so much are fam'd
 For Virtue, of their *Hyacinth* asham'd;
 But still with pompous Woe, and solemn State,
 The *Hyacinthian* Feasts they yearly celebrate,

*The Transformations of the CÆRASTÆ and
 PROPÆTIDES.*

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

Venus these barb'rous Sacrifices view'd
 With just Abhorrence, and with Wrath pursu'd:
 At first, to punish such nefarious Crimes,
 Their Towns she meant to leave, her once-lov'd Climes.
 But why, said she, for their Offence shou'd I,
 My dear delightful Plains, and Cities fly?
 No, let the impious People, who have sinn'd,
 A Punishment in Death, or Exile find:
 If Death, or Exile too severe be thought,
 Let them in some vile Shape bemoan their Fault.
 While next her Mind a proper Form employs,
 Admonish'd by their Horns, she fix'd her Choice,

Their

Their former Crest remains upon their Heads,
And their strong Limbs an Ox's Shape invades.

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

The Story of PYGMALION, and the STATUE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Pygmalion loathing their lascivious Life,
Abhor'd all Womankind, but most a Wife:
So single chose to live, and shun'd to wed,
Well pleas'd to want a Consort of his Bed.
Yet fearing Idleness, the Nurse of Ill,
In sculpture exercis'd his happy Skill;
And carv'd in Iv'ry such a Maid, so fair,
As Nature cou'd not with his Art compare,
Were she to work; but in her own Defence
Must take her Pattern here, and copy hence.
Pleas'd with his Idol, he commends, admires,
Adores; and last, the Thing ador'd, desires.
A very Virgin in her Face was seen,
And had she mov'd, a living Maid had been:—
One wou'd have thought she cou'd have stirr'd, but strove
With Modesty, and was asham'd to move.
Art hid with Art, so well perform'd the Cheat,
It caught the Carver with his own Deceit:
He knows, 'tis Madness, yet he must adore,
And still the more he knows it, loves the more:
The Flesh, or what so seems, he touches oft,
Which feels so smooth, that he believes it soft.

Fir'd

Fir'd with this Thought, at once he strain'd the Breast,
 And on the Lips a burning Kiss impress'd.
 'Tis true, the hardned Breast resists the Gripe,
 And the cold Lips return a Kiss unripe:
 But when, retiring back, he look'd again,
 To think it Iv'ry, was a Thought too mean:
 So wou'd believe she kifs'd and courting more,
 Again embrac'd her naked Body o'er;
 And straining hard the Statue, was afraid
 His Hands had made a Dint, and hurt his Maid:
 Explor'd her Limb by Limb, and fear'd to find
 So rude a Gripe had left a livid Mark behind:
 With Flatt'ry now he seeks her Mind to move,
 And now with Gifts, (the pow'rful Bribes of Love:)
 He furnishes her Closet first and fills
 The crowded Shelves with rarities of Shells;
 Adds Orient Pearls, which from the Conchs he drew,
 And all the sparkling Stones of various Hue:
 And Parrots, imitating Human Tongue,
 And Singing-birds in Silver Cages hung;
 And ev'ry fragrant Flow'r, and od'rous Green
 Were sort'd well, with Lumps of Amber laid between:
 Rich fashionable Robes her Person deck,
 Pendants her Ears, and Pearls adorn her Neck:
 Her taper'd Fingers too with Rings are grac'd,
 And an embroider'd Zone surrounds her slender Waste.
 Thus like a Queen array'd, so richly dress'd,
 Beauteous she show'd, but naked shew'd the best.
 Then, from the Floor, he rais'd a Royal Bed,
 With Cov'rings of *Sydonian* Purple spread:
 The solemn Rites perform'd, he calls his Bride,
 With Blandishments invites her to his Side;
 And as she were with vital Sense possess'd,
 Her Head did on a plummy Pillow rest.

The Feast of *Venus* came, a solemn Day,
 To which the *Cypriots* due Devotion pay;

With gilded Horns the Milk-white Heifers led,
Slaughter'd before the sacred Altars, bled:

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

The Golden Goddess, present at the Pray'r,
Well knew he meant th' inanimated Fair,
And gave the Sign of granting his Desire;
For thrice in cheerful Flames ascends the Fire.
The Youth returning to his Mistress, hies,
And impudent in Hope, with ardent Eyes,
And beating Breast, by the dear Statue lies.
He kisses her white Lips, renews the Bliss,
And looks, and thinks they redder at the Kiss;
He thought them warm before: Nor longer stays,
But next his Hand on her soft Bosom lays:
Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
It seem'd, the Breast beneath the Fingers bent;
He felt again, his Fingers made a Print,
'Twas Flesh but Flesh so firm, it rose against the Dint.
The pleasing Task he fails not to renew;
Soft, and more soft at ev'ry Touch it grew;
Like pliant Wax, when chaffing Hands reduce
The former Mass to Form, and frame for Use.
He would believe but yet is still in Pain,
And tries his Argument of Sense again,
Presses the Pulse, and feels the leaping Vein.
Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, his studied Thanks, and Praise,
To her who made the Miracle, he pays:
Then Lips to Lips he joyn'd; now freed from Fear,
He found the Savour of the Kiss sincere:

At this the waken'd Image op'd her Eyes,
 And view'd at once the Light, and Lover with Surprise.
 The Goddess present at the Match she made,
 So blest'd the Bed, such fruitfulness convey'd,
 That e're ten Months had sharpen'd either Horn,
 To crown their Bliss, a lovely Boy was born;
Paphos his Name, who grown to Manhood, wall'd
 The City *Paphos*, from the Founder call'd.

The Story of CYNRAS and MYRRHA.

Nor him alone produc'd the fruitful Queen;
 But *Cinyras*, who like his Sire had been
 A happy Prince, had he not been a Sire.
 Daughters, and Fathers from my Song retire;
 I sing of Horror; and could I prevail,
 You shou'd not hear or not believe my Tale.
 Yet if the Pleasure of my Song be such,
 That you will hear, and credit me too much,
 Attentive listen to the last Event,
 And with the Sin believe the Punishment:
 Since Nature cou'd behold so dire a Crime,
 I gratulate at least my Native Clime,
 That such a Land, which such a Monster bore,
 So far is distant from our *Thracian* Shore.
 Let *Araby* extol her happy Coast,
 Her Cinamon, and sweet *Amomum* boast,
 Her fragrant Flow'rs, her Trees with precious Tears,
 Her second Harvest, and her double Years;
 How can the Land be call'd so blest'd that *Myrrha* bears?
 Nor all her od'rous Tears can cleanse her Crime,
 Her Plant alone deforms the happy Clime:
Cupid denies to have inflam'd thy Heart,
 Disowns thy Love, and vindicates his Dart:
 Some Fury gave thee those infernal Pains,
 And shot her venom'd Vipers in thy Veins.

To hate thy Sire, had merited a Curse;
 But such an impious Love deserv'd a Worse.
 The neighb'ring Monarchs, by thy Beauty led,
 Contend in Crowds, ambitious of thy Bed:
 The World is at thy Choice; except but one,
 Except but him, thou canst not chuse, alone.
 She knew it too, the miserable Maid,
 Ere impious Love her better Thoughts betray'd
 And thus within her secret Soul she said:
 Ah *Myrha*! whither wou'd thy Wishes tend?
 Ye Gods, ye sacred Laws, my Soul defend
 From such a Crime as all Mankind detest,
 And never lodg'd before in Human Breast!
 But is it Sin? Or makes my Mind alone
 Th' imagin'd Sin? For Nature makes it none.
 What Tyrant then these envious Laws began,
 Made not for any other Beast but Man!
 The Father-Bull his Daughter may bestride,
 The Horse may make his Mother-Mare a Bride;
 What Piety forbids the lusty Ram,
 Or more salacious Goat, to rut their Dam?
 The Hen is free to wed the Chick she bore,
 And make a Husband, whom she hatch'd before.
 All Creatures else are of a happier Kind,
 Whom nor ill Natur'd Laws from Pleasure bind,
 Nor Thoughts of Sin disturb their Peace of Mind.
 But Man a Slave of his own making lives;
 The Fool denies himself what Nature gives:
 Too busie Senates, with an over Care
 To make us better than our Kind can bear,
 Have dash'd a Spice of Envy in the Laws,
 And straining up too high, have spoil'd the Cause.
 Yet some wise Nations break their cruel Chains,
 And own no Laws, but those which Love ordains;
 Where happy Daughters with their Sires are joyn'd
 And Piety is doubly paid in Kind.

O that I had been born in such a Clime,
 Not here, where 'tis the Country makes the Crime!
 But whither wou'd my impious Fancy stray?
 Hence Hopes, and ye forbidden Thoughts away!
 His Worth deserves to kindle my Desires,
 But with the Love, that Daughters bear to Sires.
 Then had not *Cinyras* my Father been,
 What hinder'd *Myrrha's* Hopes to be his Queen?
 But the Perverseness of my Fate is such,
 That he's not mine, because he's mine too much:
 Our Kindred-Blood debars a better Tie;
 He might be nearer, were he not so nigh.
 Eyes, and their Objects never must unite,
 Some Distance is requir'd to help the Sight:
 Fain wou'd I travel to some foreign Shore,
 Never to see my Native Country more,
 So might I to my self my self restore;
 So might my Mind these impious Thoughts remove,
 And ceasing to behold, might cease to love.
 But stay, I must, to feed my famish'd Sight,
 To talk, to kiss, and more, if more I might:
 More, impious Maid! What more canst thou design,
 To make a monstrous Mixture in thy Line,
 And break all Statutes Human and Divine?
 Can'st thou be call'd (to save thy wretched Life)
 Thy Mother's Rival, and thy Father's Wife?
 Confound so many sacred Names in one,
 Thy Brother's Mother! Sister to thy Son!
 And fear'st thou not to see th' Infernal Bands,
 Their Heads with Snakes, with Torches arm'd their Hands
 Full at thy Face th' avenging Brands to bear,
 And shake the Serpents from their hissing Hair?
 But thou in time th' increasing Ill controul,
 Nor first debauch the Body by the Soul;
 Secure the sacred Quiet of thy Mind,
 And keep the Sanctions Nature has design'd:

Suppose I shou'd attempt, th' Attempt were vain,
 No Thoughts like mine, his sinless Soul profane;
 Observant of the Right: and O that he
 Cou'd cure my Madness, or be mad like me!
 Thus she: But *Cinyras*, who daily sees
 A Crowd of noble Suitors at his Knees,
 Among so many, knew not whom to chuse,
 Irresolute to grant, or to refuse.
 But having told their Names, enquir'd of her
 Who pleas'd her best, and whom she would prefer.
 The blushing Maid stood silent with Surprise,
 And on her Father fix'd her ardent Eyes,
 And looking sigh'd, and as she sigh'd, began
 Round Tears to shed, that scalded as they ran.
 The tender Sire, who saw her blush, and cry,
 Ascrib'd it all to Maiden Modesty,
 And dry'd the falling Drops, and yet more kind,
 He stroak'd her Cheeks, and holy Kisses join'd.
 She felt a secret Venom fire her Blood,
 And found more Pleasure, than a Daughter shou'd;
 And ask'd again what Lover of the Crew
 She lik'd the best, she answer'd, One like you.
 Mistaking what she meant, her pious Will
 He prais'd, and bid her so continue still:
 The Word of Pious heard, she blush'd with Shame
 Of secret Guilt, and cou'd not bear the Name.
 'Twas now the Mid of Night, when Slumbers close
 Our Eyes, and sooth our Cares with soft Repose;
 But no Repose cou'd wretched *Myrrha* find,
 Her Body rousing, as she roul'd her Mind:
 Mad with Desire, she ruminates her Sin,
 And wishes all her Wishes o'er again:
 Now she despairs, and now resolves to try;
 Wou'd not, and wou'd again, she knows not why;
 Stops, and returns, makes and retracts the Vow;
 Fain wou'd begin, but understands not how.

As when a Pine is hew'd upon the Plains,
 And the last mortal Stroke alone remains,
 Lab'ring in Pangs of Death, and threatning all;
 This way, and that she nods, consid'ring where to fall:
 So *Myrrha's* Mind, impell'd on either Side,
 Takes ev'ry Bent, but cannot long abide;
 Irresolute on which she shou'd relie,
 At last, unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die.
 On that sad Thought she rests, resolv'd on Death;
 She rises, and prepares to choak her Breath:
 Then while about the Beam her Zone she ties,
 Dear *Cinyras* farewell, she softly cries;
 For thee I die, and only wish to be
 Not hated, when thou know'st I die for thee:
 Pardon the Crime, in Pity to the Cause:
 This said, about her Neck the Noose she draws.
 The Nurse, who lay without, her faithful Guard,
 Though not the Words, the Murmurs over-heard,
 And Sighs, and hollow Sounds: Surpriz'd with Fright;
 She starts, and leaves her Bed, and springs a Light;
 Unlocks the Door, and entring out of Breath,
 The Dying saw, and Instruments of Death;
 She shrieks, she cuts the Zone with trembling Haste,
 And in her Arms her fainting Charge embrac'd;
 Next, (for she now had Leisure for her Tears)
 She weeping ask'd, in these her blooming Years,
 What unforeseen Misfortune caus'd her Care,
 To loath her Life, and languish in Despair!
 The Maid, with down-cast Eyes, and mute with Grief
 For Death unfinish'd, and ill-tim'd Relief,
 Stood fullen to her Suit: The Beldame press'd
 The more to know, and bar'd her wither'd Breast,
 Adjur'd her by the kindly Food she drew
 From those dry Founts, her secret Ill to shew.
 Sad *Myrrha* sigh'd, and turn'd her Eyes aside:
 The Nurse still urg'd, and wou'd not be deny'd:

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

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

The solemn Feast of *Ceres* now was near,
 When long white Linnen Stoles the Matrons wear;
 Rank'd in Procession walk the pious Train,
 Off'ring First-fruits, and Spikes of yellow Grain:

For nine long Nights the Nuptial-Bed they shun,
And sanctifying Harvest, lie alone.

Mix'd with the Crowd, the Queen forsook her Lord,
And *Ceres*' Pow'r with sacred Rites ador'd:
The Royal Couch, now vacant for a Time,
The crafty Crone, officious in her Crime,
The first Occasion took: The King she found
Easie with Wine, and deep in Pleasures drown'd,
Prepar'd for Love: The Beldame blew the Flame,
Confess'd the Passion, but conceal'd the Name.
Her Form she prais'd; the Monarch ask'd her Years;
And she reply'd, The same thy *Myrrha* bears.
Wine, and commended Beauty fir'd his Thought;
Impatient, he commands her to be brought.
Pleas'd with her Charge perform'd, she hies her home,
And gratulates the Nymph, the Task was overcome.
Myrrha was joy'd the welcome News to hear;
But clog'd with Guilt, the Joy was unsincere:
So various, so discordant is the Mind,
That in our Will a diff'rent Will we find.
Ill she presag'd, and yet pursu'd her Lust;
For guilty Pleasures give a double Gust.

'Twas Depth of Night: *Arctophylax* had driv'n
His lazy Wain half round the Northern Heav'n,
When *Myrrha* hasten'd to the Crime desir'd:
The Moon beheld her first, and first retir'd:
The Stars amaz'd, ran backward from the Sight,
And (shrunken within their Sockets) lost their Light.
Icarus first withdraws his holy Flame:
The Virgin Sign, in Heav'n the second Name,
Slides down the Belt, and from her Station flies,
And Night with fable Clouds involves the Skies.
Bold *Myrrha* still pursues her black Intent;
She stumbled thrice, (an Omen of th' Event);
Thrice shriek'd the Fun'ral Owl, yet on she went,

Secure of Shame, because secure of Sight;
 Ev'n bashful Sins are impudent by Night.
 Link'd Hand in Hand, th' Accomplice, and the Dame,
 Their Way exploring, to the Chamber came:
 The Door was ope; they blindly grope their Way,
 Where dark in Bed th' expecting Monarch lay.
 Thus far her Courage held, but here forsakes;
 Her faint Knees knock at ev'ry Step she makes.
 The nearer to her Crime, the more within
 She feels Remorse, and Horror of her Sin;
 Repents too late her criminal Desire,
 And wishes, that unknown she could retire.
 Her lingering thus, the Nurse (who fear'd Delay
 The fatal Secret might at length betray)
 Pull'd forward, to compleat the Work begun;
 And said to *Cinyras*, Receive thy own.
 Thus saying, she deliver'd Kind to Kind,
 Accurs'd, and their devoted Bodies join'd.
 The Sire, unknowing of the Crime, admits:
 His Bowels, and profanes the hallow'd Sheets;
 He found she trembled, but believ'd she strove
 With Maiden Modesty against her Love, [move. }
 And sought with flatt'ring Words vain Fancies to re-
 Perhaps he said, My Daughter, cease thy Fears,
 (Because the Title suited with her Years;)
 And Father, she might whisper him again,
 That Names might not be wanting to the Sin.
 Full of her Sire, she left th' incestuous Bed,
 And carry'd in her Womb the Crime she bred.
 Another, and another Night she came;
 For frequent Sin had left no Sense of Shame::
 Till *Cinyras* desir'd to see her Face,
 Whose Body he had held in close Embrace,
 And brought a Taper; the Revealer, Light,
 Expos'd both Crime, and Criminal to Sight.

Grief,

Grief, Rage, Amazement, could no Speech afford,
 But from the Sheath he drew th' avenging Sword:
 The Guilty fled: The Benefit of Night,
 That favour'd first the Sin, secur'd the Flight.
 Long wandring thro' the spacious Fields, she bent
 Her Voyage to th' *Arabian* Continent;
 Then pass'd the Region which *Panchæa* join'd;
 And flying, left the palmy Plains behind.
 Nine times the Moon had mew'd her Horns; at length
 With Travel weary, unsupply'd with Strength,
 And with the Burden of her Womb oppress'd,
Sabean Fields afford her needful Rest:
 There, loathing Life, and yet of Death afraid,
 In Anguish of her Spirit, thus she pray'd.
 Ye Pow'rs, if any so propitious are
 T' accept my Penitence, and hear my Pray'r;
 Your Judgments, I confess, are justly sent;
 Great Sins deserve as great a Punishment:
 Yet since my Life the Living will profane,
 And since my Death the happy Dead will stain,
 A middle State your Mercy may bestow,
 Betwixt the Realms above, and those below:
 Some other Form to wretched *Myrrha* give,
 Nor let her wholly die, nor wholly live.

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

And

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

Mean time the mis-begotten Infant grows,
And ripe for Birth, distends with deadly Throws
The swelling Rind, with unavailing Strife,
To leave the wooden Womb, and pushes into Life.
The Mother Tree, as if oppress'd with Pain,
Wriths here, and there, to break the Bark, in vain;
And, like a lab'ring Woman, wou'd have pray'd,
But wants a Voice to call *Lucina's* Aid:

The bending Bole sends out a hollow Sound,
And trickling Tears fall thicker on the Ground.
The mild *Lucina* came uncall'd, and stood
Beside the struggling Boughs, and heard the groaning Wood;
Then reach'd her Midwife-Hand to speed the Throws,
And spoke the pow'rful Spells, that Babes to Birth disclose:
The Bark divides; the living Load to free,
And safe delivers the Convulsive Tree.

The ready Nymphs receive the crying Child,
And wash him in the Tears the Parent Plant distill'd.
They swath'd him with their Scarfs; beneath him spread
The Ground with Herbs; with Roses rais'd his Head.

The lovely Babe was born with ev'ry Grace,
Ev'n Envy must have prais'd so fair a Face:
Such was his Form, as Painters when they show
Their utmost Art, on naked Loves bestow:
And that their Arms no Diff'rence might betray,
Give him a Bow, or his from *Cupid* take away.
Time glides along with undiscover'd Haste,
The Future but a Length behind the Past;
So swift are Years. The Babe, whom just before
His Grandfire got, and whom his Sister bore;

The Drop, the Thing, which late the Tree inclos'd,
 And late the yawning Bark to Life expos'd;
 A Babe, a Boy, a beauteous Youth appears,
 And lovelier than himself at riper Years.
 Now to the Queen of Love he gave Desires,
 And, with her Pains, reveng'd his Mother's Fires.

The Story of VENUS and ADONIS.

By Mr. EUSDEN.

For *Cytherèa's* Lips while *Cupid* prest,
 He with a heedless Arrow raz'd her Breast.
 The Goddess felt it, and with Fury stung,
 The wanton Mischief from her Bosom flung:
 Yet thought at first the Danger slight, but found
 The Dart too faithful, and too deep the Wound.
 Fir'd with a mortal Beauty, she disdains
 To haunt th' *Idalian* Mount, or *Phrygian* Plains.
 She seeks not *Cypros*, nor her *Paphian* Shrines,
 Nor *Amathus*, that teems with brazen Mines:
 Ev'n Heav'n it self with all its Sweets unsought,
Adonis far a sweeter Heav'n is thought.
 On him she hangs, and fonds with ev'ry Art,
 And never, never knows from him to part.
 She, whose soft Limbs had only been display'd
 On rosie Beds beneath the Myrtle Shade,
 Whose pleasing Care was to improve each Grace,
 And add more Charms to an unrival'd Face,
 Now buskin'd, like the Virgin Huntress, goes
 Thro' Woods, and pathless Wilds, and Mountain-Snows.
 With her own tuneful Voice she joys to cheer
 The panting Hounds, that chace the flying Deer.
 She runs the Labyrinth of fearful Hares,
 But fearless Beasts, and dang'rous Prey forbears:

Hunts

Hunts not the grinning Wolf, or foamy Boar,
 And trembles at the Lion's hungry Roar.
 Thee too, *Adonis*, with a Lover's Care
 She warns, if warn'd thou wou'dst avoid the Snare.
 To furious Animals advance not nigh,
 Fly those that follow, follow those that fly;
 'Tis Chance alone must the Survivors save,
 Whene'er brave Spirits will attempt the Brave.
 O! lovely Youth! in harmless Sports delight;
 Provoke not Beasts, which, arm'd by Nature, fight;
 For me, if not thy self, vouchsafe to fear;
 Let not thy Thirst of Glory cost me dear.
 Boars know not how to spare a blooming Age;
 No sparkling Eyes can sooth the Lion's Rage.
 Not all thy Charms a savage Beast can move,
 Which have so deeply touch'd the Queen of Love.
 When bristled Boars from beaten Thickets spring,
 In grinded Tusks a Thunderbolt they bring.
 The daring Hunters Lions rous'd devour,
 Vast is their Fury, and as vast their Pow'r:
 Curs'd be their tawny Race! If thou wou'd'st hear
 What kindled thus my Hate; then lend an Ear:
 The wond'rous Tale I will to thee unfold,
 How the fell Monsters rose from Crimes of old.
 But by long Toils I faint: See! wide-display'd,
 A grateful Poplar courts us with a Shade.
 The grassy Turf, beneath, so verdant shows,
 We may secure delightfully repose.
 With her *Adonis* here be *Venus* blest;
 And swift at once the Grass, and him she press't.
 Then sweetly smiling, with a raptur'd Mind,
 On his lov'd Bosom she her Head reclin'd,
 And thus began; but mindful still of Bliss,
 Seal'd the soft Accents with a softer Kiss.

Perhaps thou may'st have heard a Virgin's Name,
Who still in Swiftnefs syziftest Youths o'ercame.

Wondrous! that female Weakness should outdo
 A manly Strength; the Wonder yet is true.
 'Twas doubtful, if her Triumphs in the Field
 Did to her Form's triumphant Glories yield;
 Whether her Face could with more Ease decoy
 A Crowd of Lovers, or her Feet destroy.
 For once *Apollo* she implor'd to show
 If courteous Fates a Consort would allow:
 A Consort brings thy Ruin, he reply'd;
 O! learn to want the Pleasures of a Bride!
 Nor shalt thou want them to thy wretched Cost,
 And *Atalanta* living shall be lost.
 With such a rueful Fate th' affrighted Maid
 Sought green Recesses in the wood-land Glade.
 Not sighing Suitors her Resolves could move,
 She bad them show their Speed, to show their Love.
 He only, who could conquer in the Race,
 Might hope the conquer'd Virgin to embrace:
 While he, whose tardy Feet had lagg'd behind,
 Was doom'd the sad Reward of Death to find.
 Tho' great the Prize, yet rigid the Decree,
 But blind with Beauty, who can Rigour see?
 Ev'n on these Laws the Fair they rashly fought,
 And Danger in Excess of Love forgot.

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

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

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

While

While thus the Youth the Virgin's Pow'r defies,
 Silent she views him still with softer Eyes.
 Thoughts in her Breast a doubtful Strife begin,
 If 'tis not happier now to lose, than win.
 What God, a Foe to Beauty, would destroy
 The promis'd Ripeness of this blooming Boy?
 With his Life's Danger does he seek my Bed?
 Scarce am I half so greatly worth, she said.
 Nor has his Beauty mov'd my Breast to love,
 And yet, I own, such Beauty well might move:
 'Tis not his Charms, 'tis Pity would engage
 My Soul to spare the Greenness of his Age.
 What, that heroick Courage fires his Breast,
 And shines thro' brave Disdain of Fate confess?
 What, that his Patronage by close Degrees
 Springs from th' imperial Ruler of the Seas?
 Then add the Love, which bids him undertake
 The Race, and dare to perish for my Sake.
 Of bloody Nuptials, heedless Youth, beware!
 Fly, timely fly from a too barb'rous Fair.
 At Pleasure chuse; thy Love will be repaid!
 By a less foolish, and more beauteous Maid.
 But why this Tenderness, before unknown?
 Why beats, and pants my Breast for him alone?
 His Eyes have seen his num'rous Rivals yield,
 Let him too share the Rigour of the Field,
 Since by their Fates untaught, his own he courts,
 And thus with Ruin insolently sports.
 Yet for what Crime shall he his Death receive?
 Is it a Crime with me to wish him live?
 Shall his kind Passion his Destruction prove?
 Is this the fatal Recompence of Love?
 So fair a Youth, destroy'd, would Conquest shame,
 And Nymphs eternally detest my Fame.
 Still why should Nymphs my guiltless Fame upbraid?
 Did I the fond Adventurer persuade?

Alas!

Alas! I wish thou would'st the Course decline,
Or that my Swiftneſs was excell'd by thine.
See! what a Virgin's Bloom adorns the Boy!
Why wilt thou run, and why thy ſelf deſtroy?

Hippomenes! O that I ne'er had been
By thoſe bright Eyes unfortunately ſeen!
Ah! tempt not thus a ſwift, untimely Fate;
Thy Life is worthy of the longeſt Date.
Were I leſs wretched, did the galling Chain
Of rigid Gods not my free Choice reſtrain,
By thee alone I could with Joy be led
To taſte the Raptures of a Nuptial Bed.

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

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

Hippomenes then with true Fervour pray'd,
My bold Attempt let *Venus* kindly aid.

By her ſweet Pow'r I felt this am'rous Fire,
Still may ſhe ſuccour, whom ſhe did inſpire.

A ſoft, unenvious Wind, with ſpeedy Care,
Waſted to Heav'n the Lover's tender Pray'r.

Pity, I own, ſoon gain'd the wiſh'd Conſent,
And all th' Aſſiſtance he implor'd I lent.

The *Cyprian* Lands, tho' rich, in Richneſs yield,
To that, furnam'd the *Tamaſenian* Field.

That Field of old was added to my Shrine,
And its choice Products conſecrated mine.

A Tree there ſtands, full glorious to behold,
Gold are the Leafs, the crackling Branches Gold.

It chanc'd, three Apples in my Hand I bore,
Which newly from the Tree I ſportive tore;

Seen by the Youth alone, to him I brought,
The Fruit, and when, and how to uſe it, taught.

The Signal sounding by the King's Command,
 Both start at once, and sweep th' unprinted Sand.
 So swiftly move their Feet, they might with Ease,
 Scarce moisten'd, skim along the glassie Seas;
 Or with a wondrous Levity be born
 O'er yellow Harvests of unbending Corn.
 Now fav'ring Peals resound from ev'ry Part,
 Spirit the Youth, and fire his fainting Heart.
Hippomenes! (they cry'd) thy Life preserve,
 Intensely labour, and stretch ev'ry Nerve.
 Base Fear alone can baffle thy Design,
 Shoot boldly onward, and the Goal is thine.
 'Tis doubtful whether Shouts, like these, convey'd
 More Pleasures to the Youth, or to the Maid.
 When a long Distance oft she could have gain'd,
 She check'd her Swiftness, and her Feet restrain'd:
 She sigh'd, and dwelt, and languish'd on his Face,
 Then with unwilling Speed pursu'd the Race.
 O'er-spent with Heat, his Breath he faintly drew,
 Parch'd was his Mouth, nor yet the Goal in view;
 And the first Apple on the Plain he threw. }
 The Nymph stop'd sudden at th' unusual Sight,
 Struck with the Fruit so beautifully bright.
 Aside she starts, the Wonder to behold,
 And eager stoops to catch the rouling Gold.
 Th' observant Youth past by, and scour'd along,
 While Peals of Joy rung from th' applauding Throng.
 Unkindly she corrects the short Delay,
 And to redeem the Time fleets swift away,
 Swift, as the Lightning, or the Northern Wind,
 And far she leaves the panting Youth behind.
 Again he strives the flying Nymph to hold
 With the Temptation of the second Gold:
 The bright Temptation fruitlessly was tost,
 So soon, alas! she won the Distance lost.

Now

Now but a little Interval of Space
 Remain'd for the Decision of the Race.
 Fair Author of the precious Gift, he said,
 Be thou, O Goddess, Author of my Aid!
 Then of the shining Fruit the last he drew,
 And with his full-collected Vigour threw:
 The Virgin still the longer to detain,
 Threw not directly, but a-cross the Plain.
 She seem'd a-while perplex'd in dubious Thought,
 If the far-distant Apple should be sought:
 I lur'd her backward Mind to seize the Bait,
 And to the massie Gold gave double Weight.
 My Favour to my Votary was show'd,
 Her Speed I lessen'd, and encreas'd her Load.
 But least, tho' long, the rapid Race be run,
 Before my longer, tedious Tale is done,
 The Youth the Goal, and so the Virgin won.

Might I, *Adonis*, now not hope to see
 His grateful Thanks pour'd out for Victory?
 His pious Incense on my Altars laid?
 But he nor grateful Thanks, nor Incense paid.
 Enrag'd I vow'd, that with the Youth the Fair,
 For his Contempt, should my keen Vengeance share;
 That future Lovers might my Pow'r revere,
 And from their sad Examples learn to fear.
 The silent Fanes, the sanctify'd Abodes
 Of *Cybelé*, great Mother of the Gods,
 Rais'd by *Echion* in a lonely Wood,
 And full of brown, religious Horror stood.
 By a long painful Journey faint, they chose
 Their weary Limbs here secret to repose.
 But soon my Pow'r inflam'd the lustful Boy,
 Careless of Rest he sought untimely Joy.
 A hallow'd, gloomy Cave, with Moss o'er-grown,
 The Temple joyn'd, of native Pumice-stone,

Where

Where antique Images by Priests were kept,
 And wooden Deities securely slept.
 Thither the rash *Hippomenes* retires,
 And gives a Loose to all his wild Desires,
 And the chaste Cell pollutes with wanton Fires.
 The sacred Statues trembled with Surprize,
 The tow'ry Goddess, blushing, veil'd her Eyes;
 And the lewd Pair to *Syagian* Sounds had sent,
 But unrevengeful seem'd that Punishment.
 A heavier Doom such black Prophanencs draws,
 Their taper Fingers turn to crooked Paws.
 No more their Necks the Smoothness can retain,
 Now cover'd sudden with a yellow Mane.
 Arms change to Legs: Each finds the hard'ning Breast
 Of Rage unknown, and wond'rous Strength possess.
 Their alter'd Looks with Fury grim appear,
 And on the Ground their brushing Tails they hear.
 They haunt the Woods: Their Voices, which before
 Were musically sweet, now hoarsly roar.
 Hence Lions, dreadful to the lab'ring Swains,
 Are tam'd by *Cybele*, and curb'd with Reins,
 And humbly draw her Car along the Plains.
 But thou, *Adonis*, my delightful Care,
 Of these, and Beasts, as fierce as these, beware!
 The Savage, which not shuns thee, timely shun,
 For by rash Prowess should'st thou be undone,
 A double Ruin is contain'd in one.

Thus cautious *Venus* school'd her fav'rite Boy,
 But youthful Heat all Cautions will destroy.
 His sprightly Soul beyond grave Counsels flies,
 While with yok'd Swans the Goddess cuts the Skies.
 His faithful Hounds, led by the tainted Wind,
 Lodg'd in thick Coverts chanc'd a Boar to find.
 The callow Hero show'd a manly Heart,
 And pierc'd the Savage with a side-long Dart.

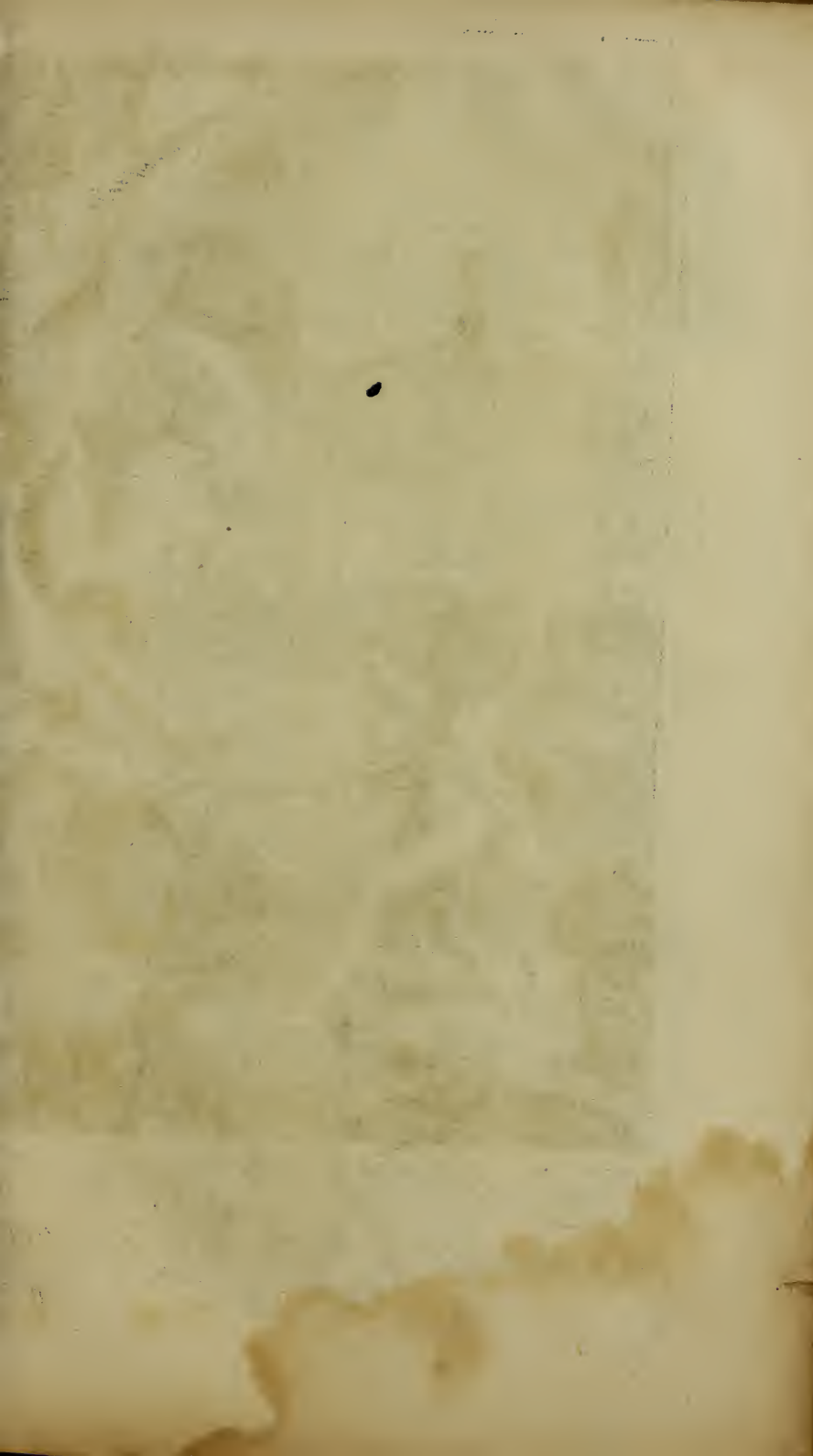
The flying Savage, wounded, turn'd again,
 Wrench'd out the gory Dart, and foam'd with Pain.
 The trembling Boy by Flight his Safety fought,
 And now recall'd the Lore, which *Venus* taught:
 But now too late to fly the Boar he strove,
 Who in the Groin his Tusks impetuous drove,
 On the discolour'd Grass *Adonis* lay,
 The Monster trampling o'er his beauteous Prey.

Fair *Cytheræa*, *Cyprus* scarce in view,
 Heard from afar his Groans, and own'd them true,
 And turn'd her snowy Swans, and backward flew.
 But as she saw him gasp his latest Breath,
 And quiv'ring agonize in Pangs of Death,
 Down with swift Flight she plung'd, nor Rage forbore,
 At once her Garments, and her Hair she tore.
 With cruel Blows she beat her guiltless Breast,
 The Fates upbraided, and her Love confest.
 Nor shall they yet (she cry'd) the Whole devour
 With uncontroul'd, inexorable Pow'r:
 For thee, lost Youth, my Tears and restless Pain
 Shall in immortal Monuments remain.
 With solemn Pomp in annual Rites return'd,
 Be thou for ever, my *Adonis*, mourn'd.
 Could *Pluto's* Queen with jealous Fury storm,
 And *Menthéto* a fragrant Herb transform?
 Yet dares not *Venus* with a Change surprisè,
 And in a Flow'r bid her fall'n Hero rise;
 Then on the Blood sweet Nectar she bestows,
 The scented Blood in little Bubbles rose:
 Little, as rainy Drops, which flutt'ring fly,
 Born by the Winds, along a low'ring Sky.
 Short time ensu'd, till where the Blood was shed,
 A Flow'r began to rear its purple Head:
 Such, as on *Punick* Apples is reveal'd,
 Or in the filmy Rind but half conceal'd.

Still here the Fate of lovely Forms we see,
 So sudden fades the sweet *Anemonè*.
 The feeble Stems, to stormy Blasts a Prey,
 Their sickly Beauties droop, and pine away.
 The Winds forbid the Flow'rs to flourish long,
 Which owe to Winds their Names in *Grecian Song*.

The End of the Tenth Book.







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



O V I D's
METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XI.

Translated by Mr. DRYDEN and Others.

The Death of ORPHEUS.

By Mr. CROXALL.



ERE, while the *Thracian* Bard's en-
chanting Strain
Sooths Beasts, and Woods, and all the
lift'ning Plain,
The Female *Bacchanals*, devoutly
mad,
In shaggy Skins, like savage Crea-
tures clad,

Warbling in Air perceiv'd his lovely Lay,
And from a rising Ground beheld him play.
When one, the wildest, with dishevel'd Hair,
That loosely stream'd, and ruffled in the Air ;

Soon as her frantick Eye the Lyrist spy'd,
 See, see! the Hater of our Sex, she cry'd.
 Then at his Face her missive Javelin sent,
 Which whiz'd along, and brusht him as it went;
 But the soft Wreaths of Ivy twisted round,
 Prevent a deep Impression of the Wound.
 Another, for a Weapon, hurls a Stone,
 Which, by the Sound subdu'd as soon as thrown,
 Falls at his Feet, and with a seeming Sense
 Implores his Pardon for its late Offence.

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

And,

And, least their Passion shou'd be unsupply'd,
 The rabble Crew, by chance, at Distance spy'd
 Where Oxen, straining at the heavy Yoke,
 The fallow'd Field with slow Advances broke ;
 Nigh which the brawny Peasants dug the Soil,
 Procuring Food with long laborious Toil.
 These, when they saw the ranting Throng draw near,
 Quitted their Tools, and fled, possess'd with Fear.
 Long Spades, and Rakes of mighty Size were found,
 Carelessly left upon the broken Ground.
 With these the furious Lunaticks engage,
 And first the lab'ring Oxen feel their Rage ;
 Then to the Poet they return with Speed,
 Whose Fate was, past Prevention, now decreed :
 In vain he lifts his suppliant Hands, in vain
 He tries, before, his never-failing Strain.
 And, from those sacred Lips, whose thrilling Sound
 Fierce Tigers, and incensate Rocks cou'd wound,
 Ah Gods! how moving was the mournful Sight !
 To see the fleeting Soul now take its Flight.
 Thee the soft Warblers of the feather'd Kind
 Bewail'd ; for thee thy savage Audience pin'd ;
 Those Rocks and Woods that oft thy Strain had led,
 Mourn for their Charmer, and lament him dead ;
 And drooping Trees their leafy Glories shed.
 Nāids and Dryads with dishevel'd Hair
 Promiscuous weep, and Scarfs of Sable wear ;
 Nor cou'd the River-Gods conceal their Moan,
 But with new Floods of Tears augment their own.
 His mangled Limbs lay scatter'd all around,
 His Head, and Harp a better Fortune found ;
 In *Hebrus*' Streams they gently roul'd along,
 And sooth'd the Waters with a mournful Song.
 Soft deadly Notes the lifeless Tongue inspire,
 A doleful Tune sounds from the floating Lyre ;

The hollow Banks in solemn Consort mourn,
 And the sad Strain in echoing Groans return.
 Now with the Current to the Sea they glide,
 Born by the Billows of the briny Tide;
 And driv'n where Waves round rocky *Lesbos* roar,
 They strand, and lodge upon *Metymna's* Shore.

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

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

The THRACIAN Women transform'd to Trees.

Bacchus, resolving to revenge the Wrong,
 Of *Orpheus* murder'd, on the madding Throng,
 Decreed that each Accomplice Dame shou'd stand
 Fix'd by the Roots along the conscious Land.
 Their wicked Feet, that late so nimbly ran
 To wreak their Malice on the guiltless Man,
 Sudden with twisted Ligatures were bound,
 Like Trees, deep planted in the turfy Ground.

And,

And, as the Fowler with his subtle Gins,
 His feather'd Captives by the Feet entwines;
 That flutt'ring pant, and struggle to get loose;
 Yet only cloſer draw the fatal Nooſe;
 So theſe were caught; and, as they ſtrove in vain
 To quit the Place, they but increas'd their Pain.
 They ſtounce and toil, yet find themſelves controul'd,
 The Root, tho' pliant, toughly keeps its Hold.
 In vain their Toes, and Feet they look to find,
 For ev'n their ſhapely Legs are cloath'd with Rind.
 One imites her Thighs with a lamenting Stroke,
 And finds the Fleſh transform'd to ſolid Oak;
 Another, with Surprize, and Grief diſtreſt,
 Lays on above, but beats a wooden Breſt.
 A rugged Bark their ſofter Neck invades,
 Their branching Arms ſhoot up delightful Shades;
 At once they ſeem, and are a real Grove,
 With moſſy Trunks below, and verdant Leaves above.

The Fable of MIDAS.

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

Midas from *Orpheus* had been taught his Lore,
 And knew the Rites of *Bacchus* long before.
 He, when he saw his venerable Guest,
 In Honour of the God ordain'd a Feast.
 Ten Days in Course, with each continu'd Night,
 Were spent in genial mirth, and brisk Delight:
 Then on th' Eleventh, when with brighter Ray
Phosphor had chac'd the fading Stars away,
 The King thro' *Lydia's* Fields young *Bacchus* fought,
 And to the God his Foster Father brought.
 Pleas'd with the welcome Sight, he bids him soon
 But name his Wish, and swears to grant the Boon.
 A glorious Offer! yet but ill bestow'd
 On him whose Choice so little Judgment show'd.
 Give me, says he, (nor thought he ask'd too much)
 That with my Body wherefoe'er I touch,
 Chang'd from the Nature which it held of old,
 May be converted into yellow Gold.
 He had his Wish; But yet the God repin'd,
 To think the Fool no better Wish could find.

But the brave King departed from the Place,
 With Smiles of Gladness sparkling in his Face;
 Nor could contain, but, as he took his Way,
 Impatient longs to Make the first Essay.
 Down from a lowly Branch a Twig he drew,
 The Twig strait glitter'd with a golden Hue:
 He takes a Stone, the Stone was turn'd to Gold;
 A Clod he touches, and the crumbling Mold
 Acknowledg'd soon the great transforming Pow'r,
 In Weight and Substance like a Mass of Ore.
 He pluck'd the Corn, and strait his Grasp appears
 Fill'd with a bending Tuft of Golden Ears.
 An Apple next he takes, and seems to hold
 The bright *Hesperian* vegetable Gold.
 His Hand he careless on a Pillar lays,
 With shining Gold the fluted Pillars blaze:

And

And while he washes, as the Servants pour,
His Touch converts the Stream to *Danae's* Show'r.

To see these Miracles so finely wrought,
Fires with transporting Joy his giddy Thought.
The ready Slaves prepare a sumptuous Board,
Spread with rich Dainties for their happy Lord;
Whose pow'rful Hands the Bread no sooner hold,
But its whole Substance is transform'd to Gold:
Up to his Mouth he lifts the fav'ry Meat,
Which turns to Gold as he attempts to eat:
His Patron's noble Juice of purple Hue,
Touch'd by his Lips, a gilded Cordial grew;
Unfit for Drink, and wondrous to behold,
It trickles from his Jaws a fluid Gold.

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

The hungry Wretch, his Folly thus confess,
Touch'd the kind Deity's good-natur'd Breast;
The gentle God annull'd his first Decree,
And from the cruel Compact set him free.
But then, to cleanse him quite from further Harm,
And to dilute the Relicks of the Charm,
He bids him seek the Stream that cuts the Land
Nigh where the Tow'rs of *Lydian Sardis* stand;
Then trace the River to the Fountain Head,
And meet it rising from it's rocky Bed;

There, as the bubbling Tide pours forth amain,
 To plunge his Body in, and wash away the Stain.
 The King instructed to the Fount retires,
 But with the golden Charm the Stream inspires :
 For while this Quality the Man forsakes,
 An equal Pow'r the limpid Water takes ;
 Informs with Veins of Gold the neighb'ring Land,
 And glides along a Bed of golden Sand.

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

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

The

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

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

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

Restless, at last, a private Place he found,
 Then dug a Hole, and told it to the Ground;
 In a low Whisper he reveal'd the Case,
 And cover'd in the Earth, and silent left the Place.

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

The Building of TROY.

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

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

The Story of THETIS, and PEELEUS, &c.

For *Proteus* thus to Virgin *Thetis* said,
 Fair Goddess of the Waves, consent to wed,
 And take some sprightly Lover to your Bed.
 A Son you'll have, the Terror of the Field,
 To whom in Fame, the Pow'r his Sire shall yield.
Jove, who ador'd the Nymph with boundless Love,
 Did from his Breast the dangerous Flame remove.
 He knew the Fates, nor car'd to raise up one,
 Whose Fame and Greatness should eclipse his own.
 On happy *Peleus* he bestow'd her Charms,
 And blest'd his Grandson in the Goddess' Arms.
 A silent Creek *Thessalia's* Coast can show;
 Two Arms project, and shape it like a Bow;
 'Twould make a Bay, But the transparent Tide
 Does scarce the yellow-gravel'd Bottom hide;

For the quick Eye may thro' the liquid Wave
 A firm unweedy level Beach perceive.
 A Grove of fragrant Myrtle near it grows,
 Whose Boughs, tho' thick, a beauteous Grot disclose;
 The well-wrought Fabrick, to discerning Eyes,
 Rather by Art than Nature seems to rise,
 A bridled Dolphin oft fair *Thetis* bore
 To this her lov'd Retreat, her fav'rite Shore:
 Here *Peleus* seiz'd her, slumbring while she lay,
 And urg'd his Suit with all that Love could say:
 But when he found her obstinately coy,
 Resolv'd to force her, and command the Joy;
 The Nymph, o'erpower'd, to Art for Succour flies,
 And various Shapes the eager Youth surprize:
 A Bird she seems, but plies her Wings in vain,
 His Hands the fleeting Substance still detain:
 A branchy Tree high in the Air she grew;
 About its Bark his nimble Arms he threw:
 A Tyger next she glares with flaming Eyes;
 The frighten'd Lover quits his Hold, and flies:
 The Sea-Gods he with sacred Rites adores,
 Then a Libation on the Ocean pours;
 While the fat Entrails crackle in the Fire,
 And Sheets of Smoak in sweet Perfume aspire;
 Till *Proteus* rising from his oozy Bed,
 Thus to the poor desponding Lover said:
 No more in anxious Thoughts your Mind employ,
 For yet you shall possess the dear expected Joy.
 You must once more th' unwary Nymph surprize,
 As in her cooly Grot she slumbring lies;
 Then bind her fast with unrelenting Hands,
 And strain her tender Limbs with knotted Bands.
 Still hold her under ev'ry different Shape,
 Till tir'd she tries no longer to escape.
 Thus he: Then sunk beneath the grassy Flood,
 And broken Accents flutter'd, where he stood.

Bright

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

The Transformation of DÆDALION.

Peleus unmix'd Felicity enjoy'd;
 (Blest in a valiant Son, and virtuous Bride)
 Till Fortune did in Blood his Hands imbrue,
 And his own Brother by curst Chance he slew:
 Then driv'n from *Thessaly*, his native Clime,
Trachinia first gave Shelter to his Crime;
 Where peaceful *Ceyx* mildly fill'd the Throne;
 And like his Sire, the Morning Planet, shone;
 But now, unlike himself, bedew'd with Tears,
 Mourning a Brother lost, his Brow appears:
 First to the Town with Travel spent, and Care,
Peleus, and his small Company repair:
 His Herds, and Flocks the while at Leisure feed,
 On the rich Pasture of a neighb'ring Mead.
 The Prince before the Royal Presence brought,
 Shew'd by the suppliant Olive what he sought;
 Then tells his Name, and Race, and Country right;
 But hides th' unhappy Reason of his Flight.
 He begs the King some little Town to give,
 Where they may safe his faithful Vassals live.
Ceyx reply'd: To all my Bounty flows,
 A hospitable Realm your Suit has chose.

Your

Your glorious Race, and far-reflecting Fame,
 And Grandfire *Jove*, peculiar Favours claim.
 All you can wish, I grant; Entreaties spare;
 My Kingdom (would 'twere worth the sharing) share.

Tears stop'd his Speech: Astonish'd *Peleus* pleads
 To know the Cause from whence his Grief proceeds.
 The Prince reply'd: There's none of ye but deems
 This Hawk was ever such as now it seems:
 Know 'twas a Heroe once, *Dadalion* nam'd,
 For warlike Deeds, and haughty Valour fam'd;
 Like me to that bright Luminary born,
 Who wakes *Aurora*, and brings on the Morn.
 His Fierceness still remains, and Love of Blood,
 Now dread of Birds, and Tyrant of the Wood.
 My Make was softer, Peace my greatest Care;
 But this my Brother wholly bent on War;
 Late Nations fear'd, and routed Armies fled
 That Force, which now the tim'rous Pigeons dread,
 A Daughter he possess'd, divinely fair,
 And scarcely yet had seen her Fifteenth Year;
 Young *Chione*: A thousand Rivals strove
 To win the Maid, and teach her how to love.
Phæbus, and *Mercury* by chance one Day
 From *Delphi*, and *Cyllene* past this Way;
 Together they the Virgin saw: Desire
 At once warm'd both their Breasts with am'rous Fire.
Phæbus resolv'd to wait till Close of Day;
 But *Mercury's* hot Love brook'd no Delay;
 With his entrancing Rod the Maid he charms,
 And unresisted revels in her Arms.
 'Twas Night, and *Phæbus* in a Beldam's Dress,
 To the late rifled Beauty got Access:
 Her time compleat nine circling Moons had run;
 To either God she bore a lovely Son:
 To *Mercury Autolycus* she brought,
 Who turn'd to Thefts, and Tricks his subtle Thought;
 Possess'd:

Possess'd he was of all his Father's Slight,
 At Will made White look black, and black look white.
Philammon born to *Phœbus*, like his Sire,
 The Muses lov'd, and finely struck the Lyre,
 And made his Voice, and Touch in Harmony conspire. }
 In vain, fond Maid, you boast this double Birth,
 The Love of Gods, and Royal Father's Worth,
 And *Jove* among your Ancestors rehearse!
 Could Blessings such as these e'er prove a Curse?
 To her they did, who with audacious Pride,
 Vain of her own, *Diana's* Charms decry'd.
 Her Taunts the Goddesses with resentment fill;
 My Face you like not, you shall try my Skill.
 She said; and strait her vengeful Bow she strung,
 And sent a Shaft that pierc'd her guilty Tongue:
 The bleeding Tongue in vain its Accents tries;
 In the red Stream her Soul reluctant flies.
 With Sorrow wild I ran to her Relief,
 And try'd to moderate my Brother's Grief,
 He, deaf as Rocks by stormy Surges beat,
 Loudly laments, and hears me not intreat.
 When on the Fun'ral Pile he saw her laid,
 Thrice he to rush into the Flames assay'd,
 Thrice with officious Care by us was stay'd. }
 Now, mad with Grief, away he fled amain,
 Like a stung Heifer that resents the Pain,
 And bellowing wildly Bounds along the Plain. }
 O'er the most rugged Ways so fast he ran,
 He seem'd a Bird already, not a Man:
 He left us breathless all behind; and now
 In quest of Death had gain'd *Parnassus's* Brow:
 But when from thence headlong himself he threw,
 He fell not, but with airy Pinions flew.
Phœbus in Pity chang'd him to a Fowl,
 Whose crooked Beak and Claws the Birds controul.
 Little of Bulk, but of a warlike Soul.

A Hawk become, the feather'd Race's Foe,
He tries to ease his own by other's Woe:

A Wolf turn'd into Marble.

While they astonish'd heard the King relate
These Wonders of his hapless Brother's Fate;
The Prince's Herdsman at the Court arrives,
And fresh Surprise to all the Audience gives:
O *Peleus, Pelcus*. dreadful News I bear,
He said; and trembled as he spoke for Fear:
The worst, affrighted *Peleus* bid him tell,
Whilst *Ceyx* too grew pale with friendly Zeal.
Thus he began: When *Sol* Mid-heav'n had gain'd,
And half his Way was past, and half remain'd,
I to the level Shore my Cattle drove,
And let them freely in the Meadows rove;
Some stretch'd at length admire the watry Plain,
Some crop'd the Herb, some wanton swam the Maina.
A Temple stands of antique Make hard by,
Where no gilt Domes, nor Marble lure the Eye;
Unpolish'd Rafters bear it's lowly Height,
Hid by a Grove, as ancient, from the Sight.
Here *Nereus*, and the *Nereids* they adore;
I learnt it from the Man who thither bore
His Net, to dry it on the sunny Shore.
Adjoyns a Lake, inclos'd with Willows round,
Where swelling Waves have overflow'd the Mound,
And, muddy, stagnate on the lower Ground.
From thence a rustling Noise increasing flies,
Strikes the still Shore, and frights us with Surprise.
Strait a huge Wolf rush'd from the marshy Wood,
His Jaws besmear'd with mingled Foam, and Blood.
Tho' equally by Hunger urg'd, and Rage,
His Appetite he minds not to assuage;

Nought

Nought that he meets, his rabid Fury spares,
But the whole herd with mad Disorder tears.
Some of our Men who strove to drive him thence,
Torn by his Teeth, have dy'd in their Defence.
The echoing Lakes, the Sea, and Fields, and Shore,
Impurpled blush with Streams of reeking Gore.
Delay is Loss, nor have we time for Thought;
While yet some few remain alive, we ought
To seize our Arms, and with confederate Force
T' try if we so can stop his bloody Course.
But *Peleus* car'd not for his ruin'd Herd;
His Crime he call'd to Mind, and thence inferr'd,
That *Psamathè's* Revenge this Havock made,
In sacrifice to murder'd *Phocus's* Shade.
The King commands his Servants to their Arms,
Resolv'd to go; but the loud Noise alarms
His lovely Queen, who from her Chamber flew,
And her half plaited Hair behind her threw:
About his Neck she hung with loving Fears,
And now with Words, and now with pleading Tears,
Intreated that he'd send his Men alone,
And stay himself to save two Lives in one.
Then *Peleus*: Your just Fears, O Queen, forget;
Too much the Offer leaves me in your Debt.
No Arms against the Monster I shall bear,
But the Sea Nymphs appease with humble Pray'r.
The Citadel's high Turrets pierce the Sky,
Which home-bound Vessels, glad, from far descry;
This they ascend, and thence with Sorrow ken
The mangled Heifers lye, and bleeding Men;
Th' inexorable Ravager they view,
With Blood discolour'd, still the rest pursue:
There *Peleus* pray'd submissive tow'rd's the Sea,
And deprecates the Ire of injur'd *Psamathè*.
But deaf to all his Pray'rs the Nymph remain'd,
Till *Thetis* for her Spouse the Boon obtain'd.

Pleas'd.

Pleas'd with the Luxury, the furious Beast,
 Unstop'd, continues still his bloody Feast:
 While yet upon a sturdy Bull he flew,
 Chang'd by the Nymph, a Marble Block he grew.
 No longer dreadful now the Wolf appears,
 Bury'd in Stone, and vanish'd like their Fears.
 Yet still the Fates unhappy *Peleus* vex'd;
 To the *Magnesian* Shore he wanders next.
Acastus there, who rul'd the peaceful Clime,
 Grants his Request, and expiates his Crime.

The Story of CEYX and ALCYONE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

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

Tell me, my Lord, she said, what Fault unknown
 Thy once belov'd *Alcyone* has done? }
 Whither, ah whither, is thy Kindness gone!
 Can *Ceyx* then sustain to leave his Wife,
 And unconcern'd forsake the Sweets of Life?

What

What can thy Mind to this long Journey move?
 Or needst thou Absence to renew thy Love?
 Yet, if thou go'st by Land, tho' Grief possess
 My Soul ev'n then, my Fears will be the less.
 But ah! be warn'd to shun the watry Way,
 The Face is frightful of the stormy Sea:
 For late I saw a-drift disjointed Planks,
 And empty Tombs erected on the Banks.
 Nor let falſe Hopes to Trust betray thy Mind,
 Because my Sire in Caves constrains the Wind,
 Can with a Breath their clam'rous Rage appease,
 They fear his Whistle, and forsake the Seas:
 Not so; for once indulg'd, they sweep the Main:
 Deaf to the Call, or hearing, hear in vain;
 But bent on Mischief bear the Waves before,
 And not content with Seas, insult the Shore,
 When Ocean, Air, and Earth at once ingage,
 And rooted Forests fly before their Rage:
 At once the clashing Clouds to Battle move,
 And Lightnings run across the Fields above:
 I know them well, and mark'd their rude Comport,
 While yet a Child within my Father's Court:
 In times of Tempest they command alone,
 And he but sits precarious on the Throne:
 The more I know, the more my Fears augment;
 And Fears are oft prophetick of th' Event.
 But if not Fears, or Reasons will prevail,
 If Fate has fix'd the obstinate to fail,
 Go not without thy Wife, but let me bear
 My Part of Danger with an equal Share,
 And present, what I suffer, only fear:
 Then o'er the bounding Billows shall we fly,
 Secure to live together, or to die.

These Reasons mov'd her warlike Husband's Heart,
 But still he held his Purpose to depart?

For

For as he lov'd her equal to his Life,
 He would not to the Seas expose his Wife;
 Nor could be wrought his Voyage to refrain;
 But fought by Arguments to sooth her Pain:
 Nor these avail'd; at length he lights on one,
 With which so difficult a Cause he won:
 My Love, so short an Absence cease to fear,
 For by my Father's holy Flame I swear,
 Before two Moons their Orb with Light adorn,
 If Heav'n allow me Life, I will return.

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

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

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

And

And now a Breeze from Shoar began to blow,
The Sailors ship their Oars, and cease to row;
Then hoist their Yards a-trip, and all their Sails
Let fall, to court the Wind, and catch the Gales:
By this the Vessel half her Course had run,
And as much rested till the rising Sun;
Both Shoars were lost to Sight, when at the Close
Of Day a stiffer Gale at East arose:
The Sea grew white, the rowling Waves from far,
Like Heralds, first denounce the watry War.

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

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

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

When

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

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

Now all the Waves their scatter'd Force unite,
 And as a Soldier foremost in the Fight,

Makes

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

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

All *Ceyx* his *Alcyone* employs,
 For her he grieves, yet in her Absence joys:
 His Wife he wishes, and would still be near,
 Not her with him, but wishes him with her:
 Now with last Looks he seeks his native Shoar,
 Which Fate has destin'd him to see no more;
 He sought, but in the dark tempestuous Night
 He knew not whither to direct his Sight.
 So whirl the Seas, such Darknes blinds the Sky,
 That the black Night receives a deeper Dye.

The giddy Ship ran round; the Tempest tore
 Her Mast, and over-board the Rudder bore.
 One Billow mounts, and with a scornful Brow,
 Proud of her Conquest gain'd, insults the Waves below;
 Nor lighter falls, than if some Giant tore
Indus and *Athos* with the Freight they bore,
 And toss'd on Seas; press'd with the pond'rous Blow,
 Down sinks the Ship within th' Abyss below:
 Down with the Vessel sink into the Main
 The many, never more to rise again.
 Some few on scatter'd Planks, with fruitless Care,
 Lay hold and swim, but while they swim, despair.

Ev'n he who late a Scepter did command,
 Now grasps a floating Fragment in his Hand;
 And while he struggles on the stormy Main,
 Invokes his Father, and his Wife's, in vain.
 But yet his Consort is his greatest Care;
Alcyone he names amidst his Pray'r;
 Names as a Charm against the Waves and Wind;
 Most in his Mouth, and ever in his Mind.
 Tir'd with his Toil, all Hopes of Safety past,
 From Pray'rs to Wishes he descends at last;
 That his dead Body, wafted to the Sands,
 Might have its Burial from her friendly Hands.
 As oft as he can catch a Gulp of Air,
 And peep above the Seas, he names the Fair;
 And ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,
 Murm'ring *Alcyone* below the Waves:
 At last a falling Billow stops his Breath,
 Breaks o'er his Head, and whelms him underneath.
 Bright *Lucifer* unlike himself appears
 That Night, his heav'nly Form obscur'd with Tears,
 And since he was forbid to leave the Skies,
 He muffled with a Cloud his mournful Eyes.

Mean time *Alcyone* (his Fate unknown)
 Computes how many Nights he had been gone,

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

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

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

The House of SLEEP.

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

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

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

The