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P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS;

B Y

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.

WITH HIS TRAGEDY OF CATO.



P A R I S:

Printed by DIDOT the eldest;

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BARROIS, junior. } Bookfellers;

Quai des Augustins.

M. DCC. LXXX.

P O E M S  
ON  
SEVERAL OCCASIONS

BY  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.

WITH HIS TABLES



P A R T S

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Quil des Anglaises

M. DCC. LXX.

P O E M S  
O N  
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

T O  
Mr. D R Y D E N.

H o w long, great Poet! shall thy sacred lays  
Provoke our wonder, and transcend our praise?  
Can neither injuries of time, or age,  
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?  
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote,  
Grief chill'd his breast, and check'd his rising thought;  
Pensive and sad, his drooping muse betrays  
The Roman genius in its last decays.

Prevailing warmth has still thy mind possess'd,  
And second youth is kindled in thy breast;  
Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,  
And England boasts of riches not her own;  
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,  
And Horace wonders at himself in thee.  
Thou teachest Persius to inform our isle  
In smoother numbers, and a clearer style;

And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,  
Edges his satire, and improves his rage.  
Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,  
And still out-shines the bright original.

Now Ovid boasts th' advantage of thy song,  
And tells his story in the British tongue;  
Thy charming verse, and fair translations, show  
How thy own laurel first began to grow;  
How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry gods,  
And frighted at himself, ran howling through the woods.

O may'st thou still the noble task prolong,  
Nor age, nor sickness interrupt thy song:  
Then may we wond'ring read, how human limbs  
Have water'd kingdoms, and dissolv'd in streams;  
Of those rich fruits that on the fertile mould  
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold:  
How some in feathers, or a ragged hide,  
Have liv'd a second life, and diff'rent natures try'd.  
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal  
A nobler change than he himself can tell.

Magd. Coll. Oxon,

June 2. 1693.

The Author's Age 22.

A  
P O E M  
T O H I S  
\* M A J E S T Y.

PRESENTED TO THE RIGHT  
H O N O U R A B L E

Sir JOHN SOMERS,

LORD KEEPER of the GREAT SEAL.

*I*F yet your thoughts are loose from state affairs,  
Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares,  
If yet your time and actions are your own,  
Receive the present of a muse unknown:  
A muse that in advent'rous numbers sings  
The rout of armies, and the fall of kings,  
Britain advanc'd, and Europe's peace restor'd,  
By SOMERS' counsels, and by NASSAU's sword.

\* King William. Printed in the year 1695. The author's  
age, 24.

*To you, my Lord, these daring thoughts belong,  
 Who help'd to raise the subject of my song;  
 To you the Hero of my verse reveals  
 His great designs, to you in council tells  
 His inmost thoughts, determining the doom  
 Of towns unstorm'd, and battles yet to come.  
 And well could you, in your immortal strains,  
 Describe his conduct, and reward his pains:  
 But since the state has all your cares engroft,  
 And poetry in higher thoughts is lost,  
 Attend to what a lesser muse indites,  
 Pardon her faults, and countenance her flights.*

*On you, my Lord, with anxious fear I wait,  
 And from your judgment must expect my fate,  
 Who, free from vulgar passions, are above  
 Degrading envy, or misguided love;  
 If you, well-pleas'd, shall smile upon my lays,  
 Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raise,  
 For next to what you write, is what you praise.*



T O T H E  
K I N G.

W H E N now the bus'ness of the field is o'er,  
The trumpets sleep, and cannons cease to roar,  
When ev'ry dismal echo is decay'd,  
And all the thunder of the battel laid;  
Attend, auspicious Prince, and let the muse,  
In humble accents milder thoughts infuse.

Others, in bold prophetic numbers skill'd,  
Set thee in arms, and lead thee to the field;  
My muse expecting on the British strand  
Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land:  
She oft has seen thee pressing on the foe,  
When Europe was concern'd in ev'ry blow;  
But durst not in heroic strains rejoice;  
The trumpets, drums, and cannons drown'd her voice:  
She saw the Boyne run thick with human gore,  
And floating corps lie bearing on the shore;  
She saw thee climb the banks, but try'd in vain  
To trace her Hero through the dusty plain,  
When through the thick embattell'd lines he broke,  
Now plung'd amidst the foes, now lost in clouds of smokes.

O that some muse renown'd for lofty verse,  
 In daring numbers would thy toils rehearse!  
 Draw thee belov'd in peace, and fear'd in wars,  
 Inur'd to noon-day sweats, and midnight cares!  
 But still the god-like man, by some hard fate,  
 Receives the glory of his toils too late;  
 Too late the verse the mighty act succeeds,  
 One age the hero, one the poet breeds.

A thousand years in full succession ran,  
 Ere Virgil rais'd his voice and sung the man,  
 Who, driv'n by stress of fate, such dangers bore  
 On stormy seas, and a disastrous shore,  
 Before he settled in the promis'd earth,  
 And gave the empire of the world its birth.

Troy long had found the Grecians bold and fierce,  
 Ere Homer muster'd up their troops in verse;  
 Long had Achilles quell'd the Trojans lust,  
 And laid the labour of the gods in dust,  
 Before the tow'ring muse began her flight;  
 And drew the hero raging in the fight,  
 Engag'd in tented fields, and rolling floods,  
 Or slaughter'd mortals, or a match for gods.

And here, perhaps, by fate's unerring doom,  
 Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,  
 That shall in WILLIAM's god-like acts engage,  
 And with his battels, warm a future age.  
 Hibernian fields shall here thy conquests show,  
 And Boyne be sung, when it has ceas'd to flow;  
 Here Gallic labours shall advance thy fame,  
 And here Seneffe shall wear another name.

Our late posterity, with secret dread,  
Shall view thy battels, and with pleasure read,  
How, in the bloody field too near advanc'd,  
The guiltless bullet on thy shoulder glanc'd.

The race of NASSAUS was by heav'n design'd  
To curb the proud oppressors of mankind,  
To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,  
And fight in ev'ry injur'd nation's cause,  
The world's great patriots; they for justice call,  
And as they favour, kingdoms rise or fall.  
Our British youth, unus'd to rough alarms,  
Careless of fame, and negligent of arms,  
Had long forgot to meditate the foe,  
And heard unwarm'd the martial trumpet blow;  
But now, inspir'd by thee, with fresh delight,  
Their swords they brandish, and require the fight,  
Renew their ancient conquests on the main,  
And act their fathers triumphs o'er again;  
Fir'd, when they hear how Agincourt was strow'd  
With Gallic corps, and Cressi swam in blood,  
With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all  
Who first shall storm the breach, or mount the wall.  
In vain the thronging enemy by force,  
Would clear the ramparts, and repel their course;  
They break through all, for WILLIAM leads the way,  
Where fires rage most, and loudest engines play.  
Namure's late terrors and destruction show,  
What WILLIAM, warm'd with just revenge, can do.  
Where once a thousand turrets rais'd on high  
Their gilded spires, and glitter'd in the sky,

An undistinguish'd heap of dust is found,  
And all the pile lies smoaking on the ground.

His toils for no ignoble ends design'd,  
Promote the common welfare of mankind;  
No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears,  
The cries of orphans, and the widow's tears;  
Oppress'd religion gives the first alarms,  
And injur'd justice sets him in his arms;  
His conquests freedom to the world afford,  
And nations bless the labours of his sword.

Thus when the forming muse would copy forth  
A perfect pattern of heroic worth,  
She sets a man triumphant in the field,  
O'er giants cloven down, and monsters kill'd,  
Reeking in blood, and smear'd with dust and sweat,  
Whilst angry gods conspire to make him great.

Thy navy rides on seas before unprest,  
And strikes a terror through the haughty East;  
Algiers and Tunis from their sultry shoar  
With horrour hear the British engines roar,  
Fain from the neighb'ring dangers would they run,  
And wish themselves still nearer to the sun.  
The Gallic ships are in their ports confin'd,  
Deny'd the common use of sea and wind,  
Nor dare again the British strength engage;  
Still they remember that destructive rage,  
Which lately made their trembling host retire,  
Stunn'd with the noise, and wrapt in smoke and fire;  
The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were strow'd,  
And planks, and arms, and men, promiscuous flow'd.

Spain's num'rous fleet that perish'd on our coast,  
 Could scarce a longer line of battel boast,  
 The winds could hardly drive them to their fate,  
 And all the ocean labour'd with the weight.

Where-e'er the waves in restless errors roll,  
 The sea lies open now to either pole:  
 Now may we safely use the Northern gales,  
 And in the Polar Circle spread our sails;  
 Or deep in Southern climes, secure from wars,  
 New lands explore, and sail by other stars;  
 Fetch uncontroul'd each labour of the sun,  
 And make the product of the world our own.

At length, proud prince, ambitious Lewis, cease  
 To plague mankind, and trouble Europe's peace;  
 Think on the structures which thy pride has raz'd,  
 On towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waste;  
 Think on the heaps of corps, and streams of blood;  
 On ev'ry guilty plain, and purple flood,  
 Thy arms have made, and cease an impious war,  
 Nor waste the lives entrusted to thy care.  
 Or if no milder thought can calm thy mind,  
 Behold the great avenger of mankind,  
 See mighty NASSAU through the battle ride,  
 And see thy subjects gasping by his side:  
 Fain would the pious prince refuse th' alarm,  
 Fain would he check the fury of his arm;  
 But when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,  
 The hero kindles with becoming rage,  
 Then countries stoln, and captives unrestor'd,  
 Give strength to ev'ry blow, and edge his sword.

Behold with what resistless force he falls  
On towns besieg'd, and thunders at thy walls!  
Ask Villeroy, for Villeroy beheld  
The town surrender'd, and the treaty seal'd;  
With what amazing strength the forts were won,  
Whilst the whole pow'r of France stood looking on.

But stop not here: behold where Berkley stands,  
And executes his injur'd king's commands;  
Around thy coast his bursting bombs he pours  
On flaming citadels, and falling tow'rs;  
With hissing streams of fire the air they streak,  
And hurl destruction round them where they break;  
The skies with long ascending flames are bright,  
And all the sea reflects a quiv'ring light.

Thus *Aetna*, when in fierce eruptions broke,  
Fills heav'n with ashes, and the earth with smoke;  
Here trags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,  
Here molten stones and scatter'd cinders fly:  
Its fury reaches the remotest coast,  
And strows the Asiatic shore with dust.

Now does the sailor from the neighb'ring main  
Look after Gallic towns and forts in vain;  
No more his wonted marks he can descry,  
But sees a long unmeasur'd ruin lie;  
Whilst, pointing to the naked coast, he shows,  
His wond'ring mates where towns and steeples rose,  
Where clouded citizens he lately view'd,  
And singles out the place where once *St. Malo's* stood.

Here *Ruffel's* actions should my muse require;  
And would my strength but second my desire,

T'd all his boundless bravery rehearse,  
 And draw his cannons thund'ring in my verse;  
 High on the deck should the great leader stand,  
 Wrath in his look, and light'ning in his hand;  
 Like Homer's Hector when he flang his fire  
 Amidst a thousand ships, and made all Greece retire.

But who can run the British triumphs o'er,  
 And count the flames dispers'd on ev'ry shore?  
 Who can describe the scatter'd victory,  
 And draw the reader on from sea to sea?  
 Else who could Ormond's god-like acts refuse,  
 Ormond the theme of ev'ry Oxford muse?  
 Fain would I here his mighty worth proclaim,  
 Attend him in the noble chafe of fame,  
 Through all the noise and hurry of the fight,  
 Observe each blow, and keep him still in fight.  
 Oh, did our British peers thus court renown,  
 And grace the coats their great fore-fathers won!  
 Our arms would then triumphantly advance,  
 Nor Henry be the last that conquer'd France.  
 What might not England hope, if such abroad  
 Purchas'd their country's honour with their blood:  
 When such, detain'd at home, support our state  
 In WILLIAM's stead, and bear a kingdom's weight,  
 The schemes of Gallic policy o'erthrow,  
 And blast the counsels of the common foe;  
 Direct our armies and distribute right,  
 And render our MARIA's loss more light.

But stop, my muse, th' ungrateful sound forbear,  
 MARIA's name still wounds each British ear:

Each British heart Maria still does wound,  
And tears burst out unbidden at the sound;  
MARIA still our rising mirth destroys,  
Darkens our triumphs, and forbids our joys.

But see, at length, the British ships appear!  
Our NASSAU comes! and as his fleet draws near,  
The rising masts advance, the sails grow white,  
And all his pompous navy floats in sight.  
Come, mighty prince, desir'd of Britain, come!  
May heav'n's propitious gales attend thee home!  
Come, and let longing crowds behold that look,  
Which such confusion and amazement strook  
Through Gallic hosts: but, oh! let us descry  
Mirth in thy brow, and pleasure in thy eye;  
Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found,  
But for a-while forget the trumpets sound;  
Well-pleas'd, thy people's loyalty approve,  
Accept their duty, and enjoy their love.  
For as when lately mov'd with fierce delight,  
You plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight,  
Whole heaps of death encompass'd you around,  
And steeds o'er-turn'd lay foaming on the ground:  
So crown'd with laurels now, where-e'er you go,  
Around you blooming joys, and peaceful blessings flow.



A  
TRANSLATION  
OF ALL  
VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGIC,  
Except the Story of ARISTAEUS.

ETHERIAL sweets shall next my muse engage,  
And this, Mæcenas, claims your patronage.  
Of little creatures wond'rous acts I treat,  
The ranks and mighty leaders of their state,  
Their laws, employments, and their wars relate.  
A trifling theme provokes my humble lays,  
Trifling the theme, not so the poet's praise,  
If great Apollo and the tuneful nine  
Join in the piece to make the work divine.

First, for your bees a proper station find,  
That's fenc'd about, and shelter'd from the wind;  
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive  
The swarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive.  
Nor sheep, nor goats, must pasture near their stores,  
To trample under foot the springing flowers;  
Nor frisking heifers bound about the place,  
To spurn the dew-drops off, and bruise the rising grass;

Nor must the lizard's painted brood appear,  
Nor wood-pecks, nor the swallow harbour neat.  
They waste the swarms, and as they fly along  
Convey the tender morsels to their young.

Let purling streams, and fountains edg'd with moss,  
And shallow rills run trickling through the grass;  
Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,  
Or palms shoot up, and shade the streams below;  
That when the youth, led by their princes, shun  
The crouded hive, and sport it in the sun,  
Refreshing springs may tempt them from the heat,  
And shady coverts yield a cool retreat.

Whether the neighb'ring water stands or runs,  
Lay twigs across, and bridge it o'er with stones;  
That if rough storms, or sudden blasts of wind  
Should dip or scatter those that lag behind,  
Here they may settle on the friendly stone,  
And dry their reeking pinions at the sun.  
Plant all the flow'ry banks with lavender,  
With store of sav'ry scent the fragrant air,  
Let running betony the field o'erspread,  
And fountains soak the violet's dewy bed.

Though barks or plaited willows make your hive,  
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive;  
For colds congeal and freeze the liquors up,  
And, melted down with heat, the waxen buildings drop.  
The bees of both extremes alike afraid,  
Their wax around the whistling cranies spread,  
And suck out clammy dews from herbs and flowers,  
To smear the chinks, and plaister up the pores:

For this they hoard up glew, whose clinging drops,  
 Like pitch or birdlime, hang in stringy ropes.  
 They oft, 'tis said, in dark retirements dwell,  
 And work in subterraneous caves their cell;  
 At other times th' industrious insects live  
 In hollow rocks, or make a tree their-hive.

Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,  
 And leaves must thinly on your work be strow'd;  
 But let no baleful yew-tree flourish near,  
 Nor rotten marshes send out steams of mire;  
 Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire.  
 Nor neighb'ring caves return the dying sound,  
 Nor echoing rocks the doubled-voice rebound.  
 Things thus prepar'd —————

When th' under-world is seiz'd with cold and night,  
 And summer here descends in streams of light,  
 The bees through woods and forests take their flight:  
 They rife ev'ry flow'r, and lightly skim  
 The chrystal brook, and sip the running stream;  
 And thus they feed their young with strange delight,  
 And knead the yielding wax, and work the slimy sweet.  
 But when on high you see the bees repair,  
 Born on the winds through distant tracts of air,  
 And view the winged cloud all black'ning from afar;  
 While shady coverts, and fresh streams they chuse,  
 Milfoil and common honey-suckles bruise,  
 And sprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice.  
 On brazen vessels beat a tinkling sound,  
 And shake the cymbals of the goddess round;

Then all will hastily retreat, and fill  
The warm resounding hollow of their cell.

If once two rival kings their right debate,  
And factions and cabals embroil the state,  
The peoples actions will their thoughts declare;  
All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;  
Hoarse broken sounds, like trumpets' harsh alarms,  
Run through the hive, and call them to their arms;  
All in a hurry spread their shiv'ring wings,  
And fit their claws, and point their angry stings:  
In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,  
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight:  
At last, when all the heav'ns are warm and fair,  
They rush together out, and join; the air  
Swarms thick, and echoes with the humming war.  
All in a firm round cluster mix, and strow  
With heaps of little corps the earth below;  
As thick as hail-stones from the floor rebound,  
Or shaken acorns rattle on the ground.  
No sense of danger can their kings controul,  
Their little bodies lodge a mighty soul:  
Each obstinate in arms pursues his blow,  
'Till shameful flight secures the routed foe.  
This hot dispute, and all this mighty fray  
A little dust flung upward will allay.

But when both kings are settled in their hive,  
Mark him who looks the worst, and lest he live  
Idle at home in ease and luxury,  
The lazy monarch must be doom'd to die;

So let the royal insect rule alone,  
And reign without a rival in his throne.

The kings are diff'rent; one of better note  
All speckt with gold, and many a shining spot,  
Looks gay, and glistens in a gilded coat;  
But love of ease, and sloth in one prevails,  
That scarce his hanging paunch behind him trails:  
The people's looks are diff'rent as their king's,  
Some sparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;  
Others look lothsome and diseas'd with sloth,  
Like a faint traveller, whose dusty mouth  
Grows dry with heat, and spits a maukish froth.  
The first are best ———

From their o'erflowing combs, you'll often press  
Pure luscious sweets, that mingling in the glass  
Correct the harshness of the racy juice,  
And a rich flavour through the wine diffuse.  
But when they sport abroad, and rove from home;  
And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfinish'd comb;  
Their airy ramblings are with ease confin'd;  
Clip their king's wings, and if they stay behind  
No bold usurper dares invade their right,  
Nor sound a march, nor give the sign for flight.  
Let flow'ry banks entice them to their cells,  
And gardens all perfum'd with native smells;  
Where carv'd Priapus has his fix'd abode,  
The robber's terror, and the scare-crow god.  
Wild thyme and pine-trees from their barren hill  
Transplant, and nurse them in the neighb'ring soil,

Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy sloth,  
But water them, and urge their shady growth.

And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,  
And striking sail, and making to the shore,  
I'd shew what art the gardner's toils requite,  
Why rosy Pæstum blushes twice a year;  
What streams the verdant succory supply,  
And how the thirsty plant drinks rivers dry;  
What with a chearful green does parsley grace,  
And wriches the bellying cucumber along the twisted graze;  
Nor would I pass the soft acanthus o'er,  
Ivy, nor myrtle-trees that love the shore;  
Nor daffadils, that late from earth's flow womb  
Unrumple their swoln buds, and show their yellow bloom.

For once I saw in the Tarentine vale,  
Where slow Galefus drench'd the washy soil,  
An old Corician yeoman, who had got  
A few neglected acres to his lot,  
Where neither corn, nor pasture grac'd the field,  
Nor would the vine her purple harvest yield;  
But sav'ry herbs among the thorns were found,  
Vervain and poppy-flow'rs his garden crown'd,  
And drooping lillies whiten'd all the ground.  
Blest with these riches he could empires slight,  
And when he rested from his toils at night,  
The earth unpurchas'd dainties would afford,  
And his own garden furnish out his board:  
The spring did first his op'ning roses blow,  
First rip'ning autumn bent his fruitful bough.

When piercing colds had burst the brittle stone,  
 And freezing rivers stiffen'd as they run,  
 He then would prune the tender'st of his trees,  
 Chide the late spring, and ling'ring western breeze:  
 His bees first swarm'd, and made his vessels foam  
 With the rich squeezing of the juicy comb.  
 Here lindens, and the sappy pine increas'd;  
 Here, when gay flow'rs his smiling orchard dress'd,  
 As many blossoms as the spring could show,  
 So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.  
 In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,  
 And thorns ennobled now to bear a plumb,  
 And spreading plane-trees, where supinely laid  
 He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the shade.  
 But these for want of room I must omit,  
 And leave for future poets to recite.

Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,  
 Which Jove himself did on the bees confer;  
 Because, invited by the timbrel's sound,  
 Lodg'd in a cave, th' almighty babe they found,  
 And the young god nurs'd kindly under ground.

Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air,  
 These only make their young their public care:  
 In well-dispos'd societies they live,  
 And laws and statutes regulate their hive;  
 Nor stray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,  
 But know set stations, and a fix'd abode:  
 Each provident of cold in summer flies  
 Through fields and woods, to seek for new supplies,  
 And in the common stock unloads his thighs.

Some watch the food, some in the meadows ply,  
Taste ev'ry bud, and suck each blossom dry;  
Whilst others, lab'ring in their cells at home,  
Temper Narcissus' clammy tears with gum,  
For the first ground-work of the golden comb;  
On this they found their waxen works, and raise  
The yellow fabric on his glewy base.

Some educate the young, or hatch the seed  
With vital warmth, and future nations breed;  
Whilst others thicken all the slimy dews,  
And into purest honey work the juice;  
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and swell  
With luscious nectar ev'ry flowing cell.

By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes  
Survey the heav'ns, and search the clouded skies  
To find out breeding storms, and tell what tempests rise.  
By turns they ease the loaden swarms, or drive  
The drone, a lazy insect, from their hive.

The work is warmly ply'd through all the cells,  
And strong with thyme the new-made honey smells.

So in their caves the brawny Cyclops sweat,  
When with huge strokes the stubborn wedge they beat,  
And all th' unshapen thunder-bolt compleat;  
Alternately their hammers rise and fall;  
Whilst griping tongs turn round the glowing ball.  
With puffing bellows some the flames increase,  
And some in waters dip the hissing mass;  
Their beaten anvils dreadfully resound,  
And Ætna shakes all o'er, and thunders under ground.



Thus, if great things we may with small compare,  
 The busy swarms their diff'rent labours share.  
 Desire of profit urges all degrees;  
 The aged insects, by experience wise,  
 Attend the comb, and fashion ev'ry part,  
 And shape the waxen fret-work out with art:  
 The young at night, returning from their toils,  
 Bring home their thighs clog'd with the meadows spoils.  
 On lavender, and saffron buds they feed,  
 On bending osiers, and the balmy reed,  
 From purple vi'lets and the teal they bring  
 Their gather'd sweets, and rife all the spring.

All work together, all together rest,  
 The morning still renews their labours past;  
 Then all rush out, their diff'rent tasks pursue,  
 Sit on the bloom, and suck the rip'ning dew;  
 Again when ev'ning warns them to their home,  
 With weary wings, and heavy thighs they come,  
 And croud about the chink, and mix a drowsy hum.  
 Into their cells at length they gently creep,  
 There all the night their peaceful station keep,  
 Wrapt up in silence, and dissolv'd in sleep.  
 None range abroad when winds or storms are nigh,  
 Nor trust their bodies to a faithless sky,  
 But make small journies, with a careful wing,  
 And fly to water at a neighb'ring spring;  
 And lest their airy bodies should be cast  
 In restless whirls, the sport of ev'ry blast,  
 They carry stones to poise them in their flight,  
 As ballast keeps th' unsteady vessel right.

But of all customs that the bees can boast,  
'Tis this may challenge admiration most;  
That none will Hymen's softer joys approve,  
Nor waste their spirits in luxurious love,  
But all a long virginity maintain,  
And bring forth young without a mother's pain:  
From herbs and flow'rs they pick each tender bee,  
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny;  
From these they chuse out subjects, and create  
A little monarch of the rising state;  
Then build wax-kingdoms for the infant prince,  
And form a palace for his residence.

But often in their journies, as they fly,  
On flints they tear their silken wings, or lie  
Gro'ling beneath their flow'ry load, and die.  
Thus love of honey can an insect fire,  
And in a fly such gen'rous thoughts inspire.  
Yet by re-peopling their decaying state,  
Though seven short springs conclude their vital date,  
Their ancient stocks eternally remain,  
And in an endless race the childrens children reign.

No prostrate vassal of the East can more  
With slavish fear his haughty prince adore;  
His life unites them all; but when he dies,  
All in loud tumults and distractions rise;  
They waste their honey, and their combs deface,  
And wild confusion reigns in ev'ry place.  
Him all admire, all the great guardian own,  
And croud about his courts, and buzz about his throne.

Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear,  
 Oft in his cause embattled in the air,  
 Pursue a glorious death, in wounds and war.

Some from such instances as these have taught  
 » The bees extract is heav'nly; for they thought  
 » The universe alive; and that a soul,  
 » Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,  
 » To all the vast unbounded frame was giv'n,  
 » And ran through earth, and air, and sea, and all the deep  
 » That this first kindled life in man and beast, [of heav'n;  
 » Life that again flows into this at last.  
 » That no compounded animal could die,  
 » But when dissolv'd, the spirit mounted high,  
 » Dwelt in a star, and settled in the sky.

When-e'er their balmy sweets you mean to seize,  
 And take the liquid labours of the bees,  
 Spurt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive  
 A lothsome cloud of smoak amidst their hive.

Twice in the year their flow'ry toils begin,  
 And twice they fetch their dewy harvest in;  
 Once when the lovely Pleiades arise,  
 And add fresh lustre to the summer skies;  
 And once when hast'ning from the watry sign  
 They quit their station, and forbear to shine.

The bees are prone to rage, and often found  
 To perish for revenge, and die upon the wound.  
 Their venom'd sting produces aking pains,  
 And swells the flesh, and shoots among the veins.

When first a cold hard winter's storms arrive,  
 And threaten death or famine to their hive,

If now their sinking state and low affairs  
 Can move your pity, and provoke your cares,  
 Fresh burning thyme before their cells convey,  
 And cut their dry and husky wax away;  
 For often lizards seize the luscious spoils,  
 Or drones that riot on another's toils:  
 Oft broods of moths infest the hungry swarms,  
 And oft the furious wasp their hive alarms,  
 With louder hums, and with unequal arms;  
 Or else the spider at their entrance sets  
 Her snares, and spins her bowels into nets.

When sickness reigns ( for they as well as we  
 Feel all th' effects of frail mortality )  
 By certain marks the new disease is seen,  
 Their colour changes, and their looks are thin;  
 Their fun'ral rites are form'd, and ev'ry bee  
 With grief attends the sad solemnity;  
 The few diseas'd survivors hang before  
 Their sickly cells, and droop about the door,  
 Or slowly in their hives their limbs unfold,  
 Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold;  
 In drawling hums, the feeble insects grieve,  
 And doleful buzzes echo through the hive,  
 Like winds that softly murmur through the trees,  
 Like flames pent up, or like retiring seas.  
 Now lay fresh honey near their empty rooms,  
 In troughs of hollow reeds, whilst frying gums  
 Cast round a fragrant mist of spicy fumes.  
 Thus kindly tempt the famish'd swarm to eat,  
 And gently reconcile them to their meag.

Mix juice of galls, and wine, that grow in time  
 Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a slime;  
 To these dry'd roses, thyme and centry join,  
 And raisins ripen'd on the Pſythian vine.

Besides, there grows a flow'r in marshy ground,  
 Its name Amellus, easy to be found;  
 A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves  
 The sprouting stalk, and shews itself in leaves:  
 The flow'r itself is of a golden hue,  
 The leaves inclining to a darker blue,  
 The leaves shoot thick about the flow'r, and grow  
 Into a bush, and shade the turf below;  
 The plant in holy garlands often twines  
 The altars' posts, and beautifies the shrines;  
 Its taste is sharp, in vales new-shorn it grows,  
 Where Mella's stream in watry mazes flows.  
 Take plenty of its roots, and boil them well  
 In wine, and heap them up before the cell.

But if the whole stock fail, and none survive;  
 To raise new people, and recruit the hive,  
 I'll here the great experiment declare,  
 That spread th' Arcadian shepherd's name so far.  
 How bees from blood of slaughter'd bulls have fled,  
 And swarms amidst the red corruption bred.

For where th' Egyptians yearly see their bounds  
 Refresh'd with floods, and sail about their grounds,  
 Where Persia borders, and the rolling Nile  
 Drives swiftly down the swarthy Indians' foil,  
 'Till into seven it multiplies its stream,  
 And fattens Egypt with a fruitful slime:

In this last practice all their hope remains,  
And long experience justifies their pains.

First then a close contracted space of ground,  
With straighten'd walls and low built roof they found;  
A narrow shelving light is next assign'd  
To all the quarters, one to ev'ry wind;  
Through these the glancing rays obliquely pierce;  
Hither they lead a bull that's young and fierce,  
When two years growth of horn he proudly shows,  
And shakes the comely terrors of his brows:  
His nose and mouth, the avenues of breath,  
They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death.  
With violence to life and stifling pain  
He flings and spurns, and tries to snort in vain,  
Loud heavy mows fall thick on ev'ry side,  
'Till his bruis'd bowels burst within the hide.  
When dead they leave him rotting on the ground,  
With branches, thyme, and cassia, strow'd around.  
All this is done when first the western breeze  
Becalms the year, and smooths the troubled seas;  
Before the chat'ring swallow builds her nest,  
Or fields in spring's embroidery are drest.  
Mean while the tainted juice ferments within,  
And quickens as it works: and now are seen  
A wond'rous swarm, that o'er the carcass crawls,  
Of shapeless, rude, unfinish'd animals.  
No legs at first the insect's weight sustain,  
At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;  
Now strikes the air with quiv'ring wings, and tries  
To lift its body up, and learns to rise;

Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears  
 Full grown, and all the bee at length appears;  
 From ev'ry side the fruitful carcass pours  
 Its swarming brood, as thick as summer-show'rs,  
 Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,  
 When twanging strings first shoot them on the foes.

Thus have I sung the nature of the bee;  
 While Cæsar, tow'ring to divinity,  
 The frighted Indians with his thunder aw'd,  
 And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a god;  
 I flourish'd all the while in arts of peace,  
 Retir'd and shelter'd in inglorious ease:  
 I who before the songs of shepherds made,  
 When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,  
 And set my Tityrus beneath his shade.

A

## S O N G.

For St. CECILIA's Day at Oxford.

I.

**C**ECILIA, whose exalted hymns  
 With joy and wonder fill the blest,  
 In choirs of warbling seraphims  
 Known and distinguish'd from the rest,  
 Attend, harmonious faint, and see,  
 Thy vocal sons of harmony ;  
 Attend, harmonious faint, and hear our pray'rs ;  
 Enliven all our earthly airs,  
 And, as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee ;  
 Tune ev'ry string and ev'ry tongue,  
 Be thou the muse and subject of our song.

II.

Let all CECILIA's praise proclaim,  
 Employ the echo in her name.  
 Hark ! how the flutes and trumpets raise,  
 At bright CECILIA's name, their lays ;  
 The organ labours in her praise.  
 CECILIA's name does all our numbers grace,  
 From ev'ry voice the tuneful accents fly,  
 In soaring trebles now it rises high,  
 And now it sinks, and dwells upon the base.



CECILIA'S name through all the notes we sing,  
 The work of ev'ry skilful tongue,  
 The sound of ev'ry trembling string,  
 The sound and triumph of our song.

## III.

For ever consecrate the day,  
 To music and CECILIA;  
 Music, the greatest good that mortals know,  
 And all of heav'n we have below.

Music can noble hints impart,  
 Engender fury, kindle love;  
 With unsuspected eloquence can move,  
 And manage all the man with secret art.

When Orpheus strikes the trembling lyre,  
 The streams stand still, the stones admire;  
 The list'ning savages advance,  
 The wolf and lamb around him trip,  
 The bears in awkward measures leap,  
 And tygers mingle in the dance.

The moving woods attended as he play'd,  
 And Rhodope was left without a shade.

## IV.

Music religious heat inspires,  
 It wakes the soul, and lifts it high,  
 And wings it with sublime desires,  
 And fits it to bespeak the Deity.

Th' Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,  
 And seems well-pleas'd and courted with a song.  
 Soft moving sounds and heav'nly airs  
 Give force to ev'ry word, and recommend our pray'rs.

When time itself shall be no more,  
 And all things in confusion hurl'd,  
 Music shall then exert its pow'r,  
 And sound survive the ruins of the world :

Then saints and angels shall agree  
 In one eternal jubilee :  
 All heav'n shall echo with their hymns divine,  
 And God himself with pleasure see  
 The whole creation in a chorus join.

## C H O R U S.

Consecrate the place and day,  
 To music and CECILIA.  
 Let no rough winds approach, nor dare  
 Invade the hallow'd bounds,  
 Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,  
 Nor spoil the fleeting sounds.  
 Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,  
 But gladness dwell on ev'ry tongue ;  
 Whilst all, with voice and strings prepar'd,  
 Keep up the loud harmonious song,  
 And imitate the blest above,  
 In joy, and harmony, and love.

A N  
A C C O U N T  
OF THE GREATEST  
E N G L I S H P O E T S.

To Mr. HENRY SACHEVERELL, April 3. 1694.

*S*INCE, dearest HARRY, you will needs request  
 A short account of all the muse possest, [times,  
 That down from CHAUCER'S days to DRYDEN'S  
 Have spent their noble rage in British rhimes;  
 Without more preface, writ in formal length,  
 To speak the undertaker's want of strength.  
 I'll try to make their sev'ral beauties known,  
 And show their verses worth, though not my own.

Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,  
 Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful nine;  
 'Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,  
 And many a story told in rhyme, and prose.  
 But age has rusted what the poet writ,  
 Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit;

In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,  
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.

Old Spenser next, warm'd with poetic rage;  
In ancient tales amus'd a barb'rous age;  
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,  
Where-e'er the poet's fancy led, pursu'd  
Through pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,  
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.  
But now the mystic tale, that pleas'd of yore,  
Can charm an understanding age no more;  
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,  
While the dull moral lies too plain below.  
We view well pleas'd at distance all the fights  
Of arms and palfries, battles, fields, and fights,  
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights.  
But when we look too near, the shades decay,  
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.

Great Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote  
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:  
His turns too closely on the reader press:  
He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less.  
One glitt'ring thought no sooner strikes our eyes  
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise.  
As in the milky-way a shining white  
O'er-flows the heav'ns with one continu'd light;  
That not a single star can shew his rays,  
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.  
Pardon, great poet, that I dare to name  
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame;

Thy fault is only wit in its excess :  
 But wit like thine in any shape will please.  
 What muse but thine can equal hints inspire,  
 And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre ?  
 Pindar, whom others in a labour'd strain,  
 And forc'd expression, imitate in vain !  
 Well pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight, [ flight.  
 And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a nobler  
 Blest man ! whose spotless life and charming lays  
 Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise :  
 Blest man ! who now shalt be for ever known,  
 In Sprat's successful labours and thy own.

But Milton next, with high and haughty stalks,  
 Unfetter'd in majestic numbers walks ;  
 No vulgar heroe can his muse engage ;  
 Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.  
 See ! see ! he upward springs, and tow'ring high  
 Spurns the dull province of mortality,  
 Shakes heav'n's eternal throne with dire alarms,  
 And sets th' almighty Thunderer in arms.  
 What-e'er his pen describes I more than see,  
 Whilst ev'ry verse array'd in majesty,  
 Bold, and sublime, my whole attention draws,  
 And seems above the critic's nicer laws.  
 How are you struck with terror and delight,  
 When angel with arch-angel copes in fight !  
 When great Messiah's out-spread banner shines,  
 How does the chariot rattle in his lines !  
 What sounds of brazen wheels, what thunder, scare,  
 And stun the reader with the din of war !

With fear my spirits and my blood retire,  
 To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire;  
 But when with eager steps, from hence I rise,  
 And view thy first gay scenes of Paradise;  
 What tongue, what words of rapture can express  
 A vision so profuse of pleasantness.

Oh had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen,  
 To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men!  
 His other works might have deserv'd applause.  
 But now the language can't support the cause;  
 While the clean current, though serene and bright,  
 Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.

But now, my muse, a softer strain rehearse,  
 Turn ev'ry line with art, and smoothe thy verse;  
 The courtly Waller next commands thy lays:  
 Muse, tune thy verse, with art, to Waller's praise.  
 While tender airs and lovely dames inspire  
 Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire;  
 So long shall Waller's strains our passion move,  
 And Sacharissa's beauties kindle love.  
 Thy verse, harmonious bard, and flatt'ring song,  
 Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong.  
 Thy verse can show ev'n Cromwell's innocence,  
 And compliment the storms that bore him hence.  
 Oh had thy muse not come an age too soon,  
 But seen great NASSAU on the British throne!  
 How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,  
 And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!  
 What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,  
 And how had Boyne's wide current reek'd in blood!

Or if Maria's charms thou wouldst rehearse,  
 In smoother numbers and a softer verse;  
 Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,  
 And Gloriana would have seem'd more fair.

Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,  
 That makes ev'n rules a noble poetry:  
 Rules whose deep sense and heav'nly numbers show  
 The best of critics, and of poets too.

Nor, Denham, must we e'er forget thy strains,  
 While Cooper's Hill commands the neighb'ring plains.

But see where artful Dryden next appears  
 Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.

Great Dryden next, whose tuneful muse affords  
 The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.

Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs  
 She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears,

If satire or heroic strains she writes,  
 Her heroic pleases, and her satire bites.

From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,  
 She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.

How might we fear our English poetry,  
 That long has flourish'd should decay with thee;

Did not the muses other hope appear,  
 Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear;

Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store  
 Has giv'n already much, and promis'd more.

Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,  
 And Dryden's muse shall in his friend survive.

I'm tir'd with rhiming, and would fain give o'er,  
 But justice still demands one labour more:

The noble Montague remains unnam'd,  
 For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd;  
 To Dorset he directs his artful muse,  
 In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.  
 How negligently graceful he unreins  
 His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains;  
 How NASSAU's god-like acts adorn his lines,  
 And all the hero in full glory shines!  
 We see his army set in just array,  
 And Boyne's dy'd waves run purple to the sea.  
 Nor Simois choak'd with men, and arms, and blood,  
 Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,  
 Shall longer be the poet's highest themes,  
 Though gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their  
 But now to NASSAU's secret councils rais'd, [ streams.  
 He aids the hero, whom before he prais'd.

*I've done at length; and now, dear Friend, receive  
 The last poor present that my muse can give.  
 I leave the arts of poetry and verse  
 To them that practise them with more success.  
 Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,  
 And so at once, dear friend, and muse, farewell.*



A

## LETTER from ITALY,

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

In the Year MDCCI.

*Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,  
Magna virum ! tibi res antiquæ laudis & artis  
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.*

VIRG. Georg. 2.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,  
And from Britannia's public posts retire,  
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,  
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;  
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,  
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,  
Where the soft season and inviting clime  
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme:

For wherefoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,  
 Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,  
 Poetic fields encompass me around,  
 And still I seem to tread on classic ground;  
 For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,  
 That not a mountain rears its head unstrung,  
 Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,  
 And ev'ry stream in heav'nly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods  
 For rising springs and celebrated floods!

To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,  
 And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,  
 To see the Mincio draw his watry store  
 Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,  
 And hoary Albula's infected tide  
 O'er the warm bed of smoaking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey  
 Eridanus through flow'ry meadows stray,  
 The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains  
 The tow'ring Alps of half their moisture drains,  
 And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,  
 Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,  
 I look for streams immortaliz'd in song;  
 That lost in silence and oblivion lie,  
 (Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)  
 Yet run for-ever by the muse's skill,  
 And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,  
 And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,

That destitute of strength derives its course  
 From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source;  
 Yet sung so often in poetic lays,  
 With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;  
 So high the deathless muse exalts her theme!  
 Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,  
 That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,  
 And unobserv'd in wild meanders play'd;  
 'Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,  
 Its rising billows through the world resound,  
 Where-e'er the hero's god-like acts can pierce,  
 Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh could the muse my ravish'd breast inspire  
 With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,  
 Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,  
 And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!

See how the golden groves around me smile,  
 That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,  
 Or when transplanted and preserv'd with care,  
 Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.  
 Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments  
 To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:  
 Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrt'e bloom,  
 And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.  
 Bear me, some God, to Baia's gentle seats,  
 Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;  
 Where western gales eternally reside,  
 And all the seasons lavish all their pride;  
 Blossoms, and fruits, and flow'rs together rise,  
 And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,  
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,  
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry  
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.  
An amphitheatre's amazing height  
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,  
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,  
And held uncrowded nations in its womb:  
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies:  
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,  
Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd,  
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:  
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,  
And wond'ring at their height thro' airy channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wand'ring muse retires,  
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;  
Where the smooth chissel all its force has shown,  
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.  
In solemn silence, a majestic band,  
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls stand,  
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,  
And emperors in Parian marble frown;  
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly su'd,  
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdu'd.

Fain would I Raphael's god-like art rehearse,  
And show th' immortal labours in my verse,  
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light  
A new creation rises to my sight,  
Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,  
So warm with life his blended colours glow,

From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,  
 Amidst the soft variety I'm lost :  
 Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound  
 With circling notes and labyrinths of sound ;  
 Here domes and temples rise at distant views,  
 And op'ning palaces invite my muse.

How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land,  
 And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand !  
 But what avail her unexhausted stores,  
 Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,  
 With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,  
 The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,  
 While proud oppression in her vallies reigns,  
 And tyranny usurps her happy plains ?  
 The poor inhabitant beholds in vain  
 The red'ning orange, and the swelling grain :  
 Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,  
 And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines :  
 Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,  
 And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

O Liberty, thou goddess heav'nly bright,  
 Profuse of blifs, and pregnant with delight !  
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,  
 And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train ;  
 Eas'd of her load subjection grows more light,  
 And poverty looks chearful in thy sight ;  
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,  
 Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores ;  
 How has she oft exhausted all her stores,

How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,  
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!  
On foreign mountains may the sun refine  
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,  
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,  
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:  
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies  
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,  
Nor at the coarseness of our heav'n repine,  
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:  
'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,  
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight,  
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;  
A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvas give,  
Or teach their animated rocks to live:  
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,  
And hold in balance each contending state,  
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,  
And answer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r.  
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,  
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:  
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,  
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread  
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,  
And fain her godlike sons would disunite  
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite;  
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,  
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found  
 The distant climes and diff'rent tongues resound,  
 I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,  
 That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,  
 Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.  
 My humble verse demands a softer theme,  
 A painted meadow, or a purling stream;  
 Unfit for heroes; whom immortal lays,  
 And lines like Virgil's, or like yours, should praise,

MILTON'S STILE IMITATED,  
IN A  
TRANSLATION of a STORY  
OUT OF THE  
THIRD ÆNEID.

LOST in the gloomy horror of the night  
We struck upon the coast where Ætna lies,  
Horrid and waste, its entrails fraught with fire,  
That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,  
Vast show'rs of ashes hov'ring in the smoke;  
Now belches molten stones and ruddy flame  
Incens'd, or tears up mountains by the roots,  
Or flings a broken rock aloft in air.

The bottom works with smother'd fire, involv'd  
In pestilential vapours, stench and smoke.

'Tis said, that thunder-struck Enceladus,  
Gro'ling beneath th' incumbent mountain's weight,  
Lies stretch'd supine, eternal prey of flames;  
And when he heaves against the burning load,  
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,  
A sudden earthquake shoots through all the isle,  
And Ætna thunders dreadful under ground,



Then pours out smoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,  
And shades the sun's bright orb, and blots out day.

Here in the shelter of the woods we lodg'd,  
And frighted heard strange sounds and dismal yells,  
Nor saw from whence they came; for all the night  
A murky storm deep louring o'er our heads  
Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom  
Oppos'd itself to Cynthia's silver ray,  
And shaded all beneath. But now the sun  
With orient beams had chas'd the dewy night  
From earth and heav'n, all nature stood disclos'd;  
When looking on the neighb'ring woods we saw  
The ghastly visage of a man unknown,  
An uncouth feature, meager, pale, and wild;  
Affliction's foul and terrible dismay  
Sate in his looks, his face impair'd and worn  
With marks of famine, speaking sore distress;  
His locks were tangled, and his shaggy beard  
Matted with filth; in all things else a Greek.

He first advanc'd in haste; but when he saw  
Trojans and Trojan arms, in mid career  
Stopt short, he back recoil'd as one surpriz'd:  
But soon recov'ring speed, he ran, he flew  
Precipitant, and thus with peteous cries  
Our ears assail'd: » By heav'n's eternal fires,  
» By ev'ry God that sits enthron'd on high,  
» By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,  
» And bear me hence to any distant shore,  
» So I may shun this savage race accurs'd.  
» 'Tis true, I fought among the Greeks, that late

» With sword and fire o'erturn'd Neptunian Troy,  
 » And laid the labour of the Gods in dust;  
 » For which, if so the sad offence deserves,  
 » Plung'd in the deep, for ever let me lie  
 » Whelm'd under seas; if death must be my doom;  
 » Let man inflict it, and I die well pleas'd.

He ended here, and now profuse of tears  
 In suppliant mood prostrate at our feet:  
 We bad him speak from whence, and what he was;  
 And how by stress of fortune sunk thus low;  
 Anchises too with friendly aspect mild  
 Gave him his hand, sure pledge of amity;  
 When, thus encourag'd, he began his tale.

I'm one, says he, of poor descent, my name  
 Is Achæmenides, my country Greece,  
 Ulysses' sad compeer, who whilst he fled  
 The raging Cyclops, left me here behind,  
 Disconsolate, forlorn; within the cave  
 He left me, giant Polypheme's dark cave;  
 A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls  
 On all sides furr'd with mouldy damp, and hung  
 With clots of ropy gore, and human limbs,  
 His dire repast: himself of mighty size,  
 Hoarse in his voice, and in his visage grim,  
 Intractable, that riots on the flesh  
 Of mortal men, and swills the vital blood.  
 Him did I see snatch up with horrid grasp  
 Two sprawling Greeks, in either hand a man;  
 I saw him when with huge tempestuous sway  
 He dasht and broke them on the grundfil edge;

The pavement swam in blood, the walls around  
 Were spatter'd o'er with brains. He lapt the blood,  
 And chew'd the tender flesh still warm with life,  
 That swell'd and heav'd itself amidst his teeth  
 As sensible of pain. Nor less mean-while  
 Our chief incens'd, and studious of revenge,  
 Plots his destruction, which he thus effects.  
 The giant, gorg'd with flesh, and wine, and blood,  
 Lay stretch'd at length and snoring in his den,  
 Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'er-charg'd  
 With purple wine and cruddled gore confus'd.  
 We gather'd round, and to his single eye,  
 The single eye that in his forehead glar'd  
 Like a full moon, or a broad burnish'd shield,  
 A forky staff we dext'rously apply'd,  
 Which in the spacious socket turning round,  
 Scoopt out the big round gelly from its orb.  
 But let me not thus interpose delays;  
 Fly, mortals, fly this curst detested race:  
 A hundred of the same stupendous size,  
 A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,  
 Gigantic brotherhood, that stalk along  
 With horrid strides o'er the high mountains tops,  
 Enormous in their gait; I oft have heard  
 Their voice and tread, oft them as they pass,  
 Sculking and scouring down, half dead with fear.  
 Thrice has the moon wash'd all her orb in light,  
 Thrice travell'd o'er, in her obscure sojourn,  
 The realms of night inglorious, since I've liv'd  
 Amidst these woods, gleaning from thorns and shrubs

A wretched sustenance. As thus he spoke,  
We saw descending from a neighb'ring hill  
Blind Polypheme; by weary steps and slow  
The groping giant with a trunk of pine  
Explor'd his way; around, his woolly flocks  
Attended grazing; to the well-known shore  
He bent his course, and on the margin stood,  
A hideous monster, terrible, deform'd;  
Full in the midst of his high front there gap'd  
The spacious hollow where his eye-ball roll'd,  
A ghastly orifice; he rins'd the wound,  
And wash'd away the strings and clotted blood  
That cak'd within; then stalking through the deep  
He fords the ocean, while the topmost wave  
Scarce reaches up his middle side; we stood  
Amaz'd be sure, a sudden horror chill  
Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in ev'ry vein,  
'Till using all the force of winds and oars  
We sped away; he heard us in our course,  
And with his out-stretch'd arms around him grop'd;  
But finding nought within his reach, he rais'd  
Such hideous shouts that all the ocean shook.  
Ev'n Italy, though many a league remote,  
In distant echoes answer'd; Ætna roar'd,  
Through all its inmost winding caverns roar'd.

Rous'd with the sound, the mighty family  
Of one-ey'd brothers hasten to the shore,  
And gather round the bell-wing Polypheme,  
A dire assembly! we with eager haste  
Work ev'ry one, and from afar behold

A host of giants cov'ring all the shore.  
 So stands a forest tall of mountain oaks  
 Advanc'd to mighty growth : the traveller  
 Hears from the humble valley where he rides  
 The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow  
 Amidst the boughs, and at a distance sees  
 The shady tops of trees unnumber'd rise,  
 A stately prospect, waving in the clouds.

P O E M

TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

Written in the year 1704

Omnis in hoc Jno variis aspectibus cernitur

Ordinibus; laetatur Fides, planities ducuntur

Notaque Patrio carum Pictis feruntur

et cetera

Et cetera

Et cetera

Et cetera

Et cetera

Et cetera

Et cetera

Et cetera

Et cetera

Et cetera

THE  
CAMPAIGN,  
A  
POEM,  
TO HIS GRACE,  
THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,

————— *Rheni pacator & Istri :*  
*Omnis in hoc Uno variis discordia cessit*  
*Ordinibus; latatur Eques, plauditque Senator*  
*Votaque Patricio certant Plebeia favori.*

Claud. de Laud. Scilicet

*Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ suâ impensâ, seu labore ac periculo bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis aut propinqua vicinitatibus hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis præstet maria trajiciat; ne quod toto orbe terrarum in justum imperium sit, & ubique jus, fas, le potentissima sint.* Liv. Hist. lib. 3.

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THE  
CAMP AIGN,

A  
P O E M.

W H I L E crouds of princes your deserts proclaim,  
Proud in their number to enroll your name;  
While emperors to you commit their cause,  
And ANNA'S praises crown the vast applause;  
Accept, great Leader! what the muse recites,  
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights,  
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new.  
Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view,  
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,  
And wars and conquests fill th' important year,  
Rivets of blood I see, and hills of slain,  
An Iliad rising out of one campaign.

The haughty Gaul beheld, with tow'ring pride,  
His antient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry side,  
Pirene's lofty barriers were subdu'd,  
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;

Aufonia's states, the victor to restrain,  
 Oppos'd their Alpes and Appenines in vain,  
 Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks immur'd,  
 Behind their everlasting hills secur'd;  
 The rising Danube its long race began,  
 And half its course through the new conquests ran;  
 Amaz'd and anxious for her sovereign's fates,  
 Germania trembled through a hundred states;  
 Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear;  
 He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;  
 He gaz'd and half abandon'd to despair  
 His hopes on heav'n, and confidence in pray'r.

To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes,  
 On her resolves the western world relies,  
 Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,  
 In ANNA'S COUNCILS, and in CHURCHILL'S ARMS.  
 Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent  
 To sit the guardian of the continent!  
 That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,  
 And flourishing so near her prince's eye;  
 Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's sport,  
 Or from the crimes, or follies of a court;  
 On the firm basis of desert they rise,  
 From long-try'd faith, and friendship's holy ties:  
 Their sov'reign's well-distinguish'd smiles they share,  
 Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;  
 The nation thanks them with a public voice,  
 By show'rs of blessings heav'n approves their choice;  
 Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,  
 And factions strive who shall applaud them most.



Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,  
 Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;  
 Her chief already has his march begun,  
 Crossing the provinces himself had won,  
 Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,  
 Retards the progress of the moving war.  
 Delightful stream, had nature bid her fall  
 In distant climes, far from the perjur'd Gaul;  
 But now a purchase to the sword she lies,  
 Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,  
 Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,  
 And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.  
 The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts,  
 That wander'd on her banks, her heroes ghosts,  
 Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,  
 The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.

Our god-like leader, ere the stream he past,  
 The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,  
 Forming the wond'rous year within his thought;  
 His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.  
 The long laborious march he first surveys,  
 And joins the distant Danube to the Mæse,  
 Between whose floods, such pathless forests grow,  
 Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:  
 The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,  
 And danger serves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the fate of Europe, he renews  
 His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues:  
 Infected by the burning scorpion's heat,  
 The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,

'Till on the borders of the Maine he finds  
 Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds.  
 Our British youth, with in-born freedom bold,  
 Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,  
 Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,  
 ( Their maker's image more than half defac'd )  
 Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,  
 To prize their queen, and love their native soil.

Still to the rising sun they take their way  
 Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day:  
 When now the Neckar on its friendly coast  
 With cooling streams revives the fainting host,  
 That cheatfully its labours past forgets,  
 The midnight watches, and the noon-day heats.

O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass,  
 ( Now cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass )  
 Breathing revenge; whilst anger and disdain  
 Fire ev'ry breast, and boil in ev'ry vein:  
 Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far  
 Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,  
 Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,  
 Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.

At length the fame of England's heroe drew  
 EUGENIO to the glorious interview.  
 Great souls by instinct to each other turn,  
 Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;  
 A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays  
 They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.  
 Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,  
 Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,

Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood  
 Of mounting spirits, and fermenting blood;  
 Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,  
 Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,  
 In hours of peace content to be unknown,  
 And only in the field of battle shown:  
 To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,  
 Heav'n dares entrust the cause of human-kind.

Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,  
 Her harras'd troops the heroe's presence warms,  
 Whilst the high hills and rivers all around  
 With thund'ring peals of British shouts resound:  
 Doubling their speed they march with fresh delight,  
 Eager for glory, and require the fight.  
 So the stanch hound the trembling deer pursues,  
 And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,  
 The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees:  
 But when the scent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,  
 Fir'd at the near approach, he shoots away  
 On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.

The march concludes, the various realms are past,  
 Th' immortal SCHELLEMBERG appears at last:  
 Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,  
 Like vallies at their feet the trenches lie;  
 Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,  
 Threat'ning destruction; rows of hollow brass,  
 Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,  
 Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep:  
 Great CHURCHILL owns, charm'd with the glorious fight,  
 His march o'er-paid by such a promis'd fight.

The western sun now shot a feeble ray,  
 And faintly scatter'd the remains of day,  
 Ev'ning approach'd; but oh what hosts of foes  
 Were never to behold that ev'ning close!  
 Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,  
 The close compacted Britons win their way;  
 In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd  
 With tracks of death, and laid the battle waste;  
 Still pressing forward to the fight they broke,  
 Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,  
 'Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,  
 And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hosts engage;  
 The battle kindled into tenfold rage  
 With show'rs of bullets, and with storms of fire,  
 Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire,  
 Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,  
 And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.

How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom,  
 New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!  
 Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore  
 To march where Britons never march'd before,  
 ( O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat!  
 Only destructive to the brave and great! )  
 After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,  
 Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts breathe their last.  
 But hold, my muse, may no complaints appear,  
 Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:  
 While MARLBRO' lives, Britannia's stars dispense  
 A friendly light, and shine in innocence.

Plunging through seas of blood his fiery steed  
 Where-e'er his friends retire, or foes succeed;  
 Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,  
 And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear  
 To brave the thickest terrors of the war,  
 Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crouds of foes,  
 Britannia's safety, and the world's repose;  
 Let nations anxious for thy life abate  
 This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate:  
 Thou liv'st nor for thyself; thy queen demands  
 Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands;  
 Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,  
 And Europe's destiny depends on thine.

At length the long-disputed pass they gain,  
 By crouded armies fortify'd in vain:  
 The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,  
 And see their camp with British legions fill'd.  
 So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides  
 The sea's whole weight increas'd with swelling tides;  
 But if the rushing wave a passage finds,  
 Enrag'd by wat'ry moons and warring winds,  
 The trembling peasant sees his country round  
 Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.  
 The few surviving foes dispers'd in flight,  
 (Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)  
 In ev'ry rustling wind the victor hear,  
 And MARLBORÔ's form in ev'ry shadow fear,  
 'Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace  
 Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

To Donawert, with unresisted force,  
 The gay victorious army bends its course.  
 The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,  
 Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields  
 (The Danube's great increase) Britannia shares,  
 The food of armies, and support of wars:  
 With magazines of death, destructive balls,  
 And cannons doom'd to batter Landau's walls,  
 The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,  
 And turns their fury on their guilty lord.  
 Deluded prince! how is thy greatness cross'd,  
 And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,  
 That proudly set thee on a fancy'd throne,  
 And made imaginary realms thy own!  
 Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,  
 Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,  
 Nor find it there: surrounded with alarms,  
 Thou hop'st th' assistance of the Gallic arms;  
 The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,  
 And crowd thy standards with the pow'r of France,  
 While to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul  
 Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,  
 Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,  
 Alternately proclaim him good and great,  
 And make the hero and the man compleat.  
 Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain  
 By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain;  
 'Till fir'd at length he thinks it vain to spare  
 His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.

In vengeance rous'd the soldier fills his hand  
 With sword and fire, and ravages the land,  
 A thousand villages to ashes turns,  
 In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.  
 To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,  
 And mixt with bell-wing herds confus'dly bleat;  
 Their trembling lords the common shade partake,  
 And cries of infants found in ev'ry brake:  
 The list'ning soldier fixt in sorrow stands,  
 Loth to obey his leader's just commands;  
 The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity sway'd,  
 To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the trumpeter terrible from far  
 In shriller clangors animates the war;  
 Confed'rate drums in fuller consort beat,  
 And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:  
 Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,  
 Unfurl their gilded lillies in the wind;  
 The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,  
 And while the thick embattled host he views  
 Stretch'd out in deep array, and dreadful length,  
 His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,  
 That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain:  
 States that in their new captivity bemoan'd,  
 Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,  
 Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,  
 And pray'rs in bitterness of soul prefer'd,  
 Europe's loud cries, that providence assail'd,  
 And ANNA'S ardent vows, at length prevail'd;

The day was come when heav'n design to show  
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array  
The long-extended squadrons shape their way!  
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts  
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;  
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,  
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.  
No vulgar fears can British minds controul;  
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,  
O'er-look the foe, advantag'd by his post,  
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host;  
Though fens and floods possess the middle space,  
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;  
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,  
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.

But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find  
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!  
Methinks I hear the drums tumultuous sound,  
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,  
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,  
And all the thunder of the battle rise.  
'Twas then great MARLBORÔ's mighty soul was prov'd,  
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,  
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,  
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;  
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,  
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,  
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,  
And taught the doubtful battel where to rage.



So when an angel by divine command  
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,  
 Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,  
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;  
 And pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,  
 Rides in the whirl-wind, and directs the storm.

But see the haughty household troops advance!  
 The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.  
 The war's whole art each private soldier knows,  
 And with a gen'ral's love of conquest glows;  
 Proudly he marches on, and void of fear  
 Laughs at the shaking of the British spear:  
 Vain insolence! with native freedom brave  
 The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave;  
 Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,  
 Each nation's glory in each warrior burns,  
 Each fights, as in his arms th' important day  
 And all the fate of his great monarch lay:  
 A thousand glorious actions that might claim  
 Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,  
 Confus'd in crouds of glorious actions lie,  
 And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.  
 O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,  
 And not the wonders of thy youth relate!  
 How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,  
 Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unfung!  
 In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,  
 And fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.  
 The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,  
 Compell'd in crouds to meet the fate they shun;

Thousand of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd  
 Floating in gore, with dead masters mix'd,  
 Midst heaps of spears and standards driv'n around,  
 Lie in the Danube's bloody whirl-pools drown'd.  
 Troops of bold youths, born on the distant Saone,  
 Or founding borders of the rapid Rhone,  
 Or where the Seine her flow'ry fields divides,  
 Or where the Loire through winding vineyards glides;  
 In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,  
 And into Scythian seas their bloated corps convey.  
 From Blenheim's tow'rs, the Gaul, with wild affright,  
 Beholds the various havock of the fight;  
 His waving banners, that so oft had stood  
 Planted in fields of death, and streams of blood,  
 So wont the guarded enemy to reach,  
 And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,  
 Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,  
 The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

Unfortunate Tallard! oh who can name  
 The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,  
 That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swell'd,  
 When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,  
 Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,  
 Choak'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,  
 Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!  
 The chief, the father, and the captive wept.  
 An English muse is touch'd with gen'rous woe,  
 And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.  
 Greatly distress! thy loud complaints forbear,  
 Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;

Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own  
 The fatal field by such great leaders won,  
 The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away  
 Only the second honours of the day.

With floods of gore that from the vanquish'd fell  
 The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.  
 Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,  
 Or, midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd;  
 Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains  
 In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;  
 Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,  
 Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,  
 Their raging king dishonours, to compleat  
 MARLBORÔ's great work, and finish the defeat.

From Memminghen's high domes, and Ausburg's walls,  
 The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls,  
 Free'd by the terror of the victor's name  
 The rescu'd states his great protection claim;  
 Whilst Ulme th' approach of her deliv'rer waits,  
 And longs to open her obsequious gates.

The hero's breast still swells with great designs,  
 In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius shines:  
 If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,  
 O'er the wide continent his march extends;  
 If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,  
 Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;  
 If to the fight his active soul is bent,  
 The fate of Europe turns on its event.  
 What distant land, what region can afford  
 An action worthy his victorious sword:

Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,  
To make the series of his toils compleat?

Where the swoln Rhine rushing with all its force  
Divides the hostile nations in its course,  
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,  
Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,  
On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,  
That all the wide extended plain commands;  
Twice, since the war was kindled, has he try'd  
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side;  
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,  
Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.  
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,  
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;  
And, though the dog-star had its course begun,  
Carries his arms still nearer to the sun:  
Fix'd on the glorious action he forgets  
The change of seasons, and increase of heats;  
No toils are painful that can danger show,  
No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.

The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,  
Learns to encamp within his native land,  
But soon as the victorious host he spies,  
From hill to hill, from stream to stream, he flies:  
Such dire impressions in his heart remain  
Of MARLERÔ's sword, and Hocster's fatal plain:  
In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets  
Their shady coverts, and obscure retreats;  
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,  
That bears the force of armies in his name.

Austria's young monarch, whose impetial sway  
 Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,  
 Whose boasted ancestry so high extends,  
 That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,  
 Comes from afar, in gratitude to own  
 The great supporter of his father's throne:  
 What tides of glory to his bosom ran,  
 Clasp'd in th' embraces of the god-like man!  
 How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fix'd,  
 To see such fire with so much sweetness mix'd,  
 Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,  
 So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,  
 And Nireus shone but in a second place:  
 Thus the great father of almighty Rome  
 (Divinely flush'd with an immortal bloom  
 That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)  
 In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth by MARLBORO's presence charm'd,  
 Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,  
 On Landau with redoubled fury falls,  
 Discharges all his thunder on its walls,  
 O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,  
 And learns to conquer in the hero's fight.

The British chief, for mighty toils renown'd,  
 Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,  
 To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,  
 And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,  
 Clearing its borders from usurping foes,  
 And blest by rescu'd nations as he goes.

Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms;  
 And Taerbach feels the terror of his arms,  
 Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,  
 While MARLBRO' presses to the bold attack,  
 Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,  
 And shows how Landau might have fall'n before.  
 Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears  
 Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,  
 Forgets his thirst of universal sway,  
 And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;  
 His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,  
 Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,  
 The work of ages sunk in one campaign,  
 And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' effects of ANNA'S royal cares:  
 By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,  
 Ranges through nations, wherefo'er disjoin'd,  
 Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.  
 By her th' unfetter'd Ister's states are free,  
 And taste the sweets of English liberty;  
 But who can tell the joys of those that lie  
 Beneath the constant influence of her eye!  
 Whilst in diffusive show'rs her bounties fall  
 Like heav'n's indulgence, and descend on all,  
 Secure the happy, succour the distress'd,  
 Make ev'ry subject glad, and a whole people blest.

Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,  
 In the smooth records of a faithful verse;  
 That if such numbers can o'er time prevail,  
 May tell posterity the wond'rous tale.

When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,  
 Cities and countries must be taught to speak;  
 Gods may descend in factions from the skies,  
 And rivers from their oozy beds arise;  
 Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,  
 And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze.

MARLBORÔ's exploits appear divinely bright,  
 And proudly shine in their own native light;  
 Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,  
 And those who paint them truest praise them most.

## P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

## T E N D E R H U S B A N D . \*

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

I N the first rife and infancy of farce ,  
When fools were many , and when plays were scarce ,  
The raw unpractis'd authors could , with ease ,  
A young and unexperienc'd audience please ;  
No single character had e'er been shown ,  
But the whole herd of fops was all their own ;  
Rich in originals , they fet to view ,  
In ev'ry piece , a coxcomb that was new .  
But now our British theatre can boast  
Droles of all kinds , a vast unthinking host !  
Fruitful of folly and of vice , it shows  
Cuckolds , and cits , and bauds , and pimps , and beaux ;  
Rough-country knights are found of ev'ry shire ;  
Of ev'ry fashion gentle fops appear ;  
And punks of diff'rent characters we meet ,  
As frequent on the stage as in the pit .

\* A Comedy written by Sir Richard Steele.



Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,  
 And here and there by chance glean up a fool:  
 Long ere they find the necessary spark,  
 They search the town, and beat about the park,  
 To all his most frequented haunts resort,  
 Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court:  
 As love of pleasure, or of place invites:  
 And sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's.

Howe'er, to do you right, the present age  
 Breeds very hopeful monsters for the stage;  
 That scorn the parts their dull forefathers trod,  
 And wo'n't be blockheads in the common road.  
 Do but survey this croud'd house to-night:  
 ——— Here's still encouragement for those that write.

Our author, to divert his friends to-day,  
 Stocks with variety of fools his play:  
 And that there may be something gay, and new,  
 Two ladies-errant has expos'd to view;  
 The first a damsel, travell'd in Romance;  
 The t'other more refin'd; she comes from France:  
 Rescue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger;  
 And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the stranger.

## EPILOGUE

## T O T H E

## BRITISH ENCHANTERS.\*

**W**HEN Orpheus tun'd his lyre with pleasing woe,  
 Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow,  
 While list'ning forests cover'd, as he play'd,  
 The soft musician in a moving shade.  
 That this night's strains the same success may find,  
 The force of magic is to music join'd :  
 Where sounding strings and artful voices fail :  
 The charming rod and mutter'd spells prevail.  
 Let sage Urganda wave the circling wand  
 On barren mountains, or a waste of sand,  
 The desert smiles; the woods begin to grow,  
 The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.

The same dull sights in the same landscape mix'd,  
 Scenes of still life, and points for ever fix'd,  
 A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow,  
 And pall the sense with one continu'd show :  
 But as our two magicians try their skill,  
 The vision varies, though the place stands still,

\* A dramatic Poem written by the lord Lansdown,

While the same spot its gaudy form renews,  
Shifting the prospect to a thousand views.

Thus (without unity of place transfrest)  
Th' Enchanter turns the critic to a jest.

But howfoe'er, to please your wand'ring eyes,  
Bright objects disappear, and brighter rise:  
There's none can make amends for lost delight,  
While from that circle we divert your sight.

Spoken by Mr. W. H. E. A.

## PROLOGUE

TO

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.\*

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

LONG has a race of heroes fill'd the stage,  
 That rant by note, and through the gamut rage:  
 In songs and airs express their martial fire,  
 Combat in trills, and in a fuge expire;  
 While lull'd by sound, and undisturb'd by wit,  
 Calm and serene you indolently sit:  
 And from the dull fatigue of thinking free,  
 Hear the facetious fiddles repartee:  
 Our home-spun authors must forsake the field,  
 And Shakespear to the Scarlati yield.

To your new taste the poet of this day,  
 Was by a friend advis'd to form his play;  
 Had Valentini, musically coy,  
 Shun'd Phædra's arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd joy,

\* A Tragedy written by Mr. Edmund Smith.

It had not mov'd your wonder to have seen  
 An eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen :  
 How would it please, should she in English speak,  
 And could Hippolitus reply in Greek ?  
 But he, a stranger to your modish way,  
 By your old rules must stand or fall to-day,  
 And hopes you will your foreign taste command,  
 To bear, for once, with what you understand.

ON HIS

Picture of the KING.

A picture, with his face and features  
 The British monarch's countenance  
 A picture, by the artist's hand  
 In all the lines of light and shade;  
 And, as by the delicate hand  
 Of the profane painter hand,  
 The magic of the art is lost  
 In the cold and unfeeling words  
 The picture and the subject shows  
 The art of friendship, and the form of love;  
 In every line, in every hue,  
 Does form and shade and virtue shine  
 And Britain's happiness we see  
 Through all the lines of his face.

D

T O

SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

O N H I S

P I C T U R E of the K I N G.

**K**NELLER, with silence and surprize  
We see Britannia's monarch rise,  
A godlike form, by thee display'd  
In all the force of light and shade;  
And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,  
As in the presence-chamber stand.

The magic of thy art calls forth  
His secret soul and hidden worth,  
His probity and mildness shows,  
His care of friends, and scorn of foes:  
In ev'ry stroke, in ev'ry line,  
Does some exalted virtue shine,  
And Albion's happiness we trace  
Through all the features of his face.

O may I live to hail the day,  
 When the glad nation shall survey  
 Their Sov'reign, through his wide command,  
 Passing in progress o'er the land!  
 Each heart shall bend, and ev'ry voice  
 In loud applauding shouts rejoice,  
 Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,  
 And crouds grow loyal as they gaze.

This image on the medal placed  
 With its bright round of titles graced,  
 And stamp'd on British coins shall live,  
 To richest ores the value give,  
 Or, wrought within the curious mould,  
 Shape and adorn the running gold.  
 To bear this form, the genial sun  
 Has daily, since his course begun,  
 Rejoic'd the metal to refine,  
 And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.

Thou, Kneller, long with noble pride,  
 The foremost of thy art, has vied  
 With nature in a gen'rous strife,  
 And touch'd the canvas into life.  
 Thy pencil has, by Monarchs sought,  
 From reign to reign in ermine wrought,  
 And, in their robes of state array'd,  
 The kings of half an age display'd.

Here swarthy Charles appears, and there  
 His brother with dejected air:  
 Triumphant Nassau here we find,  
 And with him bright Maria join'd;

There Anna, great as when she sent  
Her armies through the continent,  
Ere yet her Hero was disgrac't :  
O may fam'd Brunswick be the last,  
( Though heav'n should with my wish agree,  
And long preserve thy art in thee )  
The last, the happiest British king,  
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing !

Wife Phidias, thus his skill to prove,  
Through many a god advanc'd to Jove ;  
And taught the polish'd rocks to shine  
With airs and lineaments divine ;  
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half-afraid,  
Th'assembled deities survey'd.

Great Pan, who went to chase the fair,  
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there ;  
Old Saturn too with up-cast eyes  
Beheld his abdicated skies ;  
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,  
In adamantine armour frown'd ;  
By him the childless goddess rose,  
Minerva, studious to compose  
Her twisted threads ; the webb she strung,  
And o'er a loom of marble hung :  
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen  
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,  
Reclining on a funeral urn,  
Her short-liv'd darling son to mourn,  
The last was he, whose thunder flew  
The Titan race, a rebel crew,



That from a hundred hills ally'd  
In impious leagues their king defy'd.

This wonder of the sculpror's hand  
Produc'd, his art was at a stand:  
For who would hope new fame to raise,  
Or risque his well-establish'd praise,  
That, his high genius to approve,  
Had drawn a **GEORGE**, or carv'd a **Jove**!

## H O R A C E,

## ODE III. BOOK III.

*AUGUSTUS had a design to rebuild Troy, and make it the metropolis of the Roman empire, having closetted several senators on the project: HORACE is supposed to have written the following ODE on this occasion.*

**T**HE man resolv'd and steady to his trust,  
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,  
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,  
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;  
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,  
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,  
And with superior greatness smiles.

Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms  
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,  
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;  
Not the red arm of angry Jove,  
That flings the thunder from the sky,  
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,  
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,  
He unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,  
And stand secure amidst a falling world.

Such were the godlike arts that led  
 Bright Pollux to the blest abodes :  
 Such did for great Alcides plead,  
 And gain'd a place among the gods ;  
 Where now Augustus , mix'd with heroes , lies ,  
 And to his lips the nectar bowl applies :  
 His ruddy lips the purple tincture show ,  
 And with immortal stains divinely glow .

By arts like these did young Lyaeus rise :  
 His tigers drew him to the skies ,  
 Wild from the desert and unbroke :  
 In vain they foam'd , in vain they star'd ,  
 In vain their eyes with fury glar'd ;  
 He tam'd them to the lash , and bent them to the yoke .

Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod ,  
 When in a whirlwind snatch'd on high ,  
 He shook off dull mortality ,  
 And lost the monarch in the god .  
 Bright Juno then her awful silence broke ,  
 And thus th' assembled deities bespoke .

Troy , says the Goddess , perjur'd Troy has felt  
 The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt ;  
 The tow'ring pile , and soft abodes ,  
 Wall'd by the hand of servile gods ,  
 Now spreads its ruins all around ,  
 And lies inglorious on the ground .  
 An umpire , partial and unjust ,  
 And a lewd woman's impious lust ,  
 Lay heavy on her head , and sunk her to the dust .

Since false Laomedon's tyrannic sway,  
That durst defraud th'immortals of their pay,  
Her guardian gods renounc'd their patronage,  
Nor would the fierce invading foe repel;  
To my resentments, and Minerva's rage,  
The guilty king and the whole people fell.

And now the long protracted wars are o'er,  
The soft adult'rer shines no more;  
No more does Hector's force the Trojans shield,  
That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd the field.

My vengeance sated, I at length resign  
To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line:  
Advanc'd to godhead let him rise,  
And take his station in the skies;  
There entertain his ravish'd sight  
With scenes of glory, fields of light;  
Quaff with the gods immortal wine,  
And see adoring nations croud his shrine:

The thin remains of Troy's afflicted host,  
In distant realms may seats unenvy'd find,  
And flourish on a foreign coast;  
But far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd,  
Remov'd by seas, from the disastrous shore, [roar.  
May endless billows rise between, and storms unnumber'd

Still let the curst detested place,  
Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithless race,  
Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass.  
There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray;  
Or, while the lonely shepherd sings,

Amidst the mighty ruins play,  
And frisk upon the tombs of kings.

May tigers there, and all the savage kind,  
Sad solitary haunts, and silent desarts find;  
In gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces,  
May th' unmolested lioness  
Her brinded whelps securely lay,  
Or, couch'd in dreadful slumbers waste the day.

While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,  
Rome and the Roman capitol shall rise,  
Th' illustrious exiles unconfin'd  
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.

In vain the sea's intruding tide  
Europe from Afric shall divide,  
And part the sever'd world in two:  
Through Afric's sands their triumphs they shall spread,  
And the long train of victories pursue  
To Nile's yet undiscover'd head.

Riches the hardy soldier shall despise,  
And look on gold with undesiring eyes,  
Nor the disbowell'd earth explore  
In search of the forbidden ore;  
Those glitt'ring ills conceal'd within the mine,  
Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently shine.

To the last bounds that nature sets,  
The piercing colds and sultry heats,  
The godlike race shall spread their arms;  
Now fill the polar circle with alarms,  
Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine;  
Now sweat for conquest underneath the line.

This only law the victor shall restrain ,  
On these conditions shall he reign ;  
If none his guilty hand employ  
To build again a second Troy ,  
If none the rash design pursue ,  
Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.

A curse there cleaves to the devoted place ,  
That shall the new foundations raise :  
Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire  
To storm the rising town with fire ,  
And at their armies head myself will show  
What Juno, urg'd to all her rage, can do.

Thrice should Apollo's self the city raise  
And line it round with walls of brass ,  
Thrice should my fav'rite Greeks his works confound,  
And hew the shining fabric to the ground ;  
Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return,  
And their dead sons and slaughter'd husbands mourn.

But hold, my muse, forbear thy tow'ring flight,  
Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light :  
In vain would thy presumptuous verse  
Th' immortal rhetoric rehearse ;  
The mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,  
Forget their majesty, and lose their sound.

O V I D' S  
M E T A M O R P H O S E S.

## B O O K I I.

*The Story of P H A E T O N.*

THE Sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,  
 With burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd;  
 The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,  
 And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight;  
 Of polish'd ivory was the cov'ring wrought:  
 The matter vied not with the sculptor's thought,  
 For in the portal was display'd on high  
 (The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky;  
 A waving sea th' inferior earth embrac'd,  
 And gods and goddeffes the waters grac'd.  
 Ægeon here a mighty whale bestrode;  
 Triton, and Proteus (the deceiving God)  
 With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,  
 Some losely swimming in the figur'd main,  
 While some on rocks their drooping hair divide,  
 And some on fishes through the waters glide:  
 Though various features did the sisters grace,  
 A sister's likeness was in ev'ry face.

On earth a different landskip courts the eyes,  
 Men, towns, and beasts, in distant prospects rise,  
 And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and rural deities,  
 O'er all, the heav'n's refulgent image shines;  
 On either gate were six engraven signs.

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

The God sits high, exalted on a throne  
 Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;  
 The Hours, in order rang'd on either hand,  
 And Days, and Months, and Years, and Ages, stand.  
 Here Spring appears with flow'ry chaplets bound;  
 Here Summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;  
 Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear;  
 And hoary Winter shivers in the rear.

Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne;  
 That eye, which looks on all, was fix'd on one.  
 He saw the boy's confusion in his face,  
 Surpriz'd at all the wonders of the place;  
 And cries aloud, » What wants my son? for know,  
 » My son thou art, and I must call thee so.

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



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

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

The God repented of the oath he took,  
 For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook:  
 » My son, says he, some other proof require;  
 » Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire,  
 » I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made,  
 » Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade.  
 » Too vast and hazardous the task appears,  
 » Nor suited to thy strength, nor to thy years,  
 » Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly  
 » Beyond the province of mortality:  
 » There is not one of all the gods that dares  
 » (However skill'd in other great affairs)  
 » To mount the burning axle-tree, but I;  
 » Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky,  
 » That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,  
 » Dares try his strength; yet who so strong as Jove?  
 » The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain:  
 » And when the middle firmament they gain,

» If downward from the heav'n's my head I bow,  
» And see the earth and ocean hang below,  
» Ev'n I am seiz'd with horror and affright,  
» And my own heart misgives me at the sight.  
» A mighty downfall steeps the ev'ning stage,  
» And stiddy reins must curb the horses' rage.  
» Tethys herself has fear'd to see me driv'n  
» Down headlong from the precipice of heav'n.  
» Besides, consider what impetuous force  
» Turns stars and planets in a different course:  
» I steer against their motions; nor am I  
» Born back by all the current of the sky.  
» But how could you resist the orbs that roll  
» In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole?  
» But you perhaps may hope for pleasing woods,  
» And stately domes, and cities fill'd with gods;  
» While through a thousand squares your progress lies,  
» Where forms of starry monsters stock the skies:  
» For, should you hit the doubtful way aright,  
» The Bull with stooping horns stands opposite;  
» Next him the bright Hæmonian Bow is firung;  
» And next, the Lion's grinning visage hung:  
» The Scorpion's claws here clasp a wide extent,  
» And here the Crabs in lesser clasps are bent.  
» Nor would you find it easy to compose  
» The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils flows  
» The scorching fire, that in their entrails glows.  
» Ev'n I their head-strong fury scarce restrain,  
» When they grow warm and restiff to the rein.

- » Let not my son a fatal gift require ,  
 » But , oh ! in time , recall your rash desire ;  
 » You ask a gift that may your parent tell ,  
 » Let these my fears your parentage reveal ;  
 » And learn a father from a father's care :  
 » Look on my face ; or if my heart lay bare ,  
 » Could you but look , you'd read the father there .  
 » Chuse out a gift from seas , or earth , or skies ,  
 » For open to your wish all nature lies ,  
 » Only decline this one unequal task ,  
 » For 'tis a mischief , not a gift , you ask ;  
 » You ask a real mischief , Phaeton ;  
 » Nay hang not thus about my neck , my son :  
 » I grant your wish , and Styx has heard my voice ,  
 » Chuse what you will , but make a wiser choice .

Thus did the God th' unwary youth advise ;  
 But he still longs to travel through the skies .  
 When the fond father ( for in vain he pleads )  
 At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads .  
 A golden axle did the work uphold ,  
 Gold was the beam , the wheels were orb'd with gold .  
 The spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight ,  
 The seat with parti-colour'd gems was bright ;  
 Apollo shin'd amid the glare of light .  
 The youth with secret joy the work surveys :  
 When now the morn disclos'd her purple rays ;  
 The stars were fled ; for Lucifer had chas'd  
 The stars away , and fled himself at last .  
 Soon as the father saw the rosy morn ,  
 And the moon shining with a blunter horn ,

He bid the nimble Hours without delay  
Bring forth the steeds, the nimble Hours obey:  
From their full racks the gen'rous steeds retire,  
Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.  
Still anxious for his son, the God of day,  
To make him proof against the burning ray,  
His temples with celestial ointment wet,  
Of sov'reign virtue to repel the heat;  
Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,  
And fetch'd a deep foreboding sigh, and said,  
» Take this at least, this last advice, my son:  
» Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on:  
» The coursers of themselves will run too fast,  
» Your art must be to moderate their haste.  
» Drive them not on directly through the skies,  
» But where the Zodiac's winding circle lies,  
» Along the midmost Zone; but sally forth  
» Nor to the distant south, nor stormy north.  
» The horses' hoofs a beaten track will show,  
» But neither mount too high, nor sink too low,  
» That no new fires or heav'n or earth infect;  
» Keep the mid-way, the middle way is best.  
» Nor, where in radiant folds the Serpent twines,  
» Direct your course, nor where the Altar shines.  
» Shun both extremes; the rest let fortune guide,  
» And better for thee than thyself provide!  
» See, while I speak, the shades disperse away,  
» Aurora gives the promise of a day;  
» I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer stay.

» Snatch up the reins; or still th'attempt forsake,  
 » And not my chariot, but my counsel take,  
 » While yet securely on the earth you stand;  
 » Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand.  
 » Let me alone to light the world, while you  
 » Enjoy those beams which you may safely view.

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

Mean while the restless horses neigh'd aloud,  
 Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.  
 Tethys, not knowing what had past, gave way,  
 And all the waste of heav'n before them lay.

They spring together out, and swiftly bear  
 The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;  
 With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,  
 And leave the breezes of the morn behind.

The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat,  
 Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight:

But as at sea th'unballast'd vessel rides,  
 Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides;  
 So in the bounding chariot tofs'd on high,  
 The youth is hurry'd headlong through the sky.

Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake  
 Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.

The youth was in a maze, nor did he know  
 Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;

Nor would the horses, had he known, obey.

Then the Seven Stars first felt Apollo's ray,  
 And wish'd to dip in the forbidden sea.

The folded Serpent next the frozen pole,  
Stiff and benum'd before, began to roll,  
And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,  
And shot a redder light from ev'ry star;  
Nay, and 'tis said, Bootes too, that fain  
Thou would'st have fled, tho' cumber'd with thy wain.

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

So fares the pilot, when his ship is tost  
In troubled seas, and all its steerage lost,  
He gives her to the winds, and in despair  
Seeks his last refuge in the gods and pray'r.

What could he do? his eyes, if backward cast,  
Find a long path he had already past;  
If forward, still a longer path they find:  
Both he compares, and measures in his mind;  
And sometimes casts an eye upon the east,  
And sometimes looks on the forbidden west.  
The horses' names he knew not in the fright;  
Nor would he loose the reins, nor could he hold'em tight.  
Now all the horrors of the heav'ns he spies,  
And monstrous shadows of prodigious size,  
That, deck'd with stars, lie scatter'd o'er the skies.

There is a place above, where Scorpio bent  
 In tail and arms surrounds a vast extent;  
 In a wide circuit of the heav'ns he shines,  
 And fills the space of two celestial signs.  
 Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,  
 Brandish his sling, and in his poison sweat,  
 Half dead with sudden fear he dropt the reins;  
 The horses felt them loose upon their mains,  
 And, flying out through all the plains above,  
 Ran uncontroul'd where-e'er their fury drove;  
 Rush'd on the stars, and through a pathless way  
 Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day.  
 And now above, and now below they flew,  
 And near the earth the burning chariot drew.

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

The mountains kindle as the car draws near,  
 Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear;  
 Oegrian Hæmus (then a single name)  
 And virgin Helicon increase the flame;  
 Taurus and Oete glare amid the sky,  
 And Ida, spight of all her fountains, dry.  
 Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithæron, glow;  
 And Rhodope, no longer cloat'd in snow;

High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnassus, sweat,  
And Ætna rages with redoubled heat.

Even Scythia, through her hoary regions warm'd,  
In vain with all her native frost was arm'd.

Cover'd with flames, the tow'ring Appennine,  
And Caucasus and proud Olympus, shine;  
And, where the long-extended Alpes aspire,  
Now stands a huge continu'd range of fire.

Th'astonish'd youth, where-e'er his eyes could turn,  
Beheld the universe around him burn :

The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear  
The sultry vapours and the scorching air,

Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;  
And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd :

Lost in the whirling clouds, that round him broke,  
And white with ashes, hov'ring in the smoke,

He flew where-e'er the horses drove, nor knew  
Whither the horses drove, or where he flew.

'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor begun  
To change his hue, and blacken in the sun.

Then Libya first, of all her moisture drain'd,  
Became a barren waste, a wild of sand.

The water-nymphs lament their empty urns,  
Bœotia, robb'd of silver Dirce, mourns,

Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails,  
And Argos grieves whilst Æmymone fails.

The floods are drain'd from ev'ry distant coast,  
Even Tanais, though fix'd in ice, was lost.

Enrag'd Caïcus and Lycormas roar,  
And Xanthus fated to be burnt once more.



The fam'd Mæander, that unweary'd strays  
 Through mazy windings, smokes in ev'ry maze.  
 From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies;  
 The big-swoln Ganges and the Danube rise  
 In thick'ning fumes, and darken half the skies.  
 In flames Ismenos and the Phasis roll'd,  
 And Tagus floating in his melted gold.  
 The swans, that on Caïster often try'd  
 Their tuneful songs, now sung their last, and dy'd.  
 The frighted Nile ran off, and under ground  
 Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found:  
 His seven divided currents all are dry,  
 And where they roll'd, seven gaping trenches lie.  
 No more the Rhine or Rhone their course maintain,  
 Nor Tiber, of his promis'd empire vain.

The ground, deep-cleft, admits the dazzling ray,  
 And startles Pluto with the flash of day.  
 The seas shrink in, and to the sight disclose  
 Wide naked plains, where once their billows rose;  
 Their rocks are all discover'd, and increase  
 The number of the scatter'd Cyclades.  
 The fish in shoals about the bottom creep,  
 Not longer dares the crooked dolphin leap:  
 Gasping for breath, th'unshapen Phocæ die,  
 And on the boiling wave extended lie.  
 Nereus, and Doris with her virgin train,  
 Seek out the last recesses of the main;  
 Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,  
 And secret in their gloomy caverns pant.

Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld  
His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.

The Earth at length, on ev'ry side embrac'd  
With scalding seas, that floated round her waist,  
When now she felt the springs and rivers come,  
And croud within the hollow of her womb,  
Up-lifted to the heav'ns her blasted head,  
And clapt her hand upon her brows, and said;  
( But first, impatient of the sultry heat,  
Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat )  
» If you, great King of gods, my death approve,  
» And I deserve it, let me die by Jove;  
» If I must perish by the force of fire,  
» Let me transfix'd with thunderbolts expire.  
» See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapours choke,  
( For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of smoke )  
» See my singe'd hair, behold my faded eye,  
» And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lie!  
» And does the plow for this my body tear?  
» This the reward for all the fruits I bear,  
» Tortur'd with rakes, and haras'd all the year?  
» That herbs for cattel daily I renew,  
» And food for man, and frank-incense for you?  
» But grant me guilty; what has Neptune done?  
» Why are his waters boiling in the sun?  
» The wavy empire, which by lot was giv'n,  
» Why does it waste, and further shrink from heav'n?  
» If I nor he your pity can provoke,  
» See your own heav'ns, the heav'ns begin to smoke!

» Should once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,  
 » Destruction seizes on the heav'ns and gods;  
 » Atlas become unequal to his freight,  
 » And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.  
 » If heav'n, and earth, and sea, together burn,  
 » All must again into their chaos turn.  
 » Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,  
 » And succour nature, ere it be too late.  
 She ceas'd; for choak'd with vapours round her spread,  
 Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.

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

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

At once from life, and from the chariot driv'n,  
 Th'ambitious boy fell thunder-struck from heav'n.  
 The horses started with a sudden bound,  
 And flung the reins and chariot to the ground;  
 The studded harness from their necks they broke;  
 Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke,  
 Here were the beam and axle torn away;  
 And, scatter'd o'er the earth, the shining fragments lay.

The breathless Phaeton, with flaming hair,  
 Shot from the chariot, like a falling star,  
 That in a summer's ev'ning from the top  
 Of heav'n drops down, or seems at least to drop;  
 'Till on the Po his blasted corps was hurl'd,  
 Far from his country, in the western world.

PHAETON'S *Sisters transformed into Trees.*

The Latian nymphs came round him, and amaz'd  
 On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder, gaz'd;  
 And, whilst yet smoaking from the bolt he lay,  
 His shatter'd body to tomb convey,  
 And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise:

» Here he who drove the Sun's bright chariot lies;  
 » His father's fiery steeds he could not guide,  
 » But in the glorious enterprize he dy'd.

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

But Clymene, enrag'd with grief, laments,  
 And as her grief inspires, her passion vents:  
 Wild for her son, and frantic in her woes,  
 With hair dishevel'd round the world she goes;

To seek where-e'er his body might be cast;  
 'Till, on the borders of the Po, at last  
 The name inscrib'd on the new tomb appears,  
 The dear dear name she bathes in flowing tears;  
 Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,  
 And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.

Her daughters too lament, and sigh, and mourn,  
 (A fruitless tribute to their brother's urn)  
 And beat their naked bosoms, and complain,  
 And call aloud for Phaeton in vain:  
 All the long night their mournful watch they keep,  
 And all the day stand round the tomb, and weep.

Four times, revolving, the full moon return'd;  
 So long the mother, and the daughters mourn'd:  
 When now the eldest, Phaethusa, strove  
 To rest her weary limbs, but could not move;  
 Lampetia would have help'd her, but she found  
 Herself with-held, and rooted to the ground:  
 A third in wild affliction, as she grieves,  
 Would rend her hair, but fills her hand with leaves;  
 One sees her thighs transform'd, another views  
 Her arms shot out, and branching into boughs.  
 And now their legs, and breasts, and bodies stood  
 Crusted with bark and hard'ning into wood;  
 But still above were female heads display'd,  
 And mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid.  
 What could, alas! the weeping mother do?  
 From this to that with eager haste she flew,  
 And kiss'd her sprouting daughters as they grew.

She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,  
 And from their verdant fingers strips the leaves:  
 The blood came trickling, where she tore away  
 The leaves and bark: the maids were heard to say,  
 » Forbear, mistaken parent, oh! forbear;  
 » A wounded daughter in each tree you tear;  
 » Farewell for ever ». Here the bark increas'd,  
 Clos'd on their faces, and their words suppress'd.

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

*The transformation of CYCNUS into a Swan.*

Cycnus beheld the nymphs transform'd, ally'd  
 To their dead brother, on the mortal side,  
 In friendship and affection nearer bound;  
 He left the cities and the realms he own'd,  
 Thro' pathless fields and lonely shores to range,  
 And woods, made thicker by the sisters' change.  
 Whilst here, within the dismal gloom, alone,  
 The melancholy monarch made his moan,  
 His voice was lessen'd, as he try'd to speak,  
 And issu'd through a long extended neck;  
 His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet  
 In skinny films, and shape his oary feet;

From both his sides the wings and feathers break ;  
 And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak :  
 All Cygnus now into a swan was turn'd ,  
 Who, still rememb'ring how his kinsman burn'd ,  
 To solitary pools and lakes retires ,  
 And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires .

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

Now secretly with inward griefs he pin'd ,  
 Now warm resentments to his grief he join'd ,  
 And now renounc'd his office to mankind .  
 » E'er since the birth of time , said he , I've botn  
 » A long ungrateful toil without return ;  
 » Let now some other manage , if he dare ,  
 » The fiery steeds , and mount the burning carr ;  
 » Or , if none else , let Jove his fortune try ,  
 » And learn to lay his murd'ring thunder by ;  
 » Then will he own , perhaps , but own too late ,  
 » My son deserv'd not so severe a fate .

The gods stand round him , as he mourns , and pray  
 He would resume the conduct of the day ,  
 Nor let the world be lost in endless night :  
 Jove too himself , descending from his height ,

Excuses what had happen'd , and intreats ,  
 Majestically mixing pray'rs and threats.  
 Prevail'd upon at length , again he took  
 The harness'd steeds , that still with horror shook ,  
 And plies them with the lash , and whips them on ,  
 And , as he whips , upbraids them with his son.

*The Story of CALYSTO.*

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

But as the God walk'd to and fro the earth ,  
 And rais'd the plants , and gave the spring its birth ,  
 By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd ,  
 And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.  
 The nymph nor spun , nor dress'd with artful pride ;  
 Her vest was gather'd up , her hair was ty'd ;  
 Now in her hand a slender spear she bore ,  
 Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore ;  
 To chaste Diana from her youth inclin'd ,  
 The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd.



Diana too the gentle huntress lov'd,  
 Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd  
 O'er Mænalus, amid the maiden throng,  
 More favour'd once; but favour lasts not long.

The sun now shone in all its strength, and drove  
 The heated virgin panting to a grove;  
 The grove around a grateful shadow cast:  
 She dropt her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd;  
 She flung herself on the cool grassy bed;  
 And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.  
 Jove saw the charming huntress unprepar'd,  
 Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.

» Here I am safe, he cries, from Juno's eye:  
 » Or should my jealous queen the theft descry,  
 » Yet would I venture on a theft like this,  
 » And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss!  
 Diana's shape and habit straight he took,  
 Soften'd his brows, and smooth'd his awful look,  
 And mildly in a female accent spoke,  
 » How fares my girl! How went the morning chase?  
 To whom the virgin, starting from the grass,  
 » All-hail, bright Deity, whom I prefer  
 » To Jove himself, tho' Jove himself were here.  
 The God was nearer than she thought, and heard  
 Well-pleas'd himself before himself prefer'd.

He then salutes her with a warm embrace:  
 And, ere she half had told the morning chase,  
 With love inflam'd, and eager on his bliss,  
 Smother'd her words, and stop'd her with a kiss;

His kisses with unwonted ardour glow'd,  
 Nor could Diana's shape conceal the God.  
 The virgin did whate'er a virgin cou'd;  
 ( Sure Juno must have pardon'd, had she view'd )  
 With all her might against his force she strove;  
 But how can mortal maids contend with Jove !

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

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

How in the look does conscious guilt appear!  
 Slowly she mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear;  
 Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the Goddess ran,  
 As once she us'd, the foremost of the train.  
 Her looks were flush'd, and sullen was her mien,  
 That sure the virgin Goddess ( had she been  
 Aught but a virgin ) must the guilt have seen.  
 'Tis said the nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright:  
 And now the moon had nine times lost her light,

When Dian, fainting in the mid-day beams,  
 Found a cool covert, and refreshing streams,  
 That in soft murmurs through the forest flow'd,  
 And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.

A covert so obscure, and streams so clear,  
 The Goddess prais'd: » And now no spies are near,  
 » Let's strip, my gentle maids, and wash, she cries.  
 Pleas'd with the motion, ev'ry maid complies;  
 Only the blushing huntress stood confus'd,  
 And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd;  
 In vain excus'd: her fellows round her press'd,  
 And the reluctant nymph by force undress'd.  
 The naked huntress all her shame reveal'd,  
 In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd;  
 » Begone! the Goddess cries with stern disdain,  
 » Begone! nor dare the hallow'd stream to stain:  
 She fled, for ever banish'd from the train.

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

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

This said, her hand within her hair she wound,  
Swung her to earth, and dragg'd her on the ground:  
The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in pray'r;  
Her arms grow shaggy, and deform'd with hair,  
Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws:  
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;  
Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin  
To grow distorted in an ugly grin.

And, lest the supplicating brute might reach  
The ears of Jove, she was depriv'd of speech:  
Her surly voice thro' a hoarse passage came  
In savage sounds: her mind was still the same.  
The furry monster fix'd her eyes above,  
And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to Jove,  
And begg'd his aid with inward groans; and tho'  
She could not call him false, she thought him so.

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

But now her son had fifteen summers told,  
Fierce at the chase, and in the forest bold;  
When, as he beat woods in quest of prey,  
He chanc'd to rouse his mother where she lay;  
She knew her son and kept him in her sight,  
And fondly gaz'd: the boy was in a fright,

And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breast,  
 And would have slain his mother in the beast;  
 But Jove forbad, and snatch'd them through the air  
 In whirlwinds up to heav'n, and fix'd them there,  
 Where the new constellations nightly rise,  
 And add a lustre to the northern skies.

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

The Goddess ended, and her wish was giv'n;  
 Back she return'd in triumph up to heav'n;  
 Her gawdy peacocks drew her through the skies,  
 Their tails were spotted with a thousand eyes;  
 The eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd,  
 At the same time the raven's colour chang'd.

*The Story of CORONIS, and Birth of  
 ÆSCULAPIUS.*

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

The story of his change shall here be told.

In Thessaly there liv'd a nymph of old,  
 Coronis nam'd; a peerless maid she shin'd,  
 Confest the fairest of the fairer kind.  
 Apollo lov'd her, till her guilt he knew,  
 While true she was, or while he thought her true.  
 But his own bird the raven chanc'd to find  
 The false one with a secret rival join'd.  
 Coronis begg'd him to suppress the tale,  
 But could not with repeated pray'rs prevail.  
 His milk-white pinions to the God he ply'd:  
 The busy daw flew with him, side by side,  
 And by a thousand teizing questions drew  
 Th'important secret from him as they flew.

The daw gave honest counsel, though despis'd,  
And, tedious in her tattle, thus advis'd.

» Stay, silly bird, th'ill-natur'd task refuse,  
» Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.  
» Be warn'd by my example: you discern  
» What now I am, and what I was shall learn.  
» My foolish honesty was all my crime;  
» Then hear my story. Once upon a time,  
» The two-shap'd Eriethonius had his birth  
» (Without a mother) from the teeming earth;  
» Minerva nurs'd him, and the infant laid  
» Within a chest, of twining osiers made.  
» The daughters of king Cecrops undertook  
» To guard the chest, commanded not to look  
» On what was hid within. I stood to see  
» The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighb'ring tree.  
» The sisters Pandrosos and Herse keep  
» The strict command; Aglauros needs would peep,  
» And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,  
» And call'd her sisters to the hideous sight;  
» A boy's soft shape did to the waist prevail,  
» But the boy ended in a dragon's tail.  
» I told the stern Minerva all that pass'd,  
» But for my pains discarded and disgrac'd,  
» The frowning Goddess drove me from her sight,  
» And for her favourite chose the bird of night.  
» Be then no tell-tale; for I think my wrong  
» Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.

» But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,  
» As never by the heav'nly maid belov'd:

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



» And of her dire amours you must have heard,  
 » For which she now does penance in a bird,  
 » That, conscious of her shame, avoids the light,  
 » And loves the gloomy cov'ring of the night;  
 » The birds, where-e'er she flutters, scare away  
 » The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day.

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

The God was wroth; the colour left his look,  
 The wreath his head, the harp his hand forsook:  
 His silver bow and feather'd shafts he took,  
 And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breast,  
 That had so often to his own been prest.  
 Down fell the wounded nymph, and sadly groan'd,  
 And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound;  
 And welt'ring in her blood, thus faintly cry'd,  
 » Ah cruel God! though I have justly dy'd,  
 » What has, alas! my unborn infant done,  
 » That he should fall, and two expire in one?  
 This said, in agonies she fetch'd her breath.

The God dissolves in pity at her death;  
 He hates the bird that made her falshood known,  
 And hates himself for what himself had done;  
 The feather'd shaft, that sent her to the fates,  
 And his own hand, that sent the shaft, he hates.

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

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

*Ocyrrhoe transformed to a Mare.*

Old Chiron took the babe with secret joy,  
 Proud of the charge of the celestial boy.  
 His daughter too, whom on the sandy shore  
 The nymph Chariclo to the centaur bore,  
 With hair dishevel'd on her shoulders came  
 To see the child, Ocyrrhoe was her name;  
 She knew her father's arts, and could rehearse  
 The depths of prophecy in sounding verse.  
 Once, as the sacred infant she survey'd,  
 The God was kindled in the raving maid,  
 And thus she utter'd her prophetic tale;  
 » Hail, great physician of the world, all hail;

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

Thus, ent'ring into destiny, the maid  
 The secrets of offended Jove betray'd:  
 More had she still to say; but now appears  
 Oppress'd with sobs and sighs, and drown'd in tears.  
 » My voice, says she, is gone, my language fails;  
 » Through ev'ry limb my kindred shape prevails:  
 » Why did the God this fatal gift impart,  
 » And with prophetic raptures swell my heart!  
 » What new desires are these? I long to pace  
 » O'er flow'ry meadows, and to feed on grass;  
 » I hasten to a brute, a maid no more;  
 » But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?  
 » My sire does half a human shape retain,  
 » And in his upper parts preserves the man.

Her tongue no more distinct complaints affords,  
 But in shrill accents, and mis-shapen words  
 Pours forth such hideous wailings, as declare  
 The human form confounded in the mare,  
 'Till by degrees accomplish'd in the beast,  
 She neigh'd out-right, and all the steed exprest.  
 Her stooping body on her hands is born,  
 Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and shod in horn;  
 Her yellow tresses ruffle in a mane,  
 And in a flowing tail she frisks her train.  
 The mare was finish'd in her voice and look,  
 And a new name from the new figure took.

*The transformation of BATTUS to a  
 Touch-Stone.*

Sore wept the centaur, and to Phœbus pray'd;  
 But how could Phœbus give the centaur aid?  
 Degraded of his pow'r by angry Jove,  
 In Elis then a herd of beeves he drove;  
 And wielded in his hand a staff of oak,  
 And o'er his shoulders threw the shepherd's cloak;  
 On seven compacted reeds he us'd to play,  
 And on his rural pipe to waste the day.

As once, attentive to his pipe he play'd,  
 The crafty Hermes from the God convey'd  
 A drove, that sep'rate from their fellows stray'd.  
 The theft an old insidious peasant view'd;  
 (Thy call'd him Battus in the neighbourhood)

Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed  
 His fav'rite mares, and watch the gen'rous breed.  
 The thievish God suspected him, and took  
 The hind aside, and thus in whispers spoke;  
 » Discover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,  
 » And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee.  
 » Go, stranger, cries the clown, securily on,  
 » That stone shall sooner tell; and show'd a stone.  
 The God withdrew, but straight return'd again,  
 In speech and habit like a country swain;  
 And cries out, » Neighbour, hast thou seen a stray  
 » Of bullocks and of heifers pass this way?  
 » In the recovery of my cattle join,  
 » A bullock and a heifer shall be thine.  
 The peasant quick replies, » You'll find them there  
 » In yon dark vale: and in the vale they were.  
 The double bribe had his false heart beguil'd:  
 The God, successful in the trial, smil'd;  
 » And dost thou thus betray myself to me?  
 » Me to myself dost thou betray? says he:  
 Then to a touch-stone turns the faithless spy,  
 And in his name records his infamy.

*The Story of AGLAUROS, transformed  
 into a Statue.*

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

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

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

As Lucifer excels the meanest star ,  
Or , as the full-orb'd Phœbe Lucifer ;  
So much did Hersè all the rest outvy ,  
And gave a grace to the solemnity.  
Hermes was fir'd , as in the clouds he hung :  
So the cold bullet , that with fury slung  
From Balearic engines mounts on high ,  
Glow's in the whirl , and burns along the sky.  
At length he pitch'd upon the ground , and show'd  
The form divine , the features of a god.  
He knew their virtue o'er a female heart ,  
And yet he strives to better them by art.  
He hangs his mantle loose , and sets to show  
The golden edging on the seam below ;

Adjusts his flowing curls, and in his hand  
 Waves, with an air, the sleep-procuring wand;  
 The glitt'ring sandals to his feet applies,  
 And to each heel the well-trim'd pinion ties.

His ornaments with nicest art display'd,  
 He seeks th'apartment of the royal maid.

The roof was all with polish'd ivory lin'd,

That, richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoise shin'd.

Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were plac'd,

The mid'most by the beauteous Hersè grac'd;

Her virgin sisters lodg'd on either side.

Aglauros first th'approaching God descry'd,

And, as he cross'd her chamber, ask'd his name,

And what his business was, and whence he came.

» I come, reply'd the God, from heav'n, to woo

» Your sister, and to make an aunt of you;

» I am the son and messenger of Jove.

» My name is Mercury, my business love;

» Do you, kind damsel, take a lover's part,

» And gain admittance to your sister's heart.

She star'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,

As when she on Minerva's secret gaz'd,

And ask'd a mighty treasure for her hire,

And, till he brings it, makes the God retire.

Minerva griev'd to see the nymph succeed;

And now rememb'ring the late impious deed,

When, disobedient to her strict command,

She touch'd the chest with an unhallow'd hand;

In big-swoln sighs her inward rage express'd,

That heav'd the rising Ægis on her breast:

Then fought out Envy in her dark abode,  
Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood :  
Shut from the winds , and from the wholesome skies,  
In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies ,  
Difmal and cold , where not a beam of light  
Invades the winter , or disturbs the night.

Directly to the cave her course she steer'd,  
Against the gates her martial lance she rear'd ;  
The gates flew open , and the fiend appear'd.  
A pois'nous morsel in her teeth she chew'd ,  
And gorg'd the flesh of vipers for her food.  
Minerva , loathing , turn'd away her eye ;  
The hideous monster , rising heavily ,  
Came stalking forward with a fullen pace ,  
And left her mangled offals on the place.  
Soon as she saw the Goddess gay and bright,  
She fetch'd a groan at such a chearful sight.  
Livid and meager were her looks , her eye  
In foul distorted glances turn'd awry ;  
A hoard of gall her inward parts possess'd ,  
And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast ;  
Her teeth were brown with rust ; and from her tongue  
In dangling drops , the stringy poison hung.  
She never smiles but when the wretched weep ,  
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep ,  
Restless in spite : while watchful to destroy ,  
She pines and sickens at another's joy ;  
Foe to herself , distressing and distressed ,  
She bears her own tormenter in her breast.



The Goddess gave ( for she abhorr'd her sight )  
 A short command : » To Athens speed thy flight :  
 » On curst Aglauros try thy utmost art ,  
 » And fix thy rankest venoms in her heart.  
 This said , her spear she push'd against the ground ,  
 And mounting from it with an active bound ,  
 Flew off to heav'n : the hag with eyes askew  
 Look'd up , and mutter'd curses as she flew ;  
 For sore she fretted , and began to grieve  
 At the success which she herself must give.  
 Then takes her staff , hung round with wreaths of thorn ,  
 And sails along , in a black whirlwind born ,  
 O'er fields and flow'ry meadows : where she steers  
 Her baneful course , a mighty blast appears ,  
 Mildews and blights ; the meadows are defac'd ,  
 The fields , the flow'rs , and the whole year laid waste :  
 On mortals next , and peopled towns she falls ,  
 And breathes a burning plague among their walls.  
 When Athens she beheld , for arts renown'd ,  
 With peace made happy , and with plenty crown'd ,  
 Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear ,  
 To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.  
 Th' apartment now she enter'd , where at rest  
 Aglauros lay , with gentle sleep oppress'd.  
 To execute Minerva's dire command ,  
 She stroak'd the virgin with her canker'd hand ,  
 Then prickly thorns into her breast convey'd ,  
 That stung to madness the devoted maid :  
 Her subtle venom still improves the smart ,  
 Frets in the blood , and festers in the heart.

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

Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away  
 In tears all night, in darkness all the day;  
 Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run,  
 When feebly smitten by the distant sun;  
 Or like unwholsome weeds, that set on fire  
 Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.  
 Giv'n up to envy (for in ev'ry thought  
 The thorns, the venom, and the vision wrought)  
 Oft did she call on death, as oft, decreed,  
 Rather than see her sister's wish succeed,  
 To tell her awful father what had pass'd:  
 At length before the door herself she cast;  
 And, sitting on the ground with sullen pride,  
 A passage to the love-sick God deny'd.  
 The God carefs'd, and for admission pray'd,  
 And sooth'd in softest words th' envenom'd maid.  
 In vain he sooth'd: » Begone! the maid replies,  
 » Or here I keep my seat, and never rise.  
 » Then keep thy seat for ever, cries the God,  
 And touch'd the door, wide op'ning to his rod.  
 Fain would she rise, and stop him, but she found  
 Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground;  
 Her joints are all benumm'd, her hands are pale,  
 And marble now appears in ev'ry nail.

As when a cancer in the body feeds,  
 And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds;  
 So does the chilness to each vital part  
 Spread by degrees and creeps into her heart;  
 'Tis hard'ning ev'ry where, and speechless grown,  
 She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a stone;  
 But still her envious hue and sullen mien  
 Are in the sedentary figure seen.

### EUROPA'S Rape.

When now the God his fury had allay'd,  
 And taken vengeance of the stubborn maid,  
 From where the bright Athenian turrets rise  
 He mounts aloft, and re-ascends the skies.  
 Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes,  
 And, as he mix'd among the croud of gods,  
 Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,  
 And in soft whispers thus his will exprest.

» My trusty Hermes, by whose ready aid  
 » Thy sire's commands are thro' the world convey'd,  
 » Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force,  
 » And to the walls of Sidon speed thy course;  
 » There find a herd of heifers wand'ring o'er  
 » The neighb'ring hill, and drive them to the shore.  
 Thus spoke the God, concealing his intent,  
 The trusty Hermes on his message went,  
 And found the herd of heifers wand'ring o'er  
 A neighb'ring hill, and drove them to the shore;

Where the king's daughter, with a lovely train  
Of fellow-nymphs, was sporting on the plain.

The dignity of empire laid aside,  
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride.)  
The ruler of the skies, the thund'ring God,  
Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,  
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,  
Frisk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.  
Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,  
And from his neck the double dewlap hung.  
His skin was whiter than the snow that lies  
Unfully'd by the breath of southern skies;  
Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,  
As turn'd and polish'd by the workman's hand;  
His eye-balls roll'd, not formidably bright,  
But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light.  
His ev'ry look was peaceful, and exprest  
The softness of the lover in the beast.

Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd  
Among the fields, the milk-white bull survey'd,  
And view'd his spotless body with delight,  
And at a distance kept him in her sight.  
At length she pluck'd the rising flow'rs and fed  
The gentle beast, and fondly stroak'd his head.  
He stood well-pleas'd to touch the charming fair,  
But hardly could confine his pleasure there.  
And now he wantons over the neighb'ring strand,  
Now rolls his body on the yellow sand;  
And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,  
Comes tossing forward to the royal maid;

Gives her his breast to stroak, and downward turns  
His grisly brow, and gently stops his horns.

In flow'ry wreaths the royal virgin drest  
His bending horns, and kindly clap'd his breast.  
'Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,  
Not knowing that she pres'd the Thunderer,  
She plac'd herself upon his back, and rode  
O'er fields and meadows, seated on the God.

He gently march'd along, and by degrees  
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas;  
Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,  
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.  
The frighted nymph looks backward on the shore,  
And hears the trembling billows round her roar;  
But still she holds him fast: one hand is born  
Upon his back; the other grasps a horn:  
Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,  
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.

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

O V I D's  
M E T A M O R P H O S E S,  
B O O K I I I.

*The Story of CADMUS.*

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

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

» Behold among the fields a lonely cow,  
» Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plow;

- » Mark well the place where first she lays her down,  
 » There measure out thy walls, and build thy town,  
 » And from thy guide Bœotia call the land,  
 » In which the destin'd walls and town shall stand.

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

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

Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,  
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,  
Bloated with poison to a monstrous size;  
Fire broke in flashes when he glanc'd his eyes:  
His tow'ring crest was glorious to behold,  
His shoulders and his sides were scal'd with gold;  
Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his force;  
His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.  
The Tyrians in the den for water sought,  
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault:  
From side to side their empty urns rebound,  
And rouse the sleepy serpent with the sound.  
Straight he bestirs him, and is seen to rise;  
And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,  
And darts his forky tongues, and rolls his glaring eyes.  
The Tyrians drop their vessels in the fright,  
All pale and trembling at the hideous sight.  
Spire above spire uprear'd in air he stood,  
And gazing round him, over-look'd the wood:  
Then floating on the ground, in circles roll'd;  
Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.  
Of such a bulk, and such a monstrous size,  
The serpent in the polar circle lies,  
That stretches over half the northern skies.  
In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,  
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly:  
All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;  
Some die entangled in the winding train;  
Some are devour'd; or feel a loathsom death,  
Swoln up with blasts of pestilential breath.



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

Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,  
 He saw his servants breathless on the grass;  
 The scaly foe amid their corps he view'd,  
 Basking at ease, and feasting on their blood.  
 » Such friends, he cries, deserv'd a longer date;  
 » But Cadmus will revenge, or share their fate.  
 Then heav'd a stone, and rising to the throw,  
 He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe;  
 A tow'r, assaulted by so rude a stroke,  
 With all its lofty battlements had shook;  
 But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avails,  
 Rebounding harmless from the plaited scales,  
 That, firmly join'd, preserv'd him from a wound,  
 With native armour crusted all around.  
 The pointed jav'lin more successful flew,  
 Which at his back the raging warrior threw;  
 Amid the plaited scales it took its course,  
 And in the spinal marrow spent its force.  
 The monster hiss'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,  
 And writh'd his body to and fro with pain;  
 And bit the spear, and wrench'd the wood away;  
 The point still buried in the marrow lay.

And now his rage, increasing with his pain,  
Reddens his eyes, and beats in ev'ry vein:  
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom rose,  
Whilst in his mouth a blast of vapours flows,  
Such as th' infernal Strygian waters cast;  
The plants around him wither in the blast.  
Now in a maze of rings he lies enroll'd,  
Now all unravel'd, and without a fold;  
Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force  
Bears down the forest in his boist'rous course.  
Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's spoil  
Sustain'd the shock, then forc'd him to recoil;  
The pointed jav'lin warded off his rage:  
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,  
The serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear,  
'Till blood and venom all the point besmear.  
But still the hurt he yet receiv'd was slight;  
For, whilst the champion with redoubled might  
Strikes home the jav'lin, his retiring foe  
Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow.

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

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

He sows the teeth at Pallas's command,  
 And flings the future people from his hand.  
 The clods grow warm, and crumble where he sows;  
 And now the pointed spears advance in rows;  
 Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,  
 Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts;  
 O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,  
 A growing host, a crop of men and arms.

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

Cadmus surpriz'd, and startled at the sight  
 Of his new foes, prepar'd himself for fight:  
 When one cry'd out, » Forbear, fond man, forbear  
 » To mingle in a blind promiscuous war.

This said, he struck his brother to the ground,  
 Himself expiring by another's wound;  
 Nor did the third his conquest long survive,  
 Dying ere scarce he had begun to live.

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

Here Cadmus reign'd; and now one would have guess'd  
 The royal founder in his exile blest'd:  
 Long did he live within his new abodes,  
 Ally'd by marriage to the deathless gods:  
 And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,  
 A long increase of children's children told:  
 But no frail man, however great or high,  
 Can be concluded blest before he die.

Actæon was the first of all his race,  
 Who griev'd his grandfire in his borrow'd face;  
 Condemn'd by stern Diana to bemoan  
 The branching horns, and visage not his own;  
 To shun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,  
 And from their huntsman to become their prey.  
 And yet consider why the change was wrought,  
 You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;

Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance :  
 For how can guilt proceed from ignorance ?

*The Transformation of ACTÆON into a Stag.*

In a fair chace a shady mountain flood,  
 Well stor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of blood.  
 Here did the huntsmen till the heat of day  
 Pursue the stag, and load themselves with prey ;  
 When thus Actæon calling to the rest :

- » My friends, says he, our sport is at the best.  
 » The sun is high advanc'd, and downward shades  
 » His burning beams directly on our heads ;  
 » Then by consent abstain from further spoils,  
 » Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils ;  
 » And ere to-morrow's sun begins his race,  
 » Take the cool morning to renew the chace.

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

Down in a vale with pine and cypress clad,  
 Refresh'd with gentle winds, and brown with shade,  
 The chaste Diana's private haunt, there stood  
 Full in the centre of the darksome wood  
 A spacious grotto, all around o'er-grown  
 With hoary moss, and arch'd with pumice-stone,  
 From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,  
 And trickling swell into a lake below.  
 Nature had ev'ry where so play'd her part,  
 That ev'ry where she seem'd to vie with art.

Here the bright Goddesses, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,  
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.

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

Now all undrest the shining Goddesses stood,  
When young Actæon, wilder'd in the wood,  
To the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd,  
The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs survey'd.  
The frighted virgins shriek'd at the surprize,  
(The forest echo'd with their piercing cries.)  
Then in a huddle round their Goddesses prest:  
She proudly eminent above the rest,  
With blushes glow'd, such blushes as adorn  
The ruddy welkin, or the purple morn;  
And though the crouded nymphs her body hide,  
Half backward shrunk, and view'd him from aside.  
Surpriz'd, at first she would have snatch'd her bow,  
But sees the circling waters round her flow;  
These in the hollow of her hand she took,  
And dash'd them in his face, while thus she spoke:  
\* Tell, if thou can'st, the wondrous sight disclo'd;  
\* A goddess naked to thy view expos'd.

This said, the man begun to disappear  
 By slow degrees, and ended in a deer;  
 A rising horn on either brow he wears,  
 And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;  
 Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'er-grown,  
 His bosom pants with fears before unknown.  
 Transform'd at length, he flies away in haste,  
 And wonders why he flies away so fast.

But as by chance, within a neighb'ring brook,  
 He saw his branching horns and alter'd look,  
 Wretched Actæon! in a doleful tone  
 He try'd to speak, but only gave a groan;  
 And as he wept, within the wat'ry glass,  
 He saw the big round drops, with silent pace,  
 Run trickling down a savage hairy face.

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

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

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

Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies;  
 From shouting men, and horns, and dogs, he flies,  
 Deafen'd and stunn'd with their promiscuous cries.  
 When now the fleetest of the pack, that prest  
 Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest,  
 Had fasten'd on him, straight another pair  
 Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,  
 'Till all the pack came up, and ev'ry hound  
 Tore the sad huntsman grov'ling on the ground,  
 Who now appear'd but one continu'd wound.  
 With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,  
 And fills the mountain with his dying groans.  
 His servants with a piteous look he spies,  
 And turns about his supplicating' eyes.  
 His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,  
 With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,  
 And call'd their lord Actæon to the game;  
 He shook his head in answer to the name,  
 He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone,  
 Or only to have stood a looker on.  
 But, to his grief, he finds himself too near,  
 And feels his rav'nous dogs with fury tear  
 Their wretched master panting in a deer.

*The Birth of BACCHUS.*

Actæon's suff'rings, and Diana's rage,  
 Did all the thoughts of men and gods engage,  
 Some call'd the evils; which Diana wrought,  
 Too great, and disproportion'd to the fault;



Others again esteem'd Actæon's woes  
 Fit for a virgin Goddess to impose.  
 The hearers into diff'rent parts divide,  
 And reasons are produc'd on either side.  
 Juno alone, of all that heard the news,  
 Nor would condemn the Goddess, nor excuse;  
 She heeded not the justice of the deed,  
 But joy'd to see the race of Cadmus bleed;  
 For still she kept Europa in her mind,  
 And, for her sake, detested all her kind.  
 Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard  
 How Semele, to Jove's embrace prefer'd,  
 Was now grown big with an immortal load,  
 And carry'd in her womb a future god.  
 Thus terribly incens'd, the Goddess broke  
 To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke.

- » Are my reproaches of so small a force?  
 » 'Tis time I then pursue another course:  
 » It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,  
 » If I'm indeed the mistress of the sky;  
 » If rightly styl'd among the pow'rs above  
 » The wife and sister of the thund'ring Jove,  
 » (And none can sure a sister's right deny)  
 » It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.  
 » She boasts an honour I can hardly claim;  
 » Pregnant she rises to a mother's name;  
 » While proud and vain she triumphs in her Jove,  
 » And shows the glorious tokens of his love:  
 » But if I'm still the mistress of the skies,  
 » By her own lover the fond beauty dies.

This said, descending in a yellow cloud,  
 Before the gates of Semele she stood,

Old Beroë's decrepit shape she wears,  
 Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs;  
 Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,  
 And learns to tattle in the nurse's tone.

The Goddess, thus disguis'd in age, beguil'd  
 With pleasing stories her false foster-child.

Much did she talk of love, and when she came  
 To mention to the nymph her lover's name,  
 Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,  
 » 'Tis well, says she, if all be true that's said.

» But trust me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear  
 » Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.

» Many an honest well-designing maid,  
 » Has been by these pretended gods betray'd.

» But if he be indeed the thund'ring Jove,  
 » Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,

» Descend triumphant from th' ethereal sky,  
 » In all the pomp of his divinity;

» Encompass'd round by those celestial charms,  
 » With which he fills th'immortal Juno's arms.

Th'unwary nymph, ensnar'd with what she said,  
 Desir'd of Jove, when next he sought her bed,

To grant a certain gift which she would chuse;  
 » Fear not, reply'd the God, that I'll refuse

» Whate'er you ask: may Styx confirm my voice,  
 » Chuse what you will, and you shall have your choice.

» Then, says the nymph, when next you seek my arms,  
 » May you descend in those celestial charms,

» With which your Juno's bosom you enflame,  
 » And fill with transport heav'n's immortal dame.  
 The God surpriz'd would fain have stopt her voice :  
 But he had sworn, and she had made her choice.

To keep his promise he ascends, and shrouds  
 His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds ;  
 Whilst all around, in terrible array,  
 His thunders rattle, and his light'nings play.  
 And yet, the dazzling lustre to abate,  
 He set not out in all his pomp and state,  
 Clad in the mildest light'ning of the skies,  
 And arm'd with thunder of the smallest size :  
 Not those huge bolts, by which the giants slain  
 Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain.

'Twas of a lesser mould, and lighter weight ;  
 They call it thunder of a second rate.

For the rough cyclops, who by Jove's command  
 Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,  
 Work'd up less flame and fury in its make,  
 And quench'd it sooner in the standing lake.  
 Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,  
 Th'illustrious God, descending from his height,  
 Came rushing on her in a storm of light.

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

But, to preserve his off-spring from the tomb,  
 Jove took him smoking from the blasted womb ;

And, if on ancient tales we may rely,  
 Inclos'd th'abortive infant in his thigh.  
 Here, when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,  
 Ino first took him for her foster-child;  
 Then the Niseans, in their dark abode,  
 Nurs'd secretly with milk the thriving God.

*The transformation of TIRESIAS.*

'Twas now, while these transactions past on earth,  
 And Bacchus thus procur'd a second birth,  
 When Jove, dispos'd to lay aside the weight  
 Of publick empire, and the cares of state;  
 As to his queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,  
 » In truth, says he, and as he spoke he laugh'd,  
 » The sense of pleasure in the male is far  
 » More dull and dead, than what you females share.  
 Juno the truth of what was said deny'd;  
 Tiresias therefore must the cause decide;  
 For he the pleasure of each sex had try'd.

It happen'd once, within a shady wood,  
 Two twisted snakes he in conjunction view'd;  
 When with his staff their slimy folds he broke,  
 And lost his manhood at the fatal stroke.  
 But after seven revolving years, he view'd  
 The self-same serpents in the self-same wood;  
 » And if, says he, such virtue in you lie,  
 » That he who dares your slimy folds untie  
 » Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll try.

Again he struck the snakes, and stood again  
 New-sex'd, and straight recover'd into man.  
 Him therefore both the Deities create  
 The sov'reign umpire in their grand debate;  
 And he declar'd for Jove: when Juno fir'd,  
 More than so trivial an affair requir'd,  
 Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his sight,  
 And left him groping round in sudden night.  
 But Jove (for so it is in heav'n decreed,  
 That no one god repeal another's deed;)   
 Irradiates all his soul with inward light,  
 And with the prophet's art relieves the want of sight.

*The transformation of ECHO.*

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

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

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

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

This love-sick virgin, over-joy'd to find  
 The boy alone, still follow'd him behind;  
 When glowing warmly at her near approach,  
 A sulphur blazes at the taper's touch,  
 She long'd her hidden passion to reveal,  
 And tell her pains, but had not words to tell;

She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,  
To catch his voice, and to resound the sound.

The nymph, when nothing could Narcissus move,  
Still dash'd with blushes for her slighted love,  
Liv'd in the shady covert of the woods,  
In solitary caves and dark abodes;  
Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,  
'Till harrafs'd out, and worn away with care,  
The founding skeleton, of blood bereft,  
Besides her bones and voice had nothing left.  
Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found  
In vaults, where still it doubles ev'ry sound.

*The Story of NARCISSUS.*

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

There stands a fountain in a darksom wood,  
Nor stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud;  
Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,  
Unfully'd by the touch of men or beasts;  
High bow'rs of shady trees above it grow,  
And rising grafs and chearful greens below.  
Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,  
And over-heated by the morning chace,

Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies :  
But whilst within the chrystal fount he tries  
To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise;  
For as his own bright image he survey'd,  
He fell in love with the fantastic shade;  
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,  
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.  
The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,  
The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes;  
The hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,  
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow,  
With all the purple youthfulness of face,  
That gently blushes in the wat'ry glass.  
By his own flames consum'd the lover lies,  
And gives himself the wound by which he dies.  
To the cold water oft he joins his lips,  
Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips  
His arms, as often from himself he slips.  
Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue  
With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.  
Who could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?  
What kindle in thee this unpity'd love?  
Thy own warm blush within the water glows,  
With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes,  
Its empty being on thyself relies;  
Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.  
Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he stood,  
Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food;  
Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd.



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

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

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

Ere yet the sun's autumnal heats refine  
 Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.  
 The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,  
 And with a new redoubled passion dies.  
 As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,  
 And trickle into drops before the sun,  
 So melts the youth, and languishes away;  
 His beauty withers, and his limbs decay,  
 And none of those attractive charms remain,  
 To which the slighted Echo su'd in vain.

She saw him in his present misery,  
 Whom, spight of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see.  
 She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,  
 Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to ev'ry groan:  
 » Ah youth! belov'd in vain, Narcissus cries;  
 » Ah youth! belov'd in vain, the nymph replies.  
 » Farewell, says he: the parting sound scarce fell  
 From his faint lips, but she reply'd, » Farewell.  
 Then on th'unwholsome earth he gasping lyes,  
 'Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.  
 To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,  
 And in the Stygian waves itself admires.

From him the Naiads and the Dryades mourn,  
 Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn:  
 And now the sister-nymphs prepare his urn;  
 When, looking for his corps, they only found  
 A tising stalk, with yellow blossoms crown'd.

*The Story of PENTHEUS.*

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

Th'un-hallow'd Pentheus only durst decide  
The cheated people, and their eyeless guide.

To whom the prophet in his fury said,  
Shaking the hoary honours of his head:

» 'Twere well, presumptuous man, 'twere well for thee

» If thou wert eyeless too, and blind, like me:

» For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,

» When the young God's solemnities appear;

» Which if thou dost not with just rites adorn,

» Thy impious carcass, into pieces torn,

» Shall strew the woods, and hang on ev'ry thorn.

» Then, then, remember what I now foretell,

» And own the blind Tiresias saw too well.

Still Pentheus scorns him, and derides his skill;

But time did all the prophet's threats fulfil.

For now through prostrate Greece young Bacchus rode,

Whilst howling matrons celebrate the God.

All ranks and sexes to his Orgies ran,

To mingle in the pomps, and fill the train.

When Pentheus thus his wicked rage express'd;

» What madness, Thebans, has your souls possess'd?

» Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout,

» And the lewd clamours of a beastly rout,

» Thus quell your courage? can the weak alarm

» Of women's yells those stubborn souls disarm,

» Whom

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

In vain his grandfire urg'd him to give o'er  
His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.

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

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

*The Mariners transformed to Dolphins.*

Him Pentheus view'd with fury in his look,  
And scarce with-held his hands, while thus he spoke,  
» Vile slave! whom speedy vengeance shall pursue,  
» And terrify thy base seditious crew:

» Thy country, and thy parentage reveal,  
» And, why thou join'st in these mad Orgies, tell.

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

» From high Meonia's rocky shores I came,  
» Of poor descent, Accetes is my name:

» My sire was meanly born; no oxen plow'd  
» His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low'd.

» His whole estate within the waters lay;  
» With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey.

» His art was all his livelihood; which he  
» Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me;

- » In streams, my boy, and rivers take thy chance ;  
 » There swims, said he, thy whole inheritance.  
 » Long did I live on this poor legacy ;  
 » Till tir'd with rocks and my own native sky ,  
 » To arts of navigation I inclin'd ;  
 » Observ'd the turns and changes of the wind ;  
 » Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note  
 » The stormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,  
 » The bright Taygete, and the shining Bears,  
 » With all the sailor's catalogue of stars.  
 » Once, as by chance for Delos I design'd,  
 » My vessel, driv'n by a strong gust of wind,  
 » Moor'd in a Chian creek; ashore I went,  
 » And all the following night in Chios spent.  
 » When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring  
 » Supplies of water from a neighb'ring spring,  
 » Whilst I the motion of the winds explor'd ;  
 » Then summon'd in my crew, and went aboard.  
 » Opheltas heard my summons, and with joy  
 » Brought to the shoar a soft and lovely boy,  
 » With more than female sweetness in his look,  
 » Whom straggling in the neighb'ring fields he took.  
 » With fumes of wine the little captive glows,  
 » And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.  
 » I view'd him nicely, and began to trace  
 » Each heav'nly feature, each immortal grace,  
 » And saw divinity in all his face.  
 » I know not who, said I, this God should be ;  
 » But that he is a god I plainly see :

- » And thou, who-e'er thou art, excuse the force  
 » These men have us'd; and oh befriend our course!  
 » Pray not for us, the nimble Dictys cry'd;  
 » Dictys, that could the main-top-mast bestride,  
 » And down the ropes with active vigour slide.  
 » To the same purpose old Epopeus spoke,  
 » Who over-look'd the oars, and time'd the stroke;  
 » The same the pilot, and the same the rest;  
 » Such impious avarice their souls possess.  
 » Nay, heav'n forbid that I should bear away  
 » Within my vessel so divine a prey,  
 » Said I; and stood to hinder their intent:  
 » When Lycabas, a wretch for murder sent  
 » From Tuscany, to suffer banishment,  
 » With his clench'd fist had struck me over-board,  
 » Had not my hands in falling grasp'd a cord.  
 » His base confederates the fact approve;  
 » When Bacchus (for 'twas he) begun to move,  
 » Wak'd by the noise and clamours which they rais'd;  
 » And shook his drowsy limbs, and round him gaz'd:  
 » What means this noise? he cries; am I betray'd?  
 » Ah! whither, whither must I be convey'd?  
 » Fear not, said Proteus, child, but tell us where  
 » You wish to land, and trust our friendly care.  
 » To Naxos then direct your course, said he;  
 » Naxos a hospitable port shall be  
 » To each of you, a joyful home to me.  
 » By ev'ry god, that rules the sea or sky,  
 » The perjurd villains promise to comply,



- » And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.  
 » With eager joy I launch into the deep ;  
 » And, heedless of the fraud, for Naxos stand :  
 » They whisper oft, and beckon with the hand,  
 » And give me signs, all anxious for their prey,  
 » To tack about, and steer another way.  
 » Then let some other to my post succeed,  
 » Said I, I'm guiltless of so foul a deed.  
 » What, says Ethalion, must the ship's whole crew  
 » Follow your humour, and depend on you?  
 » And straight himself he seated at the prore,  
 » And tack'd about, and sought another shore.  
 » The beauteous youth now found himself betray'd,  
 » And from the deck the rising waves survey'd,  
 » And seem'd to weep, and as he wept he said :  
 » And do you thus my easy faith beguile?  
 » Thus do you bear me to my native isle?  
 » Will such a multitude of men employ  
 » Their strength against a weak defenceless boy?  
 » In vain did I the god-like youth deplore,  
 » The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the more.  
 » And now by all the gods in heav'n that hear  
 » This solemn oath, by Bacchus' self, I swear,  
 » The mighty miracle that did ensue,  
 » Although it seems beyond belief, is true.  
 » The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,  
 » Unmov'd by all the beating billows stood.  
 » In vain the mariners would plow the main  
 » With sails unfurl'd, and strike their oars in vain ;

- » Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,  
» And climbs the mast, and hides the cords in leaves:  
» The sails are cover'd with a chearful green,  
» And berries in the fruitful canvass seen.  
» Amidst the waves a sudden forest rears  
» Its verdant head, and a new spring appears.  
» The God we now behold with open'd eyes;  
» A herd of spotted panthers round him lyes  
» In glaring forms; the grappy clusters spread  
» On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.  
» And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,  
» My mates, surpriz'd with madness or with fear,  
» Leap'd over-board; first perjur'd Madon found  
» Rough scales and fins his stiff'ning sides surround;  
» Ah what, cries one, has thus transform'd thy look?  
» Straight his own mouth grew wider as he spoke;  
» And now himself he views with like surprize.  
» Still at his oar th'industrious Libys plies;  
» But, as he plies, each busy arm shrinks in,  
» And by degrees is fashion'd to a fin.  
» Another, as he catches at a cord,  
» Misses his arms, and, tumbling over-board,  
» With his broad fins and forky tail, he laves  
» The rising surge, and flounces in the waves.  
» Thus all my crew transform'd around the ship,  
» Or dive below, or on the surface leap,  
» And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep.  
» Full nineteen sailors did the ship convey,  
» A shole of nineteen dolphins round her play.

» I only in my proper shape appear ,  
 » Speechless with wonder , and half-dead with fear ,  
 » 'Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more.  
 » With him I landed on the Chian shore ,  
 » And him shall ever gratefully adore.  
     » This forging slave, says Pentheus, would prevail,  
 » O'er our just fury by a far-fetch'd tale :  
 » Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,  
 » And in the tortures of the rack expire.  
 Th'officious servants hurry him away ,  
 And the poor captive in a dungeon lay,  
 But, whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd ,  
 The gates fly open , of themselves unbarr'd ;  
 At liberty th'unfetter'd captive stands ,  
 And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands.

*The Death of PENTHEUS.*

But Pentheus , grown more furious than before ,  
 Resolv'd to send his messengers no more ,  
 But went himself to the distracted throng ,  
 Where high Cithæron echo'd with their song,  
 And as the fiery war-horse paws the ground ,  
 And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound ;  
 Transported thus he heard the frantic rout ,  
 And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.

A spacious circuit on the hill there stood ,  
 Level and wide , and skirted round with wood ;  
 Here the rash Pentheus , with unhallow'd eyes ,  
 The howling dames and mystic Orgi's spies.

His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,  
 And kindled into madness as she view'd:  
 Her leafy jav'lin at her son she cast,  
 And cries, « The boar that lays our country waste!  
 » The boar, my sisters! aim the fatal dart,  
 » And strike the brindled monster to the heart.

Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal sound,  
 And sees the yelling matrons gath'ring round;  
 He sees, and weeps at his approaching fate,  
 And begs for mercy, and repents too late.  
 « Help, help! my aunt Autonoe, he cry'd;  
 » Remember how your own Aëxon dy'd.  
 Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops  
 One stretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lops.  
 In vain does Pentheus to his mother sue,  
 And the raw bleeding stumps presents to view:  
 His mother howl'd; and heedless of his pray'r,  
 Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair,  
 » And this, she cry'd, shall be Agavè's share!  
 When from the neck his struggling head she tore,  
 And in her hands the ghastly visage bore,  
 With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey;  
 Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,  
 As starting in the pangs of death it lay.  
 Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,  
 Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal blasts,  
 With such a sudden death lay Pentheus slain,  
 And in a thousand pieces strow'd the plain.  
 By so distinguishing a judgment aw'd,  
 The Thebans tremble, and confess the God.

OVID'S  
 METAMORPHOSES.  
 BOOK IV.

*The Story of SALMACIS, and*  
 HERMAPHRODITUS.

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

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

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

Fain would she meet the youth with hasty feet,  
She fain would meet him, but refus'd to meet  
Before her looks were set with nicest care,  
And well deserv'd to be reputed fair.

« Bright youth, she cries, whom all thy features prove  
 » A god, and, if a god, the god of love;  
 » But if a mortal, blest thy nurse's breast,  
 » Blest are thy parents, and thy sisters blest:  
 » But oh how blest! how more than blest thy bride,  
 » Ally'd in blifs, if any yet ally'd.  
 » If so, let mine the stoln enjoyments be;  
 » If not, behold a willing bride in me.

The boy knew nought of love, and touch'd with shame,  
 He strove, and blush'd, but still the blush became;  
 In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose;  
 The sunny side of fruit such blushes shows,  
 And such the moon, when all her silver white  
 Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.

The nymph still begs, if not a nobler blifs,  
 A cold salute at least, a sister's kiss:  
 And now prepares to take the lovely boy  
 Between her arms. He, innocently coy,  
 Replies, « Or leave me to myself alone,  
 » You rude uncivil nymph, or I'll be gone.

» Fair stranger then, says she, it shall be so;  
 And, for she fear'd his threats, she feign'd to go;  
 But hid within a covert's neighb'ring green,  
 She kept him still in sight, herself unseen.

The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,  
 And innocently sports about the shore,  
 Playful and wanton to the stream he trips,  
 And dips his foot, and shivers, as he dips.

The coolness pleas'd him, and with eager haste  
 His airy garments on the banks he cast;

His godlike features, and his heav'nly hue,  
 And all his beauties were expos'd to view.  
 His naked limbs the nymph with rapture spies,  
 While hotter passions in her bosom rise,  
 Flush in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes.  
 She longs, she burns to clasp him in her arms,  
 And looks, and sighs, and kindles at his charms.

Now all undrest upon the banks he stood,  
 And clapt his sides, and leapt into the flood:  
 His lovely limbs the silver waves divide,  
 His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;  
 As lilies shut within a crystal case,  
 Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.  
 "He's mine, he's all my own, the Naiad cries,  
 And flings off all, and after him she flies.  
 And now she fastens on him as he swims,  
 And holds him close, and wraps about his limbs.  
 The more the boy resisted, and was coy,  
 The more she clipt, and kist the struggling boy.  
 So when the wringling snake is snatch'd on high  
 In eagle's claws, and hisses in the sky,  
 Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,  
 And twistes her legs, and writhes about her wings.

The restless boy still obstinately strove  
 To free himself, and still refus'd her love.  
 Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs intwin'd,  
 » And why, coy youth, she cries, why thus unkind!  
 » Oh may the gods thus keep us ever join'd!  
 » Oh may we never, never part again!  
 So pray'd the nymph, nor did she pray in vain:



For now she finds him, as his limbs she prest,  
 Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast;  
 Till, piercing each the other's flesh, they run  
 Together, and incorporate in one:  
 Last in one face are both their faces join'd,  
 As when the stock and grafted twig combin'd  
 Shoot up the same, and wear a common rind:  
 Both bodies in a single body mix,  
 A single body with a double sex.

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

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



# C A T O.

A

## T R A G E D Y.

Ecce Spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat;  
intentus operi suo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dig-  
num, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compo-  
situs! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in  
terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere animum  
velit, quàm ut spectet Catonem, jam parti-  
bus non semel fractis, nihilominus inter rui-  
nas publicas erectum.

*Sen. de Divin. Prov.*

# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

|                                   |                 |               |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------|---------------|
| CATO,                             |                 | Mr. Booth.    |
| Lucius,                           | } Senators,     | { Mr. Keen.   |
| Sempronius,                       |                 |               |
| Juba, Prince of Numidia,          |                 | Mr. Wilks.    |
| Syphax, General of the Numidians, |                 | Mr. Cibber.   |
| Portius,                          | } Sons of Cato, | { Mr. Powell. |
| Marcus,                           |                 |               |
| Decius, Ambassador from Cæsar,    |                 | Mr. Bowman.   |

Mutineers, Guards, &c.

## W O M E N.

|                            |                |
|----------------------------|----------------|
| Marcia, Daughter to Cato,  | Mrs. Oldfield. |
| Lucia, Daughter to Lucius, | Mrs. Porter.   |

SCENE, A large Hall in the Governor's  
Palace of Utica.

# PROLOGUE.

By Mr. POPE.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,  
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,  
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:  
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,  
Commanding tears to stream through ev'ry age;  
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,  
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.  
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move  
The hero's glory or the virgin's love;  
In pitying love we but our weakness show,  
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.  
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,  
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:  
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,  
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.  
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,  
What Plato thought, and God-like Cato was:  
No common object to your sight displays,  
But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys;

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,  
And greatly falling with a falling state!  
While Cato gives his little senate laws,  
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?  
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?  
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?  
Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,  
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,  
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,  
Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state,  
As her dead father's rev'rend image past,  
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,  
The triumph ceas'd — tears gush'd from ev'ry eye,  
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;  
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,  
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons attend: Be worth like this approv'd,  
And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd.  
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd  
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd;  
Our scenes precariously subsist too long  
On French translation and Italian song;  
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage;  
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage;  
Such Plays alone should please a British ear,  
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

# C A T O.

## A C T. I. S C E N E I.

PORTIUS, MARCUS.

P O R T I U S.

THE dawn is over-cast, the morning low'rs,  
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,  
The great, th' important day, big with the fate  
Of Cato and of Rome — our father's death  
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,  
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar  
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees  
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:  
Should he go farther, numbers would be wanting  
To form new battles, and support his crimes.  
Ye Gods, what havock does ambition make  
Among your works!

*Marc.* Thy steady temper, Portius,  
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud and Cæsar,  
In the calm lights of mild philosophy;  
I'm tortur'd, ev'n to madness, when I think  
On the proud victor: ev'ry time he's nam'd

Pharfalia rifes to my view! — I fee  
 Th'infulting tyrant prancing o'er the field  
 Strow'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in flughter,  
 His horfe's hoofs wet with Patrician blood!  
 Oh, Portius, is there not some chosen curfe,  
 Some hidden thunder in the ftores of Heav'n,  
 Red with uncommon wrath, to blaft the man  
 Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

*Por.* Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,  
 And mix'd with too much horror to be envy'd:  
 How does the luftre of our father's actions,  
 Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,  
 Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness!  
 His fuff'rings shine, and fpread a glory round him;  
 Greatly unfortunate, he fights the caufe  
 Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.  
 His fword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;  
 Oppreffion, tyranny, and pow'r ufurp'd,  
 Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em.

*Marc.* Who knows not this? But what can Cato do  
 Againft a world, a bafe degen'rate world,  
 That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæfar?  
 Pent up in Utica he vainly forms  
 A poor epitome of Roman greatness,  
 And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs  
 A feeble army, and an empty fenate,  
 Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.  
 By Heav'ns, fuch virtues, join'd with fuch fuccefs,  
 Diftact my very foul: our father's fortune  
 Wouldft almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.



*Por.* Remember what our father oft has told us :  
 The ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate ;  
 Puzled in mazes , and perplex'd with errors ,  
 Our understanding traces 'em in vain.  
 Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search ;  
 Nor sees with how much art the windings run ,  
 Nor where the regular confusion ends.

*Marc.* These are suggestions of a mind at ease ;  
 Oh , Portius , didst thou taste but half the griefs  
 That wring my soul , thou couldst not talk thus coldly.  
 Passion unpity'd , and successless love ,  
 Plant daggers in my heart , and aggravate  
 My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind ! —

*Por.* Thou see'st not that thy brother is thy rival ;  
 But I must hide it , for I know thy temper. [ *Aside.*  
 Now , Marcus , now , thy virtue's on the proof :  
 Put forth thy utmost strength , work ev'ry nerve ,  
 And call up all thy father in thy soul :  
 To quell the tyrant love , and guard thy heart  
 On this weak side , where most our nature fails ,  
 Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.

*Marc.* Portius , the counsel which I cannot take ,  
 Instead of healing , but upbraids my weakness.  
 Bid me for honour plunge into a war  
 Of thickest foes , and rush on certain death ,  
 Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow  
 To follow glory , and confess his father.  
 Love is not to be reason'd down , or lost  
 In high ambition , and a thirst of greatness ;  
 'Tis second life , it grows into the soul ,

Warms ev'ry vein, and beats in ev'ry pulse,  
I feel it here : my resolution melts —

*Por.* Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince!  
With how much care he forms himself to glory,  
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper,  
To copy out our father's bright example.

He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her;  
His eyes, his looks, his actions all betray it;  
But still the smother'd fondness burns within him;  
When most it swells, and labours for a vent,  
The sense of honour and desire of fame  
Drive the big passion back into his heart.

What! shall an African, shall Juba's heir  
Reproach great Cato's son, and shew the world  
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul?

*Marc.* Portius, no more! your words leave stings be-  
hind 'em.

Whene'er did Juba, or did Portius, shew  
A virtue that has cast me at a distance,  
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour!

*Por.* Marcus, I know thy gen'rous temper well;  
Fling but the appearance of dishonour on it,  
It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

*Marc.* A brother's suff'rings claim a brother's pity.

*Por.* Heav'n knows I pity thee : behold my eyes  
Ev'n whilst I speak — do they now swim in tears?  
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,  
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

*Marc.* Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead  
Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow!

*Por.* O Marcus, did I know the way to ease  
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,  
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

*Marc.* Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends!  
Pardon a weak distemper'd soul, that swells  
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,  
The sport of passions: But Sempronius comes:  
He must not find this softness hanging on me. [Exit.

## S C E N E I I.

*Enter SEMPRONIUS.*

SEMPRONIUS.

CONSPIRACIES no sooner should be form'd  
Than executed. What means Portius here?  
I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,  
And speak a language foreign to my heart. [Aside.

SEMPRONIUS, PORTIUS.

Good-morrow, Portius! let us once embrace,  
Once more embrace; while we both are free.  
To-morrow, shou'd we thus express our friendship,  
Each might receive a slave into his arms.  
This sun perhaps, this morning sun's the last,  
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.

*Por.* My father has this morning call'd together  
To this poor hall, his little Roman senate,  
(The leavings of Pharfalia) to consult

If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent  
That bears down Rome, and all her Gods before it,  
Or must at length give up the world to Cæsar.

*Semp.* Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome  
Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence.  
His virtues render our assembly awful,  
They strike with something like religious fear,  
And make ev'n Cæsar tremble at the head  
Of armies flush'd with conquest. O, my Portius,  
Could I but call that wondrous man my father,  
Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious  
To thy friend's vows, I might be bless'd indeed!

*Por.* Alas! Sempronius, would'st thou talk of love  
To Marcia, whilst her father's life's in danger!  
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling vestal,  
When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

*Semp.* The more I see the wonders of thy race,  
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my Portius!  
The world has all its eyes on Cato's son,  
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,  
And shews thee in the fairest point of light,  
To make thy virtues, or thy faults, conspicuous.

*Por.* Well dost thou seem to check my ling'ring here  
On this important hour — I'll straight away,  
And while the fathers of the senate meet  
In close debate to weigh th' events of war,  
I'll animate the soldier's drooping courage  
With love of freedom, and contempt of life;  
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,  
And try to rouse up all that's Roman in 'em.

'Tis not in mortals to command success;  
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it. [*Exit*]

SEMPRONIUS, *solus.*

Curse on the stripling! how he apes his fire!  
Ambitiously sententious — But I wonder  
Old Syphax comes not; his Numidian genius  
Is well dispos'd to mischief, were he prompt,  
And eager on it; but he must be spurr'd,  
And ev'ry moment quick'ned to the course.  
— Cato has us'd me ill: he has refus'd  
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.  
Besides, his baffled arms and ruin'd cause  
Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,  
That show'rs down greatness on his friends, will raise me  
To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,  
I claim in my reward his captive daughter.  
But Syphax comes! —

### SCENE III.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS,

SYPHAX.

SEMPRONIUS, all is ready,  
I've founded my Numidians, man by man,  
And find them ripe for a revolt: they all  
Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,  
And wait but the command to change their master.

H

*Semp.* Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste;  
 Ev'n while we speak our conqueror comes on,  
 And gathers ground upon us ev'ry moment.  
 Alas! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul,  
 With what a dreadful course he rushes on  
 From war to war! In vain has nature form'd  
 Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;  
 He bounds o'er all; victorious in his march,  
 The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him;  
 Through winds and waves, and storms he works his way,  
 Impatient for the battle; one day more  
 Will set the victor thund'ring at our gates.  
 But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?  
 That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,  
 And challenge better terms.

*Syph.* Alas! he's lost.

He's lost, Sempronius; all his thoughts are full  
 Of Cato's virtues — But I'll try once more,  
 ( For ev'ry instant I expect him here )  
 If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles  
 Of faith and honour, and I know not what,  
 That have corrupted his Numidian temper,  
 And struck th' infection into all his soul.

*Semp.* Be sure to press upon him ev'ry motive.  
 Juba's surrender, since his father's death,  
 Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,  
 And make him lord of half the burning zone.

*Syph.* But is it true, Sempronius, that your senate  
 Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautious!  
 Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern

Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.

*Semp.* Let me alone, good Syphax, I'll conceal  
My thoughts in passion, ('tis the surest way;)   
I'll bellow out for Rome, and for my country,  
And mouth at Cæsar, 'till I shake the senate.  
Your cold hypocriſy's a ſtale device,  
A worn-out trick: would'ſt thou be thought in earneſt;  
Cloath thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!

*Syph.* In troth, thou'rt able to inſtruct gray hairs,  
And teach the wily African deceit!

*Semp.* Once more be ſure to try thy ſkill on Juba.  
Mean while I'll haſten to my Roman ſoldiers,  
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand  
Blow up their diſcontents, 'till they break out  
Unlook'd for, and diſcharge themſelves on Cato.  
Remember, Syphax, we muſt work in haſte:  
O think what anxious moments paſs between  
The birth of plots, and their laſt fatal periods.  
Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,  
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!  
Deſtruction hangs on ev'ry word we ſpeak,  
On ev'ry thought 'till the concludiſg ſtroke  
Determines all, and cloſes our deſign. [Exit

SYPHAX, *ſolus.*

I'll try if yet I can reduce to reaſon  
This headſtrong youth, and make him ſpurn at Cato.  
The time is ſhort, Cæſar comes ruſhing on us —  
But hold! young Juba ſees me, and approaches.

## S C E N E I V.

JUBA, SYPHAX.

JUBA.

SYPHAX, I joy to meet thee thus alone.  
 I have observ'd of late thy looks are fall'n,  
 O'ercaſt with gloomy cares and diſcontent;  
 Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,  
 What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns;  
 And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?

*Syph.* 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,  
 Or carry ſmiles and ſun-ſhine in my face  
 When diſcontent ſits heavy at my heart;  
 I have not yet ſo much the Roman in me.

*Juba.* Why doſt thou caſt out ſuch ungen'rous terms  
 Againſt the lords and ſov'reigns of the world?  
 Doſt thou not ſee mankind fall down before them,  
 And own the force of their ſuperior virtue?  
 Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,  
 Amidſt our barren rocks, and burning ſands,  
 That does not tremble at the Roman name?

*Syph.* Gods! where's the worth that ſets this people up  
 Above her own Numidia's tawny ſons!  
 Do they with tougher ſinews bend the bow?  
 Or flies the jav'lin ſwifter to its mark,  
 Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?  
 Who like our active African inſtructs



The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?  
 Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,  
 Laden with war? these, these are arts, my prince,  
 In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

*Juba.* These all are virtues of a meaner rank,  
 Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.  
 A Roman soul is bent on higher views:  
 To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,  
 And lay it under the restraint of laws;  
 To make man mild, and sociable to man;  
 To cultivate the wild licentious savage  
 With wisdom, discipline, and lib'ral arts;  
 The embellishments of life: virtues like these  
 Make human nature shine, reform the soul,  
 And break our fierce barbarians into men.

*Syph.* Patience, kind Heav'ns! — excuse an old man's  
 warmth,  
 What are these wondrous civilizing arts,  
 This Romish polish, and this smooth behaviour,  
 That renders man thus tractable and tame?  
 Are they not only to disguise our passions,  
 To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,  
 To check the starts and sallies of the soul,  
 And break off all its commerce with the tongue:  
 In short, to change us into other creatures,  
 Than what our nature and the Gods design'd us?

*Jub.* To strike thee dumb: turn up thy eyes to Cato;  
 There may'st thou see to what a god-like height  
 The Roman virtues lift up mortal man,  
 While good, and just, and anxious for his friends.

He's still severely bent against himself;  
 Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,  
 He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat,  
 And when his fortune sets before him all  
 The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,  
 His rigid virtue will accept of none.

*Syph.* Believe me, prince, there's not an African  
 That traverses our vast Numidian deserts  
 In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,  
 But better practises these boasted virtues.  
 Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chace,  
 Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,  
 Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night  
 On the first friendly bank he throws him down,  
 Or rests his head upon a rock 'till morn;  
 Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,  
 And if the following day he chance to find  
 A new repast, or an untasted spring,  
 Blesses his stars and thinks it luxury.

*Jub.* Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern  
 What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,  
 Nor how the hero differs from the brute.  
 But grant that others could with equal glory  
 Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense;  
 Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,  
 Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?  
 Heav'n's! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,  
 He triumphs in the midst of all his suff'rings!  
 How does he rise against a load of woes,  
 And thank the Gods that throw the weight upon him!

*Syph.* 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;  
I think the Romans call it Stoicism.

Had not your royal father thought so highly  
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,  
He had not fall'n by a slave's hand inglorious:  
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain  
On Afric sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,  
To gorge the wolves and vulturs of Numidia.

*Jub.* Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?  
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

*Syph.* Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!

*Jub.* What wouldst thou have me do?

*Syph.* Abandon Cato.

*Jub.* Syphax, I shou'd be more than twice an orphan  
By such a loss.

*Syph.* Aye, there's the tie that binds you!  
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms  
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.  
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

*Jub.* Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;  
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,  
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,  
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

*Syph.* Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.  
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget  
The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,  
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,  
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?  
Still must I cherish the dear, sad, remembrance,  
At once to torture, and to please my soul.

The good old king at parting wrung my hand,  
 ( His eyes brim-full of tears ) then sighing cry'd,  
 Pr'ythee be careful of my son! — His grief  
 Swell'd up so high he could not utter more.

*Jub.* Alas! thy story melts away my soul;  
 That best of fathers! how shall I discharge  
 The gratitude and duty which I owe him!

*Syph.* By laying up his counsels in your heart.

*Jub.* His counsels bade me yield to thy directions;  
 Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms,  
 Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,  
 Calm and unruffled as summer sea,  
 When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

*Syph.* Alas! my prince, I'd guide you to your safety;

*Jub.* I do believe thou wouldst; but tell me how?

*Syph.* Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes.

*Jub.* My father scorn'd to do it.

*Syph.* And therefore dy'd.

*Jub.* Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,  
 Than wound my honour.

*Syph.* Rather say your love.

*Jub.* Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my temper.  
 Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame  
 I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

*Syph.* Believe me, prince, tho' hard to conquer love,  
 'Tis easy to divert and break its force.

Absence might cure it, or a second mistress  
 Light up another flame, and put out this.  
 The glowing dames of Zama's royal court  
 Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;

The sun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,  
 Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks;  
 Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget  
 The pale, unripen'd beauties of the North.

*Jub.* 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,  
 The tincture of a skin that I admire.

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,  
 Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.  
 The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex:  
 True, she is fair, (Oh how divinely fair!)  
 But still the lovely maid improves her charms  
 With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,  
 And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul  
 Shines out in ev'ry thing she acts or speaks,  
 While winning mildness and attractive smiles  
 Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace  
 Soften the rigour of her father's virtue.

*Syph.* How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise?  
 But on my knees I beg you would consider —

*Enter MARCIA and LUCIA.*

*Jub.* Hah! Syphax, is't not she? — She moves this way:  
 And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.  
 My heart bears thick — I pr'ythee, Syphax, leave me.

*Syph.* Ten thousand curses fasten on 'em both!  
 Now will this woman with a single glance  
 Undo what I've been lab'ring all this while. [Exit.

## S C E N E V.

JUBA, MARCIA, LUCIA.

JUBA.

**H**A I L, charming maid! how does thy beauty smooth  
The face of war, and make ev'n horror smile!  
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;  
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,  
And for a while forget th' approach of Cæsar.

*Mar.* I should be griev'd, young prince, to think my  
presence

Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd 'em to arms,  
While warm with slaughter, our victorious foe  
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

*Juba.* O Marcia, let me hope thy kind concerns  
And gentle wishes follow me to battle!  
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,  
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,  
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

*Mar.* My pray'rs and wishes always shall attend  
The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,  
And men approv'd of by the Gods and Cato.

*Juba.* That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,  
I'll gaze for ever on thy god-like father,  
Transplanting, one by one, into my life,  
His bright perfections, 'till I shine like him.

*Mar.* My father never at a time like this  
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste  
Such precious moments.

*Juba.* Thy reproofs are just,  
Thou virtuous maid; I'll hasten to my troops,  
And fire their languid souls with *Cato's* virtue.  
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all  
The war shall stand rang'd in its just array,  
And dreadful pomp: then will I think on thee!  
O lovely maid! then will I think on thee!  
And in the shock of charging hosts, remember  
What glorious deeds should grace the man, who hopes  
For *Marcia's* love. [Exit,

## S C E N E VI.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

LUCIA.

*MARCIA*, you're too severe:  
How cou'd you chide the young good-natur'd prince,  
And drive him from you with so stern an air,  
A prince that loves and doats on you to death?

*Mar.* 'Tis therefore, *Lucia*, that I chide him from me.  
His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul,  
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,  
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

*Luc.* Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,  
And feel your heart to such a world of charms?

*Mar.* How, Lucia, wouldst thou have me sink away  
 In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,  
 When ev'ry moment Cato's life's at stake?  
 Cæsar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,  
 And aims his thunder at my father's head:  
 Should not the sad occasion swallow up  
 My other cares, and draw them all into it?

*Luc.* Why have not I this constancy of mind,  
 Who have so many griefs to try its force?  
 Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,  
 Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,  
 And sunk me ev'n below my own weak sex:  
 Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.

*Mar.* Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me,  
 And let me share thy most retir'd distress.  
 Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee?

*Luc.* I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee  
 They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

*Mar.* They both behold thee with their sister's eyes,  
 And often have reveal'd their passion to me.  
 But tell me, whose address thou fav'rest most?  
 I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

*Luc.* Which is it Marcia wishes for?

*Mar.* For neither ———  
 And yet for both — The youths have equal share  
 In Marcia's wishes, and divide their sister:  
 But tell me which of them is Lucia's choice?

*Luc.* Marcia, they both are high in my esteem,  
 But in my love — Why wilt thou make me name him?  
 Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish passion,



Pleas'd and disgust'd with it knows not what —

*Mar.* O Lucia, I am perplex'd, O tell me which  
I must hereafter call my happy brother?

*Luc.* Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame my choice  
— O Portius, thou hast stol'n away my soul!  
With what a graceful tenderness he loves!  
And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!  
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness,  
Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts;  
Marcus is over-warm, his fond complaints  
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,  
I hear him with a secret kind of horror,  
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

*Mar.* Alas, poor youth! how canst thou throw him  
from thee?

Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears thee.  
Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames,  
He sends out all his soul in ev'ry word,  
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported;  
Unhappy youth! How will thy coldness raise  
Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!  
I dread the consequence.

*Luc.* You seem to plead  
Against your brother Portius.

*Mar.* Heav'n forbid!  
Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,  
The same compassion would have fall'n on him.

*Luc.* Was ever virgin love distress'd like mine?  
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,  
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success,

Then bids me hide the motions of my heart ;  
 Nor shew which way it turns. So much he fears  
 The sad effects that it will have on Marcus.

*Mar.* He knows too well how easily he's fir'd,  
 And would not plunge his brother in despair,  
 But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.

*Luc.* Alas, too late I find myself involv'd  
 In endless griefs, and labyrinths of woe,  
 Born to afflict my Marcia's family,  
 And sow dissention in the hearts of brothers.  
 Tormenting thought! it cuts into my soul.

*Mar.* Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows;  
 But to the Gods submit th' event of things.  
 Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,  
 May still grow bright, and smile with happier hours.

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains  
 Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,  
 Works itself clear, and as it runs, refines,  
 Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,  
 Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,  
 And a new heav'n in its fair bosom shows. [ *Exeunt.*

## ACT. II. SCENE I.

*The SENATE.*

SEMPRONIUS.

R O M E still survives in this assembled senate!  
 Let us remember we are Cato's friends,  
 And act like men who claim that glorious title.

*Luc.* Cato will soon be here and open to us  
 Th' occasion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!

[ *A sound of trumpets.* ]

May all the guardian Gods of Rome direct him!

*Enter Cato.*

*Cato.* Fathers, we once again are met in council,  
 Caesar's approach has summon'd us together,  
 And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.  
 How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?  
 Success still follows him, and backs his crimes;  
 Pharfalia gave him Rome, Egypt has since  
 Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Caesar's.  
 Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,  
 And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands  
 Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree  
 What course to take. Our foe advances on us,  
 And envies us even Libya's sultry desarts.

Fathers, pronounce your thoughts. Are they still fixt  
To hold it out and fight it to the last?

Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought  
By time, and ill success, to a submission?

Sempronius, speak.

*Semp.* My voice is still for war.

Gods! can a Roman senate long debate

Which of the two to choose, slav'ry or death?

No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,

And at the head of our remaining troops,

Attack the foe, break through the thick array

Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him!

Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,

May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.

Rise, Fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help:

Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,

Or share their fate! The corps of half her senate

Manure the fields of Theffaly, while we

Sit here delib'rating in cold debates,

If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,

Or wear them out in servitude and chains.

Rouse up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia

Point at their wounds, and cry aloud — To battle!

Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,

And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us!

*Caro.* Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal

Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:

True fortitude is seen in great exploits

That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;

All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.

Are not the lives of those who draw the sword  
 In Rome's defence intrusted to our care?  
 Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,  
 Might not th' impartial world with reason say  
 We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,  
 To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?  
 Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

*Luc.* My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace;  
 Already have our quarrels fill'd the world  
 With widows, and with orphans: Scythia mourns  
 Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions  
 Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:  
 'Tis time to sheath the sword, and spare mankind.  
 It is not Cæsar, but the Gods, my Fathers,  
 The Gods declare against us, and repel  
 Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,  
 (Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)  
 Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,  
 And not to rest in Heav'n's determination.  
 Already have we shewn our love to Rome,  
 Now let us shew submission to the Gods.  
 We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,  
 But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,  
 Arms have no further use: our country's cause,  
 That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our hands,  
 And bids us not delight in Roman blood  
 Unprofitably shed. What men could do,  
 Is done already: Heav'n and earth will witness,  
 If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

*Semp.* This smooth discourse, and mild behaviour oft

Conceal a traitor — something whispers me  
 All is not right — Cato, beware of Lucius. [*Aside to Cato.*]

*Cato.* Let us appear nor rash nor diffident;  
 Immod'rate valour swells into a fault;  
 And fear admitted into public councils  
 Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both,  
 Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs  
 Are grown thus desp'rate; we have bulwarks round us;  
 Within our walls are troops enur'd to toil  
 In Afric's heat, and season'd to the sun;  
 Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,  
 Ready to rise at its young prince's call.  
 While there is hope, do not distrust the Gods;  
 But wait at least 'till Cæsar's near approach  
 Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late  
 To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.  
 Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?  
 No, let us draw her term of freedom out  
 In its full length, and spin it to the last,  
 So shall we gain still one day's liberty;  
 And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment,  
 A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,  
 Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

*Enter MARCUS.*

*Mar.* Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gate,  
 Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arriv'd  
 From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,  
 The Roman knight, he carries in his looks  
 Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

*Cato.* By permission, Fathers, bid him enter.

[*Exit Marcus.*]

Decius was once my friend, but other prospects  
Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.  
His message may determine our resolves.

## S C E N E II.

D E C I U S, C A T O.

D E C I U S.

**C**ÆSAR sends health to Cato —

*Cato.* Cou'd he send it

To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.  
Are not your orders to address the senate?

*Dec.* My business is with Cato; Cæsar sees  
The straits to which you are driv'n; and, as he knows  
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

*Cato.* My life is grafted on the fate of Rome:  
Wou'd he save Cato? bid him spare his country.  
Tell your dictator this: and tell him, Cato  
Disdains a life, which he has pow'r to offer.

*Dec.* Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;  
Her gen'als and her consuls are no more  
Who check'd his conquests, and deny'd his triumphs.  
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

*Cato.* Those very reasons thou hast urg'd, forbid it.

*Dec.* Cato, I've order to expostulate,

And reason with you, as from friend to friend :  
 Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,  
 And threatens ev'ry hour to burit upon it ;  
 Still may you stand high in your country's honours,  
 Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar.  
 Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,  
 As on the second of mankind.

*Cato.* No more :

I must not think of life on such conditions.

*Dec.* Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,  
 And therefore sets this value on your life :  
 Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,  
 And name your terms.

*Cato.* Bid him disband his legions,  
 Restore the commonwealth to liberty,  
 Submit his actions to the public censure,  
 And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.  
 Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

*Dec.* Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—

*Cato.* Nay, more, tho' Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd  
 To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,  
 Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,  
 And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

*Dec.* A stile like this, becomes a conqueror.

*Cato.* Decius, a stile like this, becomes a Roman.

*Dec.* What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?

*Cato.* Greater than Cæsar : he's a friend to virtue.

*Dec.* Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,  
 And at the head of your own little senate ;  
 You don't now thunder in the capitol,



With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

*Cato.* Let him consider that, who drives us hither!  
 'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,  
 And thinn'd its ranks. Alas, thy dazzled eye  
 Beholds this man in a false glaring light,  
 Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;  
 Did'st thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black  
 With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes,  
 That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.  
 I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch  
 Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;  
 But, by the Gods I swear, millions of worlds  
 Shou'd never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

*Dec.* Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,  
 For all his gen'rous cares and proffer'd friendship?

*Cato.* His cares for me are insolent and vain:  
 Presumptuous man! the Gods take care of Cato.  
 Wou'd Cæsar shew the greatness of his soul,  
 Eid him employ his care for these my friends,  
 And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r,  
 By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

*Dec.* Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget  
 You are a man. You rush on your destruction.  
 But I have done. When I relate hereafter  
 The tale of this unhappy embassy,  
 All Rome will be in tears. [Exit Decius.]

## S C E N E III.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, CATO.

SEMPRONIUS.

C A T O, we thank thee.

The mighty genius of immortal Rome  
Speaks in thy voice, thy soul breathes liberty.  
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,  
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

*Luc.* The senate owns its gratitude to Cato,  
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,  
And guards our lives while he neglects his own.

*Semp.* Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.  
Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?  
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air  
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun;  
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,  
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.  
O could my dying hand but lodge a sword  
In Cæsar's bosom, and revenge my country,  
By Heav'n's I could enjoy the pangs of death,  
And smile in agony.

*Luc.* Others, perhaps,  
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,  
Tho' 'tis not kindled into so much rage.

*Semp.* This sober conduct is a mighty virtue  
In lukewarm patriots.

*Cato.* Come no more, Sempronius!

All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.

Let us not weaken still the weaker side

By our divisions.

*Semp.* Cato, my resentments

Are sacrific'd to Rome — I stand reprov'd.

*Cato.* Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve;

*Luc.* Cato, we all go into your opinion,  
Cæsar's behaviour has convinc'd the senate

We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.

*Semp.* We ought to hold it out 'till death; but, *Cato,*  
My private voice is drown'd amidst the senate's.

*Cato.* Then, let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill  
This little interval, this pause of life,

(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)

With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,

And all the virtues we can crowd into it;

That Heav'n may say it ought to be prolong'd.

Fathers, farewell — The young Numidian prince

Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels.

[*Exeunt senators.*]

## S C E N E IV.

C A T O, J U B A.

C A T O.

J U B A, the Roman senate has resolv'd,

'Till time give better prospects, still to keep

The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on Cæsar.

*Juba.* The resolution fits a Roman senate.  
 But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,  
 And condescend to hear a young man speak.  
 My father, when, some days before his death,  
 He order'd me to march for Utica,  
 (Alas! I thought not then his death so near!)  
 Wept o'er me, prest me in his aged arms,  
 And, as his griefs gave way, My son, said he,  
 Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,  
 Be Cato's friend; he'll train thee up to great  
 And virtuous deeds: do but observe him well,  
 Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.]

*Cato.* Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,  
 And merited, alas! a better fate;  
 But Heav'n thought otherwise.

*Juba.* My father's fate,  
 In spite of all the fortitude that shines  
 Before my face in Cato's great example,  
 Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

*Cato.* It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

*Juba.* My father drew respect from foreign climes;  
 The kings of Afric sought him for their friend;  
 Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,  
 Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,  
 In distant worlds, on t'other side the sun;  
 Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd,  
 Laden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.

*Cato.* I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.

*Juba.* I would not boast the greatness of my father,  
 But point out new alliances to Cato.

Had we not better leave this Utica,  
 To arm Numidia in our cause, and court  
 Th' assistance of my father's pow'ful friends?  
 Did they know Cato, our remotest kings  
 Would pour embattled multitudes about him;  
 Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,  
 Doubling the native horror of the war,  
 And making death more grim.

*Cato.* And canst thou think  
 Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar;  
 Reduc'd, like Hannibal, to seek relief  
 From court to court, and wander up and down  
 A vagabond in Afric!

*Juba.* Cato, perhaps  
 I'm too officious, but my forward cares  
 Wou'd fain preserve a life of so much value.  
 My heart is wounded when I see such virtue  
 Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

*Cato.* Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.  
 But know, young prince, that valour soars above  
 What the world calls misfortune and affliction.  
 These are not ills; else would they never fall  
 On Heav'n's first fav'rites, and the best of men:  
 The Gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,  
 That give mankind occasion to exert  
 Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice  
 Virtues which shun the day, and lie conceal'd  
 In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

*Jub.* I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st! I pant for virtue;  
 And all my soul endeavours at perfection.

*Cato.* Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and toil,  
 Laborious virtues all? learn them from Cato:  
 Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.

*Juba.* The best good fortune that can fall on Juba,  
 The whole success, at which my heart aspires,  
 Depends on Cato.

*Cato.* What does Juba say?  
 Thy words confound me.

*Juba.* I would fain retract them,  
 Give 'em me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

*Cato.* Tell me thy wish, young prince; make not my call  
 A stranger to thy thoughts.

*Juba.* Oh! they're extravagant;  
 Still let me hide them.

*Cato.* What can Juba ask  
 That Cato will refuse?

*Juba.* I fear to name it.  
 Marcia — inherits all her father's virtues.

*Cato.* What wouldst thou say?

*Juba.* Cato, thou hast a daughter.

*Cato.* Adieu, young prince: I wou'd not hear a word  
 Shou'd lessen thee in my esteem: remember  
 The hand of fate is over us, and Heav'n  
 Exacts severity from all our thoughts:  
 It is not now a time to talk of ought  
 But chains, or conquest; liberty or death. [Exit]

## S C E N E V.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

SYPHAX.

How's this, my prince! What! cover'd with confusion  
 You look as if you stern philosopher  
 Had just now chid you.

*Juba.* Syphax, I'm undone!

*Syph.* I know it well.

*Juba.* Cato thinks meanly of me.

*Syph.* And so will all mankind.

*Juba.* I've open'd to him

The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.

*Syph.* Cato's a proper person to intrust

A love-tale with.

*Juba.* Oh, I could pierce my heart,

My foolish heart: Was ever wretch like Juba!

*Syph.* Alas! my prince, how are you chang'd of late!

I've known young Juba rise before the sun,

To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,

Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:

How did the colour mount into your cheeks,

When first you rous'd him to the chace! I've seen you,

Ev'n in the Libyan dog-days, hunt him down,

Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage

Of fangs and claws, and stooping from your horse,

Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

*Juba.* Pr'ythee, no more!

*Syph.* How would the old king smile  
To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,  
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!

*Juba.* Syphax, this old man's talk (tho' honey flow'd  
In ev'ry word) wou'd now lose all its sweetness.  
Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia lost for ever!

*Syph.* Young prince, I yet could give you good advice;  
Marcia might still be yours.

*Juba.* What say'st thou, Syphax?  
By Heav'ns thou turn'st me all into attention.

*Syph.* Marcia might still be yours.

*Juba.* As how, dear Syphax?

*Syph.* Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops;  
Mounted on steeds, unus'd to the restraint  
Of curbs or bits, and fleetier than the winds;  
Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,  
And bear her off.

*Juba.* Can such dishonest thoughts  
Rise up in man! Wouldst thou seduce my youth  
To do an act that would destroy my honour?

*Syph.* Gods, I could tear my beard to hear you talk!  
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,  
That draws in raw and unexperienc'd men  
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

*Juba.* Would thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian?

*Syph.* The boasted ancestors of these great men,  
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians,  
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,  
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds



All under heav'n, was founded on a rape;  
 Your Scipio's, Cæsar's, Pompey's, and your Cato's,  
 (The gods on earth) are all the spurious brood  
 Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.

*Juba.* Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine  
 Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

*Syph.* Indeed, my prince, you want to know the world.  
 You have not read mankind; your youth admires  
 The throws and swellings of a Roman soul,  
 Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.

*Juba.* If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,  
 May Juba ever live in ignorance!

*Syph.* Go, go, you're young.

*Juba.* Gods, must I tamely bear  
 This arrogance unanswer'd! thou'rt a traitor,  
 A false old traitor.

*Syph.* I have gone too far. [ *Aside.*

*Juba.* Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.

*Syph.* I must appease this storm, or perish in it. [ *Aside.*  
 Young prince, behold these locks that are grown white  
 Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

*Juba.* Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.

*Syph.* Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,  
 Throw down the merit of my better years?  
 This the reward of a whole life of service!

— Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me? [ *Aside.*

*Juba.* Is it because the throne of my forefathers  
 Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown  
 Hangs doubtful yet whose head it shall inclose,  
 Thou thus presum'st to treat thy prince with scorn?

*Syph.* Why will you rive my heart with such expressions?  
Does not old Syphax follow you to war?

What are his aims? Why does he load with darts  
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a cask  
His wrinkled brows? What is it he aspires to?  
Is it not this? to shed the flow remains,  
His last poor ebb of blood in your defence!

*Juba.* Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.

*Syph.* Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to Juba,  
My royal master's son, is call'd in question?  
My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:  
But whilst I live I must not hold my tongue,  
And languish out old age in his displeasure.

*Juba.* Thou know'st the way too well into my heart,  
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.

*Syph.* What greater instance can I give? I've offer'd  
To do an action, which my soul abhors,  
And gain you whom you love, at any price.

*Juba.* Was this thy motive? I have been too hasty.

*Syph.* And 'tis for this my prince has call'd me traitor.

*Juba.* Sure thou mistak'st; I did not call thee so.

*Syph.* You did indeed, my prince, you call'd me traitor;  
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato.  
Of what, my prince, would you complain to Cato?  
That Syphax loves you, and wou'd sacrifice  
His life, nay, more, his honour, in your service.

*Juba.* Syphax, I know thou lov'st me; but indeed,  
Thy zeal for Juba carry'd thee too far.  
Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,  
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,

That aids, and strengthens virtue, where it meets her,  
 And imitates her actions where she is not:  
 It ought not to be sported with.

*Syph.* By Heav'ns

I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, tho' you chide me!  
 Alas! I've hitherto been us'd to think  
 A blind official zeal to serve my king,  
 The ruling principle, that ought to burn  
 And quench all others in a subject's heart.  
 Happy the people who preserve their honour  
 By the same duties that oblige their prince!

*Juba.* Syphax, thou now beginn'st to speak thyself.

Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations  
 For breach of public vows. Our Punic faith  
 Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.  
 Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away  
 Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

*Syph.* Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep,  
 To hear you talk — but 'tis with tears of joy.  
 If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,  
 Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.

*Juba.* Syphax, thy hand; we'll mutually forget  
 The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age;  
 Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.  
 If e'er the scepter comes into my hand,  
 Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

*Syph.* Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?  
 My joy grows burdensome, I shan't support it.

*Juba.* Syphax, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find  
 Some blest occasion that may set me right

In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man  
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers. [*Exit.*]

SYPHAX *solus.*

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;  
Old age is slow in both — A false old traitor! —  
Those words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear.  
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee;  
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds:  
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine. —

## SCENE VI.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

**A**LL hail, Sempronius!

Well, Cato's senate is resolv'd to wait  
The fury of a siege before it yields.

*Semp.* Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate:  
Lucius declar'd for peace, and terms were offer'd  
To Cato by a messenger from Cæsar.

Shou'd they submit ere our designs are ripe,  
We both must perish in the common wreck,  
Lost in the gen'ral undistinguish'd ruin.

*Syph.* But how stands Cato?

*Semp.* Thou hast seen mount Atlas:  
Whilst storms and tempests thunder on its brows,  
And oceans break their billows at its feet,

It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height :  
 Such is that haughty man ; his tow'ring soul ,  
 'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune ,  
 Rises superior , and looks down on Cæsar.

*Syph.* But what's this messenger ?

*Semp.* I've practis'd with him ,  
 And found a means to let the victor know  
 That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.  
 But let me now examine in my turn :  
 Is Juba fix'd ?

*Syph.* Yes — but it is to Cato.  
 I've try'd the force of ev'ry reason on him ,  
 Sooth'd and carefs'd , been angry , sooth'd again ;  
 Laid safety , life , and int'rest in his fight.  
 But all are vain , he scorns them all for Cato.

*Semp.* Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do without him ;  
 He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph ,  
 And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.  
 Syphax , I now may hope thou hast forsook  
 Thy Juba's cause , and wishest Marcia mine.

*Syph.* May she be thine as fast as thou would'st have her ;

*Semp.* Syphax , I love that woman ; tho' I curse  
 Her and myself , yet , spite of me , I love her.

*Syph.* Make Cato sure , and give up Utica ,  
 Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.  
 But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt ?  
 Does the sedition catch from man to man ,  
 And run among their ranks ?

*Semp.* All , all is ready :  
 The factious leaders are our friends , that spread

Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers;  
 They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues;  
 Unusual fastings, and will bear no more  
 This medley of philosophy and war.

Within an hour they'll storm the senate-house.

*Syph.* Mean while I'll draw up my Numidian troops  
 Within the square to exercise their arms,  
 And, as I see occasion, favour thee.

I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato  
 Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction  
 Pours in upon him thus from ev'ry side.

So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,  
 Sudden, th' imperuous hurricanes descend,  
 Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,  
 Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away:  
 The helpless traveller, with wild surprize  
 Sees the dry desert all around him rise,  
 And smother'd in the dusty whirlwind dies. [*Exeunt:*

## A C T III. S C E N E I.

MARCUS *and* PORTIUS.

MARCUS.

**T**HANKS to my stars, I have not rang'd about  
 The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;  
 Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,  
 And early taught me, by her secret force,  
 To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit,  
 Till what was instinct, grew up into friendship.

*Por.* Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft  
 Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;  
 Ours has severest virtue for its basis,  
 And such a friendship ends not but with life.

*Mar.* Portius, thou know'st my soul in all its weakness,  
 Then pr'ythee spare me on its tender side,  
 Indulge me but in love, my other passions  
 Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.

*Por.* When love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love:  
 The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,  
 Sink in the soft captivity together.  
 I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,  
 (I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its force,  
 Till better times may make it look more graceful.

*Mar.* Alas! thou talk'st like one who never felt  
 Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul  
 That pants and reaches after distant good.  
 A lover does not live by vulgar time :  
 Believe me, Porcius, in my Lucia's absence,  
 Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden ;  
 And yet, when I behold the charming maid,  
 I'm ten times more undone ; while hope and fear,  
 And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,  
 And with variety of pain distract me.

*Por.* What can thy Portius do to give thee help ?

*Mar.* Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's presence ;  
 Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her  
 With all the strength and heat of eloquence  
 Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.  
 Tell her thy brother languishes to death,  
 And fades away, and withers in his bloom ;  
 That he forgets his sleep, and loaths his food,  
 That youth, and health, and war are joyless to him ;  
 Describe his anxious days, and restless nights,  
 And all the torments that thou see'st me suffer.

*Por.* Marcus, I beg thee give me not an office  
 That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.

*Mar.* Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes,  
 And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,  
 To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows ?

*Por.* Marcus, thou can'st not ask what I'd refuse.  
 But here, believe me, I've a thousand reasons —

*Mar.* I know thou'l't say my passion's out of season ;  
 That Cato's great example and misfortunes



Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts,  
 But what's all this to one who loves like me!  
 Oh! Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish  
 Thou did'st but know thyself what 'tis to love!  
 Then would'st thou pity and assist thy brother.

*Por.* What should I do! if I disclose my passion  
 Our friendship's at an end: if I conceal it,  
 The world will call me false to a friend and brother.

[*Aside.*]

*Mar.* But see where Lucia, at her wonted hour,  
 Amidst the cool of yon high marble arch,  
 Enjoys the noon-day breeze! observe her, Portius!  
 That face, that shape, those eyes, that heav'n of beauty!  
 Observe her well, and blame me if thou can'st.

*Por.* She sees us, and advances —

*Mar.* I'll withdraw,  
 And leave you for a while. Remember, Portius!  
 Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.

## SCENE II.

LUCIA, PORTIUS.

LUCIA.

**D**ID not I see your brother Marcus here?  
 Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?

*Por.* Oh, Lucia, language is too faint to shew  
 His rage of love; it preys upon his life;

He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies ;  
 His passions and his virtues lie confus'd,  
 And mixt together in so wild a tumult,  
 That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.  
 Heav'n's ! would one think 'twere possible for love  
 To make such ravage in a noble soul !  
 Oh ! Lucia, I'm distress'd ; my heart bleeds for him ;  
 Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,  
 A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,  
 And I'm unhappy, tho' thou smil'st upon me.

*Luc.* How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the shock  
 Of love and friendship ! think betimes, my Portius,  
 Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure  
 Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height  
 Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.

*Por.* Alas, poor youth ! what dost thou think, my Lucia  
 His gen'rous, open, undesigning heart  
 Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him ;  
 Then do not strike him dead with a denial ;  
 But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul  
 With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope :  
 Perhaps when we have pass'd these gloomy hours,  
 And weather'd out the storm that beats upon us —

*Luc.* No, Portius, no ! I see thy sister's tears,  
 Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,  
 In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves ;  
 And, Portius, here I swear, to Heav'n I swear,  
 To Heav'n and all the Pow'rs that judge mankind,  
 Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,  
 While such a cloud of mischiefs hangs about us,

But to forget our loves, and drive thee out  
From all my thoughts as far — as I am able.

*Por.* What hast thou said! I'm thunder-struck—recall  
Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.

*Luc.* Has not the vow already pass'd my lips?  
The Gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in Heav'n!  
May all the vengeance that was ever pour'd  
On perjur'd heads o'erwhelm me, if I break it.

[ *After a pause.* ]

*Por.* Fix'd in astonishment, I gaze upon thee,  
Like one just blasted by a stroke from Heav'n,  
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,  
In dreadful looks; a monument of wrath!

*Luc.* At length I've acted my severest part,  
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,  
And melt about my heart! my tears will flow.  
But oh! I'll think no more! the hand of Fate  
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

*Por.* Hard-hearted, cruel maid!

*Luc.* Oh! stop those sounds,  
Those killing sounds! why dost thou frown upon me?  
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,  
And life itself goes out at thy displeasure.  
The Gods forbid us to indulge our loves,  
But oh! I cannot bear thy hate, and live!

*Por.* Talk not of love, thou never knew'st its force!  
I've been deluded, led into a dream  
Of fancy'd bliss. O Lucia, cruel maid!  
Thy dreadful vow, laden with death, still sounds  
In my stunn'd ears. What shall I say or do?

Quick let us part! perdition's in thy presence,  
 And horror dwells about thee! — Ha! she faints!  
 Wretch that I am! what has my rashness done?  
 Lucia, thou injur'd innocence! thou best  
 And loveliest of thy sex! awake, my Lucia,  
 Or Portius rushes on his sword to join thee.  
 — Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,  
 They shut not out society in death —  
 But ha! she moves! life wanders up and down  
 Through all her face, and lights up ev'ry charm.

*Luc.* O Portius, was this well — to frown on her  
 That lives upon thy smiles! to call in doubt  
 The faith of one expiring at thy feet,  
 That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd!  
 — What do I say? My half recover'd sense  
 Forgets the vow in which my soul is bound.  
 Destruction stands betwixt us! we must part.

*Por.* Name not the word, my frightened thoughts run back,  
 And startle into madness at the sound.

*Luc.* What wouldst thou have me do? Consider well  
 The train of ills our love would draw behind it.  
 Think, Portius, think thou seest thy dying brother  
 Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,  
 Storming at Heav'n and thee! Thy awful fire  
 Sternly demands the cause, th' accursed cause  
 That robs him of his son! Poor Marcia trembles,  
 Then tears her hair, and frantic in her griefs  
 Calls out on Lucia! What could Lucia answer,  
 Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow?

*Por.* To my confusion, and eternal grief,

I must approve the sentence that destroys me.  
 The mist, that hung about my mind, clears up;  
 And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow  
 Has planted round thee, thou appear'st most fair,  
 More amiable, and risest in thy charms.  
 Loveliest of women! Heav'n is in thy soul,  
 Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,  
 Bright'ning each other! thou art all divine!

*Luc.* Portius, no more! thy words shoot thro' my heart;  
 Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.

Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?  
 Why heaves thy heart? why swells thy soul with sorrow?  
 It softens me too much — farewell, my Portius,  
 Farewell, tho' death is in the word! — for ever!

*Por.* Stay, Lucia, stay! what dost thou say? For ever!

*Luc.* Have I not sworn? If, Portius, thy success  
 Must throw thy brother on his fate, farewell, —  
 Oh, how shall I repeat the word! for ever!

*Por.* Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unsteady flame  
 Hangs quiv'ring on a point, leaps off by fits,  
 And falls again, as loth to quit its hold:  
 — Thou must not go, my soul still hovers o'er thee,  
 And can't get loose.

*Luc.* If the firm Portius shake  
 To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers!

*Por.* 'Tis true, unruffled and serene, I've met  
 The common accidents of life, but here  
 Such an unlook'd-for storm of ills falls on me,  
 It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it,  
 We must not part.

*Luc.* What dost thou say? not part!  
 Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made?  
 Are there not Heav'ns, and Gods, that thunder o'er us?  
 — But see, thy brother Marcus bends this way;  
 I sicken at the sight. Once more, farewell,  
 Farewell, and know thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st  
 Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine. [Exit.

## S C E N E III.

M A R C U S, P O R T I U S.

M A R C U S.

**P**ORTIUS, what hopes? how stands she? Am I doom'd  
 To life or death?

*Por.* What would'st thou have me say?

*Mar.* What means this pensive posture? thou appear'st  
 Like one amaz'd and terrify'd.

*Por.* I've reason.

*Mar.* Thy down-cast looks, and thy disorder'd thoughts  
 Tell me my fate. I ask not the success  
 My cause has found.

*Por.* I'm griev'd I undertook it.

*Mar.* What! does the barbarous maid insult my heart,  
 My aching heart! and triumph in my pains?  
 That I could cast her from my thoughts for ever!

*Por.* Away, you're too suspicious in your griefs;  
 Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,  
 Compassionates your pains, and pities you.

*Mar.* Compassionates my pains, and pities me!  
 What is compassion, when 'tis void of love!  
 Fool that I was to choose so cold a friend  
 To urge my cause! — Compassionates my pains?  
 Pr'ythee what art, what rhet'rick didst thou use  
 To gain this mighty boon? She pities me!  
 To one that asks the warm returns of love,  
 Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death —

*Por.* Marcus, no more! have I deserv'd this treatment?

*Mar.* What have I said! O Portius, O forgive me!  
 A soul exasperated in ills falls out  
 With ev'ry thing, its friend, itself — but hah!  
 What means that shout, big with the sounds of war?  
 What new alarm?

*Por.* A second, louder yet,  
 Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.

*Mar.* Oh! for some glorious cause to fall in battle.  
 Lucia thou hast undone me! thy disdain  
 Has broke my heart; 'tis death must give me ease.

*Por.* Quick, let us hence; who knows if Cato's life  
 Stands sure? O Marcus, I am warm'd, my heart  
 Leaps at the trumpeter's voice, and burns for glory. [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter SEMPRONIUS, with the Leaders of the  
 Mutiny.*

SEMPRONIUS.

**A**T length the winds are rais'd, the storm blows high,  
 Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up

In its full fury, and direct it right,  
Till it has spent itself on Cato's head.  
Mean-while I'll herd among his friends, and seem  
One of the number, that, whate'er arrive,  
My friends, and fellow-soldiers may be safe. [Exit.

*1st Lead.* We all are safe, Sempronius is our friend;  
Sempronius is as brave a man as Cato.

But hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;  
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast;  
This day will end our toils, and give us rest!  
Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter* CATO, SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORTIUS,  
and MARCUS.

C A T O.

**W**HERE are those bold intrepid sons of war,  
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,  
And to their general send a brave defiance?

*Semp.* Curse on their dastard souls, they stand asto-  
nish'd. [Aside.

*Cato.* Perfidious men! and will you thus dishonour  
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?  
Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for Rome,  
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,  
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil



Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?  
 Fir'd with such motives you do well to join  
 With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.  
 Why did I 'scape th' envenom'd asp's rage,  
 And all the fiery monsters of the desert,  
 To see this day? Why could not Cato fall  
 Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men,  
 Behold my bosom naked to your swords,  
 And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow;  
 Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,  
 Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato?  
 Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,  
 Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?  
 Painful pre-eminence!

*Semp.* By Heav'ns, they droop!

Confusion to the villains; all is lost!

[*Aside*]

*Cato.* Have you forgotten Libya's burning waste,  
 Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,  
 Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?  
 Who was the first to explore th' untrodden path,  
 When life was hazarded in ev'ry step?  
 Or, fainting in the long laborious march,  
 When on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream  
 You sunk the river with repeated draughts,  
 Who was the last in all your host that thirsted?

*Semp.* If some penurious source by chance appear'd;  
 Scanty of waters, when you scoop'd it dry,  
 And offer'd the full helmet up to Cato,  
 Did he not dash th' untasted moisture from him?  
 Did he not lead you through the mid-day sun,

And clouds of dust? Did not his temples glow  
In the same sultry winds, and scorching heats?

*Cato.* Hence, worthless men! hence! and complain to  
Cæsar;

You could not undergo the toil of war,  
Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.

*Luc.* See, Cato, see the unhappy men! they weep!  
Fear and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,  
Appear in ev'ry look, and plead for mercy.

*Cato.* Learn to be honest men, give up your leaders;  
And pardon shall descend on all the rest.

*Semp.* Cato commit these wretches to my care,  
First let 'em each be broken on the rack,  
Then, with what life remains, impal'd and left  
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake,  
There let 'em hang, and taint the southern wind.  
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,  
When they look up and see their fellow traitors  
Stuck on a fork, and black'ning in the sun.

*Luc.* Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate  
Of wretched men?

*Semp.* How! would'st thou clear rebellion!  
Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders  
That would imbrue their hands in Cato's blood.

*Cato.* Forbear, Sempronius! — see they suffer death,  
But in their deaths remember they are men;  
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.  
Lucius, the base degen'rate age requires  
Severity, and justice in its rigour:  
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,

Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.  
 When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,  
 The Gods behold the punishment with pleasure,  
 And lay th' uplifted thunderbolt aside.

*Semp.* Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.

*Cato.* Mean-while we'll sacrifice to Liberty.

Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,  
 The gen'rous plan of pow'r deliver'd down,  
 From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers.  
 (So dearly bought, the price of so much blood,)  
 O let it never perish in your hands!

But piously transmit it to your children.

Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,  
 And make our lives in thy possession happy,  
 Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

[*Exeunt Cato, &c.*]

## SCENE VI.

*SEMPRONIUS, and the Leaders of the Mutiny.*

*1<sup>st</sup> LEADER.*

*SEMPRONIUS,* you have acted like yourself:  
 One would have thought you had been half in earnest.

*Semp.* Villain, stand off, base, grov'ling, worthless  
 wretches,

Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

2d *Lead.* Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius ;  
Throw off the mask ; there are none here but friends.

*Semp.* Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume  
To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,  
They're thrown neglected by : but if it fails,  
They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.  
Here, take these factious monsters, drag 'em forth  
To sudden death.

*Enter Guards.*

1 *Lead.* Nay, since it comes to this —

*Semp.* Dispatch 'em quick, but first pluck out their  
tongues,  
Lest with their dying breath they sow sedition.

[ *Exeunt Guards, with their Leaders;*

## SCENE VII.

SYPHAX and SEMPRONIUS ;

SYPHAX.

O U R first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive ;  
Still there remains an after-game to play ;  
My troops are mounted ; their Numidian steeds  
Snuff up the wind, and long to scout the desert :  
Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,  
We'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard,  
And hew down all that would oppose our passage.  
A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.

*Semp*

*Semp.* Confusion ! I have fail'd of half my purpose :  
Marcia , the charming Marcia's left behind !

*Syph.* How ! will Sempronius turn a woman's slave !

*Semp.* Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft  
Unmanly warmth and tenderness of love.

*Syphax* , I long to clasp that haughty maid ,  
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion :  
When I have gone thus far , I'd cast her off.

*Syph.* Well said ! that's spoken like thyself , Sempronius ;  
What hinders , then , but that thou find her out ,  
And hurry her away by manly force ?

*Semp.* But how to gain admision ? for access  
Is giv'n to none but Juba , and her brothers.

*Syph.* Thou shalt have Juba's dress , and Juba's guards :  
The doors will open when Numidia's prince  
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.

*Semp.* Heav'ns , what a thought is there ! Marcia's my own !  
How will my bosom swell with anxious joy ,  
When I behold her struggling in my arms ,  
With glowing beauty , and disorder'd charms ,  
While fear and anger , with alternate grace ,  
Pant in her breast , and vary in her face !  
So Pluto seiz'd of Proserpine , convey'd  
To Hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid ,  
There grimly smil'd , pleas'd with the beauteous prize ;  
Nor envy'd Jove his sun-shine and his skies. [ *Exeunt* ]

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

LUCIA *and* MARCIA,

L U C I A.

**N**ow tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy soul,  
If thou believ'ft 'tis possible for woman  
To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers?

*Marc.* O Lucia, Lucia, might my big swoln heart,  
Went all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow,  
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace  
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

*Luc.* I know thou'rt doom'd alike to be belov'd  
By Juba, and thy father's friend Sempronius.  
But which of these has pow'r to charm like Portius?

*Marc.* Still I must beg thee not to name Sempronius.  
Lucia, I like not that loud boist'rous man;  
Juba to all the brav'ry of a hero  
Adds softest love and more than female sweetness;  
Juba might make the proudest of our sex,  
Any of woman-kind, but Marcia, happy.

*Luc.* And why not Marcia? come, you strive in vain  
To hide your thoughts from one who knows too well  
The inward glowings of a heart in love.

*Marc.* While Cato lives, his daughter has no right  
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

*Luc.* But should this father give you to Sempronius?

*Marc.* I dare not think he will : but if he should —

Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer  
 Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures?  
 I hear the sound of feet! they march this way!  
 Let us retire, and try if we can drown  
 Each softer thought in sense of present danger:  
 When love once pleads admission to our hearts,  
 (In spite of all the virtue we can boast)  
 The woman that deliberates is lost. [ *Exeunt.*

## S C E N E I I.

*Enter SEMPRONIUS, dressed like JUBA, with  
 Numidian Guards.*

SEMPRONIUS.

**T**HE deer is lodg'd, I've track'd her to her covert.  
 Be sure you mind the word, and when I give it  
 Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.  
 Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.  
 — How will the young Numidian rave to see  
 His mistress lost? If ought could glad my soul,  
 Beyond th' enjoyment of so bright a prize,  
 'Twould be to torture that young, gay, Barbarian.  
 — But hark, what noise! Death to my hopes! 'tis he,  
 'Tis Juba's self! there is but one way left —  
 He must be murder'd, and a passage cut

Through those his guards — hah, dastards, do you  
tremble! —

Or act like men, or by yon azure heav'n —

*Enter JUBA,*

*Juba.* What do I see? Who's this that dares usurp  
The guards and habit of Numidia's prince?

*Semp.* One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,  
Presumptuous youth!

*Juba.* What can this mean? Sempronius!

*Semp.* My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart.

*Juba.* Nay, then beware thy own, proud barbarous  
man. [*Semp. falls. His guards surrender.*]

*Semp.* Curse on my stars! am I then doom'd to fall  
By a boy's hand, disfigur'd in a vile  
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?  
Gods, I'm distracted! this my close of life!  
O for a peal of thunder that would make  
Earth, sea, and air, and heav'n and Cato tremble! [*Dies.*]

*Juba.* With what a spring his furious soul broke loose,  
And left the limbs still quiv'ring on the ground!  
Hence let us carry off those slaves to Cato,  
That we may there at length unravel all  
This dark design, this mystery of fate.

[*Exit Juba, with prisoners, &c.*]



## S C E N E III.

*Enter LUCIA and MARCIA.*

L U C I A.

SURE 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart  
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,  
It throbs with fear, and aches at ev'ry sound.  
O, Marcia, should thy brothers for my sake! —  
I die away with horror at the thought.

*Marc.* See, Lucia, see! here's blood! here's blood and  
murder!

Hah! a Numidian! Heav'n preserve the prince!  
The face lies muffled up within the garment,  
But hah! death to my sight! a diadem,  
And purple robes! O Gods! 'tis he! 'tis he!  
Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd  
A virgin's heart, Juba lies dead before us!

*Luc.* Now, Marcia, now call up to thy assistance  
Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind;  
Thou can'st not put it to a greater trial.

*Marc.* Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience;  
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,  
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted!

*Luc.* What can I think or say to give thee comfort?

*Marc.* Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills:  
Behold a sight that strikes all comfort dead.

*Enter JUBA listening.*

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way  
To all the pangs and fury of despair;  
That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.

*Juba.* What do I hear? And was the false Sempronius  
That best of men? O had I fall'n like him,  
And cou'd have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy.

*Luc.* Here will I stand companion in thy woes,  
And help thee with my tears; when I behold  
A loss like thine, I half forget my own.

*Marc.* 'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd breast.  
This empty world, to me a joyless desert,  
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.

*Juba.* I'm on the rack? Was he so near her heart?

*Marc.* O he was all made up of love and charms!  
Whatever maid could wish, or man admire:  
Delight of ev'ry eye! when he appear'd,  
A secret pleasure glad'ned all that saw him;  
But when he talk'd, the proudest Roman blush'd  
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.

*Juba.* I shall run mad —

*Marc.* O Juba! Juba! Juba!

*Juba.* What means that voice? Did she not call on  
Juba?

*Marc.* Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!  
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.  
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,  
Amidst its agonies, remember'd Marcia,  
And the last words he utter'd call'd me cruel!

Alas, he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not  
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba!

*Juba.* Where am I! do I live! or am indeed  
What Marcia thinks! all is Elysium round me!

*Marc.* Ye dear remains of the most lov'd of men!  
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbid  
A last embrace, while thus —

*Juba.* See Marcia, see [ *Throwing himself before her.*  
The happy Juba lives! he lives to catch  
That dear embrace, and to return it too  
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.

*Marc.* With pleasure and amaze I stand transported!  
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!  
If thou art Juba, who lies there?

*Juba.* A wretch,  
Disguis'd like Juba on a curs'd design.  
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out.  
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear  
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,  
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee;  
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,  
Am rapt with joy to see my Marcia's tears.

*Mar.* I've been surpris'd in an unguarded hour,  
But must not now go back: the love that lay  
Half smother'd in my breast, has broke through all  
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre.  
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

*Juba.* I'm lost in ecstasy; and dost thou love,  
Thou charming maid? —

*Marc.* And dost thou live to ask it?

*Juba.* This, this is life indeed! life worth preserving,  
Such life as Juba never felt 'till now!

*Marc.* Believe me, prince, before I thought thee dead,  
I did not know myself how much I lov'd thee.

*Juba.* O fortunate mistake!

*Marc.* O happy Marcia!

*Juba.* My joy, my best belov'd! my only wish!  
How shall I speak the transport of my soul!

*Marc.* Lucia, thy arm! Oh, let me rest upon it!  
The vital blood, that had forsook my heart,  
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,

It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment. —

O prince! I blush to think what I have said,

But fate has wrested the confession from me;

Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour.

Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,

And make the Gods propitious to our love.

[*Exeunt Marc. and Luc.*]

*Juba.* I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a dream.

Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all

Thy past unkindness, I absolve my stars.

What tho' Numidia add her conquer'd towns

And provinces to swell the victor's triumph,

Juba will never at his fate repine:

Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine. [Exit.]

## S C E N E I V.

*A March at a distance.*

*Enter CATO and LUCIUS.*

L U C I U S.

I stand astonish'd! what, the bold Sempronius!  
That still broke foremost thro' the crowd of patriots,  
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,  
And virtuous ev'n to madness —

*Cato.* Trust me, Lucius,  
Our civil discords have produc'd such crimes,  
Such monstrous crimes, I am surpriz'd at nothing.  
— O, Lucius, I am sick of this bad world!  
The day-light and the sun grow painful to me.

*Enter PORTIUS.*

But see where Portius comes! what means this haste?  
Why are thy looks thus chang'd?

*Por.* My heart is griev'd,  
I bring such news as will afflict my father.

*Cato.* Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?

*Por.* Not so.

The traitor Syphax, as within the square  
He exercis'd his troops, the signal giv'n,  
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse

To the fourth gate, where Marcus holds the watch;  
I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain;  
He tost his arm aloft, and proudly told me,  
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.

*Cato.* Perfidious man! but haste, my son, and see  
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part. *Exit Por.*

— Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:  
Justice gives way to force: the conquer'd world  
Is Cæsar's! Cato has no business in it.

*Luc.* While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,  
The world will still demand her Cato's presence.  
In pity to mankind submit to Cæsar,  
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

*Cato.* Would Lucius have me live to swell the number  
Of Cæsar's slaves, or by a base submission  
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?

*Luc.* The victor never will impose on Cato  
Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confess  
The virtues of humanity are Cæsar's.

*Cato.* Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country.  
Such popular humanity is treason —  
But see young Juba; the good youth appears  
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subject.

*Luc.* Alas, poor prince! his fate deserves compassion.

*Enter JUBA.*

*Juba.* I blush, and am confounded to appear  
Before thy presence, Cato.

*Cato.* What's thy crime?

*Juba.* I'm a Numidian.

*Cato.* And a brave one, too. Thou hast a Roman soul.

*Juba.* Hast thou not heard of my false countrymen?

*Cato.* Alas, young prince, falshood and fraud shoot  
up in ev'ry soil,

The product of all climes — Rome has its Cæsars.

*Juba.* 'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the distress'd.

*Cato.* 'Tis just to give applause where 'tis deserv'd :  
Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,  
Like purest gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,  
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

*Juba.* What shall I answer thee? My ravish'd heart  
O'erflows with secret joy : I'd rather gain  
Thy praise, O Cato, than Numidia's empire.

*Re-enter PORTIUS.*

*Por.* Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!  
My brother Marcus —

*Cato.* Hah! what has he done?  
Has he forsook his post? Has he giv'n way?  
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass?

*Por.* Scarce had I left my father, but I met him  
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,  
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.  
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,  
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes,  
'Till obstinately brave, and bent on death,  
Opprest with multitudes, he greatly fell.

*Cato.* I'm satisfi'd.

*Por.* Nor did he fall before  
His sword had pierc'd through the false heart of Syphax?

Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor  
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

*Cato.* Thanks to the Gods! my boy has done his duty.  
— Portius, when I am dead, be sure you place  
His urn near mine.

*Por.* Long may they keep afunder!

*Luc.* O Cato, arm thy soul with all its patience;  
See where the corps of thy dead son approaches!  
The citizens and senators, alarm'd,  
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

C A T O, *meeting the Corse.*

*Cato.* Welcome, my son! here lay him down, my friends,  
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure  
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.  
— How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!  
Who would not be that youth? What pity is it  
That we can die but once to serve our country!  
— Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?  
I shou'd have blush'd if Cato's house had stood  
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.  
— Portius, behold thy brother, and remember  
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.

*Juba.* Was ever man like this! [*Aside.*]

*Cato.* Alas, my friends,  
Why mourn you thus! let not a private loss  
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears,  
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,  
The nurse of heroes, the delight of Gods,  
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,



And set the nations free, Rome is no more.  
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

*Juba.* Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes  
With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead son. [*Aside.*]

*Cato.* Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdu'd,  
The sun's whole course, the day and year are Cæsar's;  
For him the self-devoted Decii dy'd,  
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquer'd;  
Ev'n Pompey fought for Cæsar. Oh, my friends!  
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,  
The Roman empire fall'n! O curst ambition!  
Fall'n into Cæsar's hands! Our great forefathers  
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

*Juba.* While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see  
Mankind enslav'd, and be asham'd of empire.

*Cato.* Cæsar asham'd! has he not seen Pharsalia?

*Luc.* Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.

*Cato.* Lose not a thought on me, I'm out of danger;  
Heav'n will not leave me in the victor's hand.  
Cæsar shall never say he conquer'd Cato.  
But oh, my friends, your safety fills my heart  
With anxious thoughts: a thousand secret terrors  
Rise in my soul: How shall I save my friends?  
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee.

*Luc.* Cæsar has mercy if we ask it of him.

*Cato.* Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know  
Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.  
Add, if you please, that I request it of him,  
That I myself, with tears, request it of him,  
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.

Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake:  
 Shou'd I advise thee to regain Numidia,  
 Or seek the conqueror?

*Juba.* If I forsake thee  
 Whilst I have life, may Heav'n abandon Juba!

*Cato.* Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,  
 Will one day make thee great; at Rome hereafter,  
 'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.

Portius, draw near: My son, thou oft hast seen  
 Thy sire engag'd in a corrupted state,  
 Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou see'st me  
 Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success;

Let me advise thee to retreat betimes  
 To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,  
 Where the great Censor toil'd with his own hands,  
 And all our frugal ancestors were bless'd  
 In humble virtues, and a rural life;  
 There live retir'd, pray for the peace of Rome;  
 Content thyself to be obscurely good.

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,  
 The post of honour is a private station.

*Por.* I hope my father does not recommend  
 A life to Portius, that he scorns himself.

*Cato.* Farewell, my friends! if there be any of you  
 Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,  
 Know there are ships prepar'd by my command,  
 (Their sails already op'ning to the winds)  
 That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.  
 Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?  
 The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!

If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet  
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,  
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.

[*Pointing to his dead Son.*

There the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,  
Who greatly in his country's cause expir'd,  
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there,  
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,  
Tho' still by faction, vice, and fortune crost,  
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not lost. [*Exeunt.*

## A C T V. S C E N E I.

CATO *solus*, sitting in a thoughtful posture :  
*In his hand Plato's Book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.*

IT must be so — Plato, thou reason'st well —  
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
 This longing after immortality?  
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul  
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us?  
 'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,  
 And intimates eternity to man?  
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!  
 Through what variety of untry'd being,  
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!  
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;  
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.  
 Here will I hold. If there's a pow'r above us,  
 ( And that there is all nature cries aloud  
 Through all her works ) he must delight in virtue;  
 And that which he delights in must be happy;  
 But when? or where? — This world was made for Cæsar.  
 I'm weary of conjectures — this must end 'em.

[ *Laying his hand on his sword.*

Thus am I doubly arm'd : my death and life,  
My bane and antidote are both before me :  
This in a moment brings me to an end ;  
But this informs me I shall never die.

The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles  
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?  
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?  
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,  
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,  
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,  
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,  
An off'ring fit for Heav'n. Let guilt or fear  
Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of 'em,  
Indiff'rent in his choice to sleep or die.

## S C E N E II.

C A T O, P O R T I U S.

C A T O.

**B**UT hah! how's this, my son? Why this intrusion?  
Were not my orders that I would be private?  
Why am I disobey'd?

*Por.* Alas, my father!

What means this sword? this instrument of death?

Let me convey it hence.

*Cato.* Rash youth, forbear!

*Por.* O let the pray'rs, th' intreaties of your friends,  
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you.

*Cato.* Wouldst thou betray me? Wouldst thou give me up  
A slave, a captive into Cæsar's hands?

Retire, and learn obedience to a father,

Or know, young man! —

*Por.* Look not thus sternly on me;  
You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

*Cato.* 'Tis well! again I'm master of myself.

Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,

And bar each avenue; thy gath'ring fleets

O'erspread the sea, and stop up ev'ry port;

Cato shall open to himself a passage,

And mock thy hopes —

*Por.* O, Sir, forgive your son,

Whose grief hangs heavy on him! O my father!

How am I sure it is not the last time

I e'er shall call you so! be not displeas'd,

O be not angry with me whilst I weep,

And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you

To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!

*Cato.* Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.

[*Embracing him.*

Weep not, my son, all will be well again;

The righteous Gods, whom I have sought to please,

Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.

*Por.* Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

*Cato.* Portius, thou may'st rely upon my conduct.

Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.

But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting

Among thy father's friends; see them embark'd,

And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.

My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks

The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.

*Por.* My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives.

[*Exit.*]

### S C E N E III.

P O R T I U S *and* M A R C I A.

P O R T I U S.

O Marcia, O my sister, still there's hope!

Our father will not cast away a life

So needful to us all, and to his country.

He is retir'd to rest, and seems to cherish

Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatch'd me hence

With orders that bespeak a mind compos'd,

And studious for the safety of his friends.

Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers. [*Exit.*]

*Marc.* O ye immortal pow'rs, that guard the just,

Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,

Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul

With easy dreams; remember all his virtues,

And shew mankind that goodness is your care!

## S C E N E I V.

LUCIA, and MARCIA.

LUCIA.

W H E R E is your father, Marcia, where is Cato?

*Mar.* Lucia, speak low, he is retir'd to rest.

Lucia, I feel a gentle dawning hope  
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.

*Luc.* Alas! I tremble when I think on Cato;  
In ev'ry view, in ev'ry thought I tremble!  
Cato is stern and awful as a God;  
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,  
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.

*Mar.* Though stern and awful to the foes of Rome,  
He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild,  
Compassionate and gentle to his friends,  
Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,  
The kindest father I have ever found him,  
Easy and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

*Luc.* 'Tis his consent alone can make us blest'd.  
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd  
In the same intricate, perplex'd, distress.  
The cruel hand of fate that has destroy'd  
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament —

*Mar.* And ever shall lament, unhappy youth! —

*Luc.* Has set my soul at large, and now I stand  
Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's thoughts?



Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,  
Or how he has determin'd of thyself?

*Mar.* Let him but live, commit the rest to Heav'n.

*Enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!  
O, Marcia, I have seen thy god-like father;  
Some pow'r invisible supports his soul,  
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.  
A kind refreshing sleep is fall'n upon him:  
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost  
In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,  
He smil'd, and cry'd: Cæsar, thou can'st not hurt me.

*Mar.* His mind still labours with some dreadful thought.

*Luc.* Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of sorrow!  
Dry up thy tears, my child, we all are safe  
While Cato lives — His presence will protect us.

*Enter JUBA,*

*Jub.* Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from viewing  
The number, strength, and posture of our foes,  
Who now encamp within a short hour's march;  
On the high point of yon bright western tow'r  
We ken them from afar; the setting sun  
Plays on their shining arms and burning helmets,  
And covers all the field with gleams of fire,

*Luc.* Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy father.  
Cæsar is still dispos'd to give us terms,  
And waits at distance 'till he hears from Cato.

*Enter* PORTIUS.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.  
 What tidings dost thou bring? methinks I see  
 Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

*Por.* As I was hastening to the port, where now  
 My father's friends, impatient for a passage,  
 Accuse the ling'ring winds, a sail arriv'd  
 From Pompey's son, who through the realms of Spain  
 Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,  
 And rouses the whole nation up to arms.  
 Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome  
 Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.  
 But hark! what means that groan! O give me way,  
 And let me fly into my father's presence. [ *Exit.*

*Luc.* Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,  
 And in the wild disorder of his soul  
 Mourns o'er his country; hah! a second groan —  
 Heav'n guard us all! —

*Mar.* Alas! 'tis not the voice  
 Of one who sleeps! 'tis agonizing pain,  
 'Tis death is in that sound. —

*Re-enter* PORTIUS.

*Por.* O sight of woe!  
 O, Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass!  
 Cato is fall'n upon his sword. —

*Luc.* O Portius,  
 Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,  
 And let us guess the rest.

*Por.* I've rais'd him up,  
 And plac'd him in his chair, where, pale and faint,  
 He gasps for breath, and as his life flows from him,  
 Demands to see his friends. His servants weeping,  
 Obsequious to his order, bear him hither.

[*The back scene opens, and discovers Cato.*

*Mar.* O Heav'n assist me in this dreadful hour,  
 To pay the last sad duties to my father!

*Jub.* These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæsar!

*Luc.* Now is Rome fall'n indeed!

[*Cato brought forward in a chair.*

*Cato.* Here set me down —

Portius, come near me — Are my friends embark'd?  
 Can any thing be thought of for their service?

Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.

— O, Lucius, art thou here? — Thou art too good —

Let this our friendship live between our children,  
 Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.

Alas! poor man, he weeps! — Marcia, my daughter —

O bend me forward! — Juba loves thee, Marcia.

A senator of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,

Would not have match'd his daughter with a king,

But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinction;

Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a Roman —

— I'm sick to death — O when shall I get loose

From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow! —

— And yet, methinks, a beam of light breaks in

On my departing soul. Alas! I fear

I've been too hasty. O ye pow'rs that search

The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,

If I have done amiss, impute it not! —  
The best may err, but you are good, and — Oh! [Dies.

*Luc.* There fled the greatest soul that ever warm'd  
A Roman breast. O, Cato! O, my friend!  
Thy will shall be religiously observ'd.  
But let us bear this awful corse to Cæsar,  
And lay it in his sight, that it may stand  
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;  
Cato, tho' dead, shall still protect his friends.

From hence, let fierce contending nations know  
What dire effects from civil discord flow.  
'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,  
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,  
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,  
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life. [Exeunt omnes.]

# EPILOGUE.

By Dr. GARTH.

Spoken by Mrs. PORTER.

**W**HAT odd fantastick things we women do!  
Who wou'd not listen when young lovers woo?  
But die a maid, yet have the choice of two!  
Ladies are often cruel to their cost:  
To give you pain, themselves they punish most.  
Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd;  
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in convents made.  
Wou'd you revenge such rash resolves — you may:  
Be spiteful — and believe the thing we say;  
We hate you when you're easily said nay.  
How needless, if you knew us, were your fears!  
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.  
Our hearts are form'd as you yourselves would chuse;  
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:  
We give to merit, and to wealth we sell:  
He sighs with most success that settles well.  
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;  
'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.

Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue  
Those lively lessons we have learnt from you:  
Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms,  
But wicked wealth usurps the pow'r of charms;  
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,  
To swell in show, and be a wretch in state!

At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;  
 Ev'n churches are no sanctuaries now:  
 There golden idols all your vows receive,  
 She is no goddess that has nought to give.  
 Oh, may once more the happy age appear,  
 When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere;  
 When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,  
 And courts less coveted than groves and springs:  
 Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,  
 And constancy feel transport in its chains:  
 Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,  
 And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:  
 Virtue again to its bright station climb,  
 And beauty fear no enemy but time:  
 The fair shall listen to desert alone,  
 And ev'ry Lucia find a Cato's son.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE  
 PRINCESS OF WALES,

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF CATO, Nov. 1714.

**T**HE muse that oft, with sacred raptures fir'd,  
 Has gen'rous thoughts of liberty inspir'd,  
 And, boldly rising for Britannia's laws,  
 Engag'd great Cato in her country's cause,  
 On you submissive waits, with hopes assur'd,  
 By whom the mighty blessing stands secur'd,

And all the glories, that our age adorn,  
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.

No longer shall the widow'd land bemoan  
A broken lineage, and a doubtful throne ;  
But boast her royal progeny's increase,  
And count the pledges of her future peace.  
O born to strengthen and to grace our isle !  
While you, fair PRINCESS, in your Offspring smile ;  
Supplying charms to the succeeding age,  
Each heav'nly daughter's triumphs we preface ;  
I ready see th' illustrious youths complain,  
And pity monarchs doom'd to fight in vain.

Thou too, the darling of our fond desires,  
Whom Albion, op'ning wide her arms, requires,  
With manly valour and attractive air  
Shalt quell the fierce, and captivate the fair.  
O England's younger hope ! in whom conspire  
The mother's sweetness, and the father's fire !  
For thee perhaps, even now, of kingly race  
Some dawning beauty blooms in ev'ry grace,  
Some Carolina, to heav'n's dictates true,  
Who, while the scepter'd rivals vainly sue,  
Thy inborn worth with conscious eyes shall see,  
And slight th' imperial diadem for thee.

Pleas'd with the prospect of successive reigns,  
The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains  
Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppress,  
Endanger'd rights, and liberty distress :  
To milder sounds each muse shall tune the lyre,  
And gratitude, and faith to kings inspire,

And filial love; bid impious discord cease,  
 And sooth the madding factions into peace;  
 Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,  
 And teach the nation their new monarch's praise,  
 Describe his awful look, and godlike mind,  
 And Cæsar's pow'r with Cato's virtue join'd.

Mean while, bright PRINCESS, who, with graceful ease  
 And native majesty, are form'd to please,  
 Behold those arts with a propitious eye,  
 That suppliant to their great protectress fly!  
 Then shall they triumph, and the British stage  
 Improve her manners, and refine her rage,  
 More noble characters expose to view,  
 And draw her finish'd heroines from you.

Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,  
 Skill'd in the labours of the deathless muse:  
 The deathless muse with undiminish'd rays  
 Through distant times the lovely dame conveys;  
 To Gloriana Waller's harp was strung;  
 The queen still shines, because the poet sung.  
 Ev'n all those graces, in your frame combin'd,  
 The common fate of mortal charms may find;  
 (Content our short-liv'd praises to engage,  
 The joy and wonder of a single age,)  
 Unless some poet in a lasting song  
 To late posterity their fame prolong,  
 Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize,  
 And see your beauty with their fathers' eyes.

T H E E N D.



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## ERRATA.

Pag. 45, verse 24, peteous, *read* piteous. = P. 47, v. 25, oft them, *r.* oft seen them. = P. 57, v. 11, nor, *r.* not. = P. 59, v. 25, that in their, *r.* that their. = P. 60, v. 1, design, *r.* design'd. = P. 71, v. 10, to the Scarlatti, *r.* to the soft Scarlatti. = P. 82, v. 8, raise, *r.* raise. = P. 83, v. 14, losely, *r.* loosely. = P. 85, v. 24, Crabs, *r.* Crab's. = P. 95, v. 3, become, *r.* becomes. = P. 104, v. 27, beat woods, *r.* beat the woods. = P. 106, v. 10, large, *r.* large. = P. 110, v. 9, off'ring, *r.* offspring. = P. 113, v. 7, securily, *r.* securely. = P. 119, v. 5, 'Tis, *r.* 'Till. = P. 121, v. 2, stops, *r.* sloops. = P. 129, v. 9, shades, *r.* sheds. = P. 138, v. 28, A, *r.* As. = P. 141, v. 1, an, *r.* and. = P. 142, v. 29, a, *r.* as. = P. 156, v. 20, wringling, *r.* wriggling. = *Ibid.* v. 25, twistes, *r.* twists. = P. 163, v. 26, weight, *r.* weigh. = P. 174, v. 27, Heav'n's, *r.* Heav'ns. = P. 196, v. 26, would, *r.* would'st.





