



THE  
**WORKS**  
 OF  
**VIRGIL:**  
 Containing His  
**PASTORALS,**  
**GEORGICS,**  
 AND  
**ÆNEIS.**

Translated into English Verse; By  
 Mr. DRYDEN.

Adorn'd with a Hundred Sculptures.

*Sequiturque Patrem non passibus Æquis.* Virg. Æn. 2.

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TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
Hugh Lord Clifford,  
BARON of *Cbudleigh*.

My Lord,

I HAVE found it not more difficult to Translate Virgil, than to find such Patrons as I desire for my Translation. For though England is not wanting in a Learned Nobility, yet such are my unhappy Circumstances, that they have confin'd me to a narrow choice. To the greater part, I have not the Honour to be known; and to some of them I cannot show at present, by any publick Act, that grateful Respect which I shall ever bear them in my heart. Yet I have no reason to complain of Fortune, since in the midst of that abundance I could not possibly have chosen better, than the Worthy Son of so illustrious a Father. He was the Patron of my Manhood, when I flourish'd in the opinion of the World; though with small advantage to my Fortune, 'till he awak'd the remembrance of my Royal Master. He was that Pollio, or that Varus, who introduc'd me to Augustus: And tho' he soon dismiss'd himself from State-Affairs, yet in the short time of his Administration he shone so powerfully upon me, that like the heat of a Russian-Summer, he ripen'd the Fruits of Poetry in a cold Climate; and gave me wherewithal to subsist at least, in the long Winter which succeeded. What I now offer to your Lordship, is the wretched remainder of a sickly Age, worn out with Study, and oppress'd by Fortune: without other support than the Constancy and Patience of a Christian. You, my Lord, are yet in the flower of your Youth, and may live to enjoy the benefits of the Peace which is promis'd Europe: I can only bear of that Blessing: for Tears, and above all things, want of health, have shut me out from sharing in the happiness. The Poets, who condemn their Tantalus to Hell, had added to his Torments, if they had plac'd him in Elysium, which is the proper Emblem of my Condition. The Fruit and the Water may reach my Lips, but cannot enter: And if they cou'd, yet I want a Palate as well as a Digestion. But it is some kind of pleasure to me, to please  
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those whom I respect. And I am not altogether out of hope, that these Pastorals of Virgil may give your Lordship some delight, though made English by me, who scarce remembers that Passion which inspir'd my Author when he wrote them. These were his first Essay in Poetry, (if the *Ceiris* was not his:) And it was more excusable in him to describe Love when he was young, than for me to Translate him when I am Old. He died at the Age of fifty two, and I began this Work in my great Clymacterique. But having perhaps a better constitution than my Author, I have wrong'd him less, considering my Circumstances, than those who have attempted him before, either in our own, or any Modern Language. And though this Person is not void of Errours, yet it comforts me that the faults of others are not worth finding. Mine are neither gross nor frequent, in those Eclogues, wherein my Master has rais'd himself above that humble Stile in which Pastoral delights, and which I must confess is proper to the Education and Conversation of Shepherds: for he found the strength of his Genius broken, and was even in his youth precluding to his Georgicks, and his *Æneis*. He cou'd not forbear to try his Wings, though his Pinions were not harden'd to maintain a long laborious flight. Yet sometimes they bore him to a pitch as lofty, as ever he was able to reach afterwards. But when he was admonish'd by his Subjects to descend, he came down gently, sailing in the air, and singing to the ground. Like a Lark, melodious in her mounting, and continuing her Song 'till she alights: still preparing for a higher flight at her next fall, and tuning her voice to better music. The Fourth, the Sixth, and the Eighth Pastorals, are clear Evidences of this truth. In the three first he contains himself within his bounds; but Addressing to Pollio, his great Patron, and himself no vulgar Poet, he no longer cou'd refrain the freedom of his Spirit, but began to assert his Native Character, which is sublimity. Putting himself under the conduct of the same Cumæan Sybil, whom afterwards he gave for a Guide to his *Æneis*. 'Tis true he was sensible of his own boldness; and we know it by the *Paulo Majora*, which begins his Fourth Eclogue. He remember'd, like young *Manlius*, that he was forbidden to Engage; but what avails an express Command to a youthful Courage, which projects Victory in the attempt? Encourag'd with Success, he proceeds farther in the Sixth, and invades the Province of *Phlegyph*. And notwithstanding that *Pheebus* had forewarn'd him of *Phlegyph* Wars, as he there confesses, yet he presum'd that the search of Nature was as free to him as to *Lucretius*, who at his Age explain'd it according to the Principles of *Epicurus*. In his Eighth Eclogue, he has innovated nothing; the former part of it being the Complaint and Despair of a forsaken Lover: the latter, a Charm of an Enchantress, to renew a lost Affection. But the Complaint perhaps contains some Topics which are above the Condition of his Person; and our Author seems to have made his *Ethiopian* somewhat too Lear'd for their Profession: The Charms are also of the same nature, but both were Copied from *Theocritus*, and had receiv'd the applause of former Ages in their Original. There is a kind of Rascality in all these pompous Verses; somewhat of a Holiday Shepherd strutting in his Country Baskins. The like may be observ'd, both in the *Follio*, and the *Silenus*; where the Similitudes are drawn from the Woods and Meadows. They seem to me to represent our Poet betwixt a Farmer, and a Courtier, when he left Mantua for Rome, and dress'd himself in his best Habit to appear before his Patron: Somewhat too fine for the place from whence he came, and yet retaining part of its simplicity. In the Ninth Pastoral he collects some Beautiful passages which were scatter'd in *Theocritus*, which he cou'd not insert into any of his former Eclogues, and yet

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was unwilling they shou'd be lost. In all the rest he is equal to his Sicilian Master, and observes like him a just decorum, both of the Subjects, and the Persons. As particularly in the Third Pastoral; where one of his Shepherds describes a Bowl, or Mazer, curiously Carv'd.

In Medio duo signa: Conon, & quis fuit alter,  
Descriptis radio, totum qui Gentibus orbem.

He remembers only the name of Conon, and forgets the other on set purpose: (whether he means *Amaximander* or *Eudoxus* I dispute not,) but he was certainly forgotten, to show his Country Swain was no great Scholar.

After all, I must confess that the Boeotian Dialect of *Theocritus* has a secret charm in it, which the Roman Language cannot imitate, though *Virgil* has drawn it down as low as possibly he cou'd; as in the *Quintus pectus*, and some other words, for which he was so unjustly blam'd by the best Critics of his Age, who cou'd not see the Beauties of that *merum Rus*, which the Poet describ'd in those expressions. But *Theocritus* may justly be preferr'd as the Original, without injury to *Virgil*, who modestly contents himself with the second place, and glories only in being the first who transplanted Pastoral into his own Country; and brought it there to bear as happily as the Cherry-trees which *Lucullus* brought from *Pontus*.

Our own Nation has produc'd a third Poet in this kind, not inferior to the two former. For the *Shepherd's Kalender* of *Spencer*, is not to be match'd in any Modern Language. Not even by *Tasso's Aminta*, which infinitely transcends *Guarinus's Pastor-Fido*, as having more of Nature in it, and being almost wholly clear from the wretched affectation of Learning. I will say nothing of the *Picatory Eclogues*, because no modern Latin can bear Criticism. 'Tis no wonder that rolling down through so many barbarous Ages, from the Spring of *Virgil*, it bears along with it the fifth and ordures of the *Goths* and *Vandals*. Neither will I mention *Monsieur Fontinelle*, the living Glory of the French. 'Tis enough for him to have excell'd his Master *Lucian*, without attempting to compare our miserable Age with that of *Virgil*, or *Theocritus*. Let me only add, for his reputation,

— Si Pergama dextra  
Defendi possint, etiam hac defensa fuissent.

But *Spencer* being Master of our Northern Dialect; and skill'd in *Chaucer's* English, has so exactly imitated the *Doric* of *Theocritus*, that his Love is a perfect Image of that Passion which God inspir'd into both Sexes, before it was corrupted with the Knowledge of Arts, and the Ceremonies of what we call good Manners.

My Lord, I know to whom I dedicate: And cou'd not have been induc'd by any motive to put this part of *Virgil*, or any other, into unlearned Hands. You have read him with pleasure, and I dare say, with admiration in the Latine, of which you are a Master. You have added to your Natural Endowments, which without flattery are Eminent, the superfructures of Study, and the knowledge of good Authors. Courage, Probity, and Humanity are inherent in you. These Vertues have ever been habitual to the ancient House of *Cumberland*, from whence you are descended, and of which our *Chronicles* make so honourable mention in the long Wars betwixt the Rival Families of *York* and *Lancaster*. Your Forefathers have assisted the Party which they chose 'till death, and dy'd for its defence in the Fields of *Bat-el*. You have beside the fresh remembrance of your Noble Father; from whom you never can degenerate. Nec

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—Nec imbellem, feroces  
Progeniant Aquilam Columbae.

It being almost morally impossible for you to be other than you are by kind; I need neither praise nor incite your Vertue. You are acquainted with the Roman History, and know without my information that Patronage and Clientship always descended from the Fathers to the Sons; and that the same Plebeian Houses, had recourse to the same Patrician Line, which had formerly protected them: and follow'd their Principles and Fortunes to the last. So that I am your Lordship's by descent, and part of your Inheritance. And the natural inclination, which I have to serve you, adds to your paternal right, for I was wholly yours from the first moment, when I had the happiness and honour of being known to you. Be pleas'd therefore to accept the Rendiments of Virgil's Poetry; Courtesly Translated I confess, but which yet retains some Beauties of the Author, which neither the barbarity of our Language, nor my unskillfulness could so much sully, but that they appear sometimes in the dim mirror which I hold before you. The Subject is not unsuitable to your Taste, which allows you yet to Love, and is proper to your present Scene of Life. Rural Recreations abroad, and Books at home, are the innocent Pleasures of a Man who is early Wife; and gives Fortune no more hold of him, than of necessity he must. 'Tis good, on some occasions to think beforehand as little as we can; to enjoy as much of the present as will not endanger our futurity; and to provide our selves of the Virtuoso's Saddle, which will be sure to amble, when the World is upon the hardest road. What I humbly offer to your Lordship, is of this nature. I wish it pleasant, and am sure 'tis innocent. May you ever continue your esteem for Virgil; and not lessen it, for the faults of his Translator; who is with all manner of Respect, and sense of Gratitude,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most Humble,

and most Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRIDEN.

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THE  
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Pub. Virgilius Maro.

**V**IRGIL was born at Mantua, which City was built no less than Three Hundred Years before Rome; and was the Capital of the New *Hetruria*, as himself, no less Antiquary than Poet, assures us. His Birth is said to have happen'd in the first Confulship of Pompey the Great, and *Lic. Crassus*; but since the Relater of this presently after contradicts himself; and Virgil's manner of Addressing to *Octavian*, implies a greater difference of Age than that of Seven Years, as appears by his First Pastoral, and other places; it is reasonable to set the Date of it something backward: And the Writer of his Life having no certain Memorials to work upon, seems to have pitched upon the two most Illustrious Consuls he could find about that time, to signalize the Birth of so Eminent a Man. But it is beyond all Question, that he was Born on, or near the Fifteenth of *October*. Which Day was kept Festival in honour of his Memory, by the *Lates*, as the Birth-Day of *Homer* was by the *Greek* Poets. And so near a resemblance there is, betwixt the Lives of these two famous *Epic* Writers, that Virgil seems to have follow'd the *Fortune* of the other, as well as the Subject and manner of his Writing. For *Homer* is said to have been of very mean Parents; such as got their Bread by Day-labour; so is Virgil. *Homer* is said to be *Bare Born*; so is Virgil. The former to have been born in the open Air, in a Ditch, or by the Bank of a River; so is the latter. There was a Poplar Planted near the place of Virgil's Birth, which suddenly grew up to an unusual height and bulk, and to which the Superstitious Neighbourhood attributed marvellous Vertue. *Homer* had his Poplar too, as *Herodotus* relates; which was vilted with great Veneration. *Homer* is describ'd by one of the Ancients, to have been of a slovenly and neglected Mien and Habit, so was Virgil. Both were of a very delicate and sickly Constitution: Both addicted to Travel, and the study of Astrology: Both had their Compositions usurp'd by others: Both Envy'd and traduc'd during their Lives: We know not so much as the true Names of either of them with any exactness: For the Criticks are not yet agreed how the word [Virgil] should be Written; and of *Homer's* Name there is no certainty at all. Whosoever shall

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I shall consider this Parallel in so many particulars; (and more might be added) would be inclin'd to think, that either the same Stars Ru'd strongly at the Nativities of them both, or what is a great deal more probable; that the *Latin* Grammarians wanting Materials for the former part of *Virgil's* Life, after the *Legendary Fashion*, supply'd it out of *Herodotus*; and like ill Face-Painters, not being able to hit the true *Features*, endeavour'd to make amends by a great deal of impertinent *Landscaps* and *Drapery*.

Without troubling the Reader with needless Quotations, now, or afterwards; the most probable Opinion is, that *Virgil* was the Son of a Servant, or Affiant to a wandering *Astrologer*; who practis'd Physic. For *Medicus, Magus*, as *Jovennal* observes, usually went together; and this course of Life was follow'd by a great many *Greeks* and *Syrians*; of one of which Nations it seems not improbable, that *Virgil's* Father was. Nor could a Man of that Profession have chosen a fitter place to settle in, than that most Superstitious Tract of *Italy*; which by her ridiculous Rites and Ceremonies as much enslav'd the *Romans*, as the *Romans* did the *Hetrurians* by their *Arus*. This Man therefore having got together some Money, which Stock he improv'd by his Skill in Planting and Husbandry, had the good Fortune, at last, to Marry his Masters Daughter, by whom he had *Virgil*; and this Woman seems, by her Mothers side, to have been of good Extraction; for she was nearly related to *Quintilius Varus*, whom *Paterculus* assures us to have been an illustrious, tho' not Patrician Family; and there is honourable mention made of it in the History of the second *Carthaginian* War. It is certain, that they gave him very good Education, to which they were inclin'd; not so much by the Dreams of his Mother, and those prefaces which *Dionysius* relates, as by the early indications which he gave of a sweet Disposition, and Excellent Wit. He pass'd the first Seven Years of his Life at *Mantua*, not Seventeen, as *Scaliger* miscorrects his Author; for the *initia atatis* can hardly be supposed to extend so far. From thence he removed to *Cremona*, a Noble Roman Colony, and afterwards to *Milan*. In all which places he prosecuted his Studies with great application; he read over, all the best *Latin*, and *Greek* Authors, for which he had convenience by the no remote distance of *Marfili*, that famous *Greek* Colony, which maintain'd its Politeness, and Purity of Language, in the midst of all those Barbarous Nations amongst which it was seated: And some Tincture of the latter seems to have descended from them down to the *Modern French*. He frequented the most eminent Professors of the *Epictetan* Philosophy, which was then much in vogue, and will be always in declining and sickly States. But finding no satistactory Account from his Master *Syron*, he pass'd over to the *Academick School*, to which he adher'd the rest of his Life, and deserv'd, from a great Emperour, the Title of the *Plato of Poets*. He compos'd at leisure hours a great number of Verses, on various Subjects; and desirous rather of a *great*, than *early* Fame, he permitted his Kinman, and Fellow-student *Varus*, to derive the Honour of one of his Tragedies to himself. Glory neglected in proper time and place, returns often with large Increase, and so he found it. For *Varus* afterwards prov'd a great Instrument of his Rise: In short, it was here that he form'd the *Plan*, and collected the Materials of all those excellent Pieces which he afterwards finish'd, or was forc'd to leave left perfect by his Death. But whether it were the Unwholmess of his Native Air,

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of which he somewhere complains, or his too great abstinence, and Night-watchings at his Study, to which he was always addicted, as *Augustus* observes; or possibly the hopes of improving himself by Travel, he resolv'd to Remove to the more Southern Tract of *Italy*; and it was hardly possible for him not to take *Rome* in his Way; as is evident to any one who shall cast an Eye on the Map of *Italy*: And therefore the late *French Editor* of his Works is mistaken, when he asserts that he never saw *Rome*, till he came to Penion for his Estate: He gain'd the Acquaintance of the Master of the Horle to *Obavianus*, and Cur'd a great many Diseases of Horles, by methods they had never heard of: It fell out, at the same time, that a very fine Colt, which promis'd great Strength and Speed, was presented to *Obavianus*: *Virgil* assur'd them, that he came of a faulty Mare, and would prove a Jade, upon trial it was found as he had said; his Judgment prov'd right in several other instances, which was the more surprizing, because the *Romans* knew least of Natural Causes of any civiliz'd Nation in the World: And those Meteors, and Prodigies which cost them incredible Sums to expiate, might easily have been accounted for, by novery profound Naturalist. It is no wonder, therefore, that *Virgil* was in so great Reputation, as to be at last Introduced to *Obavianus* himself. That Prince was then at variance with *Marc Antony*, who vex'd him with the benefits of his Parentage, that he came of a *Servant*, a *Ropemaker*, and a *Baker*, as *Suetonius* tells us: *Obavianus* finding that *Virgil* had pass'd so exact a judgment upon the Breed of Dogs, and Horles, thought that he possibly might be able to give him some Light concerning his own. He took him into his Closet, where they continu'd in private a considerable time. *Virgil* was a great Mathematician, which, in the Sense of those times, took in Astrology: And if there be any thing in that Art, which I can hardly believe; if that be true which the Ingenious *De le Chambre* asserts confidently; that from the Marks on the Body, the Configuration of the Planets at a Nativity may be gathered, and the Marks might be told by knowing the Nativity, never had one of those Artificers a fairer Opportunity to shew his skill, than *Virgil* now had; for *Obavianus* had Moles upon his Body, exactly resembling the Constellation call'd *Ursa Major*. But *Virgil* had other helps: The Predictions of *Cicero*, and *Catulus*, and that Vote of the Senate had gone abroad, that no Child Born at *Rome*, in the Year of his Nativity, should be bred up; because the Seers assur'd them that an Emperour was Born that Year. Besides this, *Virgil* had heard of the *Assyrian*, and *Egyptian* Prophecies, (which in truth, were no other but the *Jewish*;) that about that time a great King was to come into the World. Himself takes notice of them, *Æn. 6.* where he uses a very significant Word, (now in all Liturgies) *hujus in adventu*, so in another place, *adventante Deo*.

At his foresein approach already quide,  
Assyrian Kingdoms, and Meotis Lake,  
Nile hears him knocking at his seven-fold Gates

Every one knows whence this was taken: It was rather a mistake, than impiety in *Virgil*, to apply these Prophecies to the Person of *Obavianus*, it being a usual piece of flattery for near a Hundred Years together, to attribute them to their Emperours; and other great Men. Upon the whole

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matter, it is very probable, that *Virgil* Predicted to him the Empire at this time. And it will appear yet the more, if we consider that he assures him of his being receiv'd into the Number of the Gods, in his First *Pastoral*, long before the thing came to pass; which Prediction seems grounded upon his former Mistake. This was a secret, not to be divulg'd at that time, and therefore it is no wonder that the flight Story in *Donatus* was given abroad to palliate the matter. But certain it is, that *Octavius* dismissed him with great Marks of esteem, and earnestly recommended the Protection of *Virgil's* Affairs to *Pollio*, then Lieutenant of the *Cis-Alpine Gauls*, where *Virgil's* Patrimony lay. This *Pollio* from a mean Original, became one of the most Considerable Persons of his time: A good General, Orator, States-man, Historian, Poet, and Favourer of Learned Men; above all, he was a Man of Honour in those critical times: He had join'd with *Octavius*, and *Antony*, in revenging the Barbarous Assassination of *Julius Caesar*: When they two were at variance, he would neither follow *Antony*, whose courses he detested, nor join with *Octavius* against him, out of a grateful Sense of some former Obligations. *Augustus*, who thought it his interest to oblige Men of Principles, notwithstanding this, receiv'd him afterwards into Favour, and promoted him to the highest Honours. And thus much I thought fit to say of *Pollio*, because he was one of *Virgil's* greatest Friends. Being therefore eas'd of Domestic cares, he pursues his Journey to *Naples*: The Charming situation of that Place, and view of the beautiful *Villa's* of the *Roman* Nobility, equalling the Magnificence of the greatest Kings; the Neighbourhood of the *Baie*, whither the Sick resort for recovery, and the States-man when he was Politickly Sick; whither the wanton went for Pleasure, and witty Men for good Company; the wholesomeness of the Air, and improving *Conversation*, the best Air of all, contributed not only to the re-establishing his Health; but to the forming of his Style, and rendering him Master of that happy turn of Verse, in which he much surpasses all the *Latins*, and in a less advantageous Language, equals even *Homer* himself. He propos'd to use his Talent in Poetry, only for Scaffolding to Build a convenient Fortune, that he might prosecute with less interruption, those Nobler Studies to which his elevated Genius led him, and which he describes in these admirable Lines.

*Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia Musæ  
Quæram sacra ferò ingenti percussus amore,  
Accipiant, celsæ, vias, et sidera monstrant,  
Defectus Solis varios, Lunæq; laboris:  
Unde tremor terris, &c.*

But the current of that Martial Age, by some strange *Amperistasis* drove so violently towards Poetry, that he was at last carried down with the stream. For not only the Young Nobility, but *Octavius*, and *Pollio*, *Cicero* in his Old Age, *Julius Caesar*, and the Stoical *Brutus*, a little before, would needs be tampering with the Muses; the two latter had taken great care to have their Poems curiously bound, and lodg'd in the most famous Libraries; but neither the Sacredness of those places, nor the greatness of their Names, cou'd preserve ill Poetry. Quitting therefore the Study of the Law, after having pleaded but one Cause with indifferent Success, he resolv'd to push his Fortune this way, which he seems to have discontinu'd for some time, and that may be the reason why the

*Culex*

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*Culex*, his first *Pastoral*, now extant, has little besides the novelty of the Subject, and the Moral of the Fable, which contains an exhortation to gratitude, to recommend it; had it been as correct as his other pieces, nothing more proper and pertinent cou'd have at that time bin address'd to the Young *Octavius*, for the Year in which he Presented it, probably at the *Baie*, seems to be the very fame, in which that Prince contented (tho' with seeming reluctance) to the Death of *Cicero*, under whose Confulship he was Born, the preserver of his Life, and chief instrument of his advancement. There is no reason to question its being genuine, as the late *French* Editor does; its meaness, in comparison of *Virgil's* other Works, (which is that Writers only Objection) confutes himself. For *Martial*, who certainly saw the true Copy, speaks of it with contempt; and yet that *Pastoral* equals, at least, the address to the *Dauphin* which is prefix'd to the late Edition. *Octavius*, to unbend his mind from application to publick business, took frequent turns to *Baie*, and *Sicily*; where he compos'd his Poem call'd *Sicelides Musæ*; this gave him opportunity of refreshing that Princes Memory of him, and about that time he wrote his *Eina*. Soon after he seems to have made a Voyage to *Athens*, and at his return presented his *Cæcis*, a more elaborate Piece, to the Noble and Eloquent *Messala*. The forementioned Critical marks, there are no less than Fifty, or Sixty Verses, alter'd indeed and polish'd, which he infered in the *Pastorals*, according to his fashion: and from thence they were called *Elegantes*, or *Sectæ Baculicæ*: We thought fit to use a Title more intelligible, the reason of the other being ceas'd; and we are supported by *Virgil's* own authority, who expressly calls them *Carmina Pastorium*. The *French* Editor is again mistaken, in asserting, that the *Cæcis* is borrow'd from the Ninth of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*; he might have more reasonably conjectur'd it, to be taken from *Parthenius*, the *Greek* Poet, from whom *Ovid* borrow'd a great part of his Work. But it is indeed taken from neither, but from that Learn'd, unfortunate Poet *Apollonius Rhodius*, to whom *Virgil* is more indebted, than to any other *Greek* Writer, excepting *Homer*. The Reader will be surpris'd of this, if he consult that Author in his own Language, for the Translation is a great deal more obscure than the Original.

Whilst *Virgil* thus enjoy'd the sweets of a Learn'd Privacy, the Troubles of *Italy* cut off his little Subsistence; but by a strange turn of Human Affairs, which ought to keep good Men from ever despairing; the loss of his Estate prov'd the effectual way of making his Fortune. The occasion of it was this; *Octavius*, as himself relates, when he was but Nineteen Years of Age, by a Mafterly stroke of Policy, had gain'd the *Veteran* Legions into his Service, (and by that step, out-witted all the Republican Senate:) They grew now very clamorous for their Pay: The Treasury being Exhausted, he was forc'd to make Assignments upon Land, and none but in *Italy* it self would content them. He pitch'd upon *Cremona* as the most distant from *Rome*; but that not sufficing, he afterwards threw in part of the State of *Mantua*. *Cremona* was a Rich and noble Colony; settled a little before the Invasion of *Hannibal*. During that Tedious and Bloody War, they had done several important Services to the Common-Wealth. And when Eighteen other Colonies, pleading Poverty and Depopulation, refus'd to contribute Money, or to raise Recruits; they of *Cremona* voluntarily

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paid a double Quota of both: But past Services are a fruitless Plea; Civil Wars are one continued Act of Ingratitude: In vain did the Miserable Mothers, with their famishing Infants in their Arms, fill the Streets with their Numbers, and the Air with Lamentations; the Craving Legions were to be satisfi'd at any rate. *Virgil*, involv'd in the common Calamity, had recourse to his old Patron *Pollio*, but he was, at this time, under a Cloud; however, compassionating so worthy a Man, not of a make to struggle thro' the World, he did what he could, and recommended him to *Mecenas*, with whom he still kept a private Correspondence. The Name of this great Man being much better known than one part of his Character, the Reader, I presume, will not be displeas'd if I supply it in this place.

Tho' he was of as deep Reach, and easie dispatch of Business as any in his time, yet he design'dly liv'd beneath his true Character. Men had oftentimes medled in Publick Affairs, that they might have more ability to furnish for their Pleasures: *Mecenas*, by the honestest Hypocritise that ever was, pretended to a Life of Pleasure, that he might render more effectual Service to his Master. He seem'd wholly to amuse himself with the Diversions of the Town, but under that Mask he was the greatest Minister of his Age. He would be carried in a careless, effeminate posture thro' the Streets in his Chair, even to the degree of a Proverb, and yet there was not a Cabal of ill dispos'd Persons which he had not early notice of; and that too in a City as large as *London* and *Paris*, and perhaps two or three more of the most populous put together. No Man better understood that Art so necessary to the Great; the Art of declining Envy: Being but of a Gentleman's Family, not *Patrician*, he would not provoke the Nobility by accepting invidious Honours; but wisely satisfi'd himself that he had the Ear of *Augustus*, and the Secret of the Empire. He seems to have committed but one great Fault, which was the trusting a Secret of high Consequence to his Wife; but his Master, enough Uxorious himself, made his own Fault more excusable, by generously forgiving that of his Favourite. He kept in all his Greatness exact measures with his Friends; and chusing them wisely, found, by Experience, that good Sense and Gratitude are almost inseparable. This appears in *Virgil* and *Horace*; the former, besides the Honour he did him to all Posterity, return'd his Liberalities at his Death: The other, whom *Mecenas* recommended with his last Breath, was too generous to stay behind, and enjoy the Favour of *Augustus*: He only desir'd a place in his Tomb, and to mingle his Ashes with those of his deceased Benefactor. But this was Seventeen Hundred Years ago. *Virgil*, thus powerfully supported, thought it mean to Petition for himself alone, but resolutely solicits the Cause of his whole Country, and seems, at first, to have met with some Encouragement: But the matter cooling, he was forc'd to sit down contented with the Grant of his own Estate. He goes therefore to *Mantua*, produces his Warrant to a Captain of Foot, whom he found in his House: *Arrius* who had eleven Points of the Law, and fierce of the Services he had render'd to *Octavius*, was so far from yielding Possession, that words growing betwixt them, he wounded him dangerously, forc'd him to fly, and at last to swim the River *Mincius* to save his Life. *Virgil*, who us'd to fly, that no Virtue was so necessary as Patience, was forc'd to drag a sick Body half the length of *Italy*, back again to *Rome*, and by the way, probably, compos'd his Ninth Pastoral, which may seem to have been made

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made up in haste out of the Fragments of some other pieces; and naturally enough represents the disorder of the Poets Mind, by its disjointed Fashion, tho' there be another Reason to be given elsewhere of its want of Connexion. He handsomly states his Case in that Poem, and with the pardonable Repentments of Injur'd Innocence, not only claims *Octavius's* Pardon, but hints to him the uncertainty of Human Greatness and Glory: All was taken in good part by that Wise Prince: At last effectual Orders were given: About this time, he Compos'd that admirable Poem, which is first, out of respect to *Caesar*; for he does not seem either to have had leisure, or to have been in the Humour of making so solemn an Acknowledgment, 'till he was possess'd of the Benefit. And now he was in so great Reputation and Interest, that he resolv'd to give up his Land to his Parents, and himself to the Court. His Pastorals were in such Esteem, that *Pollio*, now again in high Favour with *Caesar*, desir'd him to reduce them into a Volume. Some Modern Writer, that has a constant flux of Verse, would stand amaz'd how *Virgil* could employ three whole Years in revising five or six hundred Verses, most of which, probably, were made some time before; but there is more reason to wonder how he could do it so soon in such Perfection. A course Stone is presently fashion'd; but a Diamond, of not many Karats, is many Weeks in Cutting, and in Polishing many more. He who put *Virgil* upon this, had a Politick good end in it.

The continu'd Civil Wars had laid *Italy* almost waste; the Ground was Uncultivated and Unstock'd; upon which ensu'd such a Famine, and Infection, that *Caesar* hardly escap'd being Ston'd at *Rome*; his Ambition being look'd upon by all Parties as the principal occasion of it. He set himself therefore with great Industry to promote Country-Improvements; and *Virgil* was servicable to his Design, as the good keeper of the Bees, *Georg. 4.*

*Tinnitibus cie, & matris quate symbola circum,  
Ipsa confident*

That Emperor afterwards thought it matter worthy a publick Inscription

*Rediit cultus Agris.*

Which seems to be the motive that Induced *Mecenas*, to put him upon Writing his *Georgics*, or Books of Husbandry: A design as new in Latin Verse, as Pastorals, before *Virgil* were in *Italy*; which Work took up Seven of the most vigorous Years of his Life; for he was now at least Thirty four Years of Age; and here *Virgil* shines in his *Meridian*. A great part of this Work seems to have been rough-drawn before he left *Mantua*, for an Ancient Writer has observ'd that the Rules of Husbandry laid down in it, are better Calculated for the Soil of *Mantua*, than for the more Sunny Climate of *Naples*; near which place, and in *Italy*, he finish'd it. But left his Genius should be depressed by apprehensions of want, he had a good Estate settled upon him, and a House in the Pleasantest part of *Rome*; the Principal Furniture of which was a well-chosen Library, which stood open to all corners of Learning and Merit; and what recommended the situation of it most, was the Neighbourhood of his *Mecenas*; and thus he

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he cou'd either visit *Rome*, or return to his Privacy at *Naples*, thro' a Pleasant Rodeadorn'd on each side with pieces of Antiquity, of which he was so great a Lover, and in the intervals of them, seem'd almost one continu'd Street of three days Journey.

*Caesar* having now Vanquish'd *Sextus Pompeius*, a Spring-tide of Prosperities breaking in upon him, before he was ready to receive them as he ought, fell sick of the *Imperial Evil*, the desire of being thought something more than Man. *Ambition is an infinite Folly*: When it has attain'd to the utmost pitch of *Humane Greatness*, it soon falls to making pretensions upon *Heaven*. The *crafty Livius* would needs be drawn in the Habit of a *Prighiffe* by the Shrine of the new God: And this became a Fashion not to be dispens'd with amongst the Ladies: The Devotion was wondrous great amongst the *Romans*, for it was their Interest, and, which sometimes avails more, it was the *Mode*. *Virgil*, tho' he despis'd the Heathen Superstitions, and is so bold as to call *Saturn* and *Janus*, by no better a Name than that of *Old Men*, and might deserve the Title of *Subverter* of Superstitions, as well as *Varro*, thought fit to follow the *Maxim* of *Plato* his Master; that every one should serve the Gods after the Usage of his own Country, and therefore was not the least to present his *Incense*, which was of *so Rich* a Composition for *such an Altar*: And by his Address to *Caesar* on this occasion, made an unhappy Precedent to *Lucan* and other Poets which came after him, *Geor.* 1. and 3. And this Poem being now in great forwardness, *Caesar*, who in imitation of his Predecessor *Julius*, never intermitted his Studies in the Camp, and much less in other places, refreshing himself by a short stay in a pleasant Village of *Campania*, would needs be entertained with the rehearsal of some part of it. *Virgil* recited with a marvellous *Grace*, and sweet Accent of Voice, but his Lungs failing him, *Mecenas* himself supplied his place for what remained. Such a piece of condescension wou'd now be very surprizing, but it was no more than customary amongst Friends when Learning pass'd for Quality. *Lilius*, the second Man of *Rome* in his time, had done as much for that Poet, out of whose Drofs he would sometimes pick Gold; as himself said, when one found him reading *Ennius*: (the like he did by some Verses of *Varro*, and *Pacuvius*, *Lucretius*, and *Cicero*, which he insert'd into his Works.) But Learned Men then liv'd easy and familiarly with the great: *Augustus* himself would sometimes sit down betwixt *Virgil* and *Horace*, and say jestingly, that he sat betwixt Sighing and Tears, alluding to the *Asthma* of one, and *Rheumatick Eyes* of the other; he would frequently Correspond with them, and never leave a Letter of theirs unanswered: Nor were they under the constraint of formal Superstitions in the beginning, nor of violent Superlatives at the close of their Letter: The invention of these is a Modern Refinement. In which this may be remarked, in passing, that (*humble Servant*) is respect, but (*Friend*) an affront, which notwithstanding implies the former, and a great deal more. Nor does true Greatness lose by such Familiarity; and those who have it not, as *Mecenas* and *Pollio* had, are not to be accounted Proud, but rather very Discreet, in their Reserves. Some Play-houfe Beauties do wisely to be seen at a distance, and to have the Lamps twinkle betwixt them and the Spectators.

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been, (for which *Virgil* so dexterously Compliments him, *Æneid.* 6.) takes a Voyage to *Aegypt*, and having happily finish'd that War, reduces that mighty Kingdom into the Form of a Province; over which he appointed *Gallus* his Lieutenant. This is the same Person to whom *Virgil* addresses his Tenth Pastoral; changing, in compliance to his Request, his purpose of limiting them to the number of the Fourth Book of the *Georgics*, according to the general consent of Antiquity: But *Cesar* would have it put out, and yet the Seam in the Poem is still to be discern'd; and the matter of *Aristotle's* recovering his Bees, might have been dispatched in less compass, without fetching the Causes so far; or interesting so many Gods and Goddeses in that Affair. Perhaps some Readers may be inclin'd to think this, tho' very much labour'd, not the most entertaining part of the Work; so hard it is for the greatest Masters to paint against their Inclination: But *Cesar* was content he should be mention'd in the last Pastoral, because it might be taken for a Satyrical hint of Commendation; and the Character he there stands under, might help to excuse his Cruelty, in putting an Old Servant to death for no very great Crime.

And now having ended, as he begins his *Georgics*, with solemn mention of *Cesar*, an Argument of his Devotion to him. He begins his *Æneis*, according to the common account, being now turn'd of Forty. But that Work had been, in truth, the Subject of much earlier Meditation. Whilst he was working upon the first Book of it, this passage is very remarkable in History, fell out, in which *Virgil* had a great share.

*Cesar*, about this time, either cloy'd with Glory, or terrify'd by the Example of his Predecessor; or to gain the Credit of Moderation with the People, or possibly to feel the Pulse of his Friends, deliberated whether he should retain the Sovereign Power, or restore the Commonwealth. *Agrippa*, who was a very honest Man, but whose View was of no great extent, advis'd him to the latter; but *Mecenas*, who had thoroughly studied his Master's Temper, in an Eloquent Oration, gave contrary Advice. That Emperor was too Politick to commit the oversight of *Cromwell*, in a deliberation something resembling this. *Cromwell* had never been more desirous of the Power, than he was afterwards of the Title of King: And there was nothing, in which the Heads of the Parties, who were all his Creatures, would not comply with him: But by too vehement Allegation of Arguments against it, he, who had out-witted every body besides; at last out-witted himself, by too deep diffimulation: For his Council, thinking to make their Court by assenting to his judgment, voted unanimously for him against his Inclination; which surpris'd and troubled him to such a degree, that as soon as he had got into his Coach, he fell into a Swoon. But *Cesar* knew his People better, and his Council being thus divided, he seek'd *Virgil's* Advice: Thus a Poet had the Honour of determining the greatest Point that ever was in Debate, betwixt the Son-in-Law, and Favourite of *Cesar*. *Virgil* deliver'd his Opinion in Words to this effect: The change of a Popular into an Absolute Government, has generally been of very ill Consequence: For betwixt the Hatred of the People, and Injustice of the Prince, it is necessary comes to pass that they live in distrust, and mutual Apprehensions: But if the Commons know a just Person, whom they entirely confide in, it would be for the advantage of all Parties, that such a one should be their Sovereign: Wherefore if you shall continue to administer Justice impartially, as hitherto you have done, your Power will prove safe to your self, and beneficial

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facil to Mentis. This excellent Sentence, which seems taken out of *Plato*, (with whole Writings the *Grammarians* were not much acquainted, and therefore cannot reasonably be suspected of Forgery in this matter,) contains the true state of Affairs at that time: For the *Commonwealth* *Marius* were now no longer practicable; the *Romans* had only the haughtiness of the Old Commonwealth left, without one of its *Principles*. And this Sentence we find, almost in the same words, in the first Book of the *Æneid*, which at this time he was writing; and one might wonder that none of his Commentators have taken notice of it. He compares a Tempest to a Popular Insurrection, as *Cicero* had compar'd a Sedition to a Storm, a little before.

Ac voluit magis in populo, dum sepe coram est  
Seditio, seditioque animis ignobilis vulgaris.  
Tanque facis, ac facis volens, favor arma ministrat.  
Tunc pietas gravem, & meritis si forte virum quem  
Confedere sinit, arripitque animas adhaerens.

*Piety* and *Merit* were the two great Vertues which *Virgil* every where attributes to *Augustus*, and in which that Prince, at least Politically, is not fairly to be'd his Character, as appears by the *Marmor Anepi*; and several of his Medals: *Strabonius*, the Learned Supplementer of *Levy*, has insert'd this Relation into his History; nor is there any good Reason, why *Romans* should account fabulous. The Title of a Poet in those days did not abate, but heighten the Character of the gravest Senator. *Virgil* was one of the best and wisest Men of his time, and in so popular a settem; that one hundred Thousand *Romans* rose when he came into the Theatre, and paid him the same Respect they us'd to *Cæsar*; himself, as *Tacitus* assures us. And if *Augustus* invited *Horace* to assist him in Writing his Letters; and every body knews that the *rescripts Imperatorum* were the Laws of the Empire; *Virgil* might well deserve a place in the Cabinet-Council.

And now *Virgil* prosecutes his *Æneid*, which had Anciently the Title of the *Imperial Poem*, or *Roman History*, and deserv'dly; for though he were too Artful a Writer, to set down Events in exact Historical order, for which *Lucan* is justly blam'd; yet are all the most considerable Affairs and Persons of *Rome* compar'd in this Poem: He deduces the History of *Italy* from before *Saturus* to the Reign of King *Lavinus*; and reckons up the Successors of *Æneas*, who Reign'd at *Alba*, for the space of three hundred Years, down to the Birth of *Romulus*; describes the Persons and principal Exploits of all the Kings, as their Expulsion, and the falling of the Commonwealth: After this, he touches promiscuously the most remarkable Occurrences at home; and abroad; but justifies more particularly upon the Exploits of *Augustus*; in so much, that tho' this Assertion may appear, at first, a little surprising; he has in his Works deduc'd the History of a considerable part of the World from its Original, thro' the *Fabled* and *Heroick* Ages, thro' the *Monarchy* and *Commonwealth* of *Rome*, for the space of four Thousand Years, down to within less than Forty of our Saviour's time, of whom he has predict'd a small illustrious Prophecy. Besides this, he points at many remarkable Passages of History under feign'd Names: the destruction of *Alba*, and *Vesta*, under that of *Troy*: The Sea *Venus*, which *Æneas* says, guided *Æneas* in his Voyage to *Italy*, in that Verse, *Mare deâ monstravit viam*.

*Cicero* his Lance taking Root, and Budding, is describ'd in that Passage concerning *Polydorus*, lib. 3. Confusum

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Confusum ferrea textis  
Telorum saepe, & jaculis increvit acutis.

The Stratagem of the *Trojans* boring Holes in their Ships, and sinking them, left the *Latins* should Burn them, under that Fable of their being transform'd into *Sea-Nymphs*: And therefore the *Ancients* had no such Reason to condemn that Fable as groundless and absurd. *Cocles* swimming the River *Tiber*, after the Bridge was broken down behind him, is exactly painted in the Four last Verses of the Ninth Book, under the Character of *Turmus*. *Marius* hiding himself in the Morals of *Minturnæ*, under the Person of *Sidon*.

Limoque luca per Noctem obscurus in alvis  
Delituit.

Those Verses in the Second Book concerning *Priam*; *Justi ingens litore truncus*, &c. seem originally made upon *Pompey*, the *Great*. He seems to touch the Impetuous, and Intriguing Humour of the Empress *Livia*; under the Character of *Juno*. The irrefolute and weak *Lepidus* is well represented under the Person of King *Latinius*; *Augustus* with the Character of *Pont. Max.* under that of *Æneas*; and the rash Courage (always Unfortunate in *Virgil*) of *Marc Anthony* in *Turmus*; the railing Eloquence of *Cicero* in his *Philiptic* is well imitated in the Oration of *Dranes*; the dull faithful *Agrippa*, under the person of *Achates*; accordingly this Character is flat: *Achates* kills but one Man, and himself receives one slight Wound, but neither says nor does any thing very considerable in the whole Poem. *Cicero*, who fold his Country for about Two hundred Thousand Pound, is touch'd in that Verse, *Vendit hic auro patriam, dominamque parentem*.

*Livy* relates that presently after the death of the two *Scipios* in *Spain*, when *Martius* took upon him the Command, a Blazing Meteor shone around his Head, to the astonishment of his Soldiers: *Virgil* transfers this to *Æneas*.

*Lataque moment duo tempora flammæ*. It is strange that the Commentators have not taken notice of this. Thus the ill Omen which happen'd a little before the Battle of *Thrasymenus*, when some of the Centurions Lances took Fire miraculously, is hinted in the like accident which befel *Achilles*, before the Burning of the *Trojan* Fleet in *Sicily*. The Reader will easily find many more such Instances. In other Writers there is often well cover'd Ignorance; in *Virgil*, conceal'd Learning.

His silence of some illustrious Persons is no less worth observation. He says nothing of *Scævola*, because he attempted to Assassinate a King, tho' a declar'd Enemy. Nor of the Younger *Brutus*; for he oppos'd what the other endeavour'd. Nor of the Younger *Cato*, because he was an implacable Enemy of *Julius Cæsar*: nor could the mention of him be pleasing to *Augustus*; and that Passage

*Hic Dantem jura Catoem*, may relate to his Office, as he was a very severe Censor. Nor would he name *Cicero*, when the occasion of mentioning him came fall in his way; when he speaks of *Catiline*; because he afterwards approv'd the Murder of *Cæsar*, tho' the Plotters were too wary to trust the Orator with their Design. Some other Poets knew the Art of Speaking well; but *Virgil*, beyond this, knew the admirable Secret of being eloquently silent. Whatsoever was most curious in *Fabius Pictor*, *Cato* the Elder, *Varro*, in the *Ægyptian* Antiquities, in the Form of Sacrifice, in the So-

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lemities of making Peace and War, is preserv'd in this Poem. *Rome* is still above ground, and flourishing in *Virgil*. And all this he does with admirable brevity. The *Aeneis* was once near twenty times bigger than he left it; so that he spent as much time in blotting out, as some Moderas have done in Writing whole Volumes. But not one Book has his finishing Strokes: The sixth seems one of the most perfect, the which, after long entreaty, and sometimes threats of *Augustus*, he was at last prevail'd upon to recite: This fell out about four Years before his own Death: That of *Marcus*, whom *Cesar* design'd for his Successor, happen'd a little before this Recital: *Virgil* therefore with his usual dexterity, infer'd his Funeral Panegyrick in those admirable Lines, beginning,

*O nate, ingentem luctum ne quare tuorum,* &c.

His Mother, the Excellent *Octavia*, the best Wife of the worst Husband that ever was, to divert her Grief, would be of the Auditory. The Poet artificially defer'd the naming *Marcus*, till their Passions were rais'd to the highest; but the mention of it put both Her and *Augustus* into such a Passion of weeping, that they commanded him to proceed no further; *Virgil* answer'd, that he had already ended that Passage. Some relate, that *Octavia* fainted away; but afterwards she presented the Poet with two Thousand one Hundred Pounds, odd Money; a round Sum for Twenty Seven Verses. Another Writer says, that with a Royal Magnificence, he order'd him Masly Plate, unweigh'd, to a great value. And now he took up a Resolution of Travelling into *Greece*, there to set the last Hand to this Work; purposing to devote the rest of his Life to Philosophy, which had been always his principal Passion. He justly thought it a foolish Figure for a grave Man to be over-taken by Death, whilst he was weighing the Cadence of Words, and measuring Verses; unless Necessity should constrain it, from which he was well fear'd by the liberality of that Learned Age. But he was not aware, that whilst he allotted three Years for the Reviving of his Poem, he drew Bills upon a sailing Bank: For unhappily meeting *Augustus* at *Athens*, he thought himself oblig'd to wait upon him into *Italy*, but being desirous to see all he could of the *Greek* Antiquities, he fell into a languishing Dilemper at *Megara*; this, neglected at first, prov'd Mortal. The agitation of the Vessel, for it was now *Autumn*, near the time of his Birth, brought him so low, that he could hardly reach *Briandis*. In his Sickness he frequently, and with great importunity, call'd for his Scrutore, that he might Burn his *Aeneis*, but *Augustus* interposing by his Royal Authority, he made his last Will, of which something shall be said afterwards. And considering probably how much *Homor* had been disfigur'd by the Arbitrary Compilers of his Works, oblig'd *Tucca* and *Varius* to add nothing, nor so much as fill up the Breaks he left in his Poem. He order'd that his Bones should be carried to *Naples*, in which place he had pass'd the most agreeable part of his Life. *Augustus*, not only as Executor and Friend, but according to the Duty of the *Pont. Max.* when a Funeral happen'd in his Family, took care himself to see the Will punctually executed. He went out of the World with all that calmness of Mind with which the Ancient Writer of his Life says he came into it. Making the Inscription of his Monument himself; for he began and ended his Poetical Compositions with an *Epitaph*. And this he made exactly according to the Law of his Master *Plato* on such occasions, without the least ostentation.

*I sang Flocks, Tallage, Heroes; Mantus gave Me Life, Brandsium Death, Naples a Grave.*

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A Short Account of his Person, Manners, and Fortune.

HE was of a very swarthy Complexion, which might proceed from the Southern Extraction of his Father, tall and wide-shoulder'd, so that he may be thought to have describ'd himself under the Character of *Museus*, whom he calls the best of Poets.

*Medius nam plurimâ verbâ*

*Hanc habet, atque hâeris ex tantem suspicit alis.*

His Sicknesses, Studies, and the Troubles he met with, made his Hair gray before the usual time; he had an hesitation in his Speech, as many other great Men: It being rarely found that a very fluent Elocution, and depth of judgment meet in the same Person. His Aspect and Behaviour ruffick, and ungraceful: And this defect was not likely to be rectify'd in the place where he first liv'd, nor afterwards, because the weakness of his Stomach would not permit him to use his Exercises; he was frequently troubled with the Head-ach, and spitting of Blood; spare of Dyer, and hardly drank any Wine. Bashful to a fault; and when People crowd'd to see him, he would slip into the next Shop, or by-passage, to avoid them. As this Character could not recommend him to the fair Sex; he seems to have as little consideration for them as *Euripides* himself. There is hardly the Character of one good Woman to be found in his Poems; He uses the Word [*Mulier*] but once in the whole *Aeneis*; then too by way of Contempt, rendering literally a piece of a Verse out of *Homor*. In his Pastorals he is full of invectives against Love: In the *Georgics* he appropriates all the rage of it to the Females. He makes *Dido*, who never deserv'd that Character, Lustful and Revengeful to the utmost degree; so as to dye devoting her Lover to destruction; so changeable, that the *Destinies* themselves could not fix the time of her Death. But *Iris*, the Emblem of Inconstancy, must determine it. Her Sister is something worse. He is so far from passing such a Complement upon *Helen*, as the grave Old Councillour in *Homor* does, after nine Years War, when upon the fight of her he breaks out into this Rapture in the presence of King *Priam*.

*None can the cause of these long Wars despise;*

*The Cost bears no proportion to the Prize:*

*Majestick Charms in every Pleasure shine;*

*Her Air, her Port, her accent is Divine.*

*However let the fatal Beauty go, &c.*

*Virgil* is so far from this complaisant Humour, that his *Heroe* falls into an unmanly and ill-tim'd deliberation, whether he should not kill her in a Church; which directly contradicts what *Deiphobus* says of her, *Aeneid* 6. in that place where every body tells the truth. He transfers the dogged Silence of *Ajax* his Ghost, to that of *Dido*; tho' that be no very natural Character to an injur'd Lover, or a Woman: He brings in the *Trojan* Matrons setting their own Fleet on Fire; and running afterwards, like Witches on their Sabbath, into the Woods. He bestows indeed some Ornaments upon the Character of *Camilla*; but soon abates his Favour, by calling her *aspera & horrenda Virgo*: He places her in the Front of the line for an ill Omen of the Battel, as one of the Ancients has observ'd; (we may observe, on this occasion, it is an Art peculiar to *Virgil*, to intimate the Event by some preceding Accident.) He hardly ever describes the rising of the Sun, but with some circumstance which fore-signifies the Fortune of the Day. For instance, when *Aeneas* leaves *Asria* and Queen *Dido*, he thus describes the fatal Morning:

*Triboni croceum linguens Aurora cubile.*

[And for the Remark, we stand indebted to the curious Pencil of *Pollio*.] The Morning Fields (*Aeneid*. 6.) are crowded with Ladies of a lost Reputation:

## The Life of Virgil.

tation: Hardly one Man gets admittance, and that is *Ceneus*, for a very good Reason. *Latinus* his Queen is turbulent, and ungovernable, and at last hangs her self: And the fair *Levinia* is disobedient to the Oracle, and to the King, and looks a little flickering after *Turnus*. I wonder at this the more, because *Livy* represents her as an excellent Person, and who behav'd her self with great Wisdom in her Regency during the minority of her Son: So that the Poet has done her Wrong, and it reflects on her Posterity. His Goddesses make as ill a Figure; *Juno* is always in a rage, and the Fury of Heaven: *Venus* grows so unreasonably confident, as to ask her Husband to forge Arms for her Bastard Son; which were enough to provoke one of a more Phlegmatick Temper than *Fulcas* was. Notwithstanding all this railing of *Virgil's*, he was certainly of a very Amorous disposition, and has describ'd all that is most delicate in the Passion of Love; but he Conquer'd his natural Inclinations by the help of Philosophy; and refin'd it into Friendship, to which he was extremely sensible. The Reader will admit of or reject the following Conjecture, with the free leave of the Writer, who will be equally pleas'd either way. *Virgil* had too great an Opinion of the Influence of the Heavenly Bodies: An Ancient Writer says, that he was born under the Sign of *Virgo*, with which Nativty perhaps he pleas'd himself, and would exemplify her *Virtues* in his Life. Perhaps it was thence that he took his Name of *Virgil* and *Parthenias*, which does not necessarily signify *Base-born*. *Donatus*, and *Servius*, very good Grammarians, give a quite contrary sense of it. He seems to make allusion to this Original of his Name in that Passage,

*Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat,  
Parthenope.*

And this may serve to illustrate his Complement to *Cesar*, in which he invites him into his own Constellation,

*Where, in the void of Heaven, a place is free,  
Betwixt the Scorpion, and the Maid for thee.*

Thus placing him betwixt Justice and Power, and in a Neighbour Mansion to his own; for *Virgil* suppos'd Souls to ascend again to their proper Stars. Being therefore of this Humour, it is no wonder that he refus'd the Embraces of the Beautiful *Platia*, when his indifferent Friend almost threw her into his Arms.

But however he stood affected to the Ladies, there is a dreadful Accusation brought against him for the most unnatural of all Vices, which by the Malignity of Humane nature has found more Credit in latter times than it did near his own. This took not its rise so much from the *Alexis*, in which Pastoral there is not one immodest Word; as from a sort of ill-nature, that will not let any one be without the imputation of some Vice; and principally because he was so strict a follower of *Socrates* and *Plato*. To order therefore to his Vindication, I shall take the matter a little higher.

The *Cretans* were Anciently much addicted to Navigation, inasmuch that it became a Greek Proverb, (tho' omitted, I think, by the Industrious *Erasmus*;) A *Cretan* that does not know the Sea. Their Neighbourhood gave them occasion of frequent Commerce with the *Phenicians*, that accursed People, who infected the *Western* World with endless Superstitions, and gross immoralities. From them it is probable, that the *Cretans* learn'd this infamous Passion, to which they were so much addicted, that *Cicero* remarks, in his Book de *Rep.* that it was a disgrace for a young Gentleman to be without Lovers. *Socrates*, who was a great Admirer of the *Cretan* Constitutions, for his excellent Wit to find out some good Cause, and Use of this Evil Inclination, and therefore gives an account, wherefore

Beauty

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Beauty is to be lov'd, in the following Passage: for I will not trouble the Reader, weary perhaps already with a long Greek Quotation. There is but one Eternal, Immutible, Uniform Beauty, in contemplation of which, our Sovereign Happiness does consist: And therefore a true Lover considers Beauty and Proportion as so many Steps and Degrees, by which he may ascend from the particular to the general, from all that is lovely of Feature, or regular in Proportion, or charming in Sound, to the general Fountain of all Beauty and Perfection. And if you are so much transported with the sight of Beautiful Persons, as to wish neither to Eat or drink, but pass your whole Life in looking on them; to what estate would it raise you to behold the Original Beauty, not fill'd up with Flesh and Blood, or warms'd with a fading measure of Colours, and the rest of Mortal Trifles and Folleries, but (separate, unmix'd, uniform, and divine, &c. Thus far *Socrates*, in a strain, much beyond the *Socratic* Opinion of Mr. *Balsac*: And thus that admirable Man lov'd his *Phaedra*, his *Charmides*, and *Theatetus*; and thus *Virgil* lov'd his *Alexander*, and *Cebes*; under the feign'd Name of *Alexis*: He receiv'd them illiterate, but return'd them to their Masters, the one a good Poet, and the other an excellent Grammarian: And to prevent all possible Misinterpretations, he warily inserted into the liveliest Episode in the whole *Aeneis*, these words,

*Vixit amare pro poete.*

And in the Sixth, *Quisquis pro vates*. He seems fond of the Words, *estis, pine, Virgo*, and the Compounds of it; and sometimes stretches the Use of that word further than one would think he reasonably should have done, as when he attributes it to *Paphos* her self.

Another Vice he is Tax'd with, is Avarice; because he dy'd Rich, and so indeed he did in comparison of modern Wealth; his Estate amounts to near Seventy Five Thousand Pounds of our Money: But *Donatus* does not take notice of this as a thing extraordinary; nor was it esteem'd so great a Matter, when the Calh of a great part of the World lay at *Rome*; *Antony* himself bestow'd at once Two Thousand Acres of Land in one of the best Provinces of *Italy*, upon a ridiculous Poet, who is nam'd by *Cicero* and *Virgil*. A late Cardinal us'd to purchase ill flattery at the Expence of 100000 Crowns a Year. But besides *Virgil's* other Benefactors, he was much in favour with *Augustus*, whose Bounty to him had no limits, but such as the Modesty of *Virgil* prescrib'd to it. Before he had made his own Fortune, he settled his Estate upon his Parents and Brothers; sent them Yearly large Sums, so that they liv'd in great Plenty and Respect; and at his Death, divided his Estate betwixt *Doty* and *Gratitudo*, leaving one half to his Relations, and the other to *Mecenas*, to *Tucca* and *Varus*, and a considerable Legacy to *Augustus*, who had introduc'd a politic Fashion of being in every body's Will; which alone was a fair Revenue for a Prince. *Virgil* threw his detestation of this Vice, by placing in the front of the *Dam'd* those who did not relieve their Relations and Friends; for the *Romans* hardly ever extended their Liberality further; and therefore I do not remember to have met in all the *Latin* Poets, one Character so noble as that I shou'd see in *Homer*.

— *id est, in Aeneide,*  
*maestas prope videtur* —

On the other hand, he gives a very advanc'd place in *Elysium* to good Patriots, &c. Observing in all his Poem, that Rule so Sacred amongst the *Romans*, That there shou'd be no Art allow'd, which did not tend to the improvement of the People in *Virtue*. And this was the Principle too of our Excellent Mr. *Waller*, who us'd to say that he wou'd raise any Line out of his Poems, which did not imply some Motive to Virtue; but he was unhappy in the choice of the Subject of his admirable vein in Poetry. The

Countess

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Countess of C. was the *Helen of her Country*. There is nothing in Pagan Philosophy more true, more just, and regular than *Virgil's Ethics*; and it is hardly possible to fit down to the ferrous perusal of his Works, but a Man shall rise more dispos'd to virtue and goodness, as well as most agreeably entertain'd. The contrary to which disposition, may happen sometimes upon the reading of *Ovid*, of *Marzial*, and several other second rate Poets. But of the *Craft* and *Tricking* part of Life, with which *Ho-mer* abounds, there is nothing to be found in *Virgil*; and therefore *Plato*, who gives the former so many good words, perfumes, Crowns, but at last *Complementally* Banishes him his Commonwealth, wou'd have intreated *Virgil* to stay with him, (if they had liv'd in the same Age,) and intrusted him with some important Charge in his Government. Thus was his *Life* as chaste as his *Style*, and those who can Critick his *Poetry*, can never find a blemish in his *Manners*; and one would rather wish to have that *purity of Mind*, which the *Satyrist* himself attributes to him; that friendly disposition, and evenness of temper, and patience, which he was Master of in so eminent a degree, than to have the honour of being Author of the *Aeneis*, or even of the *Georgics* themselves.

Having therefore so little relish for the usual amusements of the world, he prosecuted his Studies without any considerable interruption, during the whole course of his Life, which one may reasonably conjecture to have been something longer than 52 years; and therefore it is no wonder that he became the most general Scholar that *Rome* ever bred, unless some one should except *Varro*. Besides the exact knowledge of Rural Affairs, he understood Medicine, to which Profession he was design'd by his Parents. A Curious *Historist*, on which Subject one wou'd wish he had writ, as he once intended: So profound a Naturalist, that he has solv'd more Phenomna of Nature upon found Principles, than *Aristotle* in his *Physics*. He studied Geometry, the most opposite of all Sciences to a Poetick Genius, and Beauties of a lively imagination; but this promoted the order of his Narrations, his propriety of Language, and clearness of Expression, for which he was justly call'd the *Pillar of the Latin Tongue*. This Geometrical Spirit was the cause, that to fill up a Verse he would not insert one superfluous word; and therefore deserves that Character which a Noble and Judicious Critick has given him,

\* *Effey of Poetry.*  
\* That he never says too little nor too much. Nor cou'd any one ever fill up the Verses he left imperfect.

There is one supply'd near the beginning of the First Book; *Virgil* left the Verse thus. — *Hic illius arva,*

*Hic curvas sinit* — the rest is none of *Virgil's*. He was so good a Geographer, that he has not only left us the finest description of *Italy* that ever was; but besides, was one of the few Ancients who knew the true Syftem of the Earth, its being Inhabited round about under the *Torrid Zone*, and near the Poles. *Metrodorus*, in his five Books of the *Zones*, justifies him from some Exceptions made against him by *Astronomers*. His Rhetorick was in such general esteem, that Lectures were read upon it in the Reign of *Theodosius*, and the Subject of Declamations taken out of him. *Pollio* himself, and many other Ancients Commended him. His Eliten degenerated into a kind of Superstition. The known Story of *Mr. Cowley* is an instance of it. But the *Serje Virgiliana* were condemn'd by *St. Augustin*, and other Casuists. *Abienus*, by an odd Design, put all *Virgil* and *Livy* into *Lambick Verse*; and the Pictures of those two were hung in the most Honourable place of Publick Libraries, and the Design of taking them down, and destroying *Virgil's* Works, was look'd upon as one of the most Extravagant amongst the many *Bravish* Frenzies of *Caligula*.

T H E

P R E F A C E  
TO THE  
P A S T O R A L S,  
With a short DEFENCE OF  
V I R G I L,

Against some of the Reflections of Monsieur Fontanelle.

AS the Writings of greatest Antiquity are in Verse, so of all sorts of Poetry, Pastorals seem the most Ancient; being form'd upon the Model of the First Innocence, and Simplicity, which the Moderns, better to dispense themselves from imitating, have wisely thought fit to treat as Fabulous, and impracticable; and yet they, by copying the unsophisticated Discreet of Nature, enjoy'd the most valuable Blessings of Life; a vigorous Health of Body, with a constant serenity, and freedom of Mind, whilst we, with all our fanciful Refinements, can scarcely pass an Autumn without some access of a Fever, or a whole Day, not ruffled by some unquiet Passion. He was not then look'd upon as a very Old Man; who reach'd to a greater Number of Tears, than in these times an ancient Family can reasonably pretend to; and we know the Names of several, who saw, and practis'd the World for a longer space of time, than we can read the Account of in any one entire Body of History. In short, they invent'd the most useful Arts, Pastorage, Tillage, Geometry, Writing, Music, Astronomy, &c. Whilst the Moderns, like Extravagant Heirs, made rich by their Industry, ingratiously deride the good Old Gentlemen, who left them the Estate. It is not therefore to be wonder'd at, that Pastorals are fallen into Disesteem, together with that Fashion of Life, upon which they were ground. And methinks, I see the Reader already unsteat at this Part of *Virgil*, counting the Pages, and passing to the *Aeneis*; so delightful an entertainment is the very Relation of publick Mischief, and laughter, now become to Mankind: and yet *Virgil* pass'd a much different judgment on his own Works: He valu'd most this part, and his *Georgics*, and depended upon them for his Reputation with Posterity: But Conjur'd himself in one of his Letters to Augustus, for meddling with Heroics, the Invention of a degenerating Age. This is the Reason that the Rules of Pastoral, are so little known or studied. Aristotle, Horace, and the Essay of Poetry, take no notice of it. And *Mr. Boileau*, one of the most accurate of the Moderns, because he never lets the Ancients out of his Sight, bestows scarce half a Page on it.

## Preface to the Pastorals.

It is the Design therefore of the few following pages, to clear this sort of Writing from vulgar Prejudices; to vindicate our Author from some unjust Imputations; to look into some of the Rules of this sort of Poetry, and Enquire what sort of Versification is most proper for it, in which point we are so much inferior to the Ancients; that this Consideration alone, were enough to make some Writers think as they ought, that is, Meanly, of their own Performances.

All sorts of Poetry consist in imitation: Pastoral is the imitation of a Shepherd consider'd under that Character: It is requisite therefore to be a little inform'd of the Condition, and Qualification of these Shepherds.

One of the Ancients has observ'd truly, but Satyrically enough, that Mankind is the Measure of every thing: And thus by a gradual improvement of this mistake, we come to make our own Age and Countrey the Rule and Standard of others, and our selves at last the measure of them all. We figure the Ancient Counsellors like our own, leading a painful Life in Poverty, and Contempt, without Wit, or Courage, or Education: But Men had quite different Notions of these things, for the first four Thousand Years of the World, Health and Strength were then in more esteem than the refinements of Pleasure; and it was accounted a great deal more Honourable to Till the Ground, or keep a Flock of Sheep, than to dissolve in Wantonness, and effeminate Sloath. Hunting has now an Idea of Quality join'd to it, and is become the most important Business in the Life of a Gentleman; Antiently it was quite otherways. Mr. Fleury has severely remark'd, that this Extravagant Passion for Hunting is a strong Proof of our Gothic Extractions, and shews an affinity of Humour with the Savage Americans. The Barbarous Franks and other Germans, (having neither Corn, nor Wine of their own growth,) when they pass'd the Rhine, and possess'd themselves of Countreys better Cultivated, left the Tillage of the Land to the Old Proprietors; and afterwards did hazard their Lives as freely for their Diversion, as they had done before for their necessary Subsistence. The English gave this Usage the Sacred stamp of Ration, and from hence it is that most of our Terms of Hunting are French. The Reader will, I hope, give me his Pardon for my freedom on this Subject, since an ill Accident, occasion'd by Hunting, has kept England in pain, these several Months together, for one of the best, and greatest Peers which she has bred for some Ages; no less illustrious for Civil Vertues, and Learning, than his Ancestors were for all their Victories in France.

But there are some Prints still left of the Ancient Esteem for Husbandry and their plain Fashion of Life in many of our Sir-Names, and in the Emblemes of the most Ancient Families, even those of the greatest Kings, the Roses, the Lillies, the Thistles, &c. It is generally known, that one of the principal Causes of the Deposing of Mahomet the 4th, was, that he would not allot part of the Day to some manual Labour, according to the Law of Mahomet, and Ancient Practice of his Predecessors. He that reflects on this will be the less surpris'd to find that Charlemaign Eight Hundred Years ago, order'd his Children to be instructed in some Profession. And Eight Hundred Years yet higher, that Augustus wore no Cloaths but such as were made by the Hands of the Empress, and her Daughters; and Olympias did the same for Alexander the Great. Nor will he wonder that the Romans, in great exigency, sent for their Dictator from the Plow, whose whole Estate was but of Four Acres; too little a lot now for the Orchard, or Kitchen-Garden of a Private Gentleman. It is commonly known, that the Founders of three the most renown'd Monarchies in the World, were Shepherds: And the Subject of Husbandry has been adorn'd

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by the Writings and Labour of more than twenty Kings. It ought not therefore to be matter of surprize to a Modern Writer, that Kings, the Shepherds of the People in Homer, laid down their first Rudiments in tending their mute Subjects; nor that the Wealth of Ulysses consisted in Flocks and Herds, the Intendants over which, were then in equal esteem with Officers of State in latter times. And therefore Eumæus is call'd *Σίος ὑποπόσιος* in Homer; not so much because Homer was a lover of a Countrey Life, to which he rather seems averse, but by reason of the Dignity and Greatness of his Trade, and because he was the Son of a King, *στέλλει ἀνὰ γὰρ*, and Sold by the Phœnician Pirates, which the Ingenious Mr. Cowley seems not to have taken notice of. Nor will it seem strange, that the Master of the Horse to King Latinus, in the Ninth Æneid, was found in the homely Employment of clearing Blocks, when news of the first Strife betwixt the Trojans and Latinus was brought to him.

Being therefore of such Quality, they cannot be suppos'd so very ignorant and unpolish'd; the Learning and good breeding of the World was then in the hands of such People. He who was chosen by the consent of all Parties to arbitrate so delicate an affair, as which was the fairest of the three Celebrated Beauties of Heaven; he who had the address to debauch away Helen from her Husband, her Native Countrey, and from a Crown, understood what the French call by the too soft name of Gallantry; he had Accomplishments enough, how ill us'd sever he made of them. It seems therefore that Mr. F. had not duly consider'd the matter, when he reflected so severely upon Virgil, as if he had not observ'd the Laws of decency in his Pastorals, in making Shepherds speak to things beside their Character, and above their Capacity. He stands amaz'd that Shepherds should thunder out, as he expresses himself, the formation of the World, and that too according to the System of Epicurus. In truth, says he, page 176. I cannot tell what to make of this whole piece; (the Sixth Past.) I can neither comprehend the Design of the Author, nor the Connexion of the parts; first come the Ideas of Philosophy, and presently after those incoherent Fables, &c. To excuse him yet more, he subjoyns, it is Silenus himself who makes all this absurd Discourse. Virgil says indeed that he had drunk too much the day before; perhaps the Debauch hung in his head when he compos'd this Poem, &c. Thus far Mr. F. who, to the disgrace of Reason, as himself ingeniously owns, first built his House, and then studied Architecture; I mean first Compos'd his Eclogues, and then studied the Rules. In answer to this, we may observe, first, that this very Pastoral which he singles out to triumph over, was recited by a Famous Player on the Roman Theatre, with marvellous applause; inasmuch that Cicero who had heard part of it only, order'd the whole to be rehear'd, and struck with admiration of it, confer'd then upon Virgil the Glorious Title of

Magnæ spes altera Roma.

Nor is it Old Donatus only who relates this, we have the same account from another very Credible and Ancient Author; so that here we have the judgment of Cicero, and the People of Rome, to confront the single Opinion of this adventurous Critick. A Man ought to be well assur'd of his own Abilities, before he attack an Author of establish'd Reputation. If Mr. F. had perus'd the fragments of the Phœnician Antiquity, or so much as Consulted his Learned Countrey-Man Huettius, he would have found, (which

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falls out unluckily for him) that a Chaldaean Shepherd discover'd to the Egyptians and Greeks the Creation of the World. And what Subject more fit for such a Pastoral, than that Great Affair which was first notified to the World by one of that Profession? Nor does it appear, (what he takes for granted) that Virgil describes the Original of the World according to the Hypothesis of Epicurus; he was too well seen in Antiquity to commit such a gross Mistake; there is not the least mention of Chance in that whole passage, nor of the Cinamen Principiorum, so peculiar to Epicurus's Hypothesis. Virgil had not only more Piety, but was of too nice a Judgment to introduce a God denying the Power and Providence of the Deity, and singing a Hymn to the Atoms, and Blind Chance. On the contrary, his Description agrees very well with that of Moses; and the Learned Commentator D'Acier, who is so confident that Horace had persud'd the Sacred History, might with greater Reason have affirm'd the same thing of Virgil. For, besides that Famous Passage in the Sixth Æneid, (by which this may be illustrated,) where the word Principio is us'd in the front of both by Moses and Virgil, and the Seas are first mention'd, and the Spiritus intus alit, which might not improbably, as Mr. D'Acier would suggest, allude to the Spirit moving upon the face of the Waters; But omitting this parallel place, the successive formation of the World is evidently describ'd in these words,

Rerum paulatim fumere formas;

And 'tis hardly possible to render more literally that vers'd of Moses, Let the Waters be gathered into one place, and let the dry Land appear, than in this of Virgil,

Jam durare solum, & disciudere Nerea Ponto.

After this the formation of the Sun is describ'd (exactly in the Mosaic order,) and next the production of the first Living Creatures, and that too in a small number, (fill in the same method.)

Rara per ignotos errent animalia montes.

And here the foresaid Author would probably remark, that Virgil keeps more exactly to the Mosaic System, than an Ingenious Writer, who will by no means allow Mountains to be coeval with the World. Thus much will make it probable at least, that Virgil had Moses in his thoughts rather than Epicurus, when he compos'd this Poem. But it is further remarkable, that this passage was taken from a Song attributed to Apollo, who himself too unluckily had been a Shepherd, and he took it from another yet more ancient, compos'd by the first Inventor of Music, and at that time a Shepherd too; and this is one of the Noblest Fragments of Greek Antiquity, and because I cannot suppose the Ingenious Mr. F. one of their number, who pretend to censure the Greeks, without being able to distinguish Greek from Ephesian Characters, I shall here set down the Lines from which Virgil took this passage, tho' none of the Commentators have observ'd it.

Ἰσμήν δ' οἱ ἰσπίλο φωνῆ,  
Κράϊνον ἀβαράτους τε θεῶν, καὶ γάϊων ἱρμάτων,  
Ὡς τὰ πρῶτα γένετο, καὶ ὡς λαῖκε μοῖραν ἔτασσεν.

So

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So that our Poet here with great Judgment, as *above*, follows the ancient Custom of beginning their more Solemn Songs with the Creation, and does it too most properly under the person of a Shepherd; and thus the first and best Employment of Poetry was to compose Hymns in Honour of the Great Creator of the Universe.

Few words will suffice to answer his other Objections. He demands why those several Transformations are mention'd in that Poem? And is not Fable then the Life and Subject of Poetry? Can himself assign a more proper Subject of Pastoral, than the Saturnia Regna, the Age and Scene of this kind of Poetry? What Theme more fit for the Song of a God, or to imprint Religions awe, than the Omnipotent Power of transforming the Species of Creatures at their pleasure? Their Families liv'd in Groves, near clear Springs; and what better warning could be given to the hopeful young Shepherds, than that they should not gaze too much into the Liquid dangerous Looking-glass, for fear of being stoln by the Water-Nymphs, that is, falling and being drown'd, as Hylas was? Paphaea's monstrous passion for a Bull, is certainly a Subject enough fitted for Bucolic's? Can Mr. F. Tax Silenus for fetching too far the Transformation of the Sisters of Phaeton into Trees, when perhaps they sat at that very time under the hospitable shade of those Alder or Poplars? Or the Metamorphoses of Philomela into that ravishing Bird, which makes the sweetest music of the Groves? If he had look'd into the Ancient Greek Writers, or so much as Consulted honest Servius, he would have discover'd that under the Allegory of this drunkenness of Silenus, the refinement and exaltation of Mens Minds by Philosophy was intended. But if the Author of these Rusticks, one can take such flights in his Wine, it is almost pity that drunkenness should be a Sin, or that he should ever want good store of Burgundy, and Champaign. But indeed he seems not to have ever drank out of Silenus his Tankard, when he made either his Critique, or Pastorals.

His Censure on the Fourth seems worse ground'd than the other; it is Entitled in some ancient Manuscripts, The History of the Renovation of the World; he complains that he cannot understand what is meant by those many Figurative Expressions: But if he had consult'd the younger Voffius his Dissertation on this Pastoral, or read the Excellent Oration of the Emperour Constantine, made French by a good Pen of their own, he would have found there the plain interpretation of all those Figurative Expressions; and withall, every strong proof of the truth of the Christian Religion; such as Converted Heathens, as Valerianus, and others: And upon account of this Piece, the most Learn'd of the Latin Fathers call Virgil a Christian, even before Christianity. Cicero takes notice of it in his Books of Divination, and Virgil probably had put it in Verse a considerable time before the Edition of his Pastorals. Nor does he appropriate it to Pollio, or his Son, but Complementally dates it from his Consulship. And therefore some one who had not so kind thoughts of Mr. F. as I, would be inclin'd to think him as bad a Catholick as Critick in this place.

I pass by, in respect therefore to some Books he has wrote since, a great part of this, and shall only touch briefly some of the Rules of this sort of Poem.

\*\*\*\*

The

## Preface to the Pastorals.

The First is, that *an air of Piety upon all occasions should be maintain'd in the whole Poem*: This appears in all the Ancient Greek Writers; as Homer, &c. And Virgil is so exact in the observation of it, not only in this Work, but in his *Aeneis* too, that a Celebrated French Writer taxes him for permitting *Aeneas* to do nothing without the assistance of some God. But by this it appears, at least, that Mr. St. Eur. is no Janſenit.

Mr. F. seems a little defective in this point; he brings in a pair of Shepherdesses disputing very warmly, whether *Victoria*, (one of the finest Names for a Shepherdess) be a Goddess, or a Woman. Her great condescension and compassion, her affability and goodness, none of the meanest Attributes of the Divinity, pass for convincing Arguments: that she could not possibly be a Goddess.

Les Déesſes toujours fieres & méprifantes  
Ne raffureroient point les Bergeres tremblantes  
Par d'obligeans discours, des lours gracieux;  
Mais tu l'as veu; cette Auguste Perfonne  
Qui vient de paroître en ces lieux  
Prend soin de rassurer au moment qu'elle etonne.  
Sa bonté descendait sans peine jufqu'à nous.

In short, she has too many Divine Perfections to be a Deity, and therefore she is a Mortal [which was the thing to be prov'd.] It is directly contrary to the practice of all ancient Poets, as well as to the Rules of decency and Religion, to make such odious Comparisons. I am much surpris'd therefore that he should use such an argument as this.

Cloris, as-tu veu des Déesſes  
Avoir un air si facile & si doux?

Was not *Aurora*, and *Venus*, and *Luna*, and I know not how many more of the *Heathen Deities* too easy of access to *Tithonus*, to *Anchises*, and to *Endimion*? Is there any thing more Spartan and better humour'd than *Venus* her accosting her Son in the Deserts of *Lybia*? or than the behaviour of *Pallas* to *Diomedes*, one of the most perfect and admirable Pieces of all the *Iliads*; where she condescends to rally him so agreeably; and notwithstanding her severe Vertue, and all the Ensigns of Majesty, with which she so terribly adorns her self, condescends to ride with him in his Chariot? But the *Odyſſes* are full of greater instances of condescension than this.

This brings to mind that famous passage of *Lucan*, in which he prefers *Cato* to all the Gods at once,

Vixit causa deis placuit feda Catoni.

Which *Brelauf* has render'd so flatly, and which may be thus Paraphras'd.

Heaven meanly with the Conquerour did comply,  
But *Cato* rather than submit would die.

It is an unpardonable presumption in any sort of Religion to complement their Princes at the expence of their Deities.

But

## Preface to the Pastorals.

But letting that pass, this whole Eclogue is but a long Paraphrase of a trite Verse in Virgil, and Homer,

Nec vox Hominem sonat, O Dea certe.

So true is that Remark of the Admirable *E. of Roscomon*, if apply'd to the Romans, rather I fear than to the English, since his own Death.

—————one sterling Line,  
Drawn to French Wire, would thro' whole pages shine.

Another Rule is, that the Characters should represent that Ancient Innocence, and unprais'd Plainness, which was then in the World. *P. Rapius* has gather'd many instances of this out of *Theocritus*, and *Virgil*; and the Reader can do it as well himself. But Mr. F. transgress'd this Rule, when he hid himself in the Thicket, to listen to the private Discourse of the two Shepherdesses. This is not only ill Breeding at Versailles; the Arcadian Shepherdesses themselves would have set their Dogs upon one for such an unpardonable piece of Rudeness.

A Third Rule is, That there should be some Ordinance, some Design, or little Plot, which may deserve the Title of a Pastoral Scene. This is every where observ'd by *Virgil*, and particularly remarkable in the first Eclogue; the standard of all Pastorals: a Beautiful Landscape presents it self to your view, a Shepherd with his Flock around him, resting leisurely under a spreading Beech, which furnish'd the first Food to our Ancestors. Another in quite different Situation of Mind and Circumstances, the Sun setting, the Hospitality of the more fortunate Shepherd, &c. And here Mr. F. seems not a little wanting.

A Fourth Rule, and of great importance in this delicate sort of Writing, is, that there be choice diversity of Subjects; that the Eclogues, like a Beautiful Prospect, should charm by its Variety. *Virgil* is admirable in this Point, and far surpasses *Theocritus*, as he does every where, when Judgment and Contrivance have the principal part. The Subject of the first Pastoral is hinted above.

The Second contains the Love of *Coridon* for *Alexis*, and the seasonable reproach he gives himself, that he left his Vines half prais'd, (which according to the Roman Rituals, deriv'd a Curse upon the Fruit that grew upon it) whilst he pursu'd an Object undervaluing his Passion.

The Third, a sharp Contention of two Shepherds for the Prize of Poetry. The Fourth contains the Discourse of a Shepherd Comforting himself in a declining Age, that a better was ensuing.

The Fifth a Lamentation for a Dead Friend, the first draught of which is probably more Ancient than any of the Pastorals now extant; his Brother being at first intended; but he afterwards makes his Court to *Augustus*, by turning it into an Apotheosis of *Julius Caesar*.

The Sixth is the *Silenus*.

The Seventh, another Poetical Dispute, first Compos'd at Mantua. The

## Preface to the Pastorals.

The Eighth is the Description of a despairing Lover, and a Magical Charm.

He sets the Ninth after all these, very modestly, because it was particular to himself; and here he would have ended that Work, if Gallus had not prevail'd upon him to add one more in his Favour.

Thus Curious was Virgil in divertifying his Subjects. But Mr. F. is a great deal too 'Uniform; begin where you please, the Subject is still the same. We find it true what he says of himself,

Toujours, toujours de l'Amour.

He seems to take Pastorals and Love-Verbes for the same thing. Has Human Nature no other Passion? Does not Fear, Ambition, Avarice, Pride, a Caprice of Honour, and Laziness it self often Triumph over Love? But this Passion does all, not only in Pastorals, but in Modern Tragedies too. A Heroe can no more Fight, or be Sick, or Dye, than he can be Born without a Woman. But Dramatick have been compos'd in compliance to the Humour of the Age, and the prevailing Inclination of the great, whose Example has a very powerful Influence, not only in the little Court behind the Scenes, but on the great Theatre of the World. This inundation of Love-Verbes has not so much an effect of their Amorousness, as of immoderate Self-love. This being the only sort of Poetry, in which the Writer can, not only without Censure, but even with Commendation, talk of himself. There is generally more of the Passion of Narcissus, than concern for Chloris and Corinna in this whole Affair. Be pleas'd to look into almost any of those Writers, and you shall meet every where that eternal Moy, which the admirable Paschal so judiciously condemns. Homer can never be enough admir'd for this one so particular Quality, that he never speaks of himself, either in the Iliad, or the Odylles; and if Horace had never told us his Genealogy, but left it to the Writer of his Life, perhaps he had not been a loser by it. This Consideration might induce those great Criticks, Varius and Tucca, to raise out the four first Verses of the Æneis, in great measure, for the sake of that unlucky illc ego. But extraordinary Genius's have a sort of Prerogative, which may distance them from Laws, binding to Subject-Wits.

However, the Ladies have the last Reason to be pleas'd with those Addresses, of which the Poet takes the greater share to himself: Thus the Beau presses into their Dressing-Room, but it is not so much to adore their fair Eyes, as to adjust his own Stewzark and Peruke, and set his Countenance in their Glass. A fifth Rule, (which one may hope will not be contest'd) is that the Writer should shew in his Compositions, some competent skill of the Subject matter, that which makes the Character of the Persons introduc'd. In this, as in all other Points of Learning, Decency, and Oeconomy of a Poem, Virgil much excels his Master Theocritus. The Poet is better skill'd in Husbandry than those that get their Bread by it. He describes the Nature, the Diseases, the Remedies, the proper places, and Seasons, of Feeding, of Watering their Flocks; the Furniture, Diet; the Lodging, and pastime of his Shepherds. But the Persons brought in by Mr. F. are Shepherds in Masquerade, and handle their Sheep Hook as awkwardly, as they do their Oaten-Reed. They saunter about with their chers Moutons, but they relate as little to the Business in hand, as the Painter's Dog, or a Dutch Ship, does to the History design'd. One would suspect some of them, that instead of leading out their Sheep

## Preface to the Pastorals.

into the Plains of Mont-Brison, and Marcell, to the flowry Banks of Lignon, or the Charanthe; that they are driving directly, à la boucherie, to make Money of them. I hope hereafter Mr. F. will chuse his Servants better.

A sixth Rule is, That as the Style ought to be natural, clear, and elegant, it should have some peculiar felicity of the Ancient Fashion of Writing. Parables in those times were frequently us'd, as they are still by the Eastern Nations; Philosophical Questions, Ænigmas, &c. and of this we find Instances in the Sacred Writings of Homer, Contemporary with King David, in Herodotus, in the Greek Tragedians; this piece of Antiquity is imitated by Virgil with great judgment and discretion: He has propos'd one Riddle which has never yet been sol'd by any of his Commentators. Tho' he knew the Rules of Rhetorick, as well as Cicero himself; he conceals that skill in his Pastorals, and keeps close to the Character of Antiquity: Nor ought the Connexions and Transitions to be very strict, and regular; this would give the Pastorals an Air of Novelty, and of this neglect of exact Connexion, we have Instances in the Writings of the Ancient Chineses, of the Jews and Greeks, in Pindar, and other Writers of Dithyrambics, in the Choros's of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. If Mr. F. and Ruus, had consider'd this, the one wou'd have sav'd his Critic of the Sixth, and the other, his Reflections upon the Ninth Pastoral. The over-Creepulous care of Connexion, makes the Modern Compositions oftentimes tedious and flat: And by the confusion of them it comes to pass, that the Penices of the incomparable Mr. Pascal, and perhaps of Mr. Bruyere, are two of the most Entertaining Books which the Modern French can boast of. Virgil, in this point, was not only faithful to the Character of Antiquity, but Copies after Nature her self. Thus a Meadow, where the Beauties of the Spring are profusely blended together, makes a more delightful Prospect, than a curious Knot of sort'd Flowers in our Gardens; and we are much more transported with the Beauty of the Heavens, and admiration of their Creator, in a clear Night, when we behold Stars of all Magnitudes, promiscuously moving together, than if those glorious Lights were rank'd in their several Orders, or reduc'd into the just Geometrical Figures.

Another Rule omitted by P. Rapine, as some of his are by me, (for I do not design an entire Treatise in this Preface,) is, that not only the Sentences should be short, and smart, upon which account, he justly blames the Italian, and French, as too Talkative; but that the whole piece should be so too. Virgil transgress'd this Rule in his first Pastoral, I mean those which he compos'd at Mantua, but rectifi'd the Fault in his Riper Years. This appears by the Culex, which is as long as five of his Pastorals put together. The greater part of those he finish'd, have less than a Hundred Verses, and but two of them exceed that Number. But the Silenus, which he seems to have design'd for his Master-piece, in which he introduces a God singing, and to too full of Inspiration, (which is intended by that story, which Mr. F. so unreasonably ridicules,) tho' it go thro' so vast a Field of Matter, and comprizes the History of near Two Thousand Years, consist but of Fifty Lines; so that its brevity is no less admirable, than the subject Matter; the noble Fashion of handling it, and the Deity speaking. Virgil keeps up his Characters in this respect too, with the strictest decency. For Poetry and Pastime was not the Business of Mens Lives in those days, but only their reasonable Recreation after necessary Labours. And therefore the length of some of the Modern Italian, and English Compositions, is against the Rules of this kind of Poetry.

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I

## Preface to the Pastorals.

I shall add something very briefly touching the Versification of Pastorals, tho' it be a mortifying Consideration to the Moderns. Heroic Verse, as it is commonly call'd, was us'd by the Latins in this sort of Poem, as very Ancient and Natural. Lyrics, Iambics, &c. being Invented afterwards: but there is so great a difference in the Numbers, of which it may be compounded, that it may pass rather for a Genus, than Species, of Verse. Whoever shall compare the numbers of the three following Verses, will quickly be sensible of the trash of this Observation.

Tityre, tu patula recubans sub tegmine fagi.

The first of the Georgics,

Quid faciat letas fegetes, quo sydere terram.

and of the Æneis.

Arma, virumque cano, Trojæ qui Primus ab oris.

The Sound of the Verses, is almost as different as the Subjects. But the Greek Writers of Pastoral, usually limited themselves to the Example of the first; which Virgil found so exceedingly difficult, that he quitted it, and left the Honour of that part to Theocritus. It is indeed probable, that what we improperly call rhyme, is the most Ancient sort of Poetry; and Learned Men have given good Arguments for it; and therefore a French Historian commits a gross mistake, when he attributes that Invention to a King of Gaul, as an English Gentleman does, when he makes a Roman Emperor the Inventor of it. But the Greeks who understood fully the force and power of Numbers, soon grew weary of this Childish sort of Verse, as the Younger Vol-fius justly calls it, and therefore those rhyming Hexameter, which Plutarch observes in Homer himself, seem to be the Remains of a barbarous Age. Virgil had them in such abhorrence, that he would rather make a false Syntax, than what we call a Rhime, such a Verse as this

Vir precor Oxoni, frater succurre Sorori.

Was possible in Ovid; but the nice Ears in Augustus his Court could not pardon Virgil, for.

At Regina Pyra.

So that the principal Ornament of Modern Poetry, was accounted deformity by the Latins, and Greeks; it was they who invented the different terminations of words, those happy compositions, those short monosyllables, those transpositions for the elegance of the sound and sense, which are wanting so much in modern Languages. The French sometimes crowd together ten, or twelve Monosyllables, into one disjointed Verse; they may understand the nature of, but cannot imitate, those wonderful Spondees of Pythagoras, by which he could suddenly pacify a Man that was in a violent transport of anger; nor those swift numbers of the Priests of Cybele, which had the force to engage the most sedate and Phlegmatick Tempers. Nor can any Modern put into his own Language the Energy of that single Poem of Catullus,

Super

## Preface to the Pastorals.

Super alta vectus, Atys, &c.

Latin is but a corrupt dialect of Greek; and the French, Spanish, and Italian, a corruption of Latine; and therefore a Man might as well go about to persuade me that Vinegar is a Nobler Liquor than Wine, as that the modern Compositions can be as graceful and harmonious as the Latine it self. The Greek Tongue very naturally falls into Iambicks, and therefore the diligent Reader may find six or seven and twenty of them in those accurate Oration of Hocrates. The Latin as naturally falls into Heroic; and therefore the beginning of Livy's History is half an Hexameter, and that of Tacitus an entire one. The Roman Historian describing the glorious effort of a Colonel to break thro' a Brigade of the Enemies, just after the defeat at Cannæ, falls, unknowingly, into a Verse not unworthy Virgil himself.

Hæc ubi dista dedit, fringit gladium, cuneoq;  
Facto per medios, &c.

Ours and the French can at best but fall into Blank Verse, which is a fault in Prose. The misfortune indeed is common to us both, but we deserve more compassion, because we are not vain of our Barbarities. As Age brings Men back into the state and infirmities of Childhood, upon the fall of their Empire, the Romans doted into Rhime, as appears sufficiently by the Hymns of the Latin Church; and yet a great deal of the French Poetry does hardly deserve that poor title. I shall give an instance out of a Poem which had the good luck to gain the Prize in 1685, for the Subject deserv'd a Nobler Pen.

Tous les jours ce grand Roy des autres Roys l'exemple,  
S'ouvre un nouveau chemin au faîte de son temple, &c.

The Judicious Malherbe exploded this sort of Verse near Eighty Years ago. Nor can I forbear wondering at that passage of a Famous Academician, in which he, most compassionately, excus'd the Ancients for their not being so exact in their Compositions, as the Modern French, because they wanted a Dictionary, of which the French are at last happily provided. If Cicero and Demosthenes had been so lucky as to have had a Dictionary, and such a Patron as Cardinal Richelieu, perhaps they might have aspir'd to the honour of Balzac's League of Ten Founds. Le prix de l'Eloquence.

On the contrary, I dare assert that there are hardly ten Lines in either of those great Orators, or even in the Catalogue of Homer's Ships, which is not more harmonious, more truly Rythmical, than most of the French, or English Sonnets; and therefore they lose, at least, one half of their native Beauty by Translation.

I cannot but add one Remark on this occasion, that the French Verse is oftentimes not so much as Rhime, in the lowest Sense; for the Childish repetition of the same Note cannot be call'd Mulick; such Instances are infinite, as in the forecited Poem.

l'Épris	Trophee	caché;
Mepris	Orphee	cherché.

Mr. Boileau himself has a great deal of this uovollavia, not by his own neglect, but purely by the faultiness and poverty of the French Tongue. Mr. F.

at

Preface to the *Pastorals*.

at last goes into the excessive Paradoxes of Mr. Ferrault, and boasts of the vast number of their Excellent Songs, preferring them to the Greek and Latin. But an entire Writer of as good Credit, has assur'd us, that several Lines would hardly suffice to read over the Greek Odes; but a few Weeks would be sufficient, if a Man were so very idle as to read over all the French. In the mean time I should be very glad to see a Catalogue of but fifty of these with

\* Exact propriety of word and thought.

\* Essay of Poetry. Notwithstanding all the high Encomiums, and mutual Gratiulations which they give one another; (for I am far from censuring the whole of that illustrious Society, to which the Learned World is much oblig'd) after all those Golden Dreams, at the L'Ouvre, that Modern Poets will be as much us'd ten, or twelve Ages hence, as the ancient Greek, or Roman. I can no more get it into my head that they will last so long, than I could believe the Learned Dr. H—K. [of the Royal Society] if he should pretend to show me a Butterfly that had liv'd a thousand Winters.

When Mr. F. wrote his Eclogues, he was so far from equalling Virgil, or Theocritus, that he had some pains to take, before he could understand in what the principal Beauty, and Graces of their Writings do consist.

\* Cum mortuis non nisi larvæ luçantur.

Virgil's

To Mr. Dryden, on his Excellent Translation of VIRGIL.

When e're Great VIRGIL's lofty Verse I see,  
The Pompous Scene Charms my admiring Eye:  
There different Beauties in perfection meet;  
The Thoughts as proper, as the Numbers sweet:  
And When wild Fancy mounts a daring height,  
Judgment steps in, and moderates her flight.  
Wise he manages his Wealthy Store,  
Still says enough, and yet implies still more:  
For tho' the weighty Sense be closely wrought,  
The Reader's left t' improve the pleasing thought.

Hence we despair'd to see an English drest  
Should e're his Nervous Energy express;  
For who could that in fetter'd Rhyme inclose,  
Which without loss can scarce be told in Prose?

But you, Great Sir, his Manly Genius rais'd;  
And make your Copy share an equal praise.  
O how I see thee in soft Scenes of Love,  
Renew those Passions he alone could move!  
Here *Cupid's* Charms are with new Art express'd,  
And pale *Eliza* leaves her peaceful rest:  
Leaves her *Elizium*, as if glad to live,  
To Love, and With, to Sigh, Despair and Grieve, }  
And Die again for him that would again deceive.  
Nor does the Mighty *Trojan* less appear  
Than *Mars*: himself amidst the forms of War.  
Now his fierce Eyes with double fury glow,  
And a new dread attends th' impending blow:  
The *Daunian* Chiefs their eager rage abate,  
And tho' unwounded, seem to feel their Fate.

Long the rude fury of an ignorant Age,  
With barbarous spight prophan'd his Sacred Page.  
The heavy *Dutchmen* with laborious toil,  
Wrested his Sense, and cramp'd his vigorous Style:  
No time, no pains the drudging Pedants spare;  
But fill his Shoulders must the burthen bear.  
While thro' the Mazes of their Comments led,  
We learn not what he writes, but what they read.  
Yet thro' these Shades of undistinguish'd Night  
Appear'd some glimmering intervals of Light;  
'Till mangled by a vile Translating Sect,  
Like Babes by Witches in Effigie ract:  
'Till *Ogilby*, mature in dulness' rofe, }  
And *Holbourn* Dogrel, and low chiming Prose,  
His Strength and Beauty did at once depose.

But

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To Mr. Dryden, on his Excellent Translation  
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And *Hobourn* Dogrel, and low chiming Prose,  
His Strength and Beauty did at once depose.

†

But

But now the Magick Spell is at an end,  
 Since even the Dead in you have found a Friend.  
 You free the Bard from rude Oppressor's Power,  
 And grace his Verse with Charms unknown before:  
 He, doubly thus oblig'd, must doubting stand,  
 Which chiefly should his Gratitude command;  
 Whether should claim the Tribute of his Heart,  
 The Patron's Bounty, or the Poet's Art.

Alike with wonder and delight we view'd  
 The Roman Genius in thy Verse renew'd:  
 We saw thee raise soft Ovid's Amorous Fire,  
 And fit the tuneful *Horace* to thy Lyre:  
 We saw new gall imbitter *Juvenal's* Pen,  
 And crabbed *Perfius* made politely plain:  
*Virgil* alone was thought too great a task;  
 What you could scarce perform, or we durst ask:  
 A Task! which *Waller's* Muse could ne'er engage;  
 A Task! too hard for *Denham's* stronger rage:  
 Sure of Success they some slight Sallies try'd,  
 But the fence'd Coast their bold attempts defy'd:  
 With fear their o-re-match'd Forces back they drew,  
 Quitted the Province Fate reserv'd for you.  
 In vain thus *Philip* did the *Perfians* storm;  
 A Work his Son was destin'd to perform.

O had *Roscommon*\* liv'd to hail the day,  
 And Sing loud Poems thro' the crowded way;  
 When you in Roman Majesty appear,  
 Which none know better, and none come so near:  
 The happy Author would with wonder see,  
 His Rules were only Prophecies of thee:  
 And were he now to give Translators light,  
 He'd bid them only read thy Work, and write.

For this great Task our loud applause is due;  
 We own old Favours, but must press for new:  
 Th' expecting World demands one Labour more;  
 And thy lov'd *Homer* does thy aid implore,  
 To right his injur'd Works, and set them free  
 From the lewd Rhymes of groveling *Ogleby*.  
 Then shall his Verse in graceful Pomp appear,  
 Nor will his Birth renew the ancient jar;  
 On those *Greek* Cities we shall look with scorn,  
 And in our *Britain* think the Poet Born.

\* Essay of  
 Translated  
 Verse, pag.  
 26.

TO

## To Mr. Dryden on his Translation of VIRGIL.

WE read, how Dreams and Visions heretofore,  
 The Prophet, and the Poet cou'd inspire;  
 And make 'em in unusual Rapture join,  
 With Rage Divine, and with Poetick Fire.

O could I find it now!—Wou'd *Virgil's* Shade  
 But for a while couch'd safe to hear the Light;  
 To grace my Numbers, and that Muse to aid,  
 Who sings the Poet, that has done him right.

It long has been this Sacred Author's Fate,  
 To lie at ev'ry dull Translator's Will;  
 Long, long his Muse has groan'd beneath the weight  
 Of mangling *Ogleby's* presumptuous Quill.

Dryden, at last, in his Defence arose;  
 The Father now is righted by the Son:  
 And while his Muse endeavours to disclose  
 That Poet's Beauties, she declares her own.

In your smooth, pompous Numbers dress'd, each Line,  
 Each Thought, betrays such a Majestick Touch;  
 He cou'd not, had he finish'd his Design,  
 Have mist it better, or have done so much.

You like his Heroe, though your self were free;  
 And disentang'd from the War of *Wit*;  
 You, who scarce might others danger see,  
 And safe from all malicious Censure sit:

Yet because Sacred *Virgil's* Noble Muse,  
 O'reley'd by *Boots*, was ready to expire:  
 To risque your Fame again, you boldly chuse,  
 Or to redeem, or perish with your Sire.

Ev'n first and last, we owe him half to you,  
 For that his *Eneids* mis'd their threaten'd Fate,  
 Was—that his Friends by some Prediction known,  
 Heretofore who correcting should translate.

But hold my Muse, thy needless Flight refrain,  
 Unless like him thou cou'dst a Verse indite:  
 To think his Fancy to describe, is vain,  
 Since nothing can discover Light, but Light.

'Tis want of Genius that does more deny;  
 'Tis Fear my Praise shou'd make your Glory less.  
 And therefore, like the maddest Painter, I  
 Must draw the Tail, where I cannot express.

Henry Grahme.

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## To Mr. DRYDEN.

**N**O undisputed Monarch Govern'd yet  
With Universal Sway the Realms of Wit:  
Nature cou'd never such Expence afford,  
Each feveral Province own'd a feveral Lord.

A Poet then had his Poetical Wife,  
One Mufe embrac'd, and Married for his Life.  
By the fale thing his appetite was cloy'd,  
His Fancy leffned, and his Fire defroy'd.  
But Nature grown extravagantly kind,  
With all her Treasures did adorn your Mind.  
The different Powers were then united found,  
And you Wit's Universal Monarch Crown'd.  
Your Mighty Sway your great Defert fecures,  
And ev'ry Mufe and ev'ry Grace is yours.  
To none confin'd, by turns you all enjoy,  
Sated with this, you to another flye.  
So *Sultan*-like in your *Seraglio* stand,  
While wifhing Muses wait for your Command.  
Thus no decay, no want of vigour find,  
Sublime your Fancy, boundlefs is your Mind.  
Nor all the blafts of time can do you wrong,  
Young fpright of Age, in fpright of Weaknefs ftrong.  
Time like *Atides*, ftrikes you to the ground,  
You like *Anteus* from each fall rebound.

H. St. John.

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## To Mr. Dryden on his VIRGIL.

**T**IS faid that Phidias gave fuch living Grace,  
To the carv'd Image of a beauteous Face,  
That the cold Marble might ev'n feem to be  
The Life, and the true Life, the Imagery.

You pafs that Artift, Sir, and all his Powers,  
Making the beft of Roman Poets ours;  
With fuch Effect, we know not which to call  
The Imitation, which th' Original.

What Virgil lent, you pay in equal Weights,  
The charming Beauty of the Coin no lefs;  
And fuch the Majesty of your Improf;  
You feem the very Author you tranflate.

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*'Tis certain, were he now alive with us,  
And did revolving Deftiny conftrain,  
To dre's his Thoughts in Englifh o're again,  
Himfelf cou'd write no otherwife than thus.*

*His old Encomium never did appear  
So true as now; Romans and Greeks fubmit,  
Something of late is in our Language writ,  
More nobly great than the fam'd *Iliads* were.*

Ja. Wright.

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## To Mr. Dryden on his Tranflations.

**A**S Flow'rs tranplanted from a *Southern* Sky,  
But hardly bear, or in the railing dye,  
Miffing their Native Sun, at beft retain  
But a faint Odour, and but live with Pain:  
So *Roman* Poetry by Moderns taught,  
Wanting the Warmth with which its Author wrote, }  
Is a dead Image, and a worthelefs Draught.  
While we tranfuse, the nimble Spirit flies,  
Escapes unfen, evaporates, and dyes.

Who then attempt to fhew the Ancients Wit,  
Muft copy with the Genius that they writ.  
Whence we conclude from thy tranflated Song,  
So juft, fo warm, fo fmoother, and yet fo ftrong,  
Thou Heav'nly Charmer! Soul of Harmony!  
That all their Geniufes reviv'd in thee.

Thy Trumpet founds, the dead are rais'd to Light,  
New-born they rife, and take to Heav'n their Flight;  
Deckt in thy Verfe, as clad with Rayes, they fhine  
All Glorify'd, Immortal and Divine.

As *Britain*, in rich Soil abounding wide,  
Furnifh'd for Ufe, for Luxury, and Pride,  
Yet fpreads her wanton Sails on ev'ry Shore,  
For Foreign Wealth, infatiate fill of more;  
To her own Wooll, the Silks of *Affa* joins,  
And to her plenteous Harvefts, *Indian* Mines:  
So *Dryden*, not contented with the Fame  
Of his own Works, tho' an immortal Name,  
To Lands remote he fends his learned Mufe,  
The Nobleft Seeds of Foreign Wit to chufe.  
Feafting our Senfe fo many various Ways,  
Say, Is't thy Bounty, or thy Thirft of Praife?  
That by comparing others, all might fee,  
Who moft excell'd, are yet excell'd by thee.

George Granville.  
ERRATA.

††

ERRATA.

In the Dedicatory Preface to the Marquês of Normandy.  
 Pag. 7. line 32. read, of Republican Principles in his Heart. p. 9. where Atis is mention'd as having a claim by Succession before Æneas, my Memory betray'd me; for had I consulted Virgil, he calls not the Son of Polites by the name of Atis, but of Priamus. 'Tis true he mentions Atis immediately afterwards, on the account of the Atian Family, from which Julius Cæsar was descended by his Grandmother, as I have there mention'd, p. 26. towards the bottom of this Page here is a gross Error, which is easily corrected, by reading Ten Months instead of Three: the Sense will direct you to the place. p. 28. In the quotation of a verse of Virgil's; for *castise* r. *confisse*. p. 30 f. Juturna took his opportunity, r. *this opportunity*; There are other Errata both in false pointing, and omissions of words, both in the Preface and the Poem, which the Reader will correct without my trouble. I omit them, because they only lame my English, not destroy my meaning.

Some of the most considerable Errata.

Pastoral 2. l. 43. r. *nor scorn the Pipe*. Past. 4. l. 36. for *Cold* r. *Gold*.  
 Past. 6. l. 72. f. *this r. thy*. In the same Past. l. 1. f. *Sicilian* r. *Sicili-*  
*an*. Past. 8. l. 19. read the whole line thus; *Scarcely from the World the*  
*Shades of Night withdrawn*. Georgic 1. l. 96. after the word *Arbate* place the  
 Comma; not after the next word *Hæc*, as it is printed, which destroys  
 the Sense. The whole Verse is to be thus read, *The thin-leav'd Arbate,*  
*hæc Cræssa vocatur*. l. 139. the note of Interrogation is false at the end of  
 the Line, it ought to be a Period. l. 393. f. *skins* r. *skims*. Geor. 2. l. 203.  
 and 204. the Rhymes of both are false printed: instead of *Wars* and *pre-*  
*paret*, r. *War* and *prepare* in the singular. l. 296. f. *trails* r. *tracks*. Geor. 4. l.  
 354. *And Worms that burn the Light*, r. and *Lizards blunring Light*. Æneid  
 1. l. 79. f. *Elys* r. *Eolus*. l. 97. r. *Eolus* again. l. 640. f. *Fate* r. *Fame*. l. 1054.  
 f. *Dime* r. *Diomed*. Æn. 2. l. 2. f. *the lofty Couch* r. *his lofty Couch*. Æn.  
 3. l. 40. f. *Horror* r. *Terror*. l. 142. blot out the Period at the end of the  
 Verse, and place a Comma. Æn. 4. l. 824. f. *pious pious* r. *pious Prince*.  
 Æn. 5. l. 188. f. *prmo* r. *Præm*. Æn. 6. l. 488. f. *but* r. *but once only*. l.  
 747. f. *vain* r. *vain*. l. 1133. f. *three* r. *two*. Æn. 7. l. 43. dele the Period at  
 the end of the Verse. l. 266. f. *On*, (the first word of the Verse,) r. *In*. l.  
 446. f. *native Land*, r. *another Land*. l. 549. f. *cross* r. *her Lance*, r. *wreath*  
*her Lance*. l. 68. f. *fill* r. *feed*. l. 732. f. *reinforc'd* r. *reinforc'd*. l. 946. f. *rofe*  
*Fields* r. *army Fields*. l. 1087. f. *yield* r. *yield*. Æn. 8. l. 674. f. *lifel's Limbs*,  
 r. *lifel's Limbs*. Æn. 10. l. 497. blot out the Period at the end of the  
 Verse, and place a Comma. l. 735. f. *ball* r. *will*. l. 864. f. *loving Lord* r.  
*Sov'rain Lord*. l. 924. f. *Plank* were r. *Plank was*. l. 1286. f. *Shoulder* r.  
*Shoulder*. l. 1311. f. *to his Throat the Sword apply'd*, r. *to the Sword his*  
*Throat apply'd*. Æn. 11. l. 120. f. *Heads and Hands* r. *their loaded Hands*. l.  
 528. f. *Heroes* r. *Heroes*.

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- The Life of Virgil, and Preface to the Pastorals.
- Poems on Mr. Dryden's Translation of Virgil.
- The Names of the Subscribers to the Cuts of Virgil.
- The Names of the second Subscribers.
- The Pastorals.
- The Dedication to the Earl of Chesterfield, with an Essay on the Georgics.
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THE

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To the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup>  
Baron of Trevelyan  
of  
  
 John Lord Sommers  
 LL. High Chancellor  
 England &c.

Part. I.

## Virgil's Pastorals.

### *The First Pastoral.*

O R,

### *Tityrus and Melibœus.*

#### *The Argument.*

*The Occasion of the First Pastoral was this. When Augustus had settled himself in the Roman Empire, that he might reward his Veteran Troops for their past Service, he distributed among 'em all the Lands that lay about Cremona and Mantua: turning out the right Owners for having sided with his Enemies. Virgil was a Sufferer among the rest; who afterwards recover'd his Estate by Mecænas's Intercession, and as an Instance of his Gratitude compos'd the following Pastoral; where he sets out his own Good Fortune in the Person of Tityrus, and the Calamities of his Mantuan Neighbours in the Character of Melibœus.*

#### MELIBŒUS.

**B**eneath the Shade which Beechen Boughs diffuse,  
 You Tityrus entertain your Silvan Muse:  
 Round the wide World in Banishment we rome,  
 Forc'd from our pleasing Fields and Native Home:  
 5 While stretch'd at Ease you sing your happy loves:  
 And *Amarillis* fills the shady Groves.

#### TITYRUS.

These blessings, Friend, a Deity bestow'd:  
 For never can I deem him less than God.  
 The tender Firlings of my Woolly breed  
 10 Shall on his holy Altar often bleed.  
 He gave my Kine to graze the Flowry Plain:  
 And to my Pipe renew'd the Rural Strain.

B

MELIBŒUS.

MELIBŒUS.

I envy not your Fortune, but admire,  
 That while the raging Sword and wastful Fire  
 15 Destroy the wretched Neighbourhood around,  
 No Hostile Arms approach your happy ground.  
 Far diff'rent is my Fate: my feeble Goats  
 With pains I drive from their forsaken Cotes.  
 And this you see I scarcely drag along,  
 20 Who yearning on the Rocks has left her Young;  
 (The Hope and Promise of my failing Fold:)  
 My loss by dire Portents the Gods foretold:  
 For had I not been blind I might have seen  
 Yon riven Oak, the fairest of the Green,  
 25 And the hoarse Raven, on the blasted Bough,  
 With frequent Crokes presag'd the coming Blow.  
 But tell me, *Tityrus*, what Heav'nly Power  
 Preserv'd your Fortunes in that fatal Hour?

TITYRUS.

Fool that I was, I thought Imperial *Rome*  
 30 Like *Mantua*, where on Market-days we come,  
 And thither drive our tender Lambs from home.  
 So Kids and Whelps their Syres and Dams express:  
 And so the Great I measur'd by the Less.  
 But Country Towns, compar'd with her, appear  
 35 Like Shrubs, when lofty Cypresses are near.

MELIBŒUS.

What great Occasion call'd you hence to *Rome*?

TITYRUS.

Freedom, which came at length, tho' slow to come:  
 Nor did my Search of Liberty begin,  
 Till my black Hairs were chang'd upon my Chin.  
 40 Nor *Amarillis* wou'd vouchsafe a look,  
 Till *Galeata's* meaner bonds I broke.

Till

Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely Swain,  
 I fought not freedom, nor aspir'd to Gain:  
 Tho' many a Victim from my Folds was bought,  
 45 And many a Cheefe to Country Markets brought,  
 Yet all the little that I got, I spent,  
 And still return'd as empty as I went.

MELIBŒUS.

We stood amaz'd to see your Mistress mourn;  
 Unknowing that she pin'd for your return:  
 50 We wonder'd why she kept her Fruit, so long,  
 For whom so late th' ungather'd Apples hung.  
 But now the Wonder ceases, since I see  
 She kept them only, *Tityrus*, for thee.  
 For thee the bubling Springs appear'd to mourn,  
 55 And whispering Pines made vows for thy return.

TITYRUS.

What shou'd I do! while here I was enchain'd,  
 No glimpse of Godlike Liberty remain'd?  
 Nor cou'd I hope in any place, but there,  
 To find a God so present to my Pray'r.  
 60 There first the Youth of Heav'nly Birth I view'd,  
 For whom our Monthly Victims are renew'd.  
 He heard my Vows, and graciously decreed  
 My Grounds to be restor'd, my former Flocks to feed.

MELIBŒUS.

O Fortunate Old Man! whose Farm remains  
 65 For you sufficient, and requites your pains,  
 Tho' Rushes overspread the Neighb'ring Plains.  
 Tho' here the Marthy Grounds approach your Fields,  
 And there the Soy! a stony Harvest yields.  
 Your teeming Ewes shall no strange Meadows try,  
 70 Nor fear a Rott from tainted Company.  
 Behold yon bord'ring Fence of Sallow Trees  
 Is fraught with Flow'rs, the Flow'rs are fraught with Bees:

B 2

The

The buisfe Bees with a foft murm'ring Strain  
Invite to gentle fleep the lab'ring Swain.

- 75 While from the Neighb'ring Rock, with Rural Songs,  
The Prince's Voice the pleafing Dream prolongs;  
Stock-Doves and Turtles tell their Am'rous pain,  
And from the lofty Elms of Love complain.

## TITYRUS.

- 80 Th' Inhabitants of Seas and Skies fhall change,  
And Fish on fhoar and Stags in Air fhall range,  
The banifh'd *Parthian* dwell on *Arar's* brink,  
And the blue *German* fhall the *Tigris* drink:  
E're I, forfaking Gratitude and Truth,  
Forget the Figure of that Godlike Youth.

## MELIBOEUS.

- 85 But we muft beg our Bread in Climes unknown,  
Beneath the fcorching or the freezing Zone,  
And fome to far *Oaxis* fhall be fold,  
Or try the *Lybian* Heat, or *Soythian* Cold.  
The reft among the *Britans* be confin'd;  
90 A Race of Men from all the World dif-join'd.  
O muft the wretched Exiles ever mourn,  
Nor after length of rowl'ing Years return?  
Are we condemn'd by Fates unjuft Decree,  
No more our Houfes and our Homes to fee?  
95 Or fhall we mount again the Rural Throne,  
And rule the Country Kingdoms, once our own!  
Did we for thefe Barbarians plant and fow,  
On thefe, on thefe, our happy Fields beftow?  
Good Heav'n, what dire Effects from Civil Difcord flow!  
100 Now let me graff my Pears, and prune the Vine;  
The Fruit is theirs, the Labour only mine.  
Farewel my Paftures, my Paternal Stock,  
My fruitful Fields, and my more fruitful Flock!

No

- No more, my Goats, fhall I behold you climb  
105 The fteepy Cliffs, or crop the flow'ry Thyme!  
No more, extended in the Grot below,  
Shall fee you browsing on the Mountain's brow  
The prickly Shrubs; and after on the bare,  
Lean down the Deep Abyfs, and hang in Air.  
110 No more my Sheep fhall fip the Morning Dew;  
No more my Song fhall pleafe the Rural Crue:  
Adieu, my tuneful Pipe! and all the World adieu!

## TITYRUS.

- This Night, at leaft, with me forget your Care;  
Chefnuts and Curds and Cream fhall be your fare:  
115 The Carpet-ground fhall be with Leaves o'refpread;  
And Boughs fhall weave a Cov'ring for your Head.  
For fee yon funny Hill the Shade extends,  
And curling Smoke from Cottages afcends.

The

*The Second Pastoral.*

OR,

ALEXIS.

## The Argument.

The Commentators can by no means agree on the Person of Alexis, but are all of opinion that some Beautiful Youth is meant by him, to whom Virgil here makes Love; in Corydon's Language and Simplicity. His way of Courtship is wholly Pastoral: He complains of the Boys Coyness, recommends himself for his Beauty and Skill in Piping; invites the Youth into the Country, where he promises him the Diversions of the Place; with a suitable Present of Nuts and Apples: But when he finds nothing will prevail, he resolves to quit his troublesome Amour, and betake himself again to his former Business.

Y Oung Corydon, th' unhappy Shepherd Swain,  
 The fair Alexis lov'd, but lov'd in vain:  
 And underneath the Beechen Shade, alone,  
 Thus to the Woods and Mountains made his moan.  
 5 Is this, unkind Alexis, my reward,  
 And must I die unpitied, and unheard?  
 Now the green Lizard in the Grove is laid,  
 The Sheep enjoy the coolness of the Shade;  
 And *Thestylis* wild Thyme and Garlike beats  
 10 For Harvest Hinds, o'respent with Toyl and Heats:  
 While in the scorching Sun I trace in vain  
 Thy flying footsteps o're the burning Plain.  
 The creaking Locusts with my Voice conspire,  
 They fry'd with Heat, and I with fierce Desire.  
 15 How much more easie was it to sustain  
 Proud *Amarillis*, and her haughty Reign,  
 The Scorns of Young *Menalcas*, once my care,  
 Tho' he was black, and thou art Heav'nly fair.

Trust



To the Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup>  
 of Pembroke  
 Lord



Thomas Earle  
 and Montgomery,  
 Print Seal &c

- Trust not too much to that enchanting Face ;  
 20 Beauty's a Charm, but soon the Charm will pass :  
 White Lillies lie neglected on the Plain,  
 While dusky Hyacinths for use remain.  
 My Passion is thy Scorn ; nor wilt thou know  
 What Wealth I have, what Gifts I can bestow :
- 25 What Stores my Dairies and my Folds contain,  
 A thousand Lambs that wander on the Plain :  
 New Milk that all the Winter never fails,  
 And all the Summer overflows the Pails :  
*Amphion* sung not sweeter to his Herd,
- 30 When summon'd Stones the *Theban* Towers rear'd.  
 Nor am I so deform'd ; for late I stood  
 Upon the Margin of the briny Flood :  
 The Winds were still, and if the Glass be true,  
 With *Daphnis* I may vie, tho' judg'd by you.
- 35 O leave the noisic Town, O come and see  
 Our Country Cotts, and live content with me !  
 To wound the Flying Deer, and from their Cotes  
 With me to drive a-Field, the browsing Goats :  
 To pipe and sing, and in our Country Strain
- 40 To Copy, or perhaps contend with *Pan*.  
*Pan* taught to joyn with Wax unequal Reeds,  
*Pan* loves the Shepherds, and their Flocks he feeds :  
 Nor scorns the Pipe ; *Amyntas*, to be taught,  
 With all his Kisses would my Skill have bought.
- 45 Of seven smooth joints a mellow Pipe I have,  
 Which with his dying Breath *Dametas* gave :  
 And said, This, *Corydon*, I leave to thee ;  
 For only thou deserv'st it after me.  
 His Eyes *Amyntas* durst not upward lift,
- 50 For much he grudg'd the Praise, but more the Gift.  
 Besides two Kids that in the Valley stray'd,  
 I found by chance, and to my fold convey'd :

They

- They drin to bagging Udders every day;  
 And these shall be Companions of thy Play.
- 55 Both fleck'd with white, the true Arcadian Strain,  
 Which *Tibullus* had often beg'd in vain:  
 And these shall have them, if again the fates,  
 Since you the Giver and the Gift refuse.  
 Come to my longing Arms, my lovely care,
- 60 And take the Presents which the Nymphs prepare.  
 White Lillies in full Canisters they bring,  
 With all the Glories of the Purple Spring,  
 The Daughters of the Flood have search'd the Mead  
 For Violets pale, and crop the Poppy's Head:
- 65 The Short *Narcissus* and fair *Daffodil*,  
 Pancies to please the Sight, and *Cassia* sweet to smell:  
 And set soft *Hyacinths* with Iron blue,  
 To shade marsh *Marigolds* of shining Hue.  
 Some bound in Order, others loosely strow'd,
- 70 To dress thy Bow'r, and trim thy new Abode.  
 My self will search our planted Grounds at home,  
 For downy Peaches and the glossy Plum:  
 And thrash the Chestnuts in the Neighb'ring Grove,  
 Such as my *Amarillis* us'd to love.
- 75 The Laurel and the Myrtle sweets agree,  
 And both in *Nosegays* shall be bound for thee.  
 Ah, *Corydon*, ah poor unhappy Swain,  
*Alexis* will thy homely Gifts disdain:  
 Nor, should'st thou offer all thy little Store,
- 80 Will rich *Jolas* yield, but offer more.  
 What have I done, to name that wealthy Swain,  
 So powerful are his Presents, mine so mean!  
 The Boar amidst my Crystal Streams I bring;  
 And Southern Winds to blast my flow'ry Spring.
- 85 Ah, cruel Creature, whom dost thou despise?  
 The Gods to live in Woods have left the Skies.

And

- And Godlike *Paris* in th' *Idean* Grove,  
 To *Priam's* Wealth prefer'd *Oenone's* Love.  
 In Cities which she built, let *Pallas* Reign;
- 90 Tow'rs are for Gods, but Forrests for the Swain.  
 The greedy Lyones the Wolf pursues,  
 The Wolf the Kid, the wanton Kid the Browze:  
*Alexis* thou art chas'd by *Corydon*;
- All follow sev'ral Games, and each his own.
- 95 See from afar the Fields no longer smoke,  
 The sweating Steers unharnas'd from the Yoke,  
 Bring, as in Triumph, back the crooked Plough;  
 The Shadows lengthen as the Sun goes Low.  
 Cool Breezes now the raging Heats remove;
- 100 Ah, cruel Heaven! that made no Cure for Love!  
 I wish for balmy Sleep, but wish in vain:  
 Love has no bounds in Pleasure, or in Pain.  
 What frenzy, Shepherd, has thy Soul possess'd,  
 Thy Vinyard lies half prun'd, and half undress'd.
- 105 Quench, *Corydon*, thy long unanswer'd fire:  
 Mind what the common wants of Life require.  
 On willow Twigs employ thy weaving care:  
 And find an easier Love, tho' not so fair.

C

The

- And Godlike *Paris* in th' *Idean* Grove,  
To *Priam's* Wealth prefer'd *Oenone's* Love.  
In Cities which she built, let *Pallas* Reign;  
90 Tow'rs are for Gods, but Forrefts for the Swain:  
The greedy *Lyones* the *Wolf* pursues,  
The *Wolf* the *Kid*, the wanton *Kid* the *Browze*:  
*Alexis* thou art chas'd by *Corydon*;  
All follow sev'ral Games, and each his own.  
95 Sec from afar the *Fields* no longer smoke,  
The sweating *Steers* unhamas'd from the *Yoke*,  
Bring, as in *Triumph*, back the crooked *Plough*;  
The *Shadows* lengthen as the *Sun* goes *Low*.  
Cool *Breezes* now the raging *Heats* remove;  
100 Ah, cruel *Heaven*! that made no *Cure* for *Love*!  
I wish for balmy *Sleep*, but wish in *vain*:  
Love has no bounds in *Pleasure*, or in *Pain*.  
What frenzy, *Shepherd*, has thy *Soul* possess'd,  
Thy *Vinyard* lies half *prun'd*, and half *undres'd*.  
105 Quench, *Corydon*, thy long *unanswer'd* fire:  
Mind what the common wants of *Life* require.  
On *willow* *Twigs* employ thy *weaving* care:  
And find an easier *Love*, tho' not so *fair*.

*The Third Pastoral.*

O R,

P A L Æ M O N.

Menalcas, Damætas, Palæmon.

**The Argument.**

*Damætas and Menalcas, after some smart Strokes of Country Railery, resolve to try who has the most Skill at a Song; and accordingly make their Neighbour Palæmon Judge of their Performances: Who, after a full hearing of both Parties, declares himself unfit for the Decision of so weighty a Controversie, and leaves the Victory undetermin'd.*

M E N A L C A S.

H O, Groom, what Shepherd owns those ragged Sheep?

D A M Æ T A S.

*Egon's* they are, he gave 'em me to keep.

M E N A L C A S.

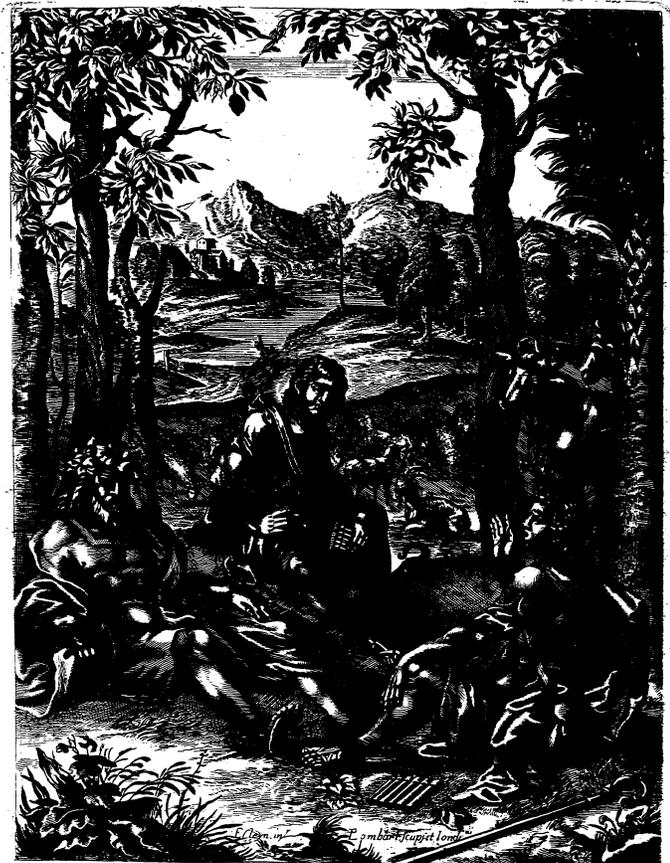
Unhappy Sheep of an Unhappy Swain,  
While he *Neera* courts, but courts in vain,

5 And fears that I the Damfel shall obtain;  
Thou, Varlet, dost thy Master's gains devour:  
Thou milk'st his Ewes, and often twice an hour;  
Of Grafs and Fodder thou defraud'st the Dams:  
And of their Mothers Duggs the starving Lambs.

D A M Æ T A S.

10 Good words, young Catamite, at least to Men:  
We know who did your Business, how, and when.  
And in what Chappel too you plaid your prize;  
And what the Goats observ'd with leering Eyes:  
The Nymphs were kind, and laugh'd, and there your safety

M E N



To the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> Charles Sackvill  
Earle of Dorset & Middlesex Lord  
Chamberlain of his Maj<sup>ty</sup> household &c

MENALCAS.

15 Yes, when I crept the Hedges of the Leys ;  
Cut *Micon's* tender Vines, and stole the Stays.

DAMÆTAS.

Or rather, when beneath yon ancient Oak,  
The Bow of *Daphnis* and the Shafts you broke :  
When the fair Boy receiv'd the Gift of right ;  
20 And but for Mischief, you had dy'd for spight.

MENALCAS.

What Nonfense wou'd the Foel thy Master prate,  
When thou, his Knave, can't talk at such a rate !  
Did I not see you, Rascal, did I not !  
When you lay snug to snap young *Damon's* Goat ?  
25 His Mungril bark'd, I ran to his relief,  
And cry'd, There, there he goes ; stop, stop the Thief.  
Discover'd and defeated of your Prey,  
You sculk'd behind the Fence, and sneak'd away :

DAMÆTAS.

An honest Man may freely take his own ;  
30 The Goat was mine, by sining fairly won.  
A solemn match was made ; He lost the Prize,  
Ask *Damon*, ask if he the Debt denies ;  
I think he dares not, if he does, he lyes.

MENALCAS.

Thou sing with him, thou Booby ; never Pipe  
35 Was so profan'd to touch that blubber'd Lip :  
Dunce at the best ; in Streets but scarce allow'd  
To tickle, on thy Straw, the stupid Crowd.

DAMÆTAS.

To bring it to the Trial, will you dare  
Our Pipes, our Skill, our Voices to compare ?  
40 My Brinded Heifar to the Stake I lay ;  
Two Thriving Calves she suckles twice a day :

And twice besides her Beeftings never fail  
To ftore the Dairy, with a brimming Pail.  
Now back your finging with an equal Stake.

MENALCAS.

- 45 That thou'd be feen, if I had one to make.  
You know too well I feed my Father's Flock:  
What can I wager from the common Stock?  
A Stepdame too I have, a curf'd ſhe,  
Who rules my Hen-peck'd Sire, and orders me.  
50 Both number twice a day the Milky Dams;  
And once ſhe takes the take of all the Lambs.  
But ſince you will be mad, and ſince you may  
Suspect my Courage, if I ſhould not lay;  
The Pawn I proffer ſhall be full as good:  
55 Two Bowls I have, well turn'd of Beechen Wood;  
Both by divine *Alcimedon* were made;  
To neither of them yet the Lip is laid.  
The Lids are Ivy, Grapes in cluſters lurk,  
Beneath the Carving of the curious Work.  
60 Two Figures on the ſides embos'd appear,  
*Conon*, and what's his Name who made the Sphere, }  
And ſhew'd the Scalons of the ſliding Year,  
Inſtructed in his Trade the Lab'ring Swain,  
And when to reap, and when to ſowe the Grain?

DAMÆTAS.

- 65 And I have two, to match your pair, at home;  
The Wood the ſamé, from the ſame Hand they come:  
The kimbo Handles ſcem with Bears-foot carv'd;  
And never yet to Table have been ſerv'd:  
Where *Orpheus* on his Lyre laments his Love,  
70 With Beaf's encompas'd, and a dancing Grove:  
But theſe, nor all the Proffers you can make,  
Are worth the Heifar which I ſet to ſtake.

MEN.

MENALCAS.

No more delays, vain Boafter, but begin:  
I prophecy before-hand I ſhall win.

- 75 *Palemon* ſhall be Judge how ill you rhyme,  
I'll teach you how to brag another time.

DAMÆTAS.

Rhymer come on, and do the worſt you can:  
I fear not you, nor yet a better Man.  
With Silence, Neighbour, and Attention wait:  
80 For 'tis a buſineſs of a high Debate.

PALÆMON.

- Sing then; the Shade affords a proper place;  
The Trees are cloath'd with Leaves, the Fields with Graſs;  
The Bloſſoms blow; the Birds on buſhes ſing;  
And Nature has accompliſh'd all the Spring.  
85 The Challenge to *Dametas* ſhall belong,  
*Menalcas* ſhall ſuſtain his under Song:  
Each in his turn your tuneful numbers bring;  
In turns the tuneful Muſes love to ſing.

DAMÆTAS.

- From the great Father of the Gods above  
90 My Muſe begins; for all is full of *Jove*;  
To *Jove* the care of Heav'n and Earth belongs;  
My Flocks he bleſſes, and he loves my Songs.

MENALCAS.

- Me *Phœbus* loves; for He my Muſe inſpires;  
And in her Songs, the warmth he gave, requires.  
95 For him, the God of Shepherds and their Sheep,  
My bluſhing Hyacinths, and my Bays I keep.

DAMÆTAS.

With pelted Fruit, me *Galatea* plics;  
Then tripping to the Woods the Wanton hies:  
And wiſhes to be ſeen, before ſhe flies. }

MEN.

MENALCAS.

100 But fair *Amyntas* comes unask'd to me;  
And offers Love; and sits upon my knee:  
Not *Delia* to my Dogs is known so well as he.

DAMÆTAS.

To the dear Mistress of my Love-sick Mind,  
Her Swain a pretty Present has design'd:  
105 I saw two Stock-doves billing, and e're long  
Will take the Nest, and Hers shall be the Young.

MENALCAS.

Ten ruddy Wildings in the Wood I found,  
And stood on tip-toes, reaching from the ground;  
I sent *Amyntas* all my present Store;  
110 And will, to Morrow, fend as many more.

DAMÆTAS.

The lovely Maid lay panting in my arms;  
And all the said and did was full of Charms.  
Winds on your Wings to Heav'n her Accents bear;  
Such words as Heav'n alone is fit to hear.

MENALCAS.

115 Ah! what avails it me, my Love's delight,  
To call you mine, when absent from my fight!  
I hold the Nets, while you pursue the Prey;  
And must not share the Dangers of the Day.

DAMÆTAS.

I keep my Birth-day: fend my *Phyllis* home;  
120 At Sheering-time, *Iolas*, you may come.

MENALCAS.

With *Phyllis* I am more in grace than you:  
Her Sorrow did my parting-steps pursue:  
Adieu my Dear, she said, a long Adieu.

DAMÆTAS.

The Nightly Wolf is baneful to the Fold,  
125 Storms to the Wheat, to Budds the bitter Cold;

But

But from my frowning Fair, more Ills I find,  
Than from the Wolves, and Storms, and Winter-wind.

MENALCAS.

The Kids with pleasure browse the bushy Plain,  
The Show'rs are grateful to the swelling Grain:  
130 To teeming Ewes the Sallow's tender tree;  
But more than all the World my Love to me.

DAMÆTAS.

*Pollio* my Rural Verse vouchsafes to read:  
A Heyfar, Muses, for your Patron breed.

MENALCAS.

My *Pollio* writes himself, a Bull be bred,  
135 With spurning Heels, and with a butting Head.

DAMÆTAS.

Who *Pollio* loves, and who his Muse admires,  
Let *Pollio's* fortune crown his full desires.  
Let Myrrh instead of Thorn his Fences fill:  
And Show'rs of Honey from his Oaks distil.

MENALCAS.

140 Who hates not living *Badius*, let him be  
(Dead *Mævius*) damn'd to love thy Works and thee:  
The same ill taste of Sense wou'd serve to join  
Dog Foxes in the Yoak, and their the Swine.

DAMÆTAS.

Ye Boys, who pluck the Flow'rs, and spoil the Spring,  
145 Beware the secret Snake, that shoots a sting.

MENALCAS.

Graze not too near the Banks, my jolly Sheep,  
The Ground is false, the running Streams are deep:  
See, they have caught the Father of the Flock;  
Who dries his Fleece upon the neighbouring Rock.

DAMÆTAS.

150 From Rivers drive the Kids, and sling your Hook;  
Anon I'll wash 'em in the shallow Brook.

M E N.

MENALCAS.

To fold, my Flock; when Milk is dry'd with heat,  
In vain the Milk-maid tugs an empty Teat.

DAMÆTAS.

How lank my Bulls from plenteous pasture come!  
155 But Love that drains the Herd, destroys the Groom.

MENALCAS.

My Flocks are free from Love; yet look so thin,  
Their bones are barely cover'd with their Skin.  
What magick has bewitch'd the woolly Dams,  
And what ill Eyes beheld the tender Lambs?

DAMÆTAS.

160 Say, where the round of Heav'n, which all contains,  
To three short Ells on Earth our sight restrains:  
Tell that, and rise a *Phœbus* for thy pains.

MENALCAS.

Nay tell me first, in what new Region springs  
A Flow'r, that bears inscrib'd the names of Kings:  
165 And thou shalt gain a Present as Divine  
As *Phœbus* self; for *Phyllis* shall be thine.

PALÆMON.

So nice a diff'rence in your Singing Iyes,  
That both have won, or both deserv'd the Prize.  
Rest equal happy both; and all who prove  
170 The bitter Sweets, and pleasing Pains of Love.  
Now dam the Ditches, and the Floods restrain:  
Their moisture has already drench'd the Plain.

*The Fourth Pastoral.*

OR,

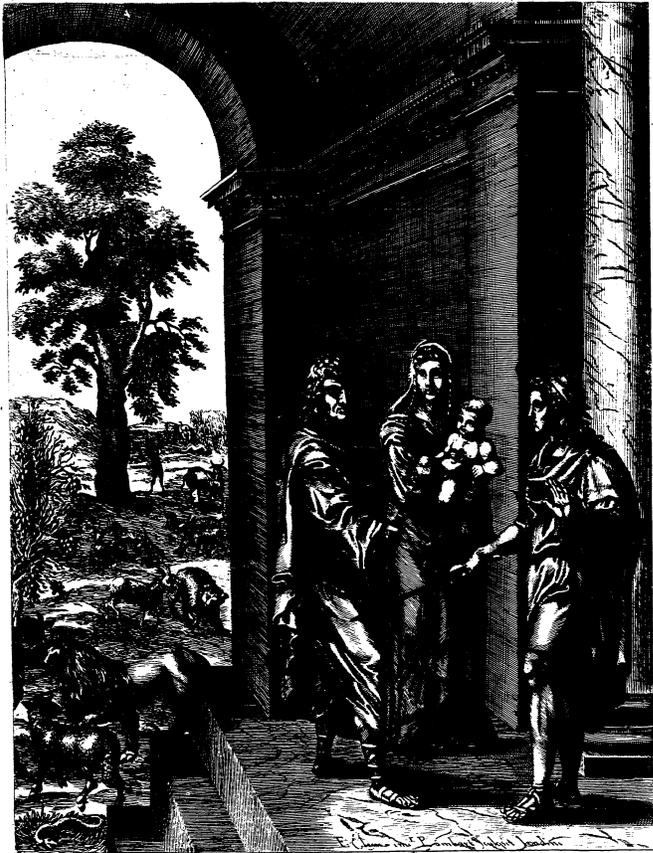
POLLIO.

The Argument.

*The Poet celebrates the Birth-day of Saloninus, the Son of Pollio, born in the Consulship of his Father, after the taking of Salona, a City in Dalmatia. Many of the Verses are translated from one of the Sybils, who prophesie of our Saviour's Birth.*

**S**icilian Muse begin a loftier strain!  
 Though lowly Shrubs and Trees that shade the Plain,  
 Delight not all; Sicilian Muse, prepare  
 To make the vocal Woods deserve a Consul's care.  
 5 The last great Age, foretold by sacred Rhymes,  
 Renews its finish'd Course, Saturnian times  
 Rowl round again, and mighty years, begun  
 From their first Orb, in radiant Circles run.  
 The base degenerate Iron-off-spring ends;  
 10 A golden Progeny from Heav'n descends;  
 O chaste *Lucina* speed the Mother's pains,  
 And haste the glorious Birth; thy own *Apollo* reigns!  
 The lovely Boy, with his auspicious Face,  
 Shall *Pollio's* Consulship and Triumph grace;  
 15 Majestick Months set out with him to their appointed Race.  
 The Father banish'd Virtue shall restore,  
 And Crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.  
 The Son shall lead the life of Gods, and be  
 By Gods and Heroes seen, and Gods and Heroes see.

D The



To the Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup>  
 Sackvill Lord Buck.  
 Charles Earle of



Lionel Cranfeild  
 burst, eldest son of  
 Dorrett & Midlerex.

- 20 The jarring Nations he in peace shall bind,  
 And with paternal Virtues rule Mankind.  
 Unbidden Earth shall wreathing Ivy bring,  
 And fragrant Herbs (the promises of Spring)  
 As her first Off'rings to her Infant King.
- 25 The Goats with strutting Dugs shall homeward speed,  
 And lowing Herds, secure from Lyons feed.  
 His Cradle shall with rising Flow'rs be crown'd;  
 The Serpents Brood shall die: the sacred ground  
 Shall Weeds and poisonous Plants refuse to bear,  
 Each common Bush shall Syrian Roses wear.
- 30 But when Heroick Verse his Youth shall raise,  
 And form it to Hereditary Praise;  
 Unlabour'd Harvests shall the Fields adorn,  
 And cluster'd Grapes shall blush on every Thorn.
- 35 The knotted Oaks shall show'rs of Honey weep,  
 And through the Matted Grass the liquid Cold shall creep.  
 Yet, of old Fraud some footsteps shall remain,  
 The Merchant still shall plough the deep for gain:  
 Great Cities shall with Walls be compass'd round;  
 And sharpen'd Shares shall vex the fruitful ground.
- 40 Another *Typhis* shall new Seas explore,  
 Another *Argos* land the Chiefs, upon th' *Iberian* Shore.  
 Another *Helen* other Wars create,  
 And great *Achilles* urge the *Trojan* Fate:
- 45 But when to ripen'd Man-hood he shall grow,  
 The greedy Sailer shall the Seas forego;  
 No Keel shall cut the Waves for foreign Ware;  
 For every Soil shall every Product bear.  
 The labouring Hind his Oxen shall disjoyn,  
 No Plow shall hurt the Glebe, no Pruning-hook the
- 50 Vine:  
 Nor Wooll shall in dissembled Colours shine.

But

- But the luxurious Father of the Fold,  
 With native Purple, or unborrow'd Gold,  
 55 Beneath his pompous Fleece shall proudly sweat:  
 And under *Tyrian* Robes the Lamb shall bleat.  
 The Fates, when they this happy Web have spun,  
 shall bless the sacred Clue, and bid it smoothly run.  
 Mature in years, to ready Honours move,  
 60 O of Coelestial Seed! O foster Son of *Jove*!  
 See, lab'ring Nature calls thee to sustain  
 The nodding Frame of Heav'n, and Earth, and Main;  
 See to their Base restor'd, Earth, Seas, and Air,  
 And joyful Ages from behind, in crowding Ranks appear.
- 65 To sing thy Praise, wou'd Heav'n my breath prolong,  
 Infusing Spirits worthy such a Song;  
 Not *Thracian Orpheus* should transcend my Layes,  
 Nor *Linus* crown'd with never-fading Bayes:  
 Though each his Heav'nly Parent shou'd inspire;
- 70 The Muse instruct the Voice, and *Phœbus* tune the Lyre.  
 Shou'd *Pan* contend in Verse, and thou my Theme,  
*Arcadian* Judges shou'd their God condemn.  
 Begin, auspicious Boy, to cast about  
 Thy Infant Eyes, and with a smile, thy Mother single out;
- 75 Thy Mother well deserves that short delight,  
 The nauseous Qualms of ten long Months and Travel to  
 Then smile; the frowning Infant's Doom is read, (requite.  
 No God shall crown the Board, nor Goddess bless the Bed.

D 2

The

*The Fifth Pastoral.*

OR,

## DAPHNIS.

*The Argument.*

Mopius and Menalcas, two very expert Shepherds at a Song, begin one by consent to the Memory of Daphnis; who is suppos'd by the best Criticks to represent Julius Cæsar. Mopius laments his Death, Menalcas proclaims his Divinity. The whole Eclogue consisting of an Elegie and an Apotheosis.

MENALCAS.

Since on the Downs our Flocks together feed,  
And since my Voice can match your tuneful Reed,  
Why fit we not beneath the grateful Shade,  
Which Hazles, intermix'd with Elms, have made?

5

MOPSIUS.

Whether you please that Silvan Scene to take,  
Where whistling Winds uncertain Shadows make:  
Or will you to the cooler Cave succeed,  
Whose Mouth the curling Vines have overspread?

MENALCAS.

10 Your Merit and your Years command the Choice:

*Amyntas* only rivals you in Voice.

MOPSIUS.

What will not that presuming Shepherd dare,  
Who thinks his Voice with *Phœbus* may compare?

MENALCAS.

Begin you first; if either *Alcon's* Praise,  
Or dying *Phyllis* have inspir'd your Lays:

If



To the Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup> James Bertie, Earle of Abingdon,  
and Baron Norreys of Ryecott, Chief Justice, and Justice  
in Eyre of all his Maj.<sup>ty</sup> Parks, Forests, and Chaces, on  
the South Side of Trent, and L<sup>ieut</sup>enant and Custos  
Rotulorum of the County of Oxon. Page 31.

*The Fifth Pastoral.*

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Amynas only rivals you in Voice.

MOPSIUS.

What will not that presuming Shepherd dare,  
Who thinks his Voice with Phœbus may compare?

MENALCAS.

Begin you first; if either Alcon's Praise,  
Or dying Phillis have inspir'd your Lays:

If



To the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> James  
and Baron Norreys of Rycom  
in Exr of all his Maj<sup>ty</sup>  
the South Side of Trent and  
Roulburn of the



Bertie Earle of Abingdon,  
Chiefe Justice, and Justice  
Parks Forests, and Chaces, on  
L<sup>ieut</sup> Lieutenant and Custos  
County of Oxon.

15 If her you mourn, or *Codrus* you commend,  
Begin, and *Tityrus* your Flock shall tend.

*M O P S U S.*

Or shall I rather the sad Verse repeat,  
Which on the Beeches bark I lately writ:  
I writ, and sung betwixt; now bring the Swain

20 Whose Voice you boast, and let him try the Strain.

*M E N A L C A S.*

Such as the Shrub to the tall Olive shows,  
Or the pale Sallow to the blushing Rose;  
Such is his Voice, if I can judge aright,  
Compar'd to thine, in sweetness and in height.

*M O P S U S.*

25 No more, but fit and hear the promis'd Lay,  
The gloomy Grotto makes a doubtful day.  
The Nymphs about the breathless Body wait  
Of *Daphnis*, and lament his cruel Fate.  
The Trees and Floods were witness to their Tears:

30 At length the rumour reach'd his Mother's Ears.  
The wretched Parent, with a pious haste,  
Came running, and his lifeless Limbs embrac'd.  
She sigh'd, she sob'd, and, furious with despair,  
She rent her Garments, and she tore her Hair:

35 Accusing all the Gods and every Star.  
The Swains forgot their Sheep, nor near the brink  
Of running Waters brought their Herds to drink.  
The thirsty Cattle, of themselves, abstain'd  
From Water, and their grassy Fare disdain'd.

40 The death of *Daphnis* Woods and Hills deplore,  
They cast the sound to *Lybia's* desert Shore;  
The *Lybian* Lyons hear, and hearing roar.  
Fierce Tygers *Daphnis* taught the Yoke to bear;  
And first with curling Ivy dress'd the Spear:

*Daphnis*

- 45 *Daphnis* did Rites to *Bacchus* firft ordain;  
And holy Revels for his reeling Train.  
As Vines the Trees, as Grapes the Vines adorn,  
As Bulls the Herds, and Fields the Yellow Corn;  
So bright a Splendor, fo divine a Grace,
- 50 The glorious *Daphnis* caft on his illuftrious Race.  
When envious Fate the Godlike *Daphnis* took,  
Our guardian Gods the Fields and Plains forfook:  
*Pales* no longer swell'd the teeming Grain,  
Nor *Phœbus* fed his Oxen on the Plain:
- 55 No fruitful Crop the fickly Fields return;  
But Oats and Darnel choak the rifing Corn.  
And where the Vales with Violets once were crown'd,  
Now knotty Burrs and Thorns difgrace the Ground.  
Come, Shepherds, come, and ftrow with Leaves the Plain;
- 60 Such Funeral Rites your *Daphnis* did ordain.  
With Cyprefs Boughs the Cryftal Fountains hide,  
And foftly let the running Waters glide;  
A lafting Monument to *Daphnis* raife;  
With this Infcription to record his Praise,
- 65 *Daphnis*, the Fields Delight, the Shepherd's Love,  
Renown'd on Earth, and deify'd above.  
Whofe Flock excell'd the faireft on the Plains,  
But lefs than he himfelf furpas'd the Swains.
- M E N A L C A S.
- Oh Heavenly Poet! fuch thy Verfe appears,
- 70 So fweet, fo charming to my ravish'd Ears,  
As to the weary Swain, with cares opprest,  
Beneath the Silvan Shade, refreshing Reft:  
As to the feavorifh Travellor, when firft  
He finds a Cryftal Stream to quench his thirft.
- 75 In finging, as in piping, you excell;  
And fcarce your Mafter could perform fo well.

- O fortunate young Man, at leaft your Lays  
Are next to his, and claim the fecond Praise.  
Such as they are my rural Songs I join,
- 80 To raife our *Daphnis* to the Pow'rs Divine;  
For *Daphnis* was fo good, to love what-e're was mine.
- M O P S U S.
- How is my Soul with fuch a Promise rais'd!  
For both the Boy was worthy to be prais'd,  
And *Stimichon* has often made me long,
- 85 To hear, like him, fo foft fo fweet a Song.
- M E N A L C A S.
- Daphnis*, the Guest of Heav'n, with wondring Eyes,  
Views in the Milky Way, the ftarry Skyes:  
And far beneath him, from the fhining Sphere,  
Beholds the moving Clouds, and rolling Year.
- 90 For this, with cheartful Cries the Woods refound;  
The Purple Spring arrays the various ground:  
The Nymphs and Shepherds dance; and *Pan* himfelf is  
The Wolf no longer prowls for nightly Spoils, (Crown'd.
- 95 For *Daphnis* reigns above; and deals from thence  
His Mothers milder Beams, and peaceful Influence.  
The Mountain tops unhorn, the Rocks rejoice;  
The lowly Shrubs partake of Humane Voice.  
Affenting Nature, with a gracious nod,
- 100 Proclaims him, and falytes the new-admitted God.  
Be ftill propitious, ever good to thine:  
Behold four hallow'd Altars we defign;  
And two to thee, and two to *Phœbus* rife;  
On each is offer'd Annual Sacrifice.
- 105 The holy Priests, at each returning year,  
Two Bowls of Milk, and two of Oil fhall bear;  
And I my felf the Guests with friendly Bowls will cheer.

Two Goblets will I crown with sparkling Wine,  
 The gen'rous Vintage of the *Chian* Vine;  
 110 These will I pour to thee, and make the Nectar thine. }  
 In Winter shall the Genial Feast be made  
 Before the fire; by Summer in the shade.  
*Dametas* shall perform the Rites Divine;  
 And *Lictian Aegon* in the Song shall join.  
 115 *Alphefibeus*, tripping, shall advance;  
 And mimic Satyrs in his antick Dance.  
 When to the Nymphs our annual Rites we pay,  
 And when our Fields with Victims we survey:  
 While savage Boars delight in shady Woods,  
 120 And finny Fish inhabit in the Floods;  
 While Bees on Thyme, and Locusts feed on Dew,  
 Thy grateful Swains these Honours shall renew.  
 Such Honours as we pay to Pow'rs Divine,  
 To *Bacchus* and to *Ceres*, shall be thine.  
 125 Such annual Honours shall be giv'n, and thou  
 Shalt hear, and shalt condemn thy Suppliants to their Vow.

## M O P S U S.

What Present worth thy Verse can *Mopsus* find!  
 Not the soft Whispers of the Southern Wind,  
 That play through trembling Trees, delight me more;  
 130 Nor murmur'ing Billows on the founding Shore;  
 Nor winding Streams that through the Valley glide;  
 And the scarce cover'd Pebbles gently chide.

## M E N A L C A S.

Receive you first this tuneful Pipe; the same  
 That play'd my *Coridon's* unhappy Flame.  
 135 The same that sung *Neera's* conqu'ring Eyes;  
 And, had the Judge been just, had won the Prize.

## M O P S U S.

Accept from me this Sheephook in exchange,  
 The Handle Bras; the Knobs in equal range.

*Antigenes,*

*Antigenes*, with Kisses, often try'd  
 140 To beg this Present, in his Beauty's Pride;  
 When Youth and Love are hard to be deny'd. }  
 But what I cou'd refuse, to his Request,  
 Is yours unask'd, for you deserve it best.

E

The

*The Sixth Pastoral.*

O R,

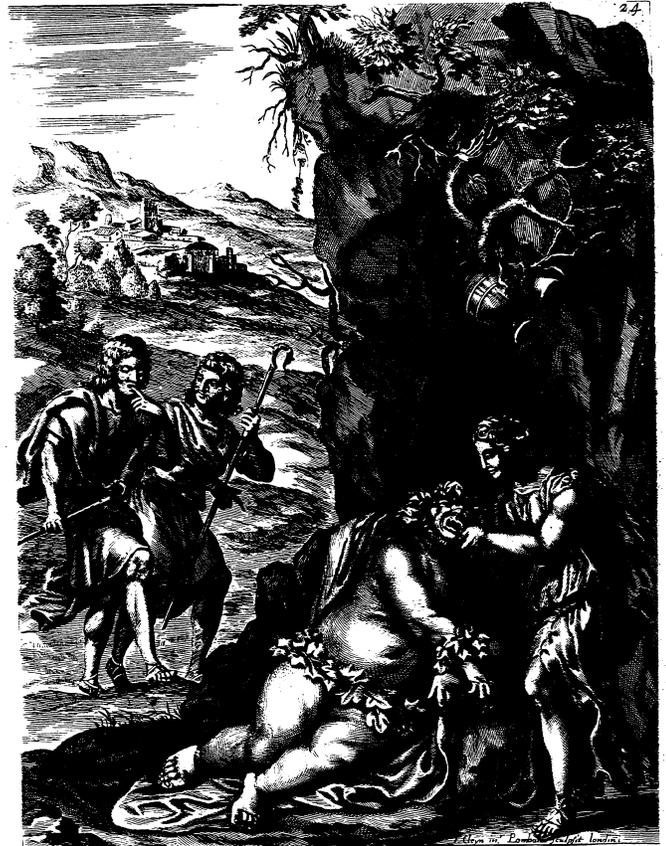
## S I L E N U S.

## The Argument.

Two young Shepherds Chromis and Mnafylus, having been often promis'd a Song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep in this Pastoral; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his Promise. Silenus finding they wou'd be put off no longer, begins his Song; in which he describes the Formation of the Universe, and the Original of Animals, according to the Epicurean Philosophy; and then runs through the most surprizing Transformations which have happen'd in Nature since her Birth. This Pastoral was design'd as a Complement to Syro the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the Principles of that Philosophy. Silenus acts as Tutor, Chromis and Mnafylus as the two Pupils.

I First transferr'd to Rome Scicilian Strains:  
 Nor blush'd the Dorick Muse to dwell on Mantuan Plains.  
 But when I try'd her tender Voice, too young;  
 And fighting Kings, and bloody Battels fong,  
 5 Apollo check'd my Pride; and bade me feed  
 My fatning Flocks, nor dare beyond the Reed.  
 Admonish'd thus, while every Pen prepares  
 To write thy Praises, Varus, and thy Wars,  
 My Past'ral Muse her humble Tribute brings;  
 10 And yet not wholly uninspir'd she sings.  
 For all who read, and reading, not disdain  
 These rural Poems, and their lowly Strain,  
 The name of Varus oft inscrib'd shall see,  
 In every Grove, and every vocal Tree;  
 15 And all the Silvan reign shall sing of thee:

Thy



To the Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup> Hugh Lord Viscount Cholmondeley  
 of Kellas in the Kingdom of Ireland, and Baron of  
 Wickmalbank in the Kingdom of England.



Thy name, to *Phœbus* and the Muses known,  
 Shall in the front of every Page be shown;  
 For he who sings thy Praise, secures his own. }  
 Proceed, my Muse: Two Satyrs, on the ground,  
 20 Stretch'd at his Ease, their Syre *Silenus* found.  
 Dos'd with his fumes, and heavy with his Load,  
 They found him snoring in his dark abode; }  
 And seiz'd with Youthful Arms the drunken God.  
 His rose Wreath was dropt not long before,  
 25 Born by the tide of Wine, and floating on the floor.  
 His empty Can, with Ears half worn away,  
 Was hung on high, to boast the triumph of the day.  
 Invaded thus, for want of better bands,  
 His Garland they unstring, and bind his hands:  
 30 For by the fraudulent God deluded long,  
 They now resolve to have their promis'd Song.  
*Ægle* came in, to make their Party good;  
 The fairest *Nais* of the neighbouring Flood,  
 And, while he stares around, with stupid Eyes,  
 35 His Brows with Berries, and his Temples dyes.  
 He finds the Fraud, and, with a Smile, demands  
 On what design the Boys had bound his hands:  
 Loose me, he cry'd; 'twas Impudence to find  
 A sleeping God, 'tis Sacrilege to bind.  
 40 To you the promis'd Poem I will pay;  
 The Nymph shall be rewarded in her way:  
 He rais'd his voice; and soon a num'rous throng  
 Of tripping Satyrs crowded to the Song.  
 And Sylvan Fauns, and Savage Beasts advanc'd,  
 45 And nodding Forests to the Numbers danc'd.  
 Not by *Hemonian* Hills the *Thracian* Bard,  
 Nor awful *Phœbus* was on *Pindus* heard,  
 With deeper silence, or with more regard. }

- He fung the fecret Seeds of Nature's Frame;  
 50 How Seas, and Earth, and Air, and active Flame,  
 Fell through the mighty Void; and in their fall  
 Were blindly gather'd in this goodly Ball.  
 The tender Soil then stiffning by degrees,  
 Shut from the bounded Earth, the bounding Seas.  
 55 Then Earth and Ocean various Forms difclofe;  
 And a new Sun to the new World arofe.  
 And Mifts condens'd to Clouds obfcure the Skie;  
 And Clouds diffolv'd, the thirfty Ground fupply.  
 The rifing Trees the lofty Mountains grace:  
 60 The lofty Mountains feed the Savage Race.  
 From thence the birth of Man the Song purfu'd,  
 And how the World was loft, and how renew'd.  
 The Reign of *Saturn*, and the Golden Age;  
*Prometheus* Theft, and *Jove's* avenging Rage.  
 65 The Cries of *Argonauts* for *Hylas* drown'd;  
 With whofe repeated Name the Shoars refound.  
 Then mourns the madnefs of the *Cretan* Queen;  
 Happy for her if Herds had never been.  
 What fury, wretched Woman, feiz'd thy Breaft!  
 70 The Maids of *Argos* (tho with rage poffefs'd,  
 Their imitated lowings fill'd the Grove)  
 Yet fhun'd the guilt of this prepoft'rous Love.  
 Nor fought the Youthful Husband of the Herd;  
 Tho tender and untry'd the Yoke he fear'd.  
 75 Tho foft and white as flakes of falling Snow;  
 And fcarce his budding Horns had arm'd his brow.  
 Ah, wretched Queen! you range the pathlefs Wood;  
 While on a flowry Bank he chaws the Cud:  
 Or fleeps in Shades, or thro' the Foreft roves;  
 80 And roars with anguifh for his abfent Loves.  
 Ye Nymphs, with toils, his Foreft-walk furround;  
 And trace his wandering Footfteps on the ground.

But

- But, ah! perhaps my Paffion he difdains;  
 And courts the milky Mothers of the Plains.  
 85 We fearch th'ungrateful Fugitive abroad,  
 While they at home fustain his happy load.  
 He fung the Lover's fraud; the longing Maid,  
 With golden Fruit, like all the Sex, betray'd.  
 The Sifters mourning for their Brother's lofs;  
 90 Their Bodies hid in Barks, and furr'd with Mofs.  
 How each a rifing Alder now appears;  
 And o're the *Po* diftills her Gummy Tears.  
 Then fung, how *Gallus* by a Mufes hand,  
 Was led and welcom'd to the fared Strand.  
 95 The Senate rifing to falute their Gueft;  
 And *Linus* thus their gratitude exprefs'd.  
 Receive this Prefent, by the Mufes made;  
 The Pipe on which th' *African* Paftor play'd:  
 With which of old he charm'd the Savage Train:  
 100 And call'd the Mountain *Athes* to the Plain.  
 Sing thou on this, thy *Phabus*; and the Wood  
 Where once his Fane of *Parian* Marble flood.  
 On this his ancient Oracles rehearfè;  
 And with new Numbers grace the God of Verfe.  
 105 Why fhould I fing the double *Scylla's* Fate,  
 The firft by Love transform'd, the laft by Hate.  
 A beauteous Maid above, but Magick Arts,  
 With barking Dogs deform'd her neather parts.  
 What Vengeance on the paffing Fleet ſhe pour'd,  
 110 The Mafter frighted, and the Mates devour'd.  
 Then raviſh'd *Philomel* the Song expreff;  
 The Crime reveal'd; the Sifters cruel Feaft;  
 And how in Fields the Lapwing *Tereus* reigns;  
 The warbling Nightingale in Woods complains.  
 115 While *Progne* makes on Chymney tops her moan;  
 And hovers o're the Palace once her own.

Whatever

---

Whatever Songs besides, the *Delphian* God  
Had taught the Laurels, and the *Spartan* Flood,  
*Silenus* fung: the Vales his Voice rebound;  
120 And carry to the Skies the sacred Sound.  
And now the setting Sun had warn'd the Swain  
To call his counted Cattle from the Plain: }  
Yet still th' unweary'd Syre pursues the tuneful Strain. }  
Till unperceiv'd the Heav'ns with Stars were hung:  
125 And sudden Night surpriz'd the yet unfinish'd Song.

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*The*

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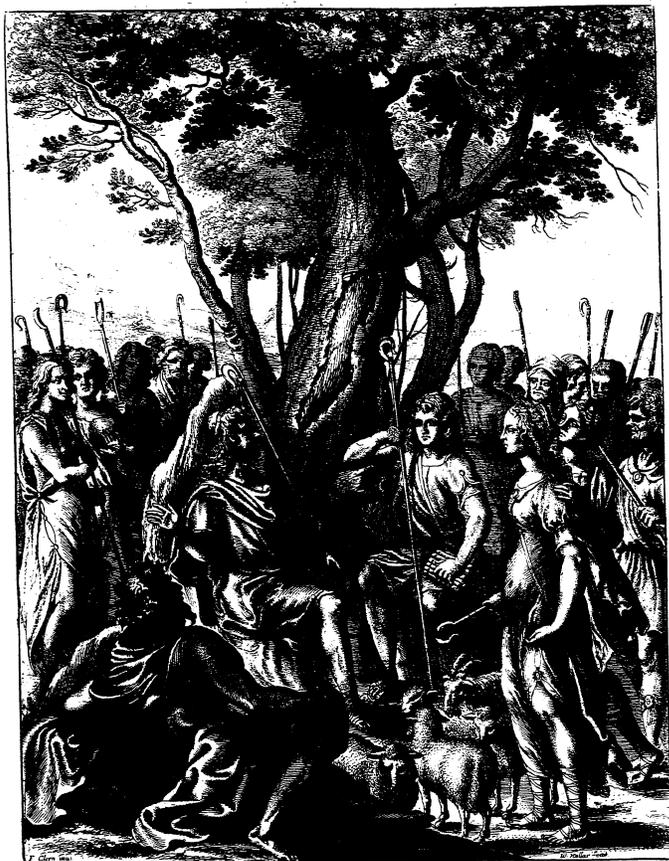
*The Seventh Pastoral.*  
 O R,  
 M E L I B O E U S.

**The Argument.**

Melibceus here gives us the Relation of a sharp Poetical Contest between Thyrtis and Corydon; at which he himself and Daphnis were present; who both declar'd for Corydon.

**B**eneath a Holm, repair'd two jolly Swains;  
 Their Sheep and Goats together graz'd the Plains.  
 Both young *Arcadians*, both alike inspir'd  
 To sing, and answer as the Song requir'd.  
 5 *Daphnis*, as Umpire, took the middle Seat;  
 And Fortune thether led my weary Feet.  
 For while I fenc'd my Myrdes from the Cold,  
 The Father of my Flock had wander'd from the Fold.  
 Of *Daphnis* I enquir'd; he, smiling, said,  
 10 Dismiss your Fear, and pointed where he fed.  
 And, if no greater Cares disturb your Mind,  
 Sit here with us, in covert of the Wind.  
 Your lowing Heyfars, of their own accord,  
 At wat'ring time will seek the neighb'ring Ford.  
 15 Here wanton *Mincius* windes along the Meads,  
 And shades his happy Banks with bending Reeds:  
 And see from yon old Oak, that mates the Skies,  
 How black the Clouds of swarming Bees arise.  
 What shou'd I do! nor was *Alcippe* nigh,  
 20 Nor absent *Phyllis* cou'd my care supply,  
 To house, and feed by hand my weaning Lambs,  
 And drain the strutting Udders of their Dams:  
 Great was the strife betwixt the Singing Swains:  
 And I preferr'd my Pleasure to my Gains.

Alternate



To the Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup>  
*Herbert. Baron*



*Henry Lord  
 of Chisbury. &c*

Part. 7.

- 25 Alternate Rhime the ready Champions chose:  
These *Corydon* rehears'd, and *Thyrsis* those.

C O R Y D O N.

Yee Muses, ever fair, and ever young,  
Assist my Numbers, and inspire my Song.  
With all my *Codrus* O inspire my Breast,

- 30 For *Codrus* after *Phabus* sings the best.  
Or if my Wishes have presum'd too high,  
And stretch'd their bounds beyond Mortality,  
The praise of artful Numbers I resign:  
And hang my Pipe upon the Sacred Pine.

T H Y R S I S.

- 35 *Arcadian* Swains, your Youthful Poet crown  
With Ivy Wreaths; tho' furly *Codrus*, frown.  
Or if he blast my Muse with envious Praise,  
Then fence my Brows with *Amulets* of Bays.  
Left his ill Arts or his malicious Tongue

- 40 Shou'd poyson, or bewitch my growing Song.

C O R Y D O N.

These Branches of a Stag, this tusky Boar  
(The first essay of Arms untry'd before)  
Young *Mycon* offers, *Delia*, to thy Shrine;  
But speed his hunting with thy Pow'r divine,

- 45 Thy Statue then of *Parian* Stone shall stand;  
Thy Legs in Buskins with a Purple Band.

T H Y R S I S.

This Bowl of Milk, these Cakes, (our Country Fare,)  
For thee, *Priapus*, yearly we prepare.  
Because a little Garden is thy care.

- 50 But if the falling Lambs increase my Fold,  
Thy Marble Statue shall be turn'd to Gold.

C O R Y D O N.

Fair *Galathea*, with thy silver Feet,  
O, whiter than the Swan, and more than *Hybla* Sweet;  
Tall

- Tall as a Poplar, taper as the Bole,  
55 Come charm thy Shepherd, and restore my Soul.  
Come when my lated Sheep, at night return;  
And crown the silent Hours, and stop the rosy Morn.

T H Y R S I S.

- May I become as abject in thy fight,  
As Sea-weed on the Shore, and black as Night:  
60 Rough as a Bur, deform'd like him who chaws  
*Sardinian* Herbage to contract his Jaws;  
Such and so monstrous let thy Swain appear,  
If one day's Absence looks not like a Year.

- Hence from the Field, for Shame: the Flock deserves  
65 No better Feeding, while the Shepherd starves.

C O R Y D O N.

Ye mossy Springs, inviting ease Sleep,  
Ye Trees, whose leafy Shades those mossy Fountains keep,  
Defend my Flock, the Summer heats are near,  
And Blossoms on the swelling Vines appear.

T H Y R S I S.

- 70 With heapy Fires our chearful Hearth is crown'd;  
And Firs for Torches in the Woods abound:  
We fear not more the Winds, and wintry Cold,  
Than Streams the Banks, or Wolves the bleating Fold.

C O R Y D O N.

- Our Woods, with Juniper and Chestnuts crown'd,  
75 With falling Fruits and Berries paint the Ground;  
And lavish Nature laughs, and strows her Stores around.  
But if *Alexis* from our Mountains fly,  
Ev'n running Rivers leave their Channels dry.

T H Y R S I S.

- Parch'd are the Plains, and frying is the Field,  
80 Nor with'ring Vines their juicy Vintage yield.  
But if returning *Phyllis* blest the Plain,  
The Grass revives; the Woods are green again;  
And *Jove* descends in Show'rs of kindly Rain.

F

C O R Y

## CORIDON.

The Poplar is by great *Alcides* worn:

- 85 The Brows of *Phæbus* his own Bays adorn.  
 The branching Vine the jolly *Bacchus* loves;  
 The *Cyprian* Queen delights in Mirtle Groves.  
 With Hazle, *Phyllis* crowns her flowing Hair,  
 And while she loves that common Wreath to wear;  
 90 Nor Bays, nor Myrtle Bows, with Hazle shall compare. }

## THYRSIS.

The tow'ring Ash is fairest in the Woods;  
 In Gardens Pines, and Poplars by the Floods:  
 But if my *Lycidas* will ease my Pains,  
 And often visit our forsaken Plains;

- 95 To him the tow'ring Ash shall yield in Woods,  
 In Gardens Pines, and Poplars by the Floods.

## MELIBŒUS.

I've heard: and, *Thyrsis*, you contend in vain:  
 For *Corydon*, young *Corydon* shall reign,  
 The Prince of Poets, on the *Mantuan* Plain. }

*The Eighth Pastoral.*

O R,

PHARMACEUTRIA.

The Argument.

*This Pastoral contains the Songs of Damon and Alphesibœus. The first of 'em bewails the loss of his Mistress, and repines at the Success of his Rival Mopsus. The other repeats the Charms of some Enchantress, who endeavour'd by her Spells and Magic to make Daphnis in Love with her.*

**T**HE mournful Muse of two despairing Swains,  
The Love rejected, and the Lovers' pains;  
To which the falvage *Linxes* lifting stood,  
The Rivers stood on heaps, and stop'd the running Flood,  
5 The hungry Herd their needful Food refuse;  
Of two despairing Swains, I sing the mournful Muse.

Great *Pollio*, thou for whom thy *Rome* prepares  
The ready Triumph of thy finish'd Wars,  
Whither *Timavus* or th' *Illirian* Coast,  
10 Whatever Land or Sea thy presence boast;  
Is there an hour in Fate reserv'd for me,  
To Sing thy Deeds in Numbers worthy thee?  
In numbers like to thine, cou'd I rehearse  
Thy lofty Tragick Scenes, thy labour'd Verse;  
15 The World another *Sophocles* in thee,  
Another *Homer* shou'd behold in me:  
Amidst thy Laurels let this Ivy twine,  
Thine was my earliest Muse; my latest shall be thine.  
Scarce from our upper World the Shades withdrew;  
20 Scarce were the Flocks refresh'd with Morning Dew,

F 2 When



To the Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup>  
Baron of  
in the County  
  
Charles Clifford  
Leinsbrough  
of York

When *Damon* stretch'd beneath an Olive Shade,  
 And wildly staring upwards, thus inveigh'd  
 Against the conscious Gods, and curs'd the cruel Maid. }  
 Star of the Morning, why dost thou delay?  
 25 Come, *Lucifer*, drive on the lagging Day.  
 While I my *Nisä's* perjur'd Faith deplore;  
 Witnes ye Pow'rs, by whom she falsely swore!  
 The Gods, alas, are Witneses in vain;  
 Yet shall my dying Breath to Heav'n complain. }  
 30 Begin with me, my Flute, the sweet *Menalian* Strain.

The Pines of *Menalus*, the vocal Grove,  
 Are ever full of Verse, and full of Love:  
 They hear the Hinds, they hear their God complain;  
 Who suffer'd not the Reeds to rise in vain: }  
 35 Begin with me, my Flute, the sweet *Menalian* Strain.

*Mopfus* triumphs; he weds the willing Fair:  
 When such is *Nisä's* choice, what Lover can despair!  
 Now Griffons join with Mares; another Age  
 Shall see the Hound and Hind their Thirst assuage,  
 40 Promiscuous at the Spring: Prepare the Lights,  
 O *Mopfus*! and perform the bridal Rites.  
 Scatter thy Nuts among the scrambling Boys:  
 Thine is the Night; and thine the Nuptial Joys:  
 For thee the Sun declines: O happy Swain!  
 45 Begin with me, my Flute, the sweet *Menalian* Strain.

O, *Nisä*! Justly to thy Choice condemn'd,  
 Whom hast thou taken, whom hast thou condemn'd!  
 For him, thou hast refus'd my browsing Herd,  
 Scorn'd my thick Eye-brows, and my shaggy Beard.  
 50 Unhappy *Damon* sighs, and sings in vain:  
 While *Nisä* thinks no God regards a Lover's pain. }  
 Begin with me, my Flute, the sweet *Menalian* Strain.

I view'd thee first; how fatal was the View!  
 And led thee where the ruddy Wildings grew, }  
 55 High on the planted hedge, and wet with Morning Dew. }  
 Then scarce the bending Branches I cou'd win;  
 The callow Down began to cloath my Chin;  
 I saw, I perish'd; yet indulg'd my Pain:  
 Begin with me, my Flute, the sweet *Menalian* Strain.

60 I know thee, Love; in Desarts thou wert bred;  
 And at the Dugs of Salvage Tygers fed:  
 Alien of Birth, Ufurper of the Plains:  
 Begin with me, my Flute, the sweet *Menalian* Strains.

Relentless Love the cruel Mother led,  
 65 The Blood of her unhappy Babes to shed:  
 Love lent the Sword; the Mother struck the blow;  
 Inhuman she; but more inhuman thou.  
 Alien of Birth, Ufurper of the Plains:  
 Begin with me, my Flute, the sweet *Menalian* Strains.

70 Old doting Nature change thy Course anew:  
 And let the trembling Lamb the Wolf pursue:  
 Let Oaks now glitter with *Hesperian* Fruit,  
 And purple Daffodils from Alder shoot.  
 Fat Amber let the Tamarisk distil:  
 75 And hooting Owls contend with Swans in Skill.  
 Hoarse *Tityrus* strive with *Orpheus* in the Woods:  
 And challenge fam'd *Arion* on the Floods.  
 Or, oh! let Nature cease; and *Chaos* reign:  
 Begin with me, my Flute, the sweet *Menalian* Strain.

80 Let Earth be Sea; and let the whelming Tide,  
 The lifeless Limbs of luckless *Damon* hide:

Farewel, ye secret Woods, and shady Groves,  
 Haunts of my Youth, and conscious of my Loves!  
 From yon high Cliff I plunge into the Main;  
 85 Take the last Present of thy dying Swain:  
 And cease, my silent Flute, the sweet *Mænlian* Strain.

Now take your Turns, ye Muses, to rehearse  
 His Friend's Complaint; and mighty Magick Verse.  
 Bring running Water; bind those Altars round  
 90 With Fillets; and with Vervain strow the Ground:  
 Make fat with Frankincense the sacred Fires;  
 To re-inflame my *Daphnis* with Desires.  
 'Tis done, we want but Verse. Restore, my Charms,  
 My lingring *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

105 Pale *Phæbe*, drawn by Verse from Heav'n descends:  
 And *Circe* chang'd with Charms *Ulysses* Friends.  
 Verse breaks the Ground, and penetrates the Brake;  
 And in the winding Cavern splits the Snake.  
 Verse fires the frozen Veins: Restore, my Charms,  
 100 My lingring *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

Around his waxen Image, first I wind  
 Three woollen Fillets, of three Colours join'd:  
 Thrice bind about his thrice devoted head,  
 Which round the sacred Altar thrice is led.  
 105 Unequal Numbers please the Gods: my Charms,  
 Restore my *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

Knit with three knots, the Fillets, knit 'em streight;  
 And say, These Knots to Love I consecrate.  
 Hasten, *Amaryllis*, hasten, my Charms,  
 110 My lovely *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

As

As Fire this Figure hardens, made of Clay;  
 And this of Wax with Fire consumes away;  
 Such let the Soul of cruel *Daphnis* be;  
 Hard to the rest of Women, soft to me.  
 115 Crumble the sacred Mole of Sate and Corn,  
 Next in the Fire the Bays with Brimstone burn.  
 And while it crackles in the Sulphur, say,  
 This, I for *Daphnis* burn; thus *Daphnis* burn away.  
 This Laurel is his Fate: Restore, my Charms,  
 120 My lovely *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

As when the raging Heyfar, through the Grove,  
 Stung with Desire, pursues her wand'ring Love;  
 Faint at the last, she seeks the weedy Pools,  
 To quench her thirst, and on the Rushes rows:  
 125 Careless of Night, unmindful to return,  
 Such fruitless Fires perfidious *Daphnis* burn.  
 While I to scorn his Love; Restore, my Charms,  
 My lingring *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

These Garments once were his; and left to me;  
 130 The Pledges of his promis'd Loyalty:  
 Which underneath my Threshold I bestow;  
 These Pawns, O sacred Earth! to me my *Daphnis* owe.  
 As these were his, so mine is he; my Charms,  
 Restore their lingring Lord to my deluded Arms.

135 These poy's'nous Plants, for Magick use design'd,  
 (The noblest and the best of all the baneful Kind,)  
 Old *Mævis* brought me from the *Pontick* Strand:  
 And cull'd the Mischief of a bounteous Land.  
 Smear'd with these pow'rful Juices, on the Plain,  
 140 He howls a Wolf among the hungry Train:

And

And oft the mighty Negromancer boasts,  
 With these, to call from Tombs the stalking Ghosts :  
 And from the roots to tear the standing Corn ;  
 Which, whirl'd aloft, to distant Fields is born.  
 145 Such is the strength of Spells; restore, my Charms,  
 My lingring *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

Bear out these Ashes; cast 'em in the Brook ;  
 Cast backwards o're your head, nor turn your look :  
 Since neither Gods, nor Godlike Verfe can move,  
 150 Break out ye smother'd Fires, and kindle smother'd Love.  
 Exert your utmost pow'r, my lingring Charms,  
 And force my *Daphnis* to my longing Arms.

See, while my last endeavours I delay,  
 The waking Ashes rise, and round our Altars play!  
 155 Run to the Threshold, *Amaryllis*, hark,  
 Our *Hylas* opens, and begins to bark.  
 Good Heav'n ! may Lovers what they wish believe ;  
 Or dream their wishes, and those dreams deceive !  
 No more, my *Daphnis* comes ; no more, my Charms ;  
 160 He comes, he runs, he leaps to my desiring Arms.

*The Ninth Pastoral.*

O R,

LYCIDAS, and MOERIS.

**The Argument.**

When Virgil, by the Favour of Augustus, had recover'd his Patrimony near Mantua, and went in hope to take Possession, he was in danger to be slain by Arius the Centurion, to whom those Lands were assign'd by the Emperour, in reward of his Service against Brutus and Cassius. This Pastoral therefore is fill'd with complaints of his hard Usage; and the Persons introduc'd, are the Bayliff of Virgil, Moeris, and his Friend Lycidas.

LYCIDAS.

**H**O Moeris! whether on thy way so fast?  
This leads to Town.

MOERIS.

O Lycidas, at last

The Time is come I never thought to see,  
5 (Strange Revolution for my Farm and me)  
When the grim Captain in a furlly Tone  
Cries out, pack up ye Rascals, and be gone.  
Kick'd out, we set the best Face on't we cou'd,  
And these two Kids, t' appease his angry Mood,  
10 I bear, of which the Furies give him good.

LYCIDAS.

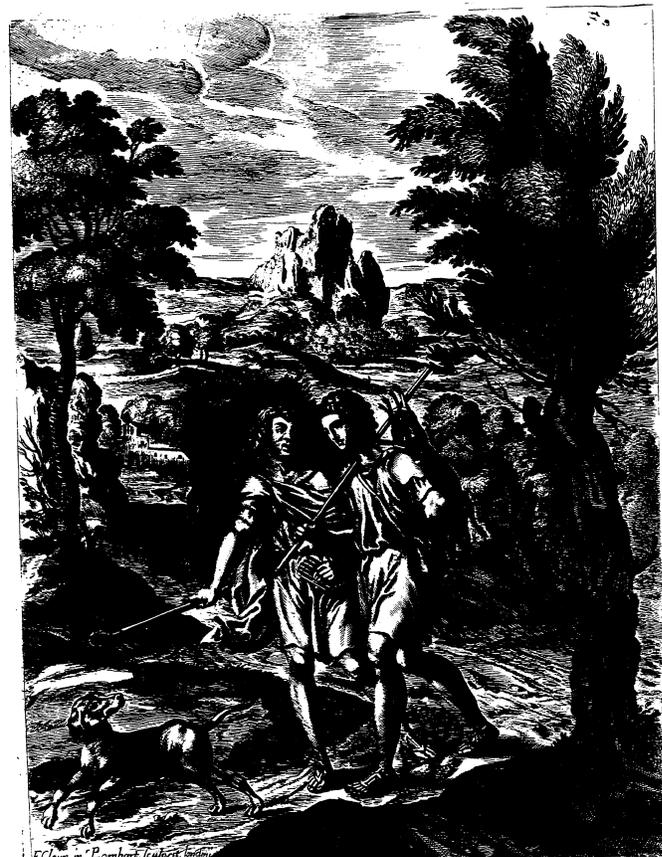
Your Country Friends were told another Tale;  
That from the sloaping Mountain to the Vale,  
And dodder'd Oak, and all the Banks along,  
Menalcas sav'd his Fortune with a Song.

MOERIS.

15 Such was the News, indeed, but Songs and Rhymes  
Prevail as much in these hard Iron Times,

G

As



*W. Clayton sculp. J. B. Smith del.*

To the Right Hon. the  
Marquise of Hartington  
the Duke of



William Lord  
Eldert Son to His Grace  
Devonshire.

As would a plump of trembling Fowl, that rise  
 Against an Eagle fousing from the Skies.  
 And had not *Phabus* warn'd me by the croak  
 20 Of an old Raven, from a hollow Oak,  
 To shun debate, *Menekas* had been slain,  
 And *Moevis* not surviv'd him, to complain.

LYCIDAS.

Now Heav'n defend! cou'd barb'rous Rage induce  
 The Brutal Son of *Mars*, t' insult the sacred Muse!  
 25 Who then shou'd sing the Nymphs, or who rehearse  
 The Waters gliding in a smoother Verse!  
 Or *Amaryllis* praise, that Heav'nly Lay,  
 That thorten'd as we went, our tedious Way.  
 O *Tityrus*, tend my Herd, and see them fed;  
 30 To Morning Pastures, Evening Waters led:  
 And 'ware the *Lybian* Ridgils butting Head.

MOERIS.

Or what unfinished He to *Varus* read;  
 Thy Name, O *Varus* (if the kinder Pow'r  
 Preserve our Plains, and shield the *Mantuan* Tow'rs,  
 35 Obnoxious by *Cremona's* neighb'ring Crime,  
 The Wings of Swans, and stronger pinion'd Rhyme,  
 Shall raise aloft, and soaring bear above  
 Th' immortal Gift of Gratitude to *Jove*.

LYCIDAS.

Sing on, sing on, for I can ne're be cloy'd,  
 40 So may thy Swarms the baleful Eugh avoid:  
 So may thy Cows their burden'd Bags distend,  
 And Trees to Goats their willing Branches bend.  
 Mean as I am, yet have the Muses made  
 Me free, a Member of the tuneful trade:  
 45 At least the Shepherds seem to like my Lays,  
 But I discern their Flatt'ry from their Praise:

I nor to *Cima's* Ears, nor *Varus* dare aspire,  
 But gabble like a Goose, amidst the Swan-like Quire.

MOERIS.

'Tis what I have been conning in my Mind:  
 50 Nor are they Verses of a Vulgar Kind.  
 Come, *Galatea*, come, the Seas forsake,  
 What Pleasures can the Tides with their hoarse Murmurs  
 See, on the Shore inhabits purple Spring; (make?  
 Where Nightingales their Love-sick Ditty sing;  
 55 See, Meads with purling Streams, with Flow'rs the Ground,  
 The Grottoes cool, with shady Poplars crown'd,  
 And creeping Vines on Arbours weav'd around.  
 Come then, and leave the Waves tumultuous roar,  
 Let the wild Surges vainly beat the Shore.

LYCIDAS.

60 Or that sweet Song I heard with such delight,  
 The same you sung alone one starry Night;  
 The Tune I still retain, but not the Words.

MOERIS.

Why, *Daphnis*, dost thou search in old Records,  
 To know the Seasons when the Stars arise?  
 65 See *Caesar's* Lamp is lighted in the Skies:  
 The Star, whose Rays the blushing Grapes adorn,  
 And swell the kindly ripening Ears of Corn.  
 Under this influence, graft the tender Shoot;  
 Thy Childrens Children shall enjoy the Fruit.  
 70 The rest I have forgot, for Cares and Time  
 Change all things, and untune my Soul to Rhime:  
 I cou'd have once sung down a Summer's Sun,  
 But now the Chime of Poetry is done.  
 My Voice grows hoarse; I feel the Notes decay,  
 75 As if the Wolves had seen me first to Day.  
 But these, and more than I to mind can bring,  
*Menekas* has not yet forgott to sing.

## LYCIDAS.

- Thy faint Excuses but inflame me more;  
And now the Waves rowl silent to the Shore.  
80 Hush! Winds the topmost Branches scarcely bend,  
As if thy tuneful Song they did attend:  
Already we have half our way o'recome;  
Far off I can discern *Bianor's* Tomb;  
Here, where the Labourer's hands have form'd a Bow'r  
85 Of wreathing Trees, in Singing waste an Hour.  
Rest here thy weary Limbs, thy Kids lay down,  
We've Day before us yet, to reach the Town:  
Or if e're Night the gathering Clouds we fear,  
A Song will help the beating Storm to bear.  
90 And that thou may'st not be too late abroad,  
Sing, and I'll ease thy Shoulders of thy Load.

## MOERIS.

- Cease to request me, let us mind our way;  
Another Song requires another Day.  
When good *Menalcas* comes, if he rejoyce,  
95 And find a Friend at Court, I'll find a Voice.

*The Tenth Pastoral.*

OR,

GALLUS.

The Argument.

Gallus a great Patron of Virgil, and an excellent Poet, was very deeply in Love with one Citheris, whom he calls Lycoris; and who had forsaken him for the Company of a Souldier. The Poet therefore supposes his Friend Gallus retir'd in his height of Melancholy into the Solitudes of Arcadia (the celebrated Scene of Pastorals); where he represents him in a very languishing Condition with all the Rural Deities about him, pitying his hard Wjage, and condoling his Misfortune.

**T**H Y sacred Succour, *Aethusa*, bring,  
 To crown my Labour: 'tis the last I sing.  
 Which proud *Lycoris* may with Pity view;  
 The Muse is mournful, tho' the Numbers few.  
 5 Refuse me not a Verse, to Grief and *Gallus* due.  
 So may thy Silver Streams beneath the Tide,  
 Unmix'd with briny Seas, securely glide.  
 Sing then, my *Gallus*, and his hopeless Vows;  
 Sing, while my Cattle crop the tender Browze.  
 10 The vocal Grove shall answer to the Sound,  
 And Echo, from the Vales, the tuneful Voice rebound.  
 What Lawns or Woods withheld you from his Aid,  
 Ye Nymphs, when *Gallus* was to Love betray'd;  
 To Love, unpity'd by the cruel Maid.  
 15 Not steepy *Pindus* cou'd retard your Course,  
 Nor cleft *Parnassus*, nor th' *Aonian* Source:  
 Nothing that owns the Muses cou'd suspend  
 Your Aid to *Gallus*, *Gallus* is their Friend.  
 For him the lofty Laurel stands in Tears;  
 20 And hung with humid Pearls the lowly Shrub appears.

*Mendelian*



To the Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup> Charles  
 Lords Comm.<sup>rs</sup> of his Maj.<sup>ty</sup>  
 Treasurer of his Maj.<sup>ty</sup> Excheq.  
 Hon.<sup>ble</sup> Privy

Montague Esq; one of the  
 Treasur.<sup>rs</sup> Chancellor and under  
 and one of his Maj.<sup>ty</sup> Most  
 Council.



- Mænalian* Pines the Godlike Swain bemoan ;  
 When spread beneath a Rock he sigh'd alone ;  
 And cold *Lycæus* wept from every dropping Stone. }  
 The Sheep surround their Shepherd, as he lyes :  
 25 Blush not, sweet Poet, nor the name despise :  
 Along the Streams his Flock *Adonis* fed ;  
 And yet the Queen of Beauty blest his Bed.  
 The Swains and tardy Neat-herds came, and last  
*Mænacas*, wet with beating Winter Mast.  
 30 Wond'ring, they ask'd from whence arose thy Flame ;  
 Yet, more amaz'd, thy own *Apollo* came.  
 Flush'd were his Cheeks, and glowing were his Eyes :  
 Is the thy Care, is the thy Care, he cries ?  
 Thy false *Lycoris* flies thy Love and thee ;  
 35 And for thy Rival tempts the raging Sea,  
 The Forms of horrid War, and Heav'n's Inclemency. }  
*Sylvanus* came: his Brows a Country Crown  
 Of Fennel, and of nodding Lillies, drown.  
 Great *Pan* arriv'd; and we beheld him too,  
 40 His Cheeks and Temples of Vermilion Hue.  
 Why, *Gallus*, this immoderate Grief, he cry'd:  
 Think'st thou that Love with Tears is satisf'd ?  
 The Meads are sooner drunk with Morning Dew ;  
 The Bees with flow'ry Shrubs, the Goats with Brouze.  
 45 Unmov'd, and with dejected Eyes, he mourn'd :  
 He paus'd, and then these broken Words return'd.  
 'Tis past; and Pity gives me no Relief :  
 But you, *Arcadian* Swains, shall sing my Grief :  
 And on your Hills, my last Complaints renew ;  
 50 So sad a Song is onely worthy you.  
 How light wou'd lye the Turf upon my Breast,  
 If you my Suff'rings in your Songs exprest ?  
 Ah! that your Birth and Bus'ness had been mine ;  
 To penn the Sheep, and press the swelling Vine !

Had

- 55 Had *Phyllis* or *Amynas* caus'd my Pain,  
 Or any Nymph, or Shepherd on the Plain,  
 Tho' *Phyllis* brown, tho' black *Amynas* were,  
 Are Violets not sweet, because not fair?  
 Beneath the Sallows, and the shady Vine,  
 60 My Loves had mix'd their pleasant Limbs with mine ;  
*Phyllis* with Myrtle Wreaths had crown'd my Hair,  
 And soft *Amynas* sung away my Care.  
 Come, see what Pleasures in our Plains abound ;  
 The Woods, the Fountains, and the flow'ry ground.  
 65 As you are beauteous, were you half so true,  
 Here cou'd I live, and love, and dye with only you.  
 Now I to fighting Fields am sent afar,  
 And strive in Winter Camps with toils of War ;  
 While you, (alas, that I shou'd find it so!)  
 70 To shun my fight, your Native Soil forgo,  
 And climb the frozen *Alps*, and tread th' eternal Snow. }  
 Ye Frosts and Snows her tender Body spare,  
 Those are not Limbs for Yficles to tear.  
 For me, the Wilds and Desarts are my Choice ;  
 75 The Muses, once my Care; my once harmonious Voice.  
 There will I sing, forsaken and alone,  
 The Rocks and hollow Caves shall echo to my Moan.  
 The Rind of ev'ry Plant her Name shall know ;  
 And as the Rind extends, the Love shall grow.  
 80 Then on *Arcadian* Mountains will I chase  
 (Mix'd with the Woodland Nymphs) the Salvage Race.  
 Nor Cold shall hinder me, with Horns and Hounds,  
 To thrid the Thickets, or to leap the Mounds,  
 And now methinks o're steepy Rocks I go ;  
 85 And rush through sounding Woods, and bend the *Parthian*  
 As if with Sports my Sufferings I could ease, (Bow :  
 Or by my Pains the God of Love appease.

My



- My Frenzy chang-s, I delight no more  
 On Mountain tops, to chace the tusky Boar;  
 90 No Game but hopeleſs Love my thoughts purſue:  
 Once more ye Nymphs, and Songs, and founding Woods  
 Love alters not for us, his hard Decrees, (adieu.  
 Not tho' beneath the *Thracian* Clime we freeze;  
 Or *Italy's* indulgent Heav'n forgo;  
 95 And in mid-Winter tread *Seythian* Snow.  
 Or when the Barks of Elms are ſcorch'd, we keep  
 On *Meroes* burning Plains the *Lybian* Sheep.  
 In Hill, and Earth, and Seas, and Heav'n above,  
 Love conquers all; and we muſt yield to Love.  
 100 My Muſes, here your ſacred Raptures end:  
 The Verſe was what I ow'd my ſuff'ring Friend.  
 This while I ſung, my Sorrows I deceiv'd,  
 And bending Oſiers into Baskets weav'd.  
 The Song, becauſe inspir'd by you, ſhall ſhine:  
 105 And *Gallus* will approve, becauſe 'tis mine.  
*Gallus*, for whom my holy Flames renew,  
 Each hour, and ev'ry moment riſe in view:  
 As Alders, in the Spring, their Boles extend;  
 And heave ſo fiercely, that the Bark they rend.  
 110 Now let us riſe, for hoarſeneſs oft invades  
 The Singer's Voice, who ſings beneath the Shades.  
 From Juniper, unwholſom Dewſ diſtill,  
 That blaſt the footy Corn; the with'ring Herbage kill;  
 Away, my Goats, away: for you have browz'd your fill.

The

TO THE  
 RIGHT HONOURABLE  
 PHILIP Earl of Cheſterfield, &c.

My Lord,

I Cannot begin my Addreſs to your Lordſhip, better than in the words  
 of Virgil,

— Quod optanti, Divum promittere Nemo  
 Auderet, volvenda Dies, en, attilit ultro.

Seven Years together I have conceal'd the longing which I had to appear be-  
 fore you: A time as tedious as *Eneas* paſſ'd in his wandering Voyage,  
 before he reach'd the promis'd Italy. But I conſider'd, that nothing which  
 my meaneſs cou'd produce, was worthy of your Patronage. At laſt this  
 happy Occaſion offer'd, of Preſenting to you the beſt Poem of the beſt Poet.  
 If I haſt'd this opportunity, I was in deſpair of finding ſuch another; and if  
 I took it, I was ſtill uncertain whether you wou'd vouchſafe to accept it from  
 my hands. 'Twas a bold venture which I made, in deſiring your permis-  
 ſion to lay my unworthy Labours at your feet. But my raſhneſs has ſuc-  
 ceeded beyond my hopes: And you have been pleas'd not to ſuſſer an Old Man  
 to go diſcontented out of the World, for want of that poſſiſſion, of which  
 he had been ſo long Ambitious. I have known a Gentleman in diſgrace,  
 and not daring to appear before King Charles the Second, though he much  
 deſir'd it: At length he took the confidence to attend a fair Lady to the  
 Court; and told His Majeſty, that under her proteſtione he had preſum'd  
 to wait on him. With the ſame humble confidence I preſent my ſelf before  
 your Lordſhip, and attending on Virgil hope a gracious reception. The  
 Gentleman ſucceeded, becauſe the powerful Lady was his Friend; but I have  
 too much injur'd my great Author, to expect he ſhould intercede for me.  
 I wou'd have Tranſlated him, but according to the literal French and  
 Italian Phraſes, I fear I have traduc'd him. 'Tis the fault of many a  
 well-meaning Man, to be officious in a wrong place, and do a prejudice, where  
 he had endeavour'd to do a ſervice. Virgil wrote his *Georgics* in the  
 full ſtrength and vigour of his Age, when his Judgment was at the height,  
 and before his Fancy was declining. He had, (according to our homely Say-  
 ing) his full ſwing at this Poem, beginning it about the Age of Thirty Five;  
 and ſcarce concluding it before he arriv'd at Forty. 'Tis observ'd both of  
 him, and Horace, and I believe it will hold in all great Poets; that though  
 they wrote before with a certain heat of Genius which inspir'd them, yet that  
 heat was not perfectly digeſted. There is requir'd a continuance of warmth  
 to ripen the beſt and Nobleſt Fruits. Thus Horace in his Firſt and Se-  
 cond

## To the Right Honourable

cond Book of Odes, was still rising, but came not to his Meridian 'till the Third. After which his Judgment was an overpoize to his Imagination: He grew too cautious to be bold enough, for he descended in his Fourth by slow degrees, and in his Satires and Epistles, was more a Philosopher and a Critick than a Poet. In the beginning of Summer the days are almost at a stand, with little variation of length or shortness, because at that time the Diurnal Motion of the Sun partakes more of a Right Line, than of a Spiral. The same is the method of Nature in the frame of Man. He seems at Forty to be fully in his Summer Tropic; somewhat before, and somewhat after, he finds in his Soul but small increase or decay. From Fifty to Threescore the Balance generally holds even, in our colder Climates: For he sits in the middle of the Firmament, and Judges, which is the effect of Observation, still increases: His succeeding years afford him little more than the stubble of his own Harvest: Yet if his Constitution be healthful, his Mind may still retain a decent vigour; and the Gleamings of that Ephraim, in Comparison with others, will surpass the Vintage of Abiezer. I have call'd this somewhat by a bold Metaphor, a green Old Age; but Virgil has given me his Authority for the Figure.

Jam Senior; sed Cruda Deo, viridifq; Senectus.

Amongst those few who enjoy the advantage of a latter Spring, your Lordship is a rare Example: Who being now arriv'd at your great Clymaxterique, yet give no proof of the least decay in your Excellent Judgment, and comprehension of all things, which are within the compass of Humane Understanding. Your Conversation is as easy as it is instructive, and I could never observe the least vanity or the least assuming in any thing you said: but a natural unaffected Modesty, full of good sense, and well digested. A clearness of Notion, express'd in ready and unfradul words. No Man has complain'd, or ever can, that you have discours'd too long on any Subject: for you leave us in an eagerness of Learning more; pleas'd with what we hear, but not satisfy'd, because you will not speak so much as we could wish. I dare not excuse your Lordship from this fault; for though 'tis none in you, 'tis one to all who have the happiness of being known to you. I must confess the Criticks make it one of Virgil's Beauties, that having said what he thought convenient, he always left somewhat for the imagination of his Readers to supply: That they might gratifie their fancies, by finding more, in what he had written, than at first they could; and think they had added to his thought, when it was all there before-hand, and he only sav'd himself the expense of words. However it was, I never went from your Lordship, but with a longing to return, or without a hearty Curse to him who invented Ceremonies in the World, and put me on the necessity of withdrawing, when it was my interest as well as my desire, to have given you a much longer trouble. I cannot imagine (if your Lordship will give me leave to speak my thoughts) but you have had a more than ordinary vigour in your Youth. For too much of heat is requir'd at first, that there may not too little be left at last. A prodigal Fire is only capable of large remains: And yours, my Lord, still burns the clearer in declining. The Blaze is not so fierce as at the first, but the Smoak is wholly vanish'd; and your Friends who stand about you, are not only sensible of a cheerful warmth, but are kept at an awful distance by its force. In my small Observations of Mankind, I have ever found, that such as are not rather too full of Spirit when they are young, degenerate to dullness in their Age. Sobriety in our riper years is the effect of a well-concocted warmth; but where

## PHILIP Earl of Chesterfield.

the Principles are only Phlegm, what can be expected from the watery Matter, but an insipid Manhood, and a stupid old Infancy; Discretion in Leading-strings, and a confirm'd ignorance on Crutches? Virgil in his Third Georgic, when he describes a Colt, who promises a Courser for the Race, or for the Field of Battel, shows him the first to pass the Bridge, which trembles under him, and to stem the current of the flood. His beginnings must be in rashness; a Noble Fault: But Time and Experience will correct that Error, and tame it into a deliberate and well-weigh'd Courage; which knows both to be cautious and to dare, as occasion offers. Your Lordship is a Man of Honour, not only so sustain'd, but so unquestion'd, that you are the living Standard of that Heroick Vertue; so truly such, that if I would flatter you, I could not. It takes not from you, that you were born with Principles of Generosity and Probity: But it adds to you, that you have cultivated Nature, and made those Principles, the Rule and Measure of all your Actions. The World knows this, without my telling: Yet Poets have a right of Recording it to all Posterity.

Dignum Laude Virum, Mula vetat Mori.

Epaminondas, Lucullus, and the two first Caesars, were not esteem'd the worst Commanders, for having made Philosophy, and the Liberal Arts their Study. Cicero might have been their Equal, but that he wanted Courage. To have both these Vertues, and to have improv'd them both, with a softness of Manners, and a sweetness of Conversation, few of our Nobility can fill that Character: One there is, and so conspicuous by his own light, that he needs not

Digito monstrari, & dicier Hic est.

To be Nobly Born, and of an Ancient Family, is in the extremes of Fortune, either good or bad; for Virtue and Descent are no Inheritance. A long Series of Ancestours shows the Native with great advantage at the first; but if he any way degenerate from his Line, the least Spot is visible on Ermine. But to preserve this whiteness in its Original Purity, you, my Lord, have, like that Ermine, forsaken the common Track of Business, which is not always clean: You have chosen for your self a private Greatness, and will not be polluted with Ambition. It has been observ'd in former times, as they now have least deserv'd their Stations. But such only merit to be call'd Patriots, under whom we see their Country Flourish. I have laugh'd sometimes (for who would always be a Heraclitus?) when I have reflect'd on those Men, who from time to time have shot themselves into the World. I have seen many Successions of them; some bolting out upon the Stage with vast applause, and others hiss'd off, and quitting it with disgrace: But while they were in action, I have constantly observ'd, that they seem'd desirous to retreat from Business: Greatness they said was unsafe, and a Crowd was troublesome; a quiet privacy was their Ambition. Some few of them I believe said this in earnest, and were making a provision against future want, that they might enjoy their Age with ease: They saw the happiness of a private Life, and promis'd to themselves a Blessing, which every day it was in their power to possess. But they deserv'd it, and linger'd still at Court, because they thought they had not yet enough to make them happy: They would have more, and laid in to make their Solitude Luxurious: A wretched Philosophy, which Epicurus never taught them in his Garden: They lov'd the prospect of this

## To the Right Honourable

quiet in reversion, but were not willing to have it in possession; they wou'd first be Old, and made as sure of Health and Life, as if both of them were at their disposal. But put them to the necessity of a present choice, and they prefer'd continuance in Power: Like the Wretch who call'd Death to his assistance, but refus'd it when he came. The Great Scipio was not of their Opinion, who indeed sought Honours in his Youth, and indur'd the Fatigues with which he purchas'd them. He serv'd his Country when it was in need of his Courage and his Conduct, 'till he thought it was time to serve himself: But dismount'd from the Saddle, when he found the Beast which bore him, began to grow restiff and ungovernable. But your Lordship has given us a better Example of Moderation. You saw betimes that Ingratitude is not confin'd to Commonwealths; and therefore though you were form'd alike, for the greatest of Civil Employments, and Military Commands, yet you refus'd not your Fortune to rise in either; but contented your self with being capable, as much as any whosoever, of defending your Country with your Sword, or assisting it with your Counsel, when you were call'd. For the rest, the respect and love which was paid you, not only in the Province where you live, but generally by all who had the happiness to know you, was a wise Exchange for the Honours of the Court: A place of forgetfulness, at the best, for well deservers. 'Tis necessary for the polishing of Manners, to have breath'd that Air, but 'tis infectious even to the best Morals to live always in it. 'Tis a dangerous Commerce, where an honest Man is sure at the first of being Cheated; and he recovers not his Losses, but by learning to Cheat others. The undermining Smile becomes a length habitus; and the drift of his plausible Conversation, is only to flatter one, that he may betray another. Yet 'tis good to have been a looker on, without venturing to play; that a Man may know false Dice another time, though he never means to use them. I commend not him who never knew a Court, but him who forsakes it because he knows it. A young Man deserves no praise, who out of melancholy Zeal leaves the World before he has well try'd it, and runs headlong into Religion. He who carries a Maidenhead into a Cloyster, is sometimes apt to lose it there, and to repent of his Repentance. He only is like to endure austerities, who has already found the inconvenience of Pleasures. For almost every Man will be making Experiments in one part or another of his Life. And the danger is the less when we are young: For having try'd it early, we shall not be apt to repeat it afterwards. Your Lordship therefore may properly be said to have chosen a Retreat; and not to have chosen it 'till you had maturely weigh'd the advantages of rising higher with the hazards of the fall. Res non parva labore, sed relicta, was thought by a Poet, to be one of the requisites to a happy Life. Why shou'd a reasonable Man put it into the power of Fortune to make him miserable, when his Ancestours have taken care to releas him from her? Let him venture, says Horace, Qui Zonam perdidit. He who has nothing, plays securely, for he may win, and cannot be poorer if he loses. But he who is born to a plentiful Estate, and is Ambitious of Offices at Court, sets a stake to Fortune, which she can seldom answer: If he gains nothing, he loses all, or part of what was once his own; and if he gets, he cannot be certain but he may refund.

In short, however he succeeds, 'tis Covetousness that induc'd him first to play, and Covetousness is the undoubted sign of ill sense at bottom. The Odds are against him that he loses, and one loss may be of more consequence to him, than all his former winnings. 'Tis like the present War of the Christians against the Turk; every year they gain a Victory, and by that a Town; but if they are once defeated, they lose a Province at a blow, and endanger the safety of the whole Empire. You, my Lord, enjoy your quiet in a Garden,

## PHILIP Earl of Chesterfield.

den, where you have not only the leisure of thinking, but the pleasure to think of nothing which can discompose your Mind. A good Conscience is a Port which is Land-locked on every side; and where no Winds can possibly invade, no Tempests can arise. There a Man may stand upon the Shore, and not only see his own Image, but that of his Maker, clearly reflected from the undisturb'd and silent waters. Reason was intended for a Blessing, and such it is to Men of Honour and Integrity; who desire no more, than what they are able to give themselves; like the happy Old Coricyan, whom my Author describes in his Fourth Georgic; whose Fruits and Salads on which he liv'd contented, were all of his own growth, and his own Plantation. Virgil seems to think that the Blessings of a Country Life are not complet, without an improvement of Knowledge by Contemplation and Reading.

O Fortunatos nimium, bona si sua norint  
Agricolas!

'Tis but half possession not to understand that happiness which we possess: A foundation of good Sense, and a cultivation of Learning, are requir'd to give a seasoning to Retirement, and make us taste the blessing. God has bestow'd on your Lordship the first of these, and you have bestow'd on your self the second. Eden was not made for Beasts, though they were suffer'd to live in it, but for their Master, who studied God in the Works of his Creation. Neither cou'd the Devil have been happy there with all his Knowledge, for he wanted Innocence to make him so. He brought Envy, Malice, and Ambition into Paradise, which sour'd to him the sweetness of the Place. Wherever inordinate Affections are, 'tis Hell. Such only can enjoy the Country, who are capable of thinking when they are there, and have left their Passions behind them in the Town. Then they are prepar'd for Solitude; and in that Solitude is prepar'd for them.

Et securus quietis, & neficia fallere vita.

As I began this Dedication with a Verse of Virgil, so I conclude it with another. The continuance of your Health, to enjoy that Happiness which you so well deserve, and which you have provided for your self, is the sincere and earnest Wish of

Your Lordship's most Devoted;

and most Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

AN

AN  
**ESSAY**  
 ON THE  
**GEORGICS.**

**V**IRGIL may be reckon'd the first who introduc'd three new kinds of Poetry among the *Romans*, which he Copied after three the Greatest Masters of *Greece*. *Theocritus* and *Homér* have still disput'd for the advantage over him in *Pastoral* and *Heroick*, but I think all are Unanimous in giving him the precedence to *Hesiod* in his *Georgics*. The truth of it is, the Sweetness and Rusticity of a *Pastoral* cannot be so well express'd in any other Tongue as in the *Greek*, when rightly mixt and qualified with the *Doric* Dialect; nor can the Majesty of an Heroick Poem any where appear so well as in this Language, which has a Natural greatness in it, and can be often render'd more deep and sonorous by the Pronunciation of the *Ionians*. But in the middle Stile, where the Writers in both Tongues are on a Level: we see how far *Virgil* has excell'd all who have written in the same way with him.

There has been abundance of Criticism spent on *Virgil's Pastorals* and *Æneids*, but the *Georgics* are a Subject which none of the *Criticks* have sufficiently taken into their Consideration; most of 'em passing it over in silence, or casting it under the same head with *Pastoral*; a division by no means proper, unless we suppose the Stile of a Husbandman ought to be imitated in a *Georgic* as that of a Shepherd is in *Pastoral*. But tho' the Scene of both these Poems lies in the same place; the Speakers in them are of a quite different Character, since the Precepts of Husbandry are not to be deliver'd with the simplicity of a Plow-Man, but with the Address of a Poet. No Rules therefore that relate to *Pastoral*, can any way affect the *Georgics*, which fall under that Class of Poetry which consists in giving plain and direct Instructions to the Reader; whether they be Moral Duties, as those of *Theognis* and *Pythagoras*; or Philosophical Speculations, as those of *Aratus* and *Lucretius*; or Rules of Practice, as those of *Hesiod* and *Virgil*. Among these different kinds of Subjects, that which the *Georgics* goes upon, is I think the meanest and the least improving, but the most pleasing and delightful. Precepts of Morality, besides the Natural Corruption of our Tempers, which makes us averse to them, are so abstracted from Ideas of Sense, that they seldom give an oppor-

An ESSAY on the Georgics.

portunity for those Beautiful Descriptions and Images which are the Spirit and Life of Poetry. Natural Philosophy has indeed sensible Objects to work upon, but then it often puzzles the Reader with the Intricacy of its Notions, and perplexes him with the multitude of its Disputes. But this kind of Poetry I am now speaking of, addresses it self wholly to the Imagination: It is altogether Conversant among the Fields and Woods, and has the most delightful part of Nature for its Province. It raises in our Minds a pleasing variety of Scenes and Landscips, whilst it teaches us: and makes the dryest of its Precepts look like a Description. A *Georgic* therefore is some part of the Science of Husbandry put into a pleasing Dress, and set off with all the Beauties and Embellishments of Poetry. Now since this Science of Husbandry is of a very large extent, the Poet shews his Skill in singling out such Precepts to proceed on, as are useful, and at the same time most capable of Ornament. *Virgil* was so well acquainted with this Secret, that to set off his first *Georgic*, he has run into a set of Precepts, which are almost foreign to his Subject, in that Beautiful account he gives us of the Signs in Nature, which precede the Changes of the Weather.

And if there be so much Art in the choice of fit Precepts, there is much more requir'd in the Treating of 'em; that they may fall in after each other by a Natural unforc'd Method, and shew themselves in the best and most advantageous Light. They should all be so finely wrought together into the same Piece, that no course Seam may discover where they join; as in a Curious Brede of Needle-Work, one Colour falls away by such just degrees, and another rises so insensibly, that we see the variety, without being able to distinguish the total vanishing of the one from the first appearance of the other. Nor is it sufficient to range and dispose this Body of Precepts into a clear and easie Method, unless they are deliver'd to us in the most pleasing and agreeable manner: For there are several ways of conveying the same Truth to the Mind of Man, and to chuse the pleasantest of these ways, is that which chiefly distinguishes Poetry from Prose, and makes *Virgil's* Rules of Husbandry pleasanter to read than *Varro's*. Where the Prose-writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the Poet often conceals the Precept in a description, and represents his Country-Man performing the Action in which he would instruct his Reader. Where the one sets out as fully and distinctly as he can, all the parts of the Truth, which he would communicate to us; the other singles out the most pleasing Circumstance of this Truth, and so conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the Understanding. I shall give one Instance out of a multitude of this nature, that might be found in the *Georgics*, where the Reader may see the different ways *Virgil* has taken to express the same thing, and how much pleasanter every manner of Expression is, than the plain and direct mention of it would have been. It is in the Second *Georgic* where he tells us what Trees will bear Grafting on each other.

*Et sepe alterius ramos impune videmus,  
 Vertere in alterius, mutatamq; insita mala  
 Ferre pyrum, & prunis lapidosa rubescere cornu.  
 —Steriles Platani malos gessere valentes,  
 Castaneæ fagos, ornusq; incanis albo  
 Flore pyri: Glandemq; fues frangere sub ulmis.*

—Nec

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An ESSAY on the Georgics.

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—*Nec longum tempus : & ingens  
Exiit ad Cælum ramis felicitibus arbor ;  
Miraturq; novus frondes, & non sua poma.*

Here we see the Poet consider'd all the Effects of this Union between Trees of different kinds, and took notice of that Effect which had the most surprize, and by consequence the most delight in it, to express the capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of Writing is every where much in use among the Poets, and is particularly practis'd by *Virgil*, who loves to suggest a Truth indirectly, and without giving us a full and open view of it: To let us see just so much as will naturally lead the Imagination into all the parts that lie conceal'd. This is wonderfully diverting to the Understanding, thus to receive a Precept, that enters as it were through a By-way, and to apprehend an Idea that draws a whole train after it: For here the Mind, which is always delighted with its own Discoveries, only takes the hint from the Poet, and seems to work out the rest by the strength of her own faculties.

But since the inculcating Precept upon Precept, will at length prove tiresom to the Reader, if he meets with no other Entertainment, the Poet must take care not to encumber his Poem with too much Business; but sometimes to relieve the Subject with a Moral Reflection, or let it rest a while for the sake of a pleasant and pertinent digression. Nor is it sufficient to run out into beautiful and diverting digressions (as it is generally thought) unless they are brought in aptly, and are something of a piece with the main design of the *Georgic*: for they ought to have a remote alliance at least to the Subject, that so the whole Poem may be more uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We shou'd never quite lose sight of the Country, tho' we are sometimes entertain'd with a distant prospect of it. Of this nature are *Virgil's* Descriptions of the Original of *Agriculture*, of the Fruitfulness of *Italy*, of a Country Life, and the like, which are not brought in by force, but naturally rise out of the principal Argument and Design of the Poem. I know no one digression in the *Georgics* that may seem to contradict this Observation, besides that in the latter end of the First Book, where the Poet launches out into a discourse of the Battle of *Pharsalia*, and the Actions of *Augustus*: But it's worth while to consider how admirably he has turn'd the course of his narration into its proper Channel, and made his Husbandman concern'd even in what relates to the Battle, in those inimitable Lines,

*Scilicet & tempus veniet, cum finibus illis  
Agricola in curvo terram molitus aratro,  
Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila:  
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsat inanes,  
Grandiæq; effulsis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.*

And afterwards speaking of *Augustus's* Actions, he still remembers that *Agriculture* ought to be some way hinted at throughout the whole Poem.

—*Non ullus Aratro  
Dignus homo: squalens abductis arva colonis:  
Et curvæ rigidam falces conflantur in Ensem.*

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An ESSAY on the Georgics.

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We now come to the Style which is proper to a *Georgic*; and indeed this is the part on which the Poet must lay out all his strength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that every thing he describes may immediately present it self, and rise up to the Reader's view. He ought in particular to be careful of not letting his Subject debase his Style, and betray him into a means of Expression, but every where to keep up his Verse in all the Pomp of Numbers, and Dignity of words.

I think nothing which is a Phrase or Saying in common talk shou'd be admitted into a serious Poem: because it takes off from the Solemnity of the expression, and gives it too great a turn of Familiarity: much less ought the low Phrases and Terms of Art, that are adapted to Husbandry, have any place in such a Work as the *Georgic*, which is not to appear in the natural simplicity and nakedness of its Subject, but in the pleasantest Dress that Poetry can bestow on it. Thus *Virgil*, to deviate from the common form of words, wou'd not make use of *Tempore* but *Sidere* in his first Verse, and every where else abounds with *Metaphors*, *Gracisms*, and *Circumlocutions*, to give his Verse the greater Pomp, and preserve it from sinking into a Plebeian Style. And herein consists *Virgil's* Master-piece, who has not only excell'd all other Poets, but even himself in the Language of his *Georgics*; where we receive more strong and lively Ideas of things from his words, than we cou'd have done from the Objects themselves: and find our Imaginations more affected by his Descriptions, than they wou'd have been by the very sight of what he describes.

I shall now, after this short Scheme of Rules, consider the different success that *Hesiod* and *Virgil* have met with in this kind of Poetry, which may give us some further Notion of the Excellence of the *Georgics*. To begin with *Hesiod*; If we may guess at his Character from his Writings, he had much more of the Husbandman than the Poet in his Temper: He was wonderfully Grave, Discreet, and Frugal, he liv'd altogether in the Country, and was probably for his great Prudence the Oracle of the whole Neighbourhood. These Principles of good Husbandry ran through his Works, and directed him to the choice of Tillage, and Merchandise, for the Subject of that which is the most Celebrated of them. He is every where bent on Instruction, avoids all manner of Digressions, and does not stir out of the Field once in the whole *Georgic*. His Method in describing Month after Month with its proper Seasons and Employments, is too grave and simple; it takes off from the surprize and variety of the Poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern Almanack in Verse. The Reader is carried through a course of Weather, and may beforehand guess whether he is to meet with Snow or Rain, Clouds or Sunshine in the next Description. His Descriptions indeed have abundance of Nature in them, but then it is Nature in her simplicity and undress. Thus when he speaks of *January*; the Wild-Beasts, says he, run shivering through the Woods with their Heads stooping to the ground, and their Tails clapt between their Legs; the Goats and Oxen are almost dead with Cold; but it is not so bad with the Sheep, because they have a thick Coat of Wool about 'em. The Old-Men too are bitterly pinch'd with the Weather, but the young Girls feel nothing of it, who sit at home

with

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## An ESSAY on the Georgics.

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with their Mothers by a warm Fire-side. Thus does the Old Gentleman give himself up to a loose kind of Tattle, rather than endeavour after a just Poetical Description. Nor has he shewn more of Art or Judgment in the Precepts he has given us, which are sown so very thick, that they clog the Poem too much, and are often so minute and full of Circumstances, that they weaken and un-nerve his Verse. But after all, we are beholding to him for the first rough *sketch* of a *Georgic*: where we may still discover something venerable in the Antiquity of the Work; but if we wou'd see the Design enlarg'd, the Figures reform'd, the Colouring laid on, and the whole Piece finish'd, we must expect it from a greater Master's hand.

*Virgil* has drawn out the Rules for Tillage and Planting into Two Books, which *Hesiod* has dispatch'd in half a one; but has so rais'd the natural rudeness and simplicity of his Subject with such a significancy of Expression, such a Pomp of Verse, such variety of Transitions, and such a solemn Air in his Reflections, that if we look on both Poets together, we see in one the plainness of a down-right Country-Man, and in the other, something of a Rustick Majesty, like that of a *Roman Dictator* at the Plow-Tail. He delivers the meanest of his Precepts with a kind of Grandeur, he breaks the Clods and tosses the Dung about with an air of gracefulness. His Prognostications of the Weather are taken out of *Aratus*, where we may see how judiciously he has pickt out those that are most proper for his Husbandman's Observation; how he has enforce'd the Expression, and heighten'd the Images which he found in the Original.

The Second Book has more wit in it, and a greater boldness in its Metaphors than any of the rest. The Poet with a great Beauty applies Oblivion, Ignorance, Wonder, Desire and the like to his Trees. The last *Georgic* has indeed as many Metaphors, but not so daring as this; for Humane Thoughts and Passions may be more naturally ascrib'd to a Bee, than to an Inanimate Plant. He who reads over the Pleasures of a Country Life, as they are describ'd by *Virgil* in the latter end of this Book, can scarce be of *Virgil's* Mind, in preferring even the Life of a Philosopher to it.

We may I think read the Poet's Clime in his Description, for he seems to have been in a sweat at the Writing of it.

—O *Quis me gelidis sub Montibus Hami*  
*Sistat, & ingenti ramorum proteget umbra!*

And is every where mentioning among his chief Pleasures, the coolness of his Shades and Rivers, Vales and Grottos, which a more Northern Poet wou'd have omitted for the description of a Sunny Hill, and Fire-side.

The Third *Georgic* seems to be the most labour'd of 'em all; there is a wonderful Vigour and Spirit in the description of the Horse and Chariot-Race. The force of Love is represented in Noble Instances, and very Sublime Expressions. The *Syrian* Winter-piece appears so very cold and bleak to the Eye, that a Man can scarce look on it without shivering. The Murrain at the end has all the expressiveness that

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## An ESSAY on the Georgics.

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that words can give. It was here that the Poet strain'd hard to out-do *Lucretius* in the description of his Plague; and if the Reader wou'd see what success he had, he may find it at large in *Scaliger*.

But *Virgil* seems no where so well pleas'd, as when he is got among his Bees in the Fourth *Georgic*: And Ennobles the Actions of so trivial a Creature, with Metaphors drawn from the most important Concerns of Mankind. His Verses are not in a greater noise and hurry in the Battels of *Aeneas* and *Turnus*, than in the Engagement of two Swarms. And as in his *Aeneis* he compares the Labours of his *Trojans* to those of Bees and Pillinires, here he compares the Labours of the Bees to those of the *Cyclops*. In short, the last *Georgic* was a good Prelude to the *Aeneis*; and very well shew'd what the Poet could do in the description of what was really great, by his describing the Mock-grandeur of an Insect with so good a grace. There is more pleafantness in the little Platform of a Garden, which he gives us about the middle of this Book, than in all the spacious Walks and Water-works of *Rapin's*. The Speech of *Proteus* at the end can never be enough admir'd, and was indeed very fit to conclude so Divine a Work.

After this particular account of the Beauties in the *Georgics*, I shou'd in the next place endeavour to point out its imperfections, if it has any. But tho' I think there are some few parts in it that are not so Beautiful as the rest, I shall not presume to name them, as rather suspecting my own Judgment, than I can believe a fault to be in that Poem, which lay so long under *Virgil's* Correction, and had his last hand put to it. The first *Georgic* was probably Burlesqu'd in the Author's Lifetime; for we still find in the Scholiasts a Verse that ridicules part of a Line Translated from *Hesiod*. *Nudus Ara, sere Nudus*—And we may easily guess at the Judgment of this extraordinary Critick, who ever he was, from his Centuring this particular Precept. We may be sure *Virgil* wou'd not have Translated it from *Hesiod*, had he not discover'd some Beauty in it; and indeed the Beauty of it is what I have before observ'd to be frequently met with in *Virgil*, the delivering the Precept so indirectly, and singling out the particular circumstance of Sowing and Plowing naked, to suggest to us that these Employments are proper only in the hot Season of the Year.

I shall not here compare the Style of the *Georgics* with that of *Lucretius*, which the Reader may see already done in the Preface to the Second Volume of *Miscellany Poems*; but shall conclude this Poem to be the most Compleat, Elaborate, and finish'd Piece of all Antiquity. The *Aeneis* indeed is of a Nobler kind, but the *Georgic* is more perfect in its kind. The *Aeneid* has a greater variety of Beauties in it, but those of the *Georgic* are more exquisite. In short, the *Georgic* has all the perfection that can be expected in a Poem written by the greatest Poet in the Flower of his Age, when his Invention was ready, his Imagination warm, his Judgment settled, and all his Faculties in their full Vigour and Maturity.

VIRGIL'S

# Virgil's Georgics.

## The First Book of the Georgics.

### The Argument.

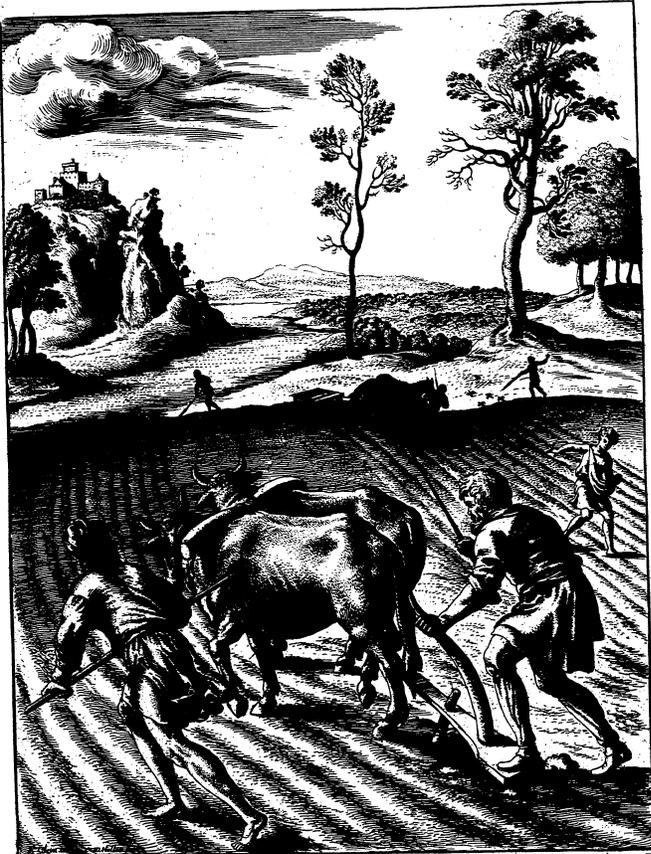
The Poet, in the beginning of this Book, propounds the general Design of each Georgic; And after a solemn Invocation of all the Gods who are any way related to his Subject, he addresses himself in particular to Augustus, whom he complements with Divinity, and after strikes into his Business: He shews the different kinds of Tillage proper to different Soils; traces out the Original of Agriculture, gives a Catalogue of the Husbandman's Tools, specifies the Employments peculiar to each Season; describes the changes of the Weather, with the Signs in Heaven and Earth that fore-bode them. Instances many of the Prodiges that happen'd near the time of Julius Cæsar's Death. And shuts up all with a Supplication to the Gods for the Safety of Augustus, and the Preservation of Rome.

What makes a plenteous Harvest, when to turn  
The fruitful Soil, and when to sow the Corn;  
The Care of Sheep, of Oxen, and of Kine;  
And how to raise on Elms the teeming Vine;  
5 The Birth and Genius of the frugal Bee,  
I sing, *Mecenas*, and I sing to thee,

Ye Deities! who Fields and Plains protect,  
Who rule the Seasons, and the Year direct;  
*Bacchus* and soft'ning *Ceres*, Pow'rs Divine,  
10 Who gave us Corn for Mast, for Water Wine.  
Ye Fawns, propitious to the Rural Swains,  
Ye Nymphs that haunt the Mountains and the Plains,  
Join in my Work, and to my Numbers bring  
Your needful Succour, for your Gifts I sing.

H

And



To *Thomas Trevor*  
His Majesty's  
of the Inner Temple Knight  
Attorney General.

Geor: 1. 1.

- 15 And thou, whose Trident struck the teeming Earth,  
And made a Passage for the Courfers Birth.  
And thou, for whom the *Cean* Shore sustains  
Thy Milky Herds, that graze the Flow'ry Plains.  
And thou, the Shepherds tutelary God,  
20 Leave, for a while, O *Pan!* thy lov'd Abode:  
And, if *Arcadian* Fleeces be thy Care,  
From Fields and Mountains to my Song repair.  
Inventor, *Pallas*, of the fatning Oyl,  
Thou Founder of the Plough and Plough-man's Toyl;  
25 And thou, whose Hands the Shrowd-like Cyprefs rear;  
Come all ye Gods and Goddesfes, that wear  
The rural Honours, and increafe the Year.  
You, who fupply the Ground with Seeds of Grain;  
And you, who fwel thofe Seeds with kindly Rain;  
30 And chiefly thou, whose undetermin'd State  
Is yet the Bufinefs of the Gods Debate:  
Whether in after Times to be declar'd  
The Patron of the World, and *Rome's* peculiar Guard,  
Or o're the Fruits and Seasons to prefide,  
35 And the round Circuit of the Year to guide.  
Pow'rful of Bleffings, which thou ftrew'ft around,  
And with thy Goddefs Mother's Myrtle crown'd.  
Or wilt thou, *Cefar*, chufe the watry Reign,  
To fmoother the Surges, and correct the Main?  
40 Then Mariners, in Storms, to thee fhall pray,  
Ev'n utmoft *Thule* fhall thy Pow'r obey;  
And *Neptune* fhall refign the Fafces of the Sea.  
The wat'ry Virgins for thy Bed fhall ftrive,  
And *Tethys* all her Waves in Dowry give.  
45 Or wilt thou blefs our Summers with thy Rays,  
And feated near the Ballance, poife the Days:  
Where in the Void of Heav'n a Space is free,  
Betwixt the *Scorpion* and the *Maid* for thee.

The

- The *Scorpion* ready to receive thy Laws,  
50 Yields half his Region, and contracts his Claws.  
Whatever part of Heav'n thou fhalt obtain,  
For let not Hell prefume of fuch a Reign;  
Nor let fo dire a Thirft of Empire move  
Thy Mind, to leave thy Kindred Gods above.  
55 Tho' *Greece* admires *Elyfium's* bleft Retreat,  
Tho' *Proferpine* affects her filent Seat,  
And importun'd by *Ceres* to remove,  
Prefers the Fields below to thofe above.  
But thou, propitious *Cefar*, guide my Courfe,  
60 And to my bold Endeavours add thy Force.  
Pity the Poet's and the Ploughman's Cares,  
Int'reft thy Greatnefs in our mean Affairs,  
And ufe thy felf betimes to hear our Pray'rs.  
While yet the Spring is young, while Earth unbinds  
65 Her frozen Bofom to the Weftern Winds;  
While Mountain Snows difolve againft the Sun,  
And Streams, yet new, from Precipices run.  
Ev'n in this early Dawning of the Year,  
Produce the Plough, and yoke the fturdy Steer,  
70 And goad him till he groans beneath his Toil,  
'Till the bright Share is bury'd in the Soil.  
That Crop rewards the greedy Peafant's Pains,  
Which twice the Sun, and twice the Cold fuffains,  
And burfts the crowded Barns, with more than promis'd  
75 But e're we ftir the yet unbroken Ground, (Gains.)  
The various Courfe of Seasons muft be found;  
The Weather, and the fetting of the Winds,  
The Culture fuiting to the fev'ral Kinds  
Of Seeds and Plants; and what will thrive and rife,  
80 And what the Genius of the Soil denies.  
This Ground with *Bacchus*, that with *Ceres* fuits:  
That other loads the Trees with happy Fruits.

H 2

A

- A fourth with Grass, unbidden, decks the Ground:  
 Thus *Tmolus* is with yellow Saffron crown'd:  
 85 *India*, black Ebon and white Ivory bears:  
 And soft *Lidume* weeps her od'rous Tears.  
 Thus *Pontus* sends her Beaver Stones from far;  
 And naked *Spaniards* temper Steel for War.  
*Epirus* for th' *Elean* Chariot breeds,  
 90 (In hopes of Palms,) a Race of running Steeds.  
 This is the Orig'nal Contract; these the Laws  
 Impos'd by Nature, and by Nature's Cause,  
 On sundry Places, when *Deucalion* hurl'd  
 his Mother's Entrails on the defart World:  
 95 Whence Men, a hard laborious Kind, were born.  
 Then borrow part of Winter for thy Corn;  
 And early with thy Team the Gleebe in Furrows turn.  
 That while the Turf lies open, and unbound,  
 Succeeding Suns may bake the Mellow Ground.  
 100 But if the Soil be barren, only fear  
 The Surface, and but lightly print the Share,  
 When cold *Arcturus* rises with the Sun:  
 Left wicked Weeds the Corn shou'd over-run  
 In watry Soils; or left the barren Sand  
 105 Shou'd suck the Moisture from the thirsty Land.  
 Both these unhappy Soils the Swain forbears,  
 And keeps a Sabbath of alternate Years:  
 That the spent Earth may gather heart again;  
 And, better'd by Cessation, bear the Grain.  
 110 At least where Vetches, Pulse, and Tares have stood,  
 And Stalks of Lupines grew (a stubborn Wood)  
 Th' ensuing Season, in return, may bear  
 The bearded product of the Golden Year.  
 For Flax and Oats will burn the tender Field,  
 115 And sleepy Poppies harmful Harvests yield.

But

- But sweet Vicissitudes of Rest and Toyl  
 Make easy Labour, and renew the Soil.  
 Yet sprinkle fordid Athes all around,  
 And load with fat'ning Dung thy fallow Ground.  
 120 Thus change of Seeds for meagre Soils is best;  
 And Earth manur'd, not idle, though at rest.  
 Long Practice has a sure Improvement found,  
 With kindled Fires to burn the barren Ground;  
 When the light Scabble, to the Flames resign'd,  
 125 Is driv'n along, and crackles in the Wind.  
 Whether from hence the hollow Womb of Earth  
 Is warm'd with secret Strength for better Birth,  
 Or when the latent Vice is cur'd by Fire,  
 Redundant Humours thro' the Pores expire;  
 130 Or that the Warmth distends the Chinks, and makes  
 New Breathings, whence new Nourishment the takes;  
 Or that the Heat the gaping Ground constrains,  
 New Knits the Surface, and new Strings the Veins;  
 Left soaking Show'rs shou'd pierce her secret Seat,  
 135 Or freezing *Boreas* chill her genial Heat;  
 Or scorching Suns too violently bear.  
 Nor is the Profit small, the Peasant makes;  
 Who smooths with Harrows, or who pounds with Rakes  
 The crumbling Clods: Nor *Ceres* from on high  
 140 Regards his Labours with a grudging Eye;  
 Nor his, who plows across the furrow'd Grounds,  
 And on the Back of Earth inflicts new Wounds:  
 For he with frequent Exercise Commands  
 Th' unwilling Soil, and tames the stubborn Lands.  
 145 Ye Swains, invoke the Pow'rs who rule the Sky,  
 For a moist Summer, and a Winter dry:  
 For Winter drou't rewards the Peasant's Pain,  
 And broods indulgent on the bury'd Grain.

Hence

- Hence *Mysia* boasts her Harvests, and the tops  
 150 Of *Gargarus* admire their happy Crops.  
 When first the Soil receives the fruitful Seed,  
 Make no delay, but cover it with speed:  
 So fenc'd from Cold; the pliant Furrows break,  
 Before the furly Clod resists the Rake.  
 155 And call the Floods from high, to rush amain  
 With pregnant Streams, to swell the teeming Grain.  
 Then when the fiery Suns too fiercely play,  
 And shrivell'd Herbs on with'ring Stems decay,  
 The wary Ploughman, on the Mountain's Brow,  
 160 Undams his watry Stores, huge Torrents flow;  
 And, rattling down the Rocks, large moisture yield,  
 Temp'ring the thirsty Fever of the Field.  
 And left the Stem, too feeble for the freight,  
 Shou'd scarce sustain the head's unwieldy weight,  
 165 Sends in his feeding Flocks betimes t'invade  
 The rising bulk of the luxuriant Blade;  
 E're yet th'aspiring Off-spring of the Grain  
 O'retops the ridges of the furrow'd Plain:  
 And drains the standing Waters, when they yield  
 170 Too large a Bev'rage to the drunken Field.  
 But most in Autumn, and the show'ry Spring,  
 When dubious Months uncertain weather bring;  
 When Fountains open, when impetuous Rain  
 Swells hafty Brooks, and pours upon the Plain;  
 175 When Earth with Slime and Mud is cover'd o're,  
 Or hollow places spue their wat'ry Store.  
 Nor yet the Ploughman, nor the lab'ring Steer,  
 Sustain alone the hazards of the Year:  
 But glutton Geese, and the *Strymonian* Crane,  
 180 With foreign Troops, invade the tender Grain:  
 And tow'ring Weeds malignant Shadows yield;  
 And spreading *Succ'ry* choaks the rising Field.

The

- The Sire of Gods and Men, with hard Decrees,  
 Forbids our Plenty to be bought with Ease:  
 185 And wills that Mortal Men, inur'd to toil,  
 Shou'd exercise, with pains, the grudging Soil.  
 Himself invented first the shining Share,  
 And whetted Humane Industry by Care:  
 Himself did Handy-Crafts and Arts ordain;  
 190 Nor suffer'd Sloath to rust his active Reign.  
 E're this, no Peasant vex'd the peaceful Ground;  
 Which only Turfs and Greens for Altars found:  
 No Fences parted Fields, nor Marks nor Bounds  
 Distinguish'd Acres of litigious Grounds:  
 195 But all was common, and the fruitful Earth  
 Was free to give her unexacted Birth.  
*Jove* added Venom to the Viper's Brood,  
 And swell'd, with raging Storms, the peaceful Flood:  
 Commission'd hungry Wolves t'infest the Fold,  
 200 And shook from Oaken Leaves the liquid Gold.  
 Remov'd from Humane reach the chearful Fire,  
 And from the Rivers bade the Wine retire:  
 That studious Need might useful Arts explore;  
 From furrow'd Fields to reap the foodful Store:  
 205 And force the Veins of clashing Flints t'expire  
 The lurking Seeds of their Coelestial Fire.  
 Then first on Seas the hollow'd Alder swam;  
 Then Sailers quarter'd Heav'n, and found a Name  
 For ev'ry fix'd and ev'ry wandring Star:  
 210 The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*, and the Northern Car.  
 Then Toils for Beasts, and Lime for Birds were found,  
 And deep-mouth Dogs did Forrest Walks furround:  
 And casting Nets were spread in shallow Brooks,  
 Drags in the Deep, and Baits were hung on Hooks.  
 215 Then Saws were tooth'd, and founding Axes made;  
 (For Wedges first did yielding Wood invade.)

And

And various Arts in order did succeed,  
(What cannot endless Labour urg'd by need?)

First *Ceres* taught, the Ground with Grain to sow,

220 And arm'd with Iron Shares the crooked Plough;

When now *Dodonian* Oaks no more supply'd

Their Mast, and Trees their Forrest-fruit deny'd.

Soon was his Labour doubl'd to the Swain,

And blasting Mildews blackn'd all his Grain.

225 Tough Thistles choak'd the Fields, and kill'd the Corn,

And an unthrifty Crop of Weeds was born.

Then Burs and Brambles, an unbidden Crew

Of graceless Guests, th' unhappy Field subdue:

And Oats unblest, and Darnel domineers,

230 And shoots its head above the shining Ears.

So that unless the Land with daily Care

Is exercis'd, and with an Iron War,

Of Rakes and Harrows, the proud Foes expell'd,

And Birds with clamours frighted from the Field;

235 Unless the Boughs are lopp'd that shade the Plain,

And Heav'n invoc'd with Vows for fruitful Rain,

On other Crops you may with envy look,

And shake for Food the long abandon'd Oak.

Nor must we pass untold what Arms they wield,

240 Who labour Tillage and the furrow'd Field:

Without whose aid the Ground her Corn denys,

And nothing can be sown, and nothing rise.

The crooked Plough, the Share, the tower'ing height

Of Waggon, and the Cart's unweildy weight;

245 The Sled, the Tumbrel, Hurdles and the Flail,

The Fan of *Bacchus*, with the flying Sail.

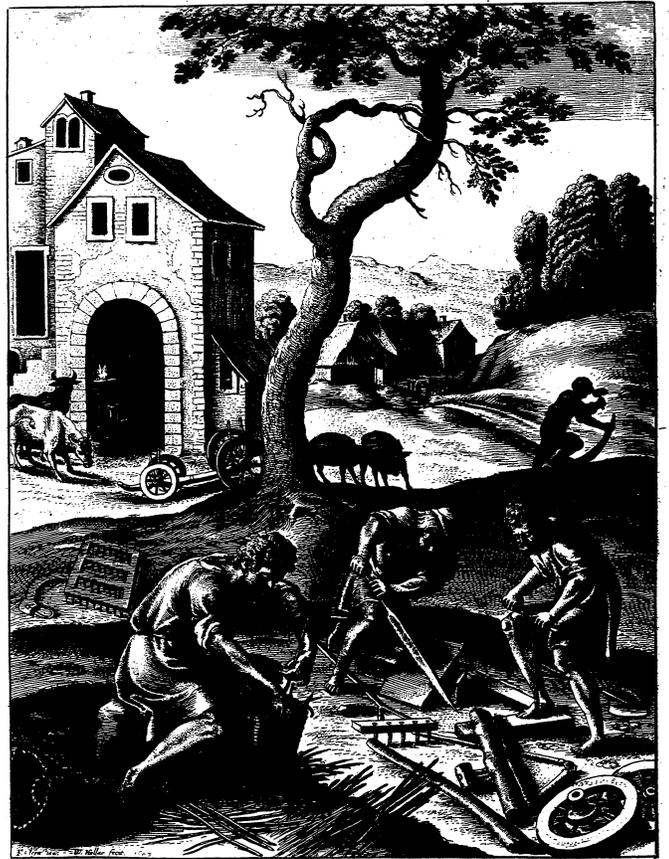
These all must be prepar'd, if Plowmen hope

The promis'd Blessing of a Bounteous Crop.

Young Elms with early force in Copses bow,

250 Fit for the Figure of the crooked Plough.

Of



To *St John Hawles* of *Lincolns Inn* in the  
County of *Midsex* *Knt* His Majesty's *Solicitor Genl*



*Geor. I. 240.*

Of eight Foot long a fastned Beam prepare,  
 On either side the Head produce an Ear,  
 And sink a Socket for the shining Share.  
 Of Beech the Plough-tail, and the bending Yoke;  
 255 Or softer Linden harden'd in the Smoke.  
 I cou'd be long in Precepts, but I fear  
 So mean a Subject might offend your Ear.  
 Delve of convenient Depth your thrashing Floor;  
 With temper'd Clay, then fill and face it o're:  
 260 And let the weighty Rowler run the round,  
 To smoothe the Surface of th' unequal Ground;  
 Left crack'd with Summer Heats the flooring flies,  
 Or sinks, and thro' the Crannies Weeds arise.  
 For sundry Foes the Rural Realm surround:  
 265 The Field Moufe builds her Garner under ground,  
 For gather'd Grain the blind laborious Mole,  
 In winding Mazes works her hidden Hole.  
 In hollow Caverns Vermine make abode,  
 The hissing Serpent, and the swelling Toad:  
 270 The Corn devouring Weezel here abides,  
 And the wise Ant her wintry Store provides.  
 Mark well the flowering Almonds in the Wood;  
 If od'rous Blooms the bearing Branches load,  
 The Glebe will answer to the Sylvan Reign,  
 275 Great Heats will follow, and large Crops of Grain.  
 But if a Wood of Leaves o're-shade the Tree,  
 Such and so barren will thy Harvest be:  
 In vain the Hind shall vex the thrashing Floor,  
 For empty Chaff and Straw will be thy Store.  
 280 Some steep their Seed, and some in Cauldrons boil  
 With vigorous Nitre, and with Lees of Oyl,  
 O're gentle Fires; th' exuberant Juice to drain,  
 And swell the flatt'ring Husks with fruitful Grain.

Yet is not the Success for Years assur'd,  
 285 Tho' chosen is the Seed, and fully cur'd;  
 Unless the Peasant, with his Annual Pain,  
 Renews his Choice, and calls the largest Grain.  
 Thus all below, whether by Nature's Curse,  
 Or Fates Decree, degen'rate still to worse.  
 290 So the Boats brawny Crew the Current stem,  
 And, slow advancing, struggle with the Stream:  
 But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,  
 Then down the Flood with headlong haste they drive.  
 Nor must the Ploughman less observe the Skies,  
 295 When the *Kiddis*, *Dragon*, and *Arcturus* rise,  
 Than Saylor's homeward bent, who cut their Way  
 Thro' *Helle's* stormy Straights, and Oyster-breeding Sea.  
 But when *Astrea's* Ballance, hung on high,  
 Betwixt the Nights and Days divides the Sky,  
 300 Then Yoke your Oxen, sow your Winter Grain;  
 'Till cold *December* comes with driving Rain.  
 Linseed and fruitful Poppy bury warm,  
 In a dry Season, and prevent the Storm.  
 Sow Beans and Clover in a rotten Soyl,  
 305 And Millet rising from your Annual Toyl;  
 When with his Golden Horns, in full Carriere,  
 The Bull beats down the Barriers of the Year;  
 And *Argos* and the Dog forsake the Northern Sphere.  
 But if your Care to Wheat alone extend,  
 310 Let *Maja* with her Sisters first descend,  
 And the bright *Gnosian* Diadem downward bend:  
 Before you trust in Earth your future Hope;  
 Or else expect a listless lazy Crop.  
 Some Swains have sown before, but most have found  
 315 A husky Harvest, from the grudging Ground.  
 Vile Vetches wou'd you sow, or Lentils lean,  
 The Growth of *Egypt*, or the Kidney-bean?

Begin

Begin when the slow Waggoner descends,  
 Nor cease your sowing till Mid-winter ends:  
 320 For this, thro' twelve bright Signs *Apollo* guides  
 The Year, and Earth in sev'ral Climes divides.  
 Five Girdles bind the Skies, the torrid Zone  
 Glows with the passing and repassing Sun.  
 Far on the right and left, th' extreams of Heav'n,  
 325 To Frosts and Snows, and bitter Blasts are giv'n.  
 Betwixt the midst and these, the Gods assign'd  
 Two habitable Seats for Humane Kind:  
 And cross their limits cut a sloping way,  
 Which the twelve Signs in beauteous order sway.  
 330 Two Poles turn round the Globe; one seen to rise  
 O're *Scythian* Hills, and one in *Lybian* Skies.  
 The first sublime in Heav'n, the last is whirl'd  
 Below the Regions of the nether World.  
 Around our Pole the spiry Dragon glides,  
 335 And like a winding Stream the Bears divides;  
 The less and greater, who by Fates Decree  
 Abhor to dive beneath the Southern Sea:  
 There, as they say, perpetual Night is found  
 In silence brooding on th' unhappy ground:  
 340 Or when *Aurora* leaves our Northern Sphere,  
 She lights the downward Heav'n, and rises there.  
 And when on us she breaths the living Light,  
 Red *Vesper* kindles there the Tapers of the Night.  
 From hence uncertain Seasons we may know;  
 345 And when to reap the Grain, and when to sow:  
 Or when to fell the Furzes, when 'tis meet  
 To spread the flying Canvass for the Fleet.  
 Observe what Stars arise or disappear;  
 And the four Quarters of the rolling Year.  
 350 But when cold Weather and continu'd Rain,  
 The lab'ring Husband in his Houfc restrain:

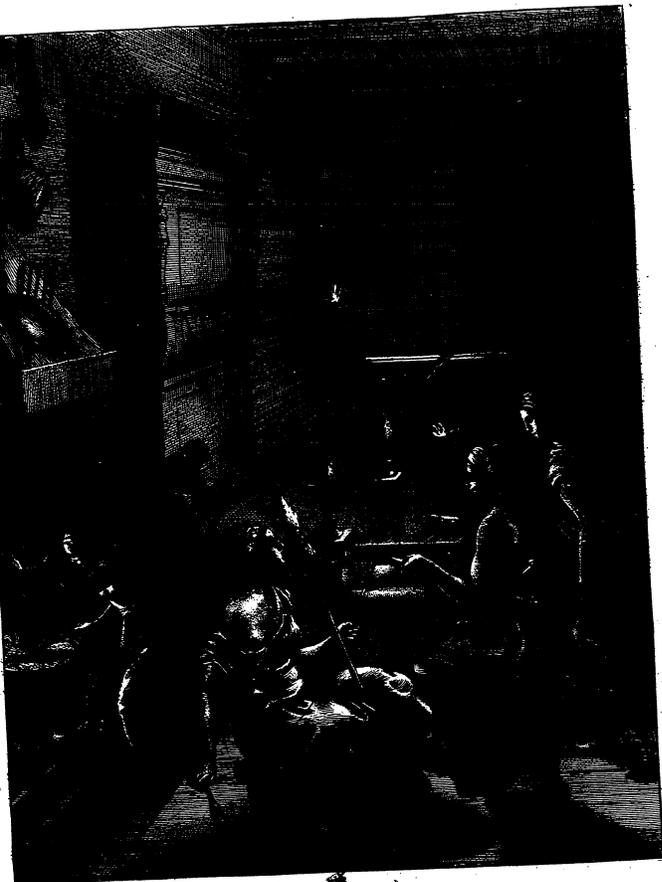
I 2

Let

- Let him forecast his Work with timely care,  
 Which else is huddl'd, when the Skies are fair :  
 Then let him mark the Sheep, or whet the flining Share. }  
 355 Or hollow Trees for Boats, or number o're  
 His Sacks, or measure his increasing Store:  
 Or sharpen Stakes, or head the Forks, or twine  
 The Sallow Twigs to tye the stragling Vine:  
 Or wicker Baskets weave, or aire the Corn,  
 360 Or grinded Grain betwixt two Marbles turn.  
 No Laws, Divine or Human, can refrain  
 From necessary Works, the lab'ring Swain.  
 Ev'n Holy-days and Feasts permission yield,  
 The Meads to water, and to fence the Field,  
 365 To Fire the Brambles, snare the Birds, and steep  
 In wholsom Water-falls the woolly Sheep.  
 And oft the drudging Ass is driv'n, with Toyl,  
 To neighb'ring Towns with Apples and with Oyl:  
 Returning late, and loaden home with Gain  
 370 Of barter'd Pitch, and Hand-mills for the Grain.  
 The lucky Days, in each revolving Moon,  
 For Labour chuse: The Fifth be sure to shun,  
 That gave the Furies and pale Pluto Birth,  
 And arm'd, against the Skies, the Sons of Earth.  
 375 With Mountains pil'd on Mountains, thrice they strove  
 To scale the steepy Battlements of Jove:  
 And thrice his Lightning and red Thunder play'd,  
 And their demolish'd Works in Ruin laid.  
 The Sev'nth is, next the Tenth, the best to joyn  
 380 Young Oxen to the Yoke, and plant the Vine.  
 Then Weavers stretch your Stays upon the Weft:  
 The Ninth is good for Travel, bad for Theft.  
 Some Works in dead of Night are better done,  
 Or when the Morning Dew prevents the Sun.

385 Parch'd Meads and Stubble mow, by *Phæbe's* Light,  
 Which both require the Coolness of the Night :  
 For Moisture then abounds, and Pearly Rains  
 Descend in Silence to refresh the Plains.  
 The Wife and Husband equally conspire,  
 390 To work by Night, and take the Winter Fire :  
 He sharpens Torches in the glim'ring Room,  
 She shoots the flying Shuttle through the Loom :  
 Or boils in Kettles Must of Wine, and Skins  
 With Leaves, the Dregs that overflow the Brims.  
 395 And till the watchful Cock awakes the Day,  
 She sings to drive the tedious hours away.  
 But in warm Weather, when the Skies are clear,  
 By Daylight reap the Product of the Year :  
 And in the Sun your golden Grain display,  
 400 And thrash it out, and winnow it by Day.  
 Plough naked, Swain, and naked sow the Land,  
 For lazy Winter numbs the lab'ring Hand.  
 In Genial Winter, Swains enjoy their Store,  
 Forget their Hardships, and recruit for more.  
 405 The Farmer to full Bowls invites his Friends,  
 And what he got with Pains, with Pleasure spends.  
 So Saylor, when escap'd from stormy Seas,  
 First crown their Vessels, then indulge their Ease.  
 Yet that's the proper Time to thrash the Wood  
 410 For Mast of Oak, your Father's homely Food.  
 To gather Laurel-berries, and the Spoil  
 Of bloody Myrtles, and to press your Oyl.  
 For stalking Cranes to set the guileful Snare,  
 T' inclose the Stags in Toyls, and hunt the Hare.  
 415 With *Balearick* Slings, or *Gnossian* Bow,  
 To persecute from far the flying Doe.  
 Then, when the Fleecy Skies new cloath the Wood,  
 And cakes of ruffling Ice come rolling down the Flood.

Now



To Joseph Jekyll  
 of the Middle Temple Esq.



1730

- Now sing we stormy Stars, when Autumn weighs  
 420 The Year, and adds to Nights, and shortens Days;  
 And Suns declining shine with feeble Rays:  
 What Cares must then attend the toiling Swain;  
 Or when the low'ring Spring, with lavish Rain,  
 Beats down the slender Stem and bearded Grain:  
 425 While yet the Head is green, or lightly swell'd  
 With Milky-moisture, over-looks the Field.  
 Ev'n when the Farmer, now secure of Fear,  
 Sends in the Swains to spoil the finish'd Year:  
 Ev'n while the Reaper fills his greedy hands,  
 430 And binds the golden Sheafs in brittle bands:  
 Oft have I seen a sudden Storm arise,  
 From all the warring Winds that sweep the Skies:  
 The heavy Harvest from the Root is torn,  
 And whirl'd aloft the lighter Stubble born;  
 435 With such a force the flying rack is driv'n;  
 And such a Winter wears the face of Heav'n:  
 And oft whole sheets descend of flucy Rain,  
 Suck'd by the spongy Clouds from off the Main:  
 The lofty Skies at once come pouring down,  
 440 The promis'd Crop and golden Labours drown.  
 The Dykes are fill'd, and with a roaring found  
 The rising Rivers float the nether ground;  
 And Rocks the bellowing Voice of boiling Seas rebound.  
 The Father of the Gods his Glory shrouds,  
 445 Involv'd in Tempests, and a Night of Clouds.  
 And from the middle Darkness flashing out,  
 By fits he deals his fiery Bolts about.  
 Earth feels the Motions of her angry God,  
 Her Entrails tremble, and her Mountains nod;  
 450 And flying Beasts in Forests seek abode:  
 Deep horrour seizes ev'ry Humane Breaft,  
 Their Pride is humbled, and their Fear confess'd:

While

While he from high his rowling Thunder throws,  
 And fires the Mountains with repeated blows:  
 455 The Rocks are from their old Foundations rent,  
 The Winds redouble, and the Rains augment:  
 The Waves on heaps are dash'd against the Shoar,  
 And now the Woods, and now the Billows roar.  
 In fear of this, observe the starry Signs,  
 460 Where Saturn houses, and where *Hermes* joins.  
 But first to Heav'n thy due Devotions pay,  
 And Annual Gifts on *Ceres* Altars lay.  
 When Winter's rage abates, when cheerful Hours  
 Awake the Spring, and Spring awakes the Flow'rs,  
 465 On the green Turf thy carcle's Limbs display,  
 And celebrate the mighty Mother's day.  
 For then the Hills with pleasing Shades are crown'd,  
 And Sleeps are sweeter on the silken Ground:  
 With milder Beams the Sun securely shines,  
 470 Fat are the Lambs, and luscious are the Wines.  
 Let ev'ry Swain adore her Pow'r Divine,  
 And Milk and Honey mix with sparkling Wine:  
 Let all the Quire of Clowns attend the Show,  
 In long Procession, shouting as they go;  
 475 Invoking her to bless their yearly Stores,  
 Inviting Plenty to their crowded Floors.  
 Thus in the Spring, and thus in Summer's Heat,  
 Before the Sickles touch the ripening Wheat,  
 On *Ceres* call; and let the lab'ring Hind  
 480 With Oaken Wreaths his hollow Temples bind:  
 On *Ceres* let him call, and *Ceres* praise,  
 With uncouth Dances, and with Country Lays.  
 And that by certain signs we may preface  
 Of Heats and Rains, and Wind's impetuous rage,  
 485 The Sov'reign of the Heav'ns has set on high  
 The Moon, to mark the Changes of the Skye:

When



To Thomas Vernon  
 in Worcester = of Hanbury  
 Shire Esq

Geor. I. 679

When Southern blasts thou'd cease, and when the Swain  
 Shou'd near their Folds his feeding Flocks restrain.  
 For e're the rising Winds begin to roar,  
 490 The working Seas advance to wash the Shoar:  
 Soft whispers run along the leavy Woods,  
 And Mountains whistle to the mur'm'ring Floods:  
 Ev'n then the doubtful Billows scarce abstain  
 From the tofs'd Vessel on the troubled Main:  
 495 When crying Cormorants forsake the Sea,  
 And stretching to the Covert wing their way:  
 When sportful Coots run skimming o're the Strand,  
 When watchful Herons leave their watry Strand,  
 And mounting upward, with erected flight,  
 500 Gain on the Skyes, and soar above the fight.  
 And oft before tempest'ous Winds arise,  
 The seeming Stars fall headlong from the Skies;  
 And, shooting through the darkness, guild the Night  
 With sweeping Glories, and long trails of Light:  
 505 And Chaff with eddy Winds is whirl'd around,  
 And dancing Leaves are lifted from the Ground;  
 And floating Feathers on the Waters play.  
 But when the winged Thunder takes his way  
 From the cold North, and East and West engage,  
 510 And at their Frontiers meet with equal rage,  
 The Clouds are crush'd, a glut of gather'd Rain  
 The hollow Ditches fills, and floats the Plain,  
 And Sailors furl their dropping Sheets amain. }  
 Wet weather seldom hurts the most unwise,  
 515 So plain the Signs, such Prophets are the Skies:  
 The wary Crane foresees it first, and sails  
 Above the Storm, and leaves the lowly Vales:  
 The Cow looks up, and from afar can find  
 The change of Heav'n, and snuffs it in the Wind.

The

520 The Swallow skims the River's watry Face,  
 The Frogs renew the Croaks of their loquacious Race.  
 The careful Ant her secret Cell forsakes,  
 And drags her Eggs along the narrow Tracks.  
 At either Horn the Rainbow drinks the Flood,  
 525 Huge Flocks of rising Rooks forsake their Food, }  
 And, crying, seek the Shelter of the Wood:  
 Besides, the sev'ral sorts of watry Fowls,  
 That swim the Seas, or haunt the standing Pools:  
 The Swans that sail along the Silver Flood,  
 530 And dive with stretching Necks to search their Food.  
 Then lave their Backs with sprinkling Dew in vain:  
 And stem the Stream to meet the promis'd Rain.  
 The Crow with clam'rous Cries the Show'r demands,  
 And single stalks along the Desert Sands.  
 535 The nightly Virgin, while her Wheel she plies,  
 Foresees the Storm impending in the Skies,  
 When sparkling Lamps their spurt'ring Light advance,  
 And in the Sockets Oily Bubbles dance.  
 Then after Show'rs, 'tis easie to descry  
 540 Returning Suns, and a serener Sky:  
 The Stars shine smarter, and the Moon adorns,  
 As with unborrow'd Beams, her sharpen'd Horns:  
 The filmy Gossamer now flits no more,  
 Nor Halcyons bask on the short Sunny Shoar:  
 545 Their Litter is not tofs'd by Sows unclean,  
 But a blue droughy Mist descends upon the Plain.  
 And Owls, that mark the setting Sun, declare  
 A Star-light Evening, and a Morning fair.  
 Tow'ring aloft, avenging *Nisus* flies,  
 While dar'd below the guilty *Scylla* lies.  
 550 Where ever frighted *Scylla* flies away,  
 Swift *Nisus* follows, and pursues his Prey.

K

Where

- Where injur'd *Nisus* takes his Airy Course,  
Thence trembling *Sylla* flies and shuns his Force.  
555 This punishment pursues th' unhappy Maid,  
And thus the purple Hair is dearly paid.  
Then, thrice the Ravens rend the liquid Air,  
And croaking Notes proclaim the settled fair.  
Then, round their Airy Palaces they fly,  
560 To greet the Sun; and seiz'd with secret Joy,  
When Storms are over-blown, with Food repair  
To their forsaken Nests, and callow Care.  
Not that I think their Breasts with Heav'nly Souls  
Inspir'd, as Man, who Destiny controls.  
565 But with the changeful Temper of the Skies,  
As Rains condense, and Sun-shine rarifies;  
So turn the Species in their alter'd Minds,  
Compos'd by Calms, and discompos'd by Winds.  
From hence proceeds the Birds harmonious Voice:  
570 From hence the Cows exult, and frisking Lambs rejoice.  
Observe the daily Circle of the Sun,  
And the short Year of each revolving Moon:  
By them thou shalt foresee the following day;  
Nor shall a starry Night thy Hopes betray.  
575 When first the Moon appears, if then she shrouds  
Her silver Crescent, tip'd with sable Clouds;  
Conclude she bodes a Tempest on the Main,  
And brews for Fields impetuous Floods of Rain.  
Or if her Face with fiery Flushing glow,  
580 Expect the raging Winds aloft to blow.  
But four Nights odd, (for that's the surest Sign,  
With sharpen'd Horns if glorious then she shine:  
Next Day, nor only that, but all the Moon,  
Till her revolving Race be wholly run;  
585 Are void of Tempests, both by Land and Sea,  
And Saylor's in the Port their promis'd Vow shall pay.

Above

- Above the rest, the Sun, who never lies,  
Foretels the change of Weather in the Skies:  
For if he rise, unwilling to his Race,  
590 Clouds on his Brows, and Spots upon his Face;  
Or if thro' Mists he shoots his fullen Beams,  
Frugal of Light, in loose and stragling Streams:  
Suspect a drizzling Day, with Southern Rain,  
Fatal to Fruits, and Flocks, and promis'd Grain.  
595 Or if *Aurora*, with half open'd Eyes,  
And a pale sickly Cheek, salute the Skies;  
How shall the Vine, with tender Leaves, defend  
Her teeming Clusters, when the Storms descend?  
When ridgy Roofs and Tiles can scarce avail,  
600 To barr the Ruin of the ratling Hail.  
But more than all, the setting Sun survey,  
When down the Steep of Heav'n he drives the Day.  
For oft we find him finishing his Race,  
With various Colours erring on his Face;  
605 If fiery red his glowing Globe descends,  
High Winds and furious Tempests he portends.  
But if his Cheeks are swoln with livid blue,  
He bodes wet Weather by his watry Hue.  
If dusky Spots are vary'd on his Brow,  
610 And, streak'd with red, a troubl'd Colour show;  
That fullen Mixture shall at once declare  
Winds, Rain, and Storms, and Elemental War:  
What desp'rate Madman then wou'd venture o're  
The *Frith*, or haul his Cables from the Shoar?  
615 But if with Purple Rays he brings the Light,  
And a pure Heav'n resigns to quiet Night:  
No rising Winds, or falling Storms, are nigh:  
But Northern Breezes through the Forreft fly:  
And drive the rack, and purge the ruff'd Sky.

K 2

Th' un- }

- 620 Th' unerring Sun by certain Signs declares,  
 What the late Ev'n, or early Morn prepares:  
 And when the South projects a stormy Day,  
 And when the clearing North will puff the Clouds away.  
 The Sun reveals the Secrets of the Sky;
- 625 And who dares give the Source of Light the Lyc?  
 The change of Empires often he declares,  
 Fierce Tumults, hidden Treasons, open Wars.  
 He first the Fate of *Cæsar* did foretel,  
 And pity'd *Rome*, when *Rome* in *Cæsar* fell,
- 630 In Iron Clouds conceal'd the Publick Light:  
 And Impious Mortals fear'd Eternal Night.  
 Nor was the Fact foretold by him alone:  
 Nature her self stood forth, and seconded the Sun.  
 Earth, Air, and Seas, with Prodigies were sign'd,
- 635 And Birds obscene, and howling Dogs divin'd.  
 What Rocks did *Ætna's* bellowing Mouth expire  
 From her torn Entrails! and what Floods of Fire!  
 What Clanks were heard, in *German* Skies afar,  
 Of Arms and Armies, rushing to the War!
- 640 Dire Earthquakes rent the solid *Alps* below,  
 And from their Summits shook th' Eternal Snow.  
 Pale Specters in the close of Night were seen;  
 And Voices heard of more than Mortal Men.  
 In silent Groves, dumb Sheep and Oxen spoke;
- 645 And Streams ran backward, and their Beds forfook:  
 The yawning Earth disclos'd th' Abyss of Hell:  
 The weeping Statues did the Wars foretel;  
 And Holy Sweat from Brazen Idols fell.  
 Then rising in his Might, the King of Floods,
- 650 Rush't thro' the Forrests, tore the lofty Woods;  
 And rolling onward, with a sweepy Sway,  
 Bore Houfes, Herds, and lab'ring Hinds away.

Blood



To William  
 of Lincoln



Dobyns  
 Jun Esq.

Blood sprang from Wells, Wolfs howl'd in Towns by Night,  
 And boding Victims did the Priests affright.  
 655 Such Peals of Thunder never pour'd from high,  
 Nor Light'ning flash'd from so serene a Sky.  
 Red Meteors ran along th' Etherial Space;  
 Stars disappear'd, and Comets took their place.  
 For this, th' *Ematian* Plains once more were strow'd  
 660 With *Roman* Bodies, and just Heav'n thought good  
 To fatten twice those Fields with *Roman* Blood. }  
 Then, after length of Time, the lab'ring Swains,  
 Who turn the Turfs of those unhappy Plains,  
 Shall rusty Piles from the plough'd Furrows take,  
 665 And over empty Helmets pass the Rake.  
 Amaz'd at Antick Titles on the Stones,  
 And mighty Relicks of Gygantick Bones.  
 Ye home-born Deities, of Mortal Birth!  
 Thou Father *Romulus*, and Mother Earth,  
 670 Goddess unmov'd! whose Guardian Arms extend  
 O're *Thuscan* *Tiber's* Course, and *Roman* Tow'rs defend;  
 With youthful *Cesar* your joint Pow'rs engage,  
 Nor hinder him to save the sinking Age.  
 O! let the Blood, already spilt, atone  
 675 For the past Crimes of curst *Laomedon*!  
 Heav'n wants thee there, and long the Gods, we know,  
 Have grudg'd thee, *Cesar*, to the World below.  
 Where Fraud and Rapine, Right and Wrong confound;  
 Where impious Arms from ev'ry part resound, }  
 680 And monstrous Crimes in ev'ry Shape are crown'd.  
 The peaceful Peasant to the Wars is prest;  
 The Fields lye fallow in inglorious Rest.  
 The Plain no Pasture to the Flock affords,  
 The crooked Scythes are streightned into Swords:  
 685 And there *Euphrates* her soft Off-spring Arms,  
 And here the *Rhine* rebellows with Alarms:

The

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The neighb'ring Cities range on sev'ral fides,  
Perfidious *Mars* long plighted Leagues divides, }  
And o're the wafed World in Triumph rides. }  
69° So four fierce Courfers starting to the Race,  
Scow'r thro' the Plain, and lengthen ev'ry Pace:  
Nor Reigns, nor Curbs, nor threat'ning Cries they fear,  
But force along the trembling Charioteer.

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The

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*The Second Book of the Georgics.***The Argument.**

*The Subject of the following Book is Planting. In handling of which Argument, the Poet shows all the different Methods of raising Trees; Describes their Variety; and gives Rules for the management of each in particular. He then points out the Soils in which the several Plants thrive best: And thence takes occasion to run out into the Praises of Italy. After which he gives some Directions for discovering the Nature of every Soil; prescribes Rules for the Dressing of Vines, Olives, &c. And concludes the Georgic with a Panegyric on a Country Life.*

- T**Hus far of Tillage, and of Heav'nly Signs;  
 Now sing my Muse the growth of gen'rous Vines:  
 The shady Groves, the Woodland Progeny,  
 And the slow Product of Minerva's Tree.
- 5 Great Father Bacchus! to my Song repair;  
 For clustering Grapes are thy peculiar Care:  
 For thee large Bunches load the bending Vine,  
 And the last Blessings of the Year are thine.  
 To thee his Joys the jolly Autumn owes,
- 10 When the fermenting Juice the Vat o'flows.  
 Come strip with me, my God, come drench all o're  
 Thy Limbs in Must of Wine, and drink at ev'ry Pore:  
 Some Trees their birth to bounteous Nature owe:  
 For some without the pains of Planting grow.
- 15 With Osiers thus the Banks of Brooks abound,  
 Sprung from the watry Genius of the Ground:  
 From the same Principles grey Willows come;  
 Herculean Poplar, and the tender Broom.  
 But some from Seeds inclos'd in Earth arise:
- 20 For thus the maulful Chestnut mates the Skies.

Hence



To *St. William*  
 of *Denham Court*



*Bowyer* Baronet  
 in the County of *Bucks.*

Geor. 2. L. 1.

- Hence rise the branching Beech and vocal Oak,  
 Where *Jove* of old Oraculouſly ſpoke.  
 Some from the Root a riſing Wood diſcloſe,  
 Thus Elms, and thus the ſalvage Cherry grows.  
 25 Thus the green Bays, that binds the Poet's Brows,  
 Shoots and is ſhelter'd by the Mother's Boughs.  
 Theſe ways of Planting, Nature did ordain,  
 For Trees and Shrubs, and all the Sylvan Reign.  
 Others there are, by late Experience found:  
 30 Some cut the Shoots, and plant in furrow'd ground:  
 Some cover rooted Stalks in deeper Mold:  
 Some cloven Stakes, and (wond'rous to behold,)  
 Their ſharpen'd ends in Earth their footing place,  
 And the dry Poles produce a living Race.  
 35 Some bowe their Vines, which bury'd in the Plain,  
 Their tops in diſtant Arches riſe again.  
 Others no Root require, the Lab'rer cuts  
 Young Slips, and in the Soil ſecurely puts.  
 Ev'n Stumps of Olives, bar'd of Leaves, and dead,  
 40 Revive, and oft redeem their wither'd head.  
 'Tis uſual now, an Inmate Graff to ſee,  
 With Inſolence invade a Foreign Tree:  
 Thus Pears and Quinces from the Crabtree come;  
 And thus the ruddy Cornel bears the Plum.  
 45 Then let the Learned Gard'ner mark with care  
 The Kinds of Stocks, and what thoſe Kinds will bear:  
 Explore the Nature of each ſev'ral Tree;  
 And known, improve with artful Industry:  
 And let no ſpot of idle Earth be found,  
 50 But cultivate the Genius of the Ground.  
 For open *Iſmarus* will *Bacchus* pleaſe;  
*Taburnus* loves the ſhade of Olive Trees.  
 The Virtues of the ſev'ral Soils I ſing,  
*Mecænas*, now thy needful Succour bring!

- 55 O thou! the better part of my Renown,  
 Inſpire thy Poet, and thy Poem crown:  
 Embarque with me, while I new Tracts explore,  
 With flying ſails and breezes from the ſhore:  
 Not that my ſong, in ſuch a ſcanty ſpace,  
 60 So large a Subject fully can embrace:  
 Not tho I were ſupply'd with Iron Lungs,  
 A hundred Mouths, fill'd with as many Tongues:  
 But ſteer my Veſſel with a ſteady hand,  
 And coaſt along the Shore in ſight of Land.  
 65 Nor will I tire thy Patience with a train  
 Of Preface, or what ancient Poets feign.  
 The Trees, which of themſelves advance in Air,  
 Are barren kinds, but ſtrongly built and fair:  
 Becauſe the vigour of the Native Earth  
 70 Maintains the Plant, and makes a Manly Birth.  
 Yet theſe, receiving Graffs of other Kind,  
 Or thence tranſplanted, change their ſalvage Mind:  
 Their Wildneſs loſe, and quitting Nature's part,  
 Obey the Rules and Diſcipline of Art.  
 75 The ſame do Trees, that, ſprung from barren Roots  
 In open fields, tranſplanted bear their Fruits.  
 For where they grow the Native Energy  
 Turns all into the Substance of the Tree,  
 Starves and deſtroys the Fruit, is only made  
 80 For brawny bulk, and for a barren ſhade.  
 The Plant that ſhoots from Seed, a ſullen Tree  
 At leiſure grows, for late Poſterity;  
 The gen'rous flavour loſt, the Fruits decay,  
 And ſalvage Grapes are made the Birds ignoble prey.  
 85 Much labour is requir'd in Trees, to tame  
 Their wild diſorder, and in ranks reclaim.  
 Well muſt the ground be dig'd, and better drefſ'd,  
 New Soil to make, and meliorate the reſt.

- Old Stakes of Olive Trees in Plants revive;  
 90 By the same Methods *Paphian* Myrtles live: }  
 But nobler Vines by Propagation thrive.  
 From Roots hard Hazles, and from Cyens rise  
 Tall Ash, and taller Oak that mates the Skies:  
 Palm, Poplar, Firr, descending from the Steep  
 95 Of Hills, to try the dangers of the Deep.  
 The thin-leav'd *Arbut* Hazle, graffs receives,  
 And Planes huge Apples bear, that bore bur Leaves.  
 Thus Maifful Beech the briffly Chefnut bears,  
 And the wild Ash is white with blooming Pears.  
 100 And greedy Swine from grafted Elms are fed,  
 With falling Acorns, that on Oaks are bred.  
 But various are the ways to change the state  
 Of Plants, to Bud, to Graff, r' Inoculate.  
 For where the tender Rinds of Trees difclose  
 105 Their shooting Gems, a swelling Knot there grows,  
 Juft in that fpace a narrow Slit we make,  
 Then other Buds from bearing Trees we take:  
 Inferted thus, the wounded Rind we clofe,  
 In whose moift Womb th' admitted Infant grows.  
 110 But when the smoother Bole from Knots is free,  
 We make a deep Incifion in the Tree;  
 And in the folid Wood the Slip inclofe,  
 The bar'ning Bastard shoots again and grows:  
 And in fhort fpace the laden Boughs arife,  
 115 With happy Fruit advancing to the Skies.  
 The Mother Plant admires the Leaves unknown,  
 Of Alien Trees, and Apples not her own.  
 Of vegetable Woods are various Kinds,  
 And the fame Species are of fev'ral Minds.  
 120 Lotes, Willows, Elms, have diff'rent Forms allow'd,  
 So fun'ral Cyprefs rifing like a Shrowd.



To Gilbert Dolbin  
in Northampton-  
of Thindon  
Shire Esq

Geo: II. 1745

Fat Olive Trees of fundry Sorts appear :  
Of fundry Shapes their unctuous Berries bear.  
*Radij* long Olives, *Orchit's* round produce,  
125 And bitter *Paufia*, pounded for the Juice.  
*Aleinous* Orchard various Apples bears :  
Unlike are Bergamotes and pounder Pears.  
Nor our *Italian* Vines produce the Shape,  
Or Taft, or Flavour of the *Lesbian* Grape.  
130 The *Thafian* Vines in richer Soils abound,  
The *Maveotique* grow in barren Ground.  
The *Phybian* Grape we dry : *Lagean* Juice,  
Will flamm'ring Tongues, and stag'ring Feet produce.  
Rathe ripe are some, and some of later kind,  
135 Of Golden some, and some of Purple Rind.  
How fhall I praife the *Rethean* Grape divine,  
Which yet contends not with *Falernian* Wine !  
Th' *Aninean* many a *Confulhip* furvives,  
And longer than the *Lydian* Vintage lives?  
140 Or high *Phaneus* King of *Chian* growth :  
But for large quantities, and lafting both,  
The lefs *Argitis* bears the Prize away.  
The *Rhodian*, facred to the Solemn Day,  
In fecond Services is pour'd to *Jove* ;  
145 And beft accepted by the Gods above.  
Nor muft *Bumafius* his old Honours lofe,  
In length and largenefs like the Dugs of Cows.  
I'pafs the reft, whofe ev'ry Race and Name,  
And Kinds, are lefs material to my Theme.  
150 Which who wou'd learn, as foon may tell the Sands,  
Driv'n by the Weftern Wind on *Lybian* Lands.  
Or number, when the bluff'ring *Eurus* roars,  
The Billows beating on *Ionian* Shoars.  
Nor ev'ry Plant on ev'ry Soil will grow ;  
155 The Sallow loves the watry Ground, and low.

L 2

The

- The Marshes, Alders; Nature seems to ordain  
 The rocky Cliff for the wild Ass's reign:  
 The baleful Yough to Northern Blasts assigns;  
 To Shores the Myrtles, and to Mounts the Vines.
- 160 Regard th' extremest cultivated Coast,  
 From hot *Arabia* to the *Seythian* Frost:  
 All sort of Trees their sev'ral Countries know;  
 Black Ebony only will in *India* grow:  
 And od'rous Frankincense on the *Sabean* Bough.
- 165 Balm slowly trickles through the bleeding Veins  
 Of happy Shrubs, in *Idumean* Plains.  
 The green *Egyptian* Thorn, for Medicine good;  
 With *Ethiops* hoary Trees and woolly Wood,  
 Let others tell: and how the *Seres* spin
- 170 Their fleecy Forests in a slender Twine.  
 With mighty Trunks of Trees on *Indian* shoars,  
 Whose height above the feather'd Arrow soars,  
 Shot from the toughest Bow; and by the Brawn  
 Of expert Archers, with vast Vigour drawn.
- 175 Sharp tasted Citrons *Median* Climes produce:  
 Bitter the Rind, but gen'rous is the Juice:  
 A cordial Fruit, a present Antidote  
 Against the direful Stepdam's deadly Draught:  
 Who mixing wicked Weeds with Words impure,
- 180 The Fate of envy'd Orphans wou'd procure.  
 Large is the Plant, and like a Laurel grows,  
 And did it not a different Scent disclose,  
 A Laurel were: the fragrant Flow'rs condemn  
 The stormy Winds, tenacious of their Stem.
- 185 With this the *Medes*, to lab'ring Age, bequeath  
 New Lungs, and cure the fourness of the Breath.  
 But neither *Median* Woods, (a plenteous Land,  
 Fair *Ganges*, *Hermus* rolling Golden Sand,

Nor

- Nor *Bactria*, nor the richer *Indian* Fields,  
 190 Nor all the Gummy Stores *Arabia* yields;  
 Nor any foreign Earth of greater Name,  
 Can with sweet *Italy* contend in Fame.
- No Bulls, whose Nostrils breath a living Flame,  
 Have turn'd our Turf, no Teeth of Serpents here  
 195 Were sown, an armed Host, and Iron Crop to bear.  
 But fruitful Vines, and the fat Olives freight,  
 And Harvests heavy with their fruitful weight,  
 Adorn our Fields; and on the chearful Green,  
 The grazing Flocks and lowing Herds are seen.
- 200 The Warrior Horse, here bred, is taught to train,  
 There flows *Citumnus* thro' the flow'ry Plain;  
 Whose Waves, for Triumphs after prosperous Wars,  
 The Victim Ox, and snowy Sheep prepares.  
 Perpetual Spring our happy Climate fees,
- 205 Twice breed the Cattle, and twice bear the Trees;  
 And Summer Suns recede by slow degrees.  
 Our Land is from the Rage of Tygers freed,  
 Nor nourishes the Lyon's angry Seed;  
 Nor pois'nous Aconite is here produc'd,
- 210 Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd.  
 Nor in so vast a length our Serpents glide,  
 Or rais'd on such a spiry Volume ride.  
 Next add our Cities of illustrious Name,  
 Their costly Labour and stupendous Frame:
- 215 Our Forts on steepy Hills, that far below  
 See wanton Streams, in winding Valleys flow.  
 Our twofold Seas, that washing either side,  
 A rich Recruit of Foreign Stores provide.  
 Our spacious Lakes; thee, *Larius*, first; and next
- 220 *Benacus*, with tempestous Billows vex.  
 Or shall I praise thy Ports, or mention make  
 Of the vast Mound, that binds the *Lucrine* Lake.

Or

Or the disdainful Sea, that, shut from thence,  
 Roars round the Structure, and invades the Fence.  
 225 There, where secure the *Julian* Waters glide,  
 Or where *Avernus* Jaws admit the *Tyrrhene* Tide.  
 Our Quarries deep in Earth, were fam'd of old,  
 For Veins of Silver, and for Ore of Gold.  
 Th' Inhabitants themselves, their Country grace;  
 230 Hence rose the *Marsian* and *Sabellian* Race:  
 Strong limb'd and stout, and to the Wars inclin'd,  
 And hard *Ligurians*, a laborious Kind.  
 And *Volsicians* arm'd with Iron-headed Darts.  
 Besides an Off-spring of undaunted Hearts,  
 235 The *Decij*, *Marij*, great *Camillus* came  
 From hence, and greater *Scipio's* double Name:  
 And mighty *Cesar*, whose victorious Arms,  
 To farthest *Asia*, carry fierce Alarms:  
 Avert unwarlike *Indians* from his *Rome*;  
 240 Triumph abroad, secure our Peace at home.  
 Hail, sweet *Saturnian* Soil! of fruitful Grain  
 Great Parent, greater of illustrious Men.  
 For thee my tuneful Accents will I raise,  
 And treat of Arts disclos'd in Ancient Days:  
 245 Once more unlock for thee the sacred Spring,  
 And old *Ascrean* Verse in *Roman* Cities sing.  
 The Nature of their sev'ral Soils now see,  
 Their Strength, their Colour, their Fertility:  
 And first for Heath, and barren hilly Ground,  
 250 Where meagre Clay and flinty Stones abound;  
 Where the poor Soil all Succour seems to want,  
 Yet this suffices the *Palladian* Plant.  
 Undoubted Signs of such a Soil are found,  
 For here wild Olive-shoots o'respread the ground,  
 And heaps of Berries strew the Fields around.

But

But where the Soil, with fat'ning Moisture fill'd,  
 Is cloath'd with Grass, and fruitful to be till'd:  
 Such as in chearful Vales we view from high;  
 Which dripping Rocks with rowling Streams supply,  
 260 And feed with Ooze; where rising Hillocks run  
 In length, and open to the Southern Sun;  
 Where Fern succeeds, ungrateful to the Plough,  
 That gentle ground to gen'rous Grapes allow.  
 Strong Stocks of Vines it will in time produce,  
 265 And overflow the Vats with friendly Juice.  
 Such as our Priests in golden Goblets pour  
 To Gods, the Givers of the chearful hour.  
 Then when the bloated *Thyrsian* blows his Horn,  
 And reeking Entrails are in Chargers born.  
 270 If Herds or fleecy Flocks be more thy Care;  
 Or Goats that graze the Field, and burn it bare:  
 Then seek *Tarentum's* Lawns, and farthest Coast,  
 Or such a Field as hapless *Mantua* lost:  
 Where Silver Swans sail down the war'ry Rode,  
 275 And graze the floating Herbage of the Flood.  
 There Crystal Streams perpetual tenour keep,  
 Nor Food nor Springs are wanting to thy Sheep.  
 For what the Day devours, the nightly Dew  
 Shall to the Morn in Pearly Drops renew.  
 280 Fat crumbling Earth is fitter for the Plough,  
 Putrid and loose above, and black below:  
 For Ploughing is an imitative Toil,  
 Resembling Nature in an easie Soil.  
 No Land for Seed like this, no Fields afford  
 285 So large an Income to the Village Lord:  
 No toiling Teams from Harvest-labour come  
 So late at Night, so heavy laden home.

The

The like of Forest Land is understood,  
 From whence the spleenful Ploughman grubs the Wood,  
 290 Which had for length of Ages idle stood,  
 Then Birds forsake the Ruines of their Seat,  
 And flying from their Nests their Callow Young forget.  
 The course lean Gravel, on the Mountain sides,  
 Scarce dewy Bev'rage for the Bees provides:  
 295 Nor Chalk nor crumbling Stones, the food of Snakes,  
 That work in hollow Earth their winding Tracts.  
 The Soil exhaling Clouds of subtile Dewes,  
 Imbibing moisture which with ease she spews,  
 Which rusts not Iron, and whose Mold is clean,  
 300 Well cloath'd with chearful Grafs, and ever green,  
 Is good for Olives and aspiring Vines;  
 Embracing Husband Elms in am'rous twines,  
 Is fit for feeding Cattle, fit to sowe,  
 And equal to the Pasture and the Plough.  
 305 Such is the Soil of fat *Campanian* Fields,  
 Such large increafe *Vesuvian Nola* yields:  
 And such a Country cou'd *Acerca* boast,  
 Till *Clanius* overflow'd th' unhappy Coast.  
 I teach thee next the differing Soils to know;  
 310 The light for Vines, the heavier for the Plough.  
 Chuse first a place for such a purpose fit,  
 There dig the solid Earth, and sink a Pit:  
 Next fill the hole with its own Earth agen,  
 And trample with thy Feet, and tread it in:  
 315 Then if it rise not to the former height  
 Of superface, conclude that Soil is light;  
 A proper Ground for Pasturage and Vines.  
 But if the sullen Earth, so press'd, repines  
 Within its native Mansion to retire,  
 320 And stays without, a heap of heavy Mire;

'Tis



To George London  
 in St James's  
 of his M<sup>ty</sup> Royall Garden  
 Park Gent.

J. Smith del.

'Tis good for Arable, a Glebe that asks  
 Tough Teams of Oxen, and laborious Tasks.  
 Salt Earth and bitter are not fit to sow,  
 Nor will be tam'd or mended with the Plough.  
 325 Sweet Grapes degen'rate there, and Fruits declin'd  
 From their first flav'rous Taste, renounce their Kind.  
 This Truth by sure Experiment is try'd;  
 For first an Oser Colendar provide  
 Of Twigs thick wrought, (such toiling Peafants twine,  
 330 When thro' streight Passages they strein their Wine;)
 In this close Vessel place that Earth accurs'd,  
 But fill'd brimful with wholsom Water first;  
 Then run it through, the Drops will rope around,  
 And by the bitter Taste disclose the Ground.  
 335 The fatter Earth by handling we may find,  
 With Ease distinguish'd from the meagre Kind:  
 Poor Soil will crumble into Dust, the Rich  
 will to the Fingers cleave like clammy Pitch:  
 Moist Earth produces Corn and Grafs, but both  
 340 Too rank and too luxuriant in their Growth.  
 Let not my Land so large a Promise boast,  
 Left the lank Ears in length of Stem be lost.  
 The heavier Earth is by her Weight betray'd,  
 The lighter in the poising Hand is weigh'd:  
 345 'Tis easy to distinguish by the Sight  
 The Colour of the Soil, and black from white.  
 But the cold Ground is difficult to know,  
 Yet this the Plants that prosper there, will show;  
 Black Ivy, Pitch Trees, and the balcful Yeugh.
 350 These Rules consider'd well, with early Care,  
 The Vineyard destin'd for thy Vines prepare:  
 But, long before the Planting, dig the Ground,  
 With Furrows deep that cast a rising Mound:

- The Clods, expos'd to Winter Winds, will bake:  
 355 For putrid Earth will best in Vineyards take,  
 And hoary Frosts, after the painful Toyl  
 Of delving Hinds, will rot the Mellow Soil.  
 Some Peasants, not t'omit the nicest Care,  
 Of the same Soil their Nurfery prepare,  
 360 With that of their Plantation; left the Tree  
 Translated, should not with the Soil agree.  
 Beside, to plant it as it was, they mark  
 The Heav'n's four Quarters on the tender Bark;  
 And to the North or South restore the Side,  
 365 Which at their Birth did Heat or Cold abide.  
 So strong is Custom; such Effects can Use  
 In tender Souls of pliant Plants produce.  
 Chuse next a Province, for thy Vineyards Reign,  
 On Hills above, or in the lowly Plain:  
 370 If fertile Fields or Valleys be thy Choice,  
 Plant thick, for bounteous *Bacchus* will rejoice  
 In close Plantations there: But if the Vine  
 On rising Ground be plac'd, or Hills supine,  
 Extend thy loose Battalions largely wide,  
 375 Opening thy Ranks and Files on either Side:  
 But marshall'd all in order as they Stand,  
 And let no Souldier straggle from his Band.  
 As Legions in the Field their Front display,  
 To try the Fortune of some doubtful Day,  
 380 And move to meet their Foes with sober Pace,  
 Strict to their Figure, tho' in wider Space;  
 Before the Battel joins, while from afar  
 The Field yet glitters with the Pomp of War,  
 And equal *Mars*, like an impartial Lord,  
 385 Leaves all to Fortune, and the dint of Sword;  
 So let thy Vines in Intervals be set,  
 But not their Rural Discipline forget:

Indulge

- Indulge their Width, and add a roomy Space,  
 That their extreamest Lines may scarce embrace:  
 390 Nor this alone t'indulge a vain Delight,  
 And make a pleasing Prospect for the Sight:  
 But, for the Ground it self this only Way,  
 Can equal Vigour to the Plants convey;  
 Which crowded, want the room, their Branches to display. }  
 395 How deep they must be planted, wou'dst thou know?  
 In shallow Furrows Vines securely grow.  
 Not so the rest of Plants; for *Joves* own Tree,  
 That holds the Woods in awful Sov'raignty,  
 Requires a depth of Lodging in the Ground;  
 400 And, next the lower Skies, a Bed profound:  
 High as his topmost Boughs to Heav'n ascend,  
 So low his Roots to Hell's Dominion tend.  
 Therefore, nor Winds, nor Winters Rage o'rethrows  
 His bulky Body, but unmov'd he grows.  
 405 For length of Ages lasts his happy Reign,  
 And Lives of Mortal Man contend in vain.  
 Full in the midst of his own Strength he stands,  
 Stretching his brawny Arms, and leafy Hands; }  
 His Shade protects the Plains, his Head the Hills commands }  
 410 The hurtful Hazle in thy Vineyard shun;  
 Nor plant it to receive the setting Sun:  
 Nor break the topmost Branches from the Tree;  
 Nor prune, with blunted Knife, the Progeny.  
 Root up wild Olives from thy labour'd Lands:  
 415 For sparkling Fire, from Hinds unwary Hands,  
 Is often scatter'd o're their unctuous rinds,  
 And after spread abroad by raging Winds.  
 For first the smouldring Flame the Trunk receives,  
 Ascending thence, it crackles in the Leaves:  
 420 At length victorious to the Top aspires,  
 Involving all the Wood with smoky Fires,

M 2

But

- But most, when driv'n by Winds, the flaming Storm,  
Of the long Files destroys the beauteous Form.  
In Ashes then th' unhappy Vineyard lies,  
425 Nor will the blasted Plants from Ruin rise:  
Nor will the wither'd Stock be green again,  
But the wild Olive shoots, and shades th' ungrateful Plain.  
Be not seduc'd with Wisdom's empty Shows,  
To stir the peaceful Ground when *Boreas* blows.
- 430 When Winter Frosts constrain the Field with Cold,  
The fainty Root can take no steady hold.  
But when the Golden Spring reveals the Year,  
And the white Bird returns, whom Serpents fear:  
That Season deem the best to plant thy Vines.
- 435 Next that, is when Autumnal Warmth declines:  
E're Heat is quite decay'd, or Cold begun,  
Or *Capricorn* admits the Winter Sun.  
The Spring adorns the Woods, renews the Leaves,  
The Womb of Earth the genial Seed receives.
- 440 For then Almighty *Jove* descends, and pours  
Into his buxom Bride his fruitful Show'rs.  
And mixing his large Limbs with hers, he feeds  
Her Births with kindly Juice, and fosters teeming Seeds.  
Then joyous Birds frequent the lonely Grove,
- 445 And Beasts, by Nature stung, renew their Love.  
Then Fields the Blades of bury'd Corn disclose,  
And while the balmy Western Spirit blows,  
Earth to the Breath her Bosom dares expose.  
With kindly Moisture then the Plants abound,
- 450 The Grass securely springs above the Ground;  
The tender Twig shoots upward to the Skies,  
And on the Faith of the new Sun relies.  
The swerving Vines on the tall Elms prevail,  
Unhurt by Southern Show'rs or Northern Hail.

- 455 They spread their Gems the genial Warmth to share:  
And boldly trust their Buds in open Air.  
In this soft Season (so sweet Poets sing)  
The World was hatch'd by Heav'n's Imperial King:  
In prime of all the Year, and Holydays of Spring.
- 460 Earth knew no Season then, but Spring alone:  
On the moist Ground the Sun serenely shone:  
Then Winter Winds their blustering Rage forbear,  
And in a silent Pomp proceeds the mighty Year.  
Sheep soon were sent to people flow'ry Fields,
- 465 And salvage Beasts were banish'd into Wilds.  
Then Heav'n was lighted up with Stars; and Mari,  
A hard relentless Race, from Stones began.  
Nor cou'd the tender, new Creation, bear  
Th' excessive Heats or Coldness of the Year:
- 470 But chill'd by Winter, or by Summer fir'd,  
The middle Temper of the Spring requir'd.  
When Infant Nature was with Quiet crown'd,  
And Heav'n's Indulgence brooded on the Ground.  
For what remains, in depth of Earth secure
- 475 Thy cover'd Plants, and dung with hot Manure;  
And Shells and Gravel in the Ground inclose;  
For thro' their hollow Chinks the Water flows:  
Which, thus imbib'd, returns in misty Dews,  
And steaming up, the rising Plant renews.
- 480 Some Husbandmen, of late, have found the Way,  
A hilly Heap of Stones above to lay,  
And press the Plants with Shreds of Potters Clay.  
This Fence against immoderate Rain they found:  
Or when the Dog-star cleaves the thirsty Ground.
- 485 Be mindful when thou hast intomb'd the Shoot,  
With Store of Earth around to feed the Root;  
With Iron Teeth of Rakes and Prongs, to move  
The crusted Earth, and loosen it above.

Then

Then

Then exercife thy ftugling Steers to plough  
 490 Betwixt thy Vines, and teach thy feeble Row  
 To mount on Reeds, and Wands, and, upward led,  
 On Athen Poles to raife their forky Head.  
 On thefe new Crutches let them learn to walk,  
 Till fwerving upwards, with a stronger Stalk,  
 495 They brave the Winds, and, clinging to their Gu  
 On tops of Elms at length triumphant ride.  
 But in their tender Nonage, while they fpread  
 Their Springing Leafs, and lift their Infant Head,  
 And upward while they shoot in open Air,  
 500 Indulge their Child-hood, and the Nurfeeling fpare.  
 Nor exercife thy Rage on new-born Life,  
 But let thy Hand fupply the Pruning-knife ;  
 And crop luxuriant Straglers, nor be loath  
 To ftrip the Branches of their leafy Growth :  
 505 But when the rooted Vines, with fteady Hold,  
 Can clafp their Elms, then Husbandman be bold  
 To lop the difobedient Boughs, that fray'd  
 Beyond their Ranks : let crooked Steel invade  
 The lawlefs Troops, which Difcipline difclaim,  
 510 And their fuperfluous Growth with Rigour tame.  
 Next, fenc'd with Hedges and deep Ditches round,  
 Exclude th' incroaching Cattle from thy Ground,  
 While yet the tender Gems but juft appear,  
 Unable to fustain th' uncertain Year ;  
 515 Whofe Leafs are not alone foul Winter's Prey,  
 But oft by Summer Suns are fcorch'd away ;  
 And worfe than both, become th' unworthy Browze  
 Of Buffal'os, falt Goats, and hungry Cows. }  
 For not *December's* Froft that burns the Boughs, }  
 520 Nor Dog-days parching Heat that fplits the Rocks, }  
 Are half fo harmful as the greedy Flocks : }  
 Their venom'd Bite, and Scars indented on the Stocks. }

For



To John Loving Esq;  
in the County  
of Little Ealing  
of Middlesex.

For this the Malefactor Goat was laid  
On *Bacchus's* Altar, and his forfeit paid.  
525 At *Athens* thus old Comedy began,  
When round the Streets the reeling Actors ran;  
In Country Villages, and crossing ways,  
Contending for the Prizes of their Plays:  
And glad, with *Bacchus*, on the graffic foil,  
530 Leapt o're the Skins of Goats befear'd with Oyl.  
Thus *Roman* Youth deriv'd from ruin'd *Troy*,  
In rude *Saturnian* Rhymes exprefs their Joy:  
With Taunts, and Laughter loud, their Audience please,  
Deform'd with Vizards, cut from Barks of Trees:  
535 In jolly Hymns they praise the God of Wine,  
Whose Earthen Images adorn the Pine;  
And there are hung on high, in honour of the Vine:  
A madness so devout the Vineyards fills.  
In hollow Valleys and on rising Hills;  
540 On what e're side he turns his honest face,  
And dances in the Wind, those Fields are in his grace.  
To *Bacchus* therefore let us tune our Lays,  
And in our Mother Tongue recount his Praise.  
Thin Cakes in Chargers, and a Guilty Goat,  
545 Dragg'd by the Horns, be to his Altars brought;  
Whose offer'd Entrails shall his Crime reproach,  
And drip their Fatness from the Hazle Broach.  
To dress thy Vines new labour is requir'd,  
Nor must the painful Husbandman be tir'd:  
500 For thrice, at least, in Compass of the Year,  
Thy Vineyard must employ the sturdy Steer,  
To turn the Glebe; besides thy daily pain  
To break the Clods, and make the Surface plain:  
T'unload the Branches or the Leaves to thin,  
555 That suck the Vital Moisture of the Vine.

Thus

Thus in a Circle runs the Peasant's Pain,  
 And the Year rows within it self again.  
 Ev'n in the lowest Months, when Storms have fled  
 From Vines the hairy Honours of their Head;  
 560 Not then the drudging Hind his Labour ends;  
 But to the coming Year his Care extends:  
 Ev'n then the naked Vine he persecutes,  
 His Pruning Knife at once Reforms and Cuts.  
 Be first to dig the Ground, be first to burn  
 565 The Branches lopt, and first the Props return  
 Into thy Houfe, that bore the burden'd Vines;  
 But last to reap the Vintage of thy Wines.  
 Twice in the Year luxuriant Leaves o'reshade  
 The incumber'd Vine; rough Brambles twice invade:  
 570 Hard Labour both! commend the large excess  
 Of spacious Vineyards; cultivate the less.  
 Besides, in Woods the Shrubs of prickly Thorn,  
 Sallows and Reeds, on Banks of Rivers born,  
 Remain to cut; for Vineyards useful found,  
 575 To stay thy Vines, and fence thy fruitful Ground.  
 Nor when thy tender Trees at length are bound;  
 When peaceful Vines from Pruning Hooks are free,  
 When Husbands have survey'd the last degree,  
 And utmost Files of Plants, and order'd ev'ry Tree;  
 580 Ev'n when they sing at ease in full Content,  
 Insulting o're the Toils they underwent;  
 Yet still they find a future Task remain;  
 To turn the Soil, and break the Clods again:  
 And after all, their Joys are un sincere,  
 585 While falling Rains on ripening Grapes they fear.  
 Quite opposite to these are Olives found,  
 No dressing they require, and dread no wound;  
 Nor Rakes nor Harrows need, but fix'd below,  
 Rejoyce in open Air, and unconcern'dly grow.

A

590 The Soil it self due Nourishment supplies:  
 Plough but the Furrows, and the Fruits arise:  
 Content with small Endeavours, 'till they spring.  
 Soft Peace they figure, and sweet Plenty bring:  
 Then Olives plant, and Hymns to *Pallas* sing.  
 595 Thus Apple Trees, whose Trunks are strong to bear  
 Their spreading Boughs, exert themselves in Air:  
 Want no supply, but stand secure alone,  
 Not trusting foreign Forces, but their own:  
 'Till with the ruddy freight the bending Branches groan.  
 600 Thus Trees of Nature, and each common Bush,  
 Uncultivated thrive, and with red Berries bluish.  
 Vile Shrubs are shorn for Browze: the tow'ring high  
 Of unctuous Trees, are Torches for the Night.  
 And shall we doubt, (indulging ease Sloath,)  
 605 To sow, to set, and to reform their growth?  
 To leave the lofty Plants; the lowly kind,  
 Are for the Shepherd, or the Sheep design'd.  
 Ev'n humble Broom and Osiers have their use,  
 And Shade for Sleep, and Food for Flocks produce;  
 610 Hedges for Corn, and Honey for the Bees:  
 Besides the pleasing Prospect of the Trees.  
 How goodly looks *Cyprus*, ever green  
 With Boxen Groves, with what delight are seen  
*Narycian* Woods of Pitch, whose gloomy shade,  
 615 Seems for retreat of thoughtful Muses made!  
 But much more pleasing are those Fields to see,  
 That need not Ploughs, nor Human Industry.  
 Ev'n cold *Caucasian* Rocks with Trees are spread,  
 And wear green Forests on their hilly Head.  
 620 Tho' bending from the blast of Eastern Storms,  
 Tho' shent their Leaves, and shatter'd are their Arms;  
 Yet Heav'n their various Plants for use designs:  
 For Houfes Cedars, and for Shipping Pines.

N

Cyprus

- Cypres provides for Spokes, and Wheels of Wains :  
 625 And all for Keels of Ships, that scour the watry Plains.  
 Willows in Twigs are fruitful, Elms in Leaves,  
 The War, from stubborn Myrtle Shafts receives :  
 From Cornels Jav'lins, and the tougher Yeugh  
 Receives the bending Figure of a Bow.  
 630 Nor Box, nor Limes, without their use are made,  
 Smooth-grain'd, and proper for the Turner's Trade :  
 Which curious Hands may kerve, and Steel with Ease }  
 invade.  
 Light Alder stems the *Po's* impetuous Tide,  
 And Bees in hollow Oaks their Hony hide.  
 635 Now ballance, with these Gifts, the fumy Joys  
 Of Wine, attended with eternal Noife.  
 Wine urg'd to lawless Lust the *Centaur's* Train,  
 Thro' Wine they quarrell'd, and thro' Wine were slain.  
 Oh happy, if he knew his happy State !  
 640 The Swain, who, free from Business and Debate ;  
 Receives his easy Food from Nature's Hand,  
 And just Returns of cultivated Land !  
 No Palace, with a lofty Gate, he wants,  
 T' admit the Tydes of early Vifitants.  
 645 With eager Eyes devouring, as they pass,  
 The breathing Figures of *Corinthian* Bras.  
 No Statues threaten, from high Pedestals;  
 No *Persian* Arras hides his homely Walls,  
 With Antick Vests, which thro' their shady fold,  
 650 Betray the Streaks of ill dissembl'd Gold.  
 He boasts no Wool, whose native white is dy'd  
 With Purple Poyfon of *Affyrian* Pride.  
 No costly Drugs of *Araby* defile,  
 With foreign Scents, the Sweetness of his Oyl.  
 655 But easie Quiet, a secure Retreat,  
 A harmless Life that knows not how to cheat,

With

- With homebred Plenty the rich Owner bless,  
 And rural Pleasures crown his Happiness.  
 Unvex'd with Quarrels, undisturb'd with Noife,  
 660 The Country King his peaceful Realm enjoys :  
 Cool Grotts, and living Lakes, the Flow'ry Pride  
 Of Meads, and Streams that thro' the Valley glide ;  
 And shady Groves that easie Sleep invite,  
 And after toilsome Days, a sweet repose at Night.  
 665 Wild Beasts of Nature in his Woods abound ;  
 And Youth, of Labour patient, plow the Ground ;  
 Inur'd to Hardship, and to homely Fare.  
 Nor venerable Age is wanting there,  
 In great Examples to the Youthful Train :  
 670 Nor are the Gods ador'd with Rites prophane.  
 From hence *Astrea* took her Flight, and here  
 the Prints of her departing Steps appear.  
 Ye sacred Muses, with whose Beauty fir'd,  
 My Soul is ravish'd, and my Brain inspir'd :  
 675 Whose Priest I am, whose holy Fillets wear,  
 Wou'd you your *Virgil's* first Petition hear,  
 Give me the Ways of wandring Stars to know :  
 The Depths of Heav'n above, and Earth below.  
 Teach me the various Labours of the Moon,  
 680 And whence proceed th' Eclipses of the Sun.  
 Why flowing Tides prevail upon the Main,  
 And in what dark Recess they shrink again.  
 What shakes the solid Earth, what Cause delays  
 The Summer Nights, and shortens Winter Days.  
 685 But if my heavy Blood restrain the Flight  
 Of my free Soul, aspiring to the Height  
 Of Nature, and unclouded Fields of Light :  
 My next Desire is, void of Care and Strife,  
 To lead a soft, secure, inglorious Life.

N 2

A

- 690 A Country Cottage near a Crystal Flood,  
A winding Vally, and a lofty Wood.  
Some God conduct me to the sacred Shades,  
Where Bacchanals are sung by *Spartan* Maids.  
Or lift me high to *Hemus* hilly Crown;  
695 Or in the Plains of *Tempe* lay me down:  
Or lead me to some solitary Place,  
And cover my Retreat from Human Race.  
Happy the Man, who, studying Nature's Laws,  
Thro' known Effects can trace the secret Cause.  
700 His Mind possessing, in a quiet state,  
Fearless of Fortune, and resign'd to Fate.  
And happy too is he, who decks the Bow'rs  
Of Sylvans, and adores the Rural Pow'rs:  
Whose Mind, unmov'd, the Bribes of Courts can see;  
705 Their glitt'ring Bait, and Purple Slavery.  
Nor hopes the People's Praise, nor fears their Frown,  
Nor, when contending Kindred tear the Crown,  
Will set up one, or pull another down.  
Without Concern he hears, but hears from far,  
710 Of Tumults and Defcents, and distant War:  
Nor with a Superstitious Fear is aw'd,  
For what befalls at home, or what abroad.  
Nor envies he the Rich their heapy Store,  
Nor with a helpless Hand consoles the Poor.  
715 He feeds on Fruits, which, of their own accord,  
The willing Ground, and laden Trees afford.  
From his lov'd Home no Lucre him can draw,  
The Senates mad Decrees he never saw;  
Nor heard, at bawling Bars, corrupted Law.  
720 Some to the Seas, and some to Camps resort,  
And some with Impudence invade the Court.  
In foreign Countries others seek Renown,  
With Wars and Taxes others waste their own.

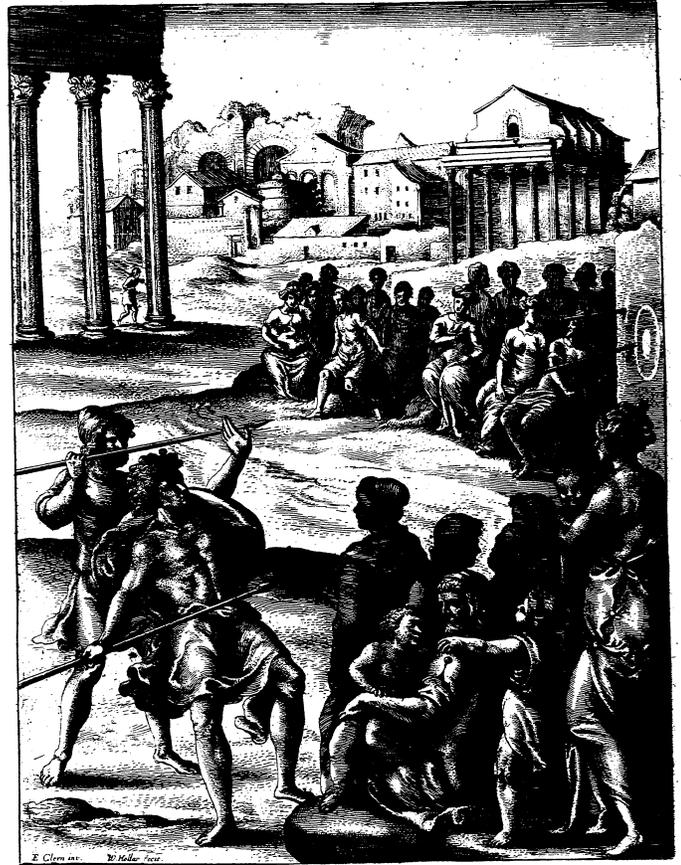
And

- And Houfes burn, and household Gods deface,  
725 To drink in Bowls which glitt'ring Gems enchafe:  
To loll on Couches, rich with *Cytron* Steds,  
And lay their guilty Limbs in *Tyrian* Beds.  
This Wretch in Earth intombs his Golden Ore,  
Hov'ring and brooding on his bury'd Store.  
730 Some Patriot Fools to pop'lar Praise aspire,  
By Publick Speeches, which worse Fools admire.  
While from both Benches, with redoubl'd Sounds,  
Th' Applause of Lords and Commoners abounds.  
Some through Ambition, or thro' Thirst of Gold,  
735 Have slain their Brothers, or their Country fold:  
And leaving their sweet Homes, in Exile run  
To Lands that lye beneath another Sun.  
The Peasant, innocent of all these Ills,  
With crooked Ploughs the fertile Fallows tills;  
740 And the round Year with daily Labour fills.  
From hence the Country Markets are supply'd:  
Enough remains for household Charge beside;  
His Wife, and tender Children to sustain,  
And gratefully to feed his dumb deserving Train.  
745 Nor cease his Labours, till the Yellow Field  
A full return of bearded Harvest yield:  
A Crop so plenteous, as the Land to load,  
O'rcome the crowded Barns, and lodge on Ricks abroad.  
Thus ev'ry sev'ral Season is employ'd:  
750 Some spent in Toyl, and some in Ease enjoy'd.  
The yeaning Ewes prevent the springing Year;  
The laded Boughs their Fruits in Autumn bear.  
'Tis then the Vine her liquid Harvest yields,  
Bak'd in the Sun-shine of ascending Fields.  
755 The Winter comes, and then the falling Mast,  
For greedy Swine, provides a full repast.

Then

- Then Olives, ground in Mills, their fatness boast,  
 And Winter Fruits are mellow'd by the Frost.  
 His Cares are eas'd with Intervals of blifs,  
 760 His little Children climbing for a Kifs,  
 Welcome their Father's late return at Night;  
 His faithful Bed is crown'd with chaff delight.  
 His Kine with swelling Udders ready stand,  
 And, lowing for the Pail, invite the Milker's hand.  
 765 His wanton Kids, with budding Horns prepar'd,  
 Fight harmles Battels in his homely Yard:  
 Himself in Rustick Pomp, on Holy-days,  
 To Rural Pow'rs a just Oblation pays;  
 And on the Green his careles Limbs displays. }  
 770 The Hearth is in the midst; the Herdsmen round  
 The chearful Fire, provoke his health in Goblets crown'd.  
 He calls on *Bacchus*, and propounds the Prize;  
 The Groom his Fellow Groom at Buts defies;  
 And bends his Bow, and levels with his Eyes. }  
 775 Or stript for Wrestling, smears his Limbs with Oyl,  
 And watches with a trip his Foe to foil.  
 Such was the life the frugal *Sabines* led;  
 So *Remus* and his Brother God were bred:  
 From whom th' austere *Etrurian* Virtue rose,  
 780 And this rude life our homely Fathers chose.  
 Old *Rome* from such a Race deriv'd her birth,  
 (The Seat of Empire, and the conquer'd Earth :)  
 Which now on sev'n high Hills triumphant reigns,  
 And in that compass all the World contains.  
 785 E're *Saturn's* Rebel Son usurp'd the Skies,  
 When Beasts were only slain for Sacrifice:  
 While peaceful *Crete* enjoy'd her ancient Lord,  
 E're founding Hammers forg'd th' inhumane Sword:

E're



To William Walsh  
 in Worcester =  of Abberley  
 shire Esq

Jan 21 1766

E're hollow Drums were beat, before the Breath  
790 Of brazen Trumpets rung the Peals of Death,  
The good old God his Hunger did asswage  
With Roots and Herbs, and gave the Golden Age.  
But over labour'd with so long a Course,  
Tis time to set at ease the smoking Horfe.

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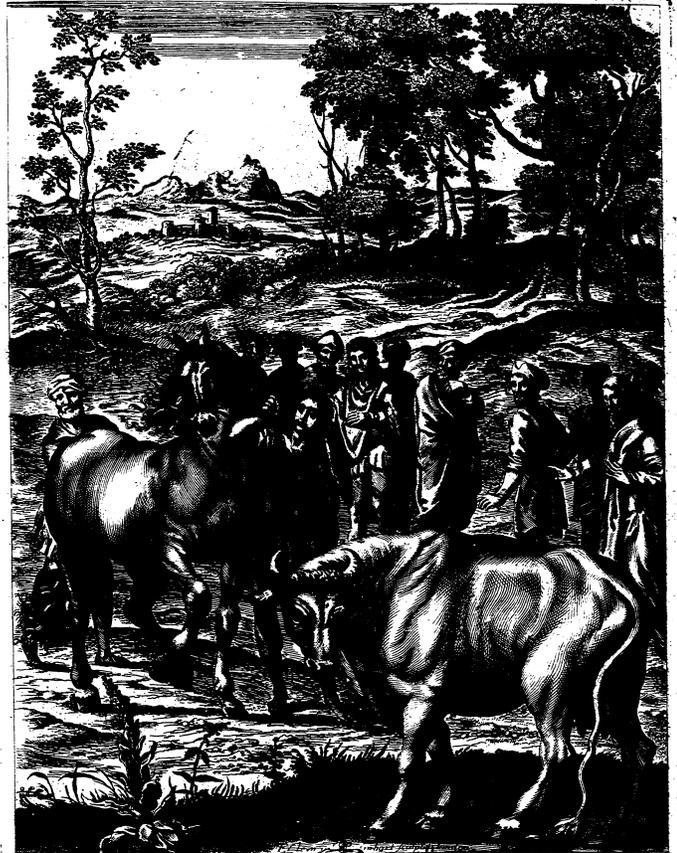
### The Third Book of the Georgics.

#### The Argument.

This Book begins with an Invocation of some Rural Deities, and a Compliment to Augustus: After which Virgil directs himself to Mæcenas, and enters on his Subject. He lays down Rules for the Breeding and Management of Horses, Oxen, Sheep, Goats, and Dogs: And interweaves several pleasant Descriptions of a Chariot-Race, of the Battel of the Bulls, of the Force of Love, and of the Scythian Winter. In the latter part of the Book he relates the Diseases incident to Cattel; and ends with the Description of a fatal Murrain that formerly rag'd among the Alps.

- T**HY Fields, propitious Pales, I reherse;  
 And sing thy Pastures in no vulgar Verse,  
 Amphrysian Shepherd; the Lycæan Woods;  
 Arcadia's flow'ry Plains, and pleasing Floods.
- 5 All other Themes, that careless Minds invite,  
 Are worn with use; unworthy me to write.  
 Busiri's Altars, and the dire Decrees  
 Of hard Euristheus, ev'ry Reader sees:  
 Hylas the Boy, Latona's erring Isle,
- 10 And Pelop's Iv'ry Shoulder, and his Toil  
 For fair Hippodami, with all the rest  
 Of Grecian Tales, by Poets are exprest:  
 New ways I must attempt, my groveling Name  
 To raise aloft, and wing my flight to Fame.
- 15 I, first of Romans shall in Triumph come  
 From conquer'd Greece, and bring her Trophies home:  
 With Foreign Spoils adorn my native place;  
 And with Idume's Palms, my Mantua grace.  
 Of Parian Stone a Temple will I raise,
- 20 Where the slow Mæcius through the Vally strays:

Where



To the most Noble and  
 Charles Duke of Richmond  
 and Dorset, Baron of  
 the Order

Illustrous Prince  
 and Count Earl of Mar  
 Overington Knight of the  
 of the Garter.

Geo. 3. 11.

Where cooling Streams invite the Flocks to drink :  
 And Reeds defend the winding Waters Brink.  
 Full in the midst shall mighty *Cæsar* stand:  
 Hold the chief Honours, and the Dome command.

- 25 Then I, conspicuous in my *Tyrian Gown*,  
 (Submitting to his Godhead my Renown)  
 A hundred Coursers from the Goal will drive;  
 The rival Chariots in the Race shall strive.  
 All *Greece* shall flock from far, my Games to see;  
 30 The Whorlbat, and the rapid Race, shall be  
 Reserv'd for *Cæsar*, and ordain'd by me. }  
 My self, with Olive crown'd, the Gifts will bear:  
 Ev'n now methinks the publick shouts I hear : }  
 The passing Pageants, and the Poms appear.
- 35 I, to the Temple will conduct the Crew :  
 The Sacrifice and Sacrificers view ;  
 From thence return, attended with my Train,  
 Where the proud Theatres disclose the Scene :  
 Which interwoven *Britains* seem to raise,  
 40 And shew the *Triumph* which their *Shame* displays.  
 High o're the Gate, in Elephant and Gold,  
 The Crowd shall *Cæsar's Indian War* behold ;  
 The *Nile* shall flow beneath ; and on the side,  
 His thatter'd Ships on Brazen Pillars ride.
- 45 Next him *Niphates* with inverted Urn,  
 And dropping Sedge, shall his *Armenia* mourn ; }  
 And *Asian* Cities in our Triumph born.  
 With backward Bows the *Parthians* shall be there ;  
 And, spurring from the Fight confess their Fear.
- 50 A double Wreath shall crown our *Cæsar's* Brows ;  
 Two differing Trophies, from two different Foes.  
*Europe* with *Africk* in his Fame shall join ;  
 But neither Shoar his Conquest shall confine.

- The *Parian* Marble, there, shall seem to move,  
 55 In breathing Statues, not unworthy *Jove*.  
 Resembling Heroes, whose *Ethereal* Root,  
 Is *Jove* himself, and *Cesar* is the Fruit.  
*Tros* and his Race the Sculptor shall employ ;  
 And he the God, who built the Walls of *Troy*.  
 60 Envy her self at last, grown pale and dumb ;  
 (By *Cesar* combated and overcome)  
 Shall give her Hands ; and fear the curling Snakes  
 Of lashing Furies, and the burning Lakes :  
 The Pains of famisht *Tantalus* shall feel ;  
 65 And *Sisyphus* that labours up the Hill  
 The rowling Rock in vain ; and curst *Ixion's* Wheel. }  
 Mean time we must pursue the *Sylvan* Lands ;  
 (Th' abode of Nymphs,) untouch'd by former Hands : }  
 For such, *Mæneas*, are thy hard Commands.  
 70 Without thee nothing lofty can I sing ;  
 Come then, and with thy self thy Genius bring :  
 With which inspir'd, I brook no dull delay.  
*Cytheron* loudly calls me to my way ; }  
 Thy Hounds, *Taygetus*, open and pursue their Prey.  
 75 High *Epidaurus* urges on my speed,  
 Fam'd for his Hills, and for his Horses breed :  
 From Hills and Dales the chearful Cries rebound :  
 For Echo hunts along ; and propagates the sound.  
 A time will come, when my maturer Muse,  
 80 In *Cesar's* Wars, a Nobler Theme shall chuse.  
 And through more Ages bear my Sovereign's Praise ;  
 Than have from *Tibon* past to *Cesar's* Days.  
 The Generous Youth, who studious of the Prize,  
 The Race of running Courfers multiplies ;  
 85 Or to the Plough the sturdy Bullock breeds,  
 May know that from the Dam the worth of each proceeds.

The

- The Mother Cow must wear a low'ring look,  
 Sour headed, strongly neck'd, to bear the Yoke.  
 Her double Dew-lap from her Chin descends :  
 90 And at her Thighs the pondrous burthen ends.  
 Long are her sides and large, her Limbs are great ;  
 Rough are her Ears, and broad her horny Feet.  
 Her Colour shining Black, but fleck'd with white ;  
 She tosses from the Yoke ; provokes the Fight :  
 95 She rises in her Gate, is free from Fears ;  
 And in her Face a Bull's Resemblance bears :  
 Her ample Forehead with a Star is crown'd ;  
 And with her length of Tail she sweeps the Ground.  
 The Bull's Insult at Four she may sustain ;  
 100 But, after Ten, from Nuptial Rites refrain.  
 Six Seasons use ; but then release the Cow,  
 Unfit for Love, and for the lab'ring Plough.  
 Now while their Youth is fill'd with kindly Fire,  
 Submit thy Females to the lusty Sire :  
 105 Watch the quick motions of the frisking Tail,  
 Then serve their fury with the rushing Male, }  
 Indulging Pleasure lest the Breed shou'd fail.  
 In Youth alone, unhappy Mortals live ;  
 But, ah ! the mighty Bliss is fugitive ;  
 110 Discolour'd Sickness, anxious Labours come,  
 And Age, and Death's inexorable Doom.  
 Yearly thy Herds in vigour will impair ;  
 Recruit and mend 'em with thy Yearly care :  
 Still propagate, for still they fall away,  
 115 'Tis Prudence to prevent th' entire decay.  
 Like Diligence requires the Courfer's Race ;  
 In early Choice ; and for a longer space.  
 The Colt, that for a Stallion is design'd,  
 By sure Prefages shows his generous Kind,  
 120 Of able Body, sound of Limb and Wind. }

O 2

Upright

Upright he walks, on Pasterns firm and straight;  
 His Motions easy, prancing in his Gate.  
 The first to lead the Way, to tempt the Flood;  
 To pass the Bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling  
 125 Dauntless at empty Noises; lofty neck'd; (Wood.  
 Sharp headed, Barrel belly'd, broadly back'd.  
 Brawny his Chest, and deep, his Colour gray;  
 For Beauty dappled, or the brightest Bay:  
 Faint white and Dun will scarce the Rearing pay.  
 130 The fiery Courser, when he hears from far,  
 The sprightly Trumpet, and the shouts of War,  
 Pricks up his Ears; and trembling with Delight,  
 Shifts place, and paws; and hopes the promis'd Fight.  
 On his right Shoulder his thick Mane reclin'd,  
 135 Ruffles at speed; and dances in the Wind.  
 His horny Hoofs are jetty black, and round;  
 His Chine is double; starting, with a bound  
 He turns the Turf, and shakes the solid Ground.  
 Fire from his Eyes, Clouds from his Nostrils flow:  
 140 He bears his Rider headlong on the Foe.  
 Such was the Steed in *Græcian* Poets fam'd,  
 Proud *Cyllarus*, by *Spartan* *Cassor* nam'd:  
 Such Coursers bore to Fight the God of *Thrace*;  
 And such, *Achilles*, was thy warlike Race.  
 145 In such a Shape, old *Saturn* did restrain  
 His Heav'nly Limbs, and flow'd with such a Mane.  
 When, half surpriz'd, and fearing to be seen,  
 The Leacher gallop'd from his Jealous Queen:  
 Ran up the ridges of the Rocks amain;  
 150 And with shrill Neighings fill'd the Neighb'ring Plain.  
 But worn with Years, when dire Dis'eases come,  
 Then hide his not Ignoble Age, at Home:  
 In Peace e' enjoy his former Palms and Pains;  
 And gratefully be kind to his Remains.

For

155 For when his Blood no Youthful Spirits move,  
 He languishes and labours in his Love.  
 And when the sprightly Seed shou'd swiftly come,  
 Dribbling he drudges, and defrauds the Womb.  
 In vain he burns, like fainty Stubble Fires;  
 160 And in himself his former self requires.  
 His Age and Courage weigh: Nor those alone,  
 But note his Father's Virtues with his own;  
 Observe if he disdains to yield the Prize;  
 Of Loss impatient, proud of Victories.  
 165 Hast thou beheld, when from the Goal they start,  
 The Youthful Charioteers with beating Heart,  
 Rush to the Race; and panting, scarcely bear  
 Th' extreams of feverish hope, and chilling Fear;  
 Stoop to the Reins, and lash with all their force;  
 170 The flying Chariot kindles in the Course:  
 And now aloft; and now alow they fly,  
 Now seem to sink in Earth, and now to touch the Sky;  
 No stop, no stay, but Clouds of Sand arise;  
 Spurn'd, and cast backward on the Follower's Eyes.  
 175 The hindmost blows the foam upon the first:  
 Such is the love of Praise, an Honourable Thirst.  
 Bold *Eriethonius* was the first, who join'd  
 Four Horses for the rapid Race design'd;  
 And o're the dusty Wheels presiding fate;  
 180 The *Lapthe* to Chariots, added State  
 Of Bits and Bridles; taught the Steed to bound;  
 To run the Ring, and trace the mazy round.  
 To stop, to fly, the Rules of War to know:  
 T' obey the Rider; and to dare the Foe.  
 185 To chuse a Youthful Steed, with Courage fir'd;  
 To breed him, break him, back him, are requir'd  
 Experienc'd Masters; and in sundry Ways:  
 Their Labours equal, and alike their Praise.

But

But once again the batter'd Horſe beware,  
 190 The weak old Stallion will deceive thy care.  
 Though Famous in his Youth for force and ſpeed,  
 Or was of *Argos* or *Epirian* breed,  
 Or did from *Neptune's* Race, or from himſelf proceed. }  
 Theſe things premis'd, when now the Nuptial time  
 195 Approaches for the ſtately Steed to climb;  
 With Food inable him, to make his Court;  
 Diſtend his Chine, and pamper him for ſport.  
 Feed him with Herbs, whatever thou can'ſt find,  
 Of generous warmth; and of ſalacious kind.  
 200 Then Water him, and (drinking what he can)  
 Encourage him to thirſt again, with Bran.  
 Inſtructed thus, produce him to the Faire;  
 And joyn in Wedlock to the longing Mare.  
 For if the Sire be faint, or out of caſe,  
 205 He will be copied in his familiſ'd Race:  
 And ſink beneath the pleaſing Task aſſign'd;  
 (For all's too little for the craving Kind.)  
 As for the Females, with induſtrious care  
 Take down their Mettle, keep 'em lean and bare;  
 210 When conſcious of their paſt delight, and keen  
 To take the leap, and prove the ſport agen;  
 With ſcanty meaſure then ſupply their food;  
 And, when athirſt, refrain 'em from the flood:  
 Their Bodies harrals, ſink 'em when they run;  
 215 And fry their melting Marrow in the Sun.  
 Starve 'em, when Barns beneath their burthen groan,  
 And winnow'd Chaff, by weſtern winds is blown.  
 For Fear the rankneſs of the ſwelling Womb  
 Shou'd ſcant the paſſage, and confine the room.  
 220 Left the Fat Furrows ſhou'd the ſenſe deſtroy  
 Of Genial Luſt; and dull the Seat of Joy.

But

But let 'em ſuck the Seed with greedy force;  
 And there encloſe the Vigour of the Horſe.  
 No more of Courſers yet: We now proceed  
 225 To teeming Kine; and their laborious breed.  
 Firſt let 'em run at large; and never know  
 The taming Yoak, or draw the crooked Plough.  
 Let 'em not leap the Ditch, or ſwim the Flood;  
 Or lumber o're the Meads; or croſs the Wood.  
 230 But range the Forreſt, by the ſilver ſide  
 Of ſome cool Stream, where Nature ſhall provide  
 Green Graſs and far'ning Clover for their fare!  
 And Moſſy Caverns for their Evening laze: }  
 With Rocks above, to ſhield the ſharp Nocturnal air.  
 235 About th' *Alburnian* Groves, with Holly green,  
 Of winged Inſects mighty ſwarms are ſeen:  
 This flying Plague (to mark its quality)  
*Oeſtros* the *Grecians* call: *Aflyus*, we:  
 A fierce loud buzzing Breez; their ſtings draw blood;  
 240 And drive the Cattel gadding through the Wood.  
 Seiz'd with unuſual pains, they loudly cry,  
*Tanagrus* haſtens thence; and leaves his Channel dry.  
 This Curſe the jealous *Juno* did invent;  
 And firſt employ'd for *Iſis's* Punishment.  
 245 To ſhun this Ill, the cunning Leach ordains  
 In Summer's Sultry Heats (for then it reigns)  
 To feed the Females, e're the Sun ariſe,  
 Or late at Night, when Stars adorn the Skies.  
 When ſhe has calv'd, then ſet the Dam aſide;  
 250 And for the tender Progeny provide.  
 Diſtinguiſh all betimes, with branding Fire;  
 To note the Tribe, the Lineage, and The Sire.  
 Whom to reſerve for Husband of the Herd;  
 Or who ſhall be to Sacrifice preferr'd;

Or

- 255 Or whom thou shalt to turn thy Glebe allow;  
To harrow Furrows, and sustain the Plough:  
The rest, for whom no Lot is yet decreed,  
May run in Pastures, and at pleasure feed.  
The Calf, by Nature and by Genius made
- 260 To turn the Glebe, breed to the Rural Trade.  
Set him betimes to School; and let him be  
Instructed there in Rules of Husbandry:  
While yet his youth is flexible and green;  
Nor bad Examples of the World has seen.
- 265 Early begin the stubborn Child to break;  
For his soft Neck, a supple Collar make  
Of bending Osiers; and (with time and care  
Enur'd that easie Servitude to bear)  
Thy flattering Method on the Youth pursue:
- 270 Join'd with his School-Fellows, by two and two,  
Perswade 'em first to lead an empty Wheel,  
That scarce the dust can raise, or they can feel:  
In length of Time produce the lab'ring Yoke  
And shining Shares, that make the Furrow smooke.
- 275 Ere the licentious Youth be thus restrain'd,  
Or Moral Precepts on their Minds have gain'd;  
Their wanton appetites not only feed  
With delicates of Leaves, and marshy Weed,  
But with thy Sickle reap the rankest land:
- 280 And minister the blade, with bounteous hand.  
Nor be with harmful parsimony won  
To follow what our homely Sires have done;  
Who fill'd the Pail with Beettings of the Cow:  
But all her Udder to the Calf allow.
- 285 If to the Warlike Steed thy Studies bend,  
Or for the Prize in Chariots to contend;  
Near *Pisa's* Flood the rapid Wheels to guide,  
Or in *Olympian* Groves aloft to ride,

The

- The generous Labours of the Courser, first  
290 Must be with sight of Arms and sounds of Trumpets nurst:  
Inur'd the groaning Axle-tree to bear;  
And let him clashing Whips in Stables hear.  
Sooth him with Praise, and make him understand  
The loud Applauses of his Master's Hand:
- 295 This from his Weaning, let him well be taught;  
And then betimes in a soft Snaffle wrought:  
Before his tender Joints with Nerves are knit;  
Guileless of Arms, and trembling at the Bit.  
But when to four full Springs his years advance,
- 300 Teach him to run the round, with Pride to prance;  
And (rightly manag'd) equal time to beat;  
To turn, to bound in measure; and Curvet.  
Let him, to this, with easie pains be brought:  
And seem to labour, when he labours not.
- 305 Thus, form'd for speed, he challenges the Wind;  
And leaves the *Scythian* Arrow far behind:  
He scours along the Field, with loosen'd Reins;  
And treads so light, he scarcely prints the Plains.  
Like *Boreas* in his Race, when rushing forth,
- 310 He sweeps the Skies, and clears the cloudy North:  
The waving Harvest bends beneath his blast;  
The Forest shakes, the Groves their Honours cast;  
He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar  
Pursues the foaming Surges to the Shoar.
- 315 Thus o're th' *Elean* Plains, thy well-breath'd Horse  
Sustains the goring Spurs, and wins the Course.  
Or, bred to *Belgian* Waggons, leads the Way;  
Untir'd at night, and chearful all the Day.  
When once he's broken, feed him full and high:
- 320 Indulge his Growth, and his gaunt sides supply.  
Before his Training, keep him poor and low;  
For his stout Stomach with his Food will grow;

p

The

The pamper'd Colt will Discipline disdain,  
Impatient of the Lash, and restiff to the Rein.

325 Wou'dst thou their Courage and their Strength improve,

Too soon they must not feel the stings of Love.  
Whether the Bull or Courser be thy Care,  
Let him not leap the Cow, nor mount the Mare.

330 The youthful Bull must wander in the Wood;  
Behind the Mountain, or beyond the Flood:

Or, in the Stall at home his Fodder find;  
Far from the Charms of that alluring Kind.

335 With two fair Eyes his Mistress burns his Breast;  
He looks, and languishes, and leaves his Rest;  
Forfakes his Food, and pining for the Lads,  
Is joyless of the Grove, and spurns the growing grass.  
The soft Seducer, with enticing Looks,  
The bellowing Rivals to the Fight provokes.

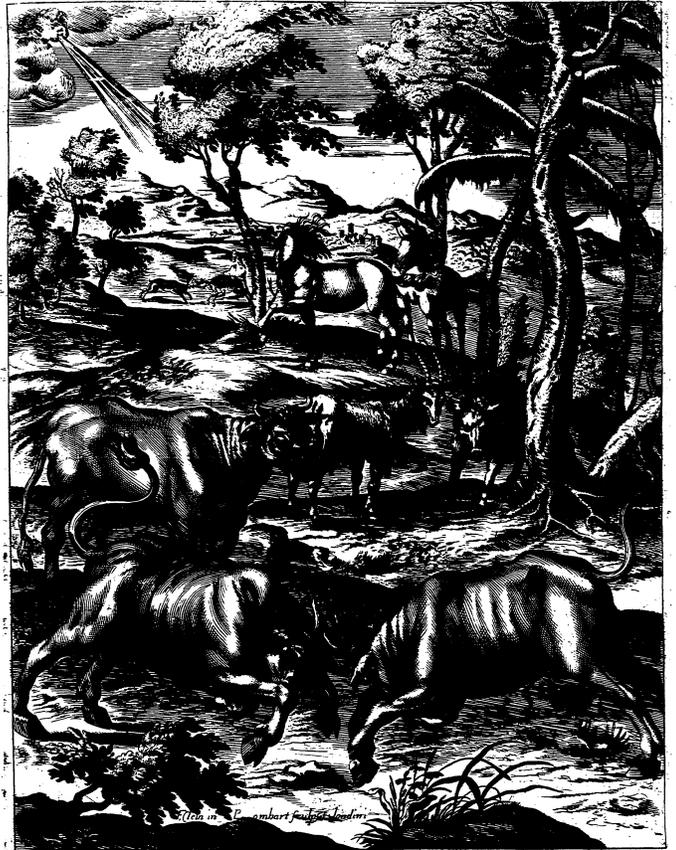
A beauteous Heifer in the Woods is bred;

340 The stooping Warriours, aiming Head to Head,  
Engage their clashing Horns; with dreadful Sound  
The Forest rattles, and the Rocks rebound.  
They fence, they push, and pushing loudly roar;  
Their Dewlaps and their Sides are bath'd in Gore.

345 Nor when the War is over, is it Peace;  
Nor will the vanquish'd Bull his Claim release:  
But feeding in his Breast his ancient Fires,  
And cursing Fate, from his proud Foe retires.  
Driv'n from his Native Land, to foreign Grounds,

350 He with a generous Rage resents his Wounds;  
His ignominious Flight, the Victor's boast,  
And more than both, the Loves, which unreveng'd he lost.  
Often he turns his Eyes, and, with a Groan,  
Surveys the pleasing Kingdoms, once his own.

And



To Justinian Asham  
Northampton



of Lamport in  
Shire Baronet

- 355 And therefore to repair his Strength he tries :  
 Hardning his Limbs with painful Exercife,  
 And rough upon the flinty Rock he lies. }  
 On prickly Leaves, and on sharp Herbs he feeds,  
 Then to the Prelude of a War proceeds.
- 360 His Horns, yet fore, he tries againft a Tree:  
 And meditates his abfent Enemy.  
 He fnufts the Wind, his heels the Sand excite ; }  
 But, when he ftands collected in his might,  
 He roars, and promifs a more fuccesful Fight.
- 365 Then, to redeem his Honour at a blow,  
 He moves his Camp, to meet his carelefs Foe.  
 Not with more Madnefs, rolling from afar,  
 The fummy Waves proclaim the watry War.  
 And mounting upwards, with a mighty Roar,  
 370 March onwards, and infult the rocky fhoar.  
 They mate the middle Region with their height ;  
 And fall no lefs, than with a Mountain's weight ;  
 The Waters boil, and belching from below  
 Black Sands, as from a forceful Engine throw.
- 375 Thus every Creature, and of every Kind,  
 The fecret Joys of fweet Coition find :  
 Not only Man's Imperial Race ; but they  
 That wing the liquid Air ; or fwim the Sea,  
 Or haunt the Defart, rufh into the flame :
- 380 For Love is Lord of all ; and is in all the fame.  
 'Tis with this rage, the Mother Lion ftung,  
 Scours o're the Plain ; regardless of her young,  
 Demanding Rites of Love ; the fternly ftalks ;  
 And hunts her Lover in his lonely Walks.
- 385 'Tis then the fhapelefs Bear his Den forfakes ;  
 In Woods and Fields a wild deftruction makes.  
 Boars whet their Tusks ; to battel Tygers move ;  
 Enrag'd with Hunger, more enrag'd with Love.

Then wo to him, that in the defart Land  
 390 Of *Lybia* travels, o're the burning Sand.  
 The Stallion snuffs the well-known Scent afar;  
 And snorts and trembles for the distant Mare:  
 Nor Bits nor Bridles can his Rage restrain;  
 And rugged Rocks are interpos'd in vain:  
 395 He makes his way o're Mountains, and contemns  
 Unruly Torrents, and unforded Streams.  
 The bristled Boar, who feels the pleasing Wound,  
 New grinds his arming Tusks, and digs the Ground.  
 The sleepy Leacher shuts his little Eyes;  
 400 About his churning Chaps the frothy bubbles rise:  
 He rubs his sides against a Tree; prepares  
 And hardens both his Shoulders for the Wars.  
 What did the *Jaub*, when Love's unerring Dart  
 Transfixt his Liver; and inflam'd his heart?  
 405 Alone, by night, his watry way he took;  
 About him, and above, the Billows broke:  
 The Sluces of the Skie were open spread;  
 And rowling Thunder rattl'd o're his Head.  
 The raging Tempest call'd him back in vain;  
 410 And every boding Qmen of the Main.  
 Nor cou'd his Kindred; nor the kindly Force  
 Of weeping Parents, change his fatal Course.  
 No, not the dying Maid, who must deplore  
 His floating Carcass on the *Sestian* shore.  
 415 I pass the Wars that spotted *Linx's* make  
 With their fierce Rivals, for the Females sake:  
 The howling Wolves, the Mastiffs amorous rage;  
 When ev'n the fearful Stag dares for his Hind engage.  
 But far above the rest, the furious Mare,  
 420 Barr'd from the Male, is frantick with despair.  
 For when her pouing Vent declares her pain,  
 She tears the Harness, and she rends the Reyn;

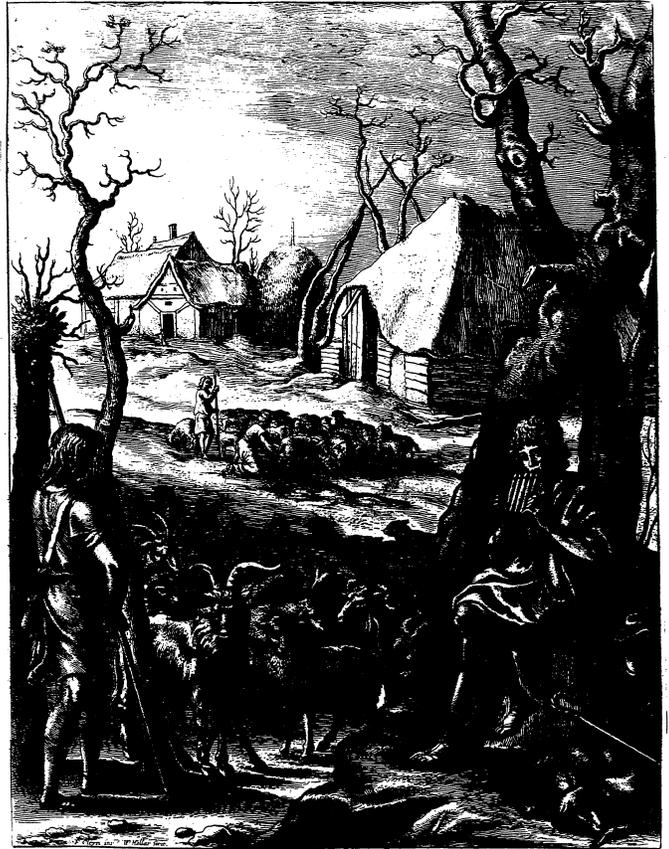
For

For this; (when *Venus* gave them rage and pow'r)  
 Their Masters mangl'd Members they devour;  
 425 Of Love defrauded in their longing Hour.  
 For Love they force thro' Thickets of the Wood,  
 They climb the steepy Hills, and stem the Flood.  
 When at the Spring's approach their Marrow burns,  
 (For with the Spring their genial Warmth returns)  
 430 The Mares to Cliffs of rugged Rocks repair,  
 And with wide Nostrils snuff the Western Air:  
 When (wondrous to relate) the Parent Wind,  
 Without the Stallion, propagates the Kind.  
 Then fir'd with amorous rage, they take their Flight  
 435 Through Plains, and mount the Hills unequal height;  
 Nor to the North, nor to the Rising Sun,  
 Nor Southward to the Rainy Regions run,  
 But boring to the West, and hov'ring there,  
 With gaping Mouths, they draw prolifick air:  
 440 With which impregnate, from their Groins they shed  
 A slimy Juice, by false Conception bred.  
 The Shepherd knows it well; and calls by Name  
*Hippomanes*, to note the Mother's Flame.  
 This, gather'd in the Planetary Hour,  
 445 With noxious Weeds, and spell'd with Words of pow'r,  
 Dire Stepdames in the Magick Bowl infuse;  
 And mix, for deadly Draughts, the poy's'nous Juice.  
 But time is lost, which never will renew,  
 While we too far the pleasing Path pursue;  
 450 Surveying Nature, with too nice a view.  
 Let this suffice for Herds: our following Care  
 Shall woolly Flocks, and shaggy Goats declare.  
 Nor can I doubt what Oyl I must bestow,  
 To raise my Subject from a Ground so low:  
 455 And the mean Matter which my Theme affords,  
 T' embellish with Magnificence of Words.

But

But the commanding Muse my Chariot guides ;  
 Which o're the dubious Cliff securely rides :  
 And pleas'd I am, no beaten Road to take :  
 460 But first the way to new Discov'ries make.  
     Now, sacred *Pales*, in a lofty strain,  
 I sing the Rural Honours of thy Reign.  
 First with assiduous care, from Winter keep  
 Well fodder'd in the Stalls, thy tender, Sheep.  
 465 Then spread with Straw, the bedding of thy Fold ;  
 With Fern beneath, to fend the bitter Cold.  
 That free from Gouts thou may'st preserve thy Care:  
 And clear from Scabs, produc'd by freezing Air.  
 Next let thy Goats officiously be nurs'd ;  
 470 And led to living Streams ; to quench their Thirst.  
 Feed 'em with Winter-brouze, and for their lare  
 A Cot that opens to the South prepare:  
 Where basking in the Sun-shine they may lye,  
 And the short Remnants of his Heat enjoy.  
 475 This during Winter's drisly Reign be done:  
 'Till the new Ram receives th' exalted Sun:  
 For hairy Goats of equal profit are  
 With woolly Sheep, and ask an equal Care.  
 'Tis true, the Fleece, when drunk with *Tyrian* Juice,  
 480 Is dearly sold ; but not for needful use :  
 For the fallacious Goat encreases more ;  
 And twice as largely yields her milky Store.  
 The still distended Udders never fail ;  
 But when they seem exhausted swell the Pail.  
 485 Mean time the Pastor shears their hoary Beards ;  
 And eases of their Hair, the loaden Herds.  
 Their Camelots, warm in Tents, the Souldier hold ;  
 And shield the wretched Mariner from Cold.  
 On Shrubs they brouze, and on the bleaky Top  
 490 Of rugged Hills, the thorny Bramble crop.

Attended



To the Right Worshippfull  
 of Batsampton in



S<sup>r</sup>. Thomas Mompesson  
 the County of Wilts. Knight.

Geor. III. G E O R G I C S. 111

Attended with their Family they come  
At Night unask'd, and mindful of their home;  
And scarce their swelling Bags the threshold overcome. }  
So much the more thy diligence bestow  
495 In depth of Winter, to defend the Snow:  
By how much less the tender helpless Kind,  
For their own ills, can fit Provision find.  
Then minister the browse, with bounteous hand;  
And open let thy Stacks all Winter stand.  
500 But when the Western Winds with vital pow'r  
Call forth the tender Grass, and budding Flower;  
Then, at the last, produce in open Air  
Both Flocks; and send 'em to their Summer fare.  
Before the Sun, while *Hesperus* appears,  
505 Fitt'it let 'em sip from Herbs the pearly tears  
Of Morning Dews: And after break their Fast  
On Green-sword Ground; (a cool and grateful taste:)  
But when the day's fourth hour has drawn the Dews,  
And the Sun's sultry heat their thirst renews;  
510 When creaking Grasshoppers on Shrubs complain,  
Then lead 'em to their wat'ring Troughs again.  
In Summer's heat, some bending Valley find,  
Clos'd from the Sun, but open to the Wind:  
Or seek some ancient Oak, whose Arms extend  
515 In ample breadth, thy Cattle to defend:  
Or solitary Grove, or gloomy Glade:  
To shield 'em with its venerable Shade.  
Once more to wat'ring lead; and feed again  
When the low Sun is sinking to the Main.  
520 When rising *Cynthia* sheds her silver Dews;  
And the cool Evening-breeze the Meads renews:  
When Linnets fill the Woods with tuneful sound,  
And hollow throars the *Halcyons* Voice rebound.

Why

Why shou'd my Muse enlarge on *Lybian* Swains;  
 525 Their scatter'd Cottages, and ample Plains?

Where oft the Flocks, without a Leader stray;  
 Or through continu'd Defarts take their way;  
 And, feeding, add the length of Night to day.

Whole Months they wander, grazing as they go;  
 530 Nor Folds, nor hospitable Harbour know.  
 Such an extent of Plains, so vast a space

Of Wilds unknown, and of untasted Grass  
 Allures their Eyes: The Shepherd last appears,  
 And with him all his Patrimony bears:

535 His Houfe and household Gods:—his trade of War,  
 His Bow and Quiver, and his trusty Cur.

Thus, under heavy Arms, the Youth of *Rome*  
 Their long laborious Marches overcome;  
 Clearly their tedious Travels undergo:

540 And pitch their sudden Camp before the Foe.  
 Not so the *Seythian* Shepherd tends his Fold;

Nor he who bears in *Thrace* the bitter cold:  
 Nor he, who treads the bleak *Meotian* Strand;  
 Or where proud *Ister* rouls his yellow Sand.

545 Early they stall their Flocks and Herds; for there  
 No Grass the Fields, no Leaves the Forests wear.

The frozen Earth lies buried there, below  
 A hilly heap, sev'n Cubits deep in Snow:  
 And all the *West* Allies of stormy *Boreas* blow.

550 The Sun from far, peeps with a sickly face;  
 Too weak the Clouds, and mighty Fogs to chace;

When up the Skies, he shoots his rosie Head;  
 Or in the ruddy Ocean seeks his Bed.  
 Swift Rivers, are with sudden Ice constrain'd;

555 And studded Wheels are on its back sustain'd.  
 An Hoftry now for Waggons; which before  
 Tall Ships of burthen, on its Bosom bore.

The



To John Dornier  
in the County  
of Rouffhan  
of Oxford Esq<sup>r</sup>.

Geo: 3. L. 870.

The brazen Cauldrons, with the Frost are flaw'd;  
The Garment, stiff with Ice, at Hearths is thaw'd.  
560 With Axes first they cleave the Wine, and thence  
By weight, the solid portions they dispence.  
From Locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen Beard,  
Long Ificles depend, and crackling Sounds are heard.  
Mean time perpetual Sleet, and driving Snow,  
565 Obscure the Skies, and hang on Herds below.  
The starving Cattle perish in their Stalls,  
Huge Oxen stand enclos'd in wintry Walls  
Of Snow congeal'd, whole Herds are bury'd there  
Of mighty Stags, and scarce their Horns appear.  
570 The dextrous Huntsman wounds not these afar,  
With Shafis, or Darts, or makes a distant War  
With Dogs; or pitches Toyls to stop their Flight:  
But close engages in unequal Fight.  
And while they strive in vain to make their way  
575 Through hills of Snow, and pitifully bray;  
Assaults with dint of Sword, or pointed Spears,  
And homeward, on his Back, the joyful burthen bears.  
The Men to subterranean Caves retire;  
Secure from Cold; and crowd the cheerful Fire:  
580 With Trunks of Elms and Oaks, the Hearth they load,  
Nor tempt th' inclemency of Heav'n abroad.  
Their jovial Nights, in frolicks and in play  
They pass, to drive the tedious Hours away.  
And their cold Stomachs with crown'd Goblets cheer,  
585 Of windy Cider, and of barmy Beer.  
Such are the cold *Rypbean* Race; and such  
The savage *Scythian*, and unwarlike *Dutch*.  
Where Skins of Beasts, the rude *Barbarians* wear;  
The spoils of Foxes, and the furry Bear.  
590 Is Wool thy care? Let not thy Cattle go  
Where Bushes are, where Burs and Thistles grow;

Q

Nor

Nor in too rank a Pasture let 'em feed :  
 Then of the purest white select thy Breed.  
 Ev'n though a snowy Ram thou shalt behold,  
 595 Prefer him not in haste, for Husband to thy Fold.  
 But search his Mouth, and if a swarthy Tongue  
 Is underneath his humid Pallat hung ;  
 Reject him, lest he darken all the Flock ;  
 And substitute another from thy Stock.  
 600 Twas thus with Eleeces milky white (if we  
 May trust report,) Pan God of Arcady  
 Did bribe thee *Cyrbia* ; nor didst thou disdain  
 When call'd in woody shades, to cure a Lover's pain  
 If Milk be thy design, with plenteous hand  
 605 Bring Clover-grass ; and from the marshy Land  
 Salt Herbage for the foddering Rack provide ;  
 To fill their Bags, and swell the milky Tide :  
 These raise their Thirst, and to the Taste restore  
 The favour of the Salt, on which they fed before.  
 610 Some, when the Kids their Dams too deeply drain,  
 With gags and muzzles their soft Mouths restrain.  
 Their morning Milk, the Peasants press at Night :  
 Their Evening Meal, before the rising Light  
 To Market bear : or sparingly they steep  
 615 With seas'ning Salt, and stor'd, for Winter keep.  
 Nor last, forget thy faithful Dogs : but feed  
 With fat'ning Whey the Mastiffs gen'rous breed ;  
 And Spartan Race : who for the Folds relief  
 Will prosecute with Cries the Nightly Thief :  
 620 Repulse the prouling Wolf, and hold at Bay,  
 The Mountain Robbers, rushing to the Prey.  
 With cries of Hounds, thou may'st pursue the fear  
 Of flying Hares, and chace the fallow Deer ;  
 Rouze from their desert Dens, the brist'd Rage  
 625 Of Boars, and beamy Stags in Toyls engage.

With

With smoak of burning Cedar scent thy Walls :  
 And fume with stinking *Galbanum* thy Stalls :  
 With that rank Odour from thy dwelling Place  
 To drive the Viper's brood, and all the venom'd Race.  
 630 For often under Stalls unmov'd, they lye,  
 Obscure in shades, and shunning Heav'ns broad Eye.  
 And Snakes, familiar, to the Hearth succeed,  
 Disclose their Eggs, and near the Chimny breed.  
 Whether, to rooify Houfes they repair,  
 635 Or Sun themselves abroad in open Air,  
 In all abodes of pestilential Kind,  
 To Sheep and Oxen, and the painful Hind.  
 Take, Shepherd take, a plant of stubborn Oak ;  
 And labour him with many a sturdy stroak :  
 640 Or with hard Stones, demolish from a-far  
 His haughty Crest, the seat of all the War.  
 Invade his hissing Throat, and winding spires ;  
 'Till stretch'd in length, th' unfolded Foe retires.  
 He drags his Tail ; and for his Head provides :  
 645 And in some secret cranny slowly glides ;  
 But leaves expos'd to blows, his Back and batter'd sides.  
 In fair *Calabria's* Woods, a Snake is bred,  
 With curling Crest, and with advancing Head :  
 Waving he rolls, and makes a winding Track ;  
 650 His Belly spotted, burnisht is his Back :  
 While Springs are broken, while the *Southern* Air  
 And dropping Heav'ns, the moisten'd Earth repair,  
 He lives on standing Lakes, and trembling Bogs,  
 And fills his Maw with Fish, or with loquacious Frogs.  
 655 But when, in muddy Pools, the water sinks ;  
 And the chapt Earth is furrow'd o're with Chinks ;  
 He leaves the Fens, and leaps upon the Ground ;  
 And hissing, rowls his glaring Eyes around.

Q 2

With

- With Thirst inflam'd, impatient of the heats,  
 660 He rages in the Fields, and wide Destruction threatens.  
 Oh let not Sleep, my closing Eyes invade,  
 In open Plains, or in the secret Shade,  
 When he, renew'd in all the speckl'd Pride  
 Of pompous Youth, has cast his flough aside :
- 665 And in his Summer Liv'ry rows along :  
 Erect, and brandishing his forky Tongue,  
 Leaving his Nest, and his imperfect Young ;  
 And thoughtless of his Eggs, forgets to rear  
 The hopes of Poyson, for the foll'wing Year.
- 670 The Causes and the Signs shall next be told,  
 Of ev'ry Sicknes that infects the Fold.  
 A scabby Tetter on their pelts will stick,  
 When the raw Rain has pierc'd 'em to the quick:  
 Or searching Frosts, have eaten through the Skin,  
 675 Or burning Ificles are lodg'd within :
- Or when the Fleece is shorn, if sweat remains  
 Unwash'd, and soaks into their empty Veins:  
 When their defenceless Limbs, the Brambles tear,  
 Short of their Wool, and naked from the Sheer.
- 680 Good Shepherds after sheering, drench their Sheep,  
 And their Flocks Father (forc'd from high to leap)  
 Swims down the Stream, and plunges in the deep.  
 They oint their naked Limbs with mother'd Oyl ;  
 Or from the Founts where living Sulphurs boyl,
- 685 They mix a Med'cine to foment their Limbs ;  
 With Scum that on the molten Silver swims.  
 Fat Pitch, and black Bitumen, add to these,  
 Besides, the waxen labour of the Bees :  
 And *Hellebore*, and *Squills* deep rooted in the Seas,
- 690 Receipts abound ; but searching all thy Store,  
 The best is still at hand, to launch the Sore :

And



To Frederick Tilney  
in Honour of  
of Tilney Hall  
Shire Esq.

1721

And cut the Head; for till the Core be found,  
The secret Vice is fed, and gathers Ground :  
While making fruitless Moan, the Shepherd stands,  
695 And, when the launching Knife requires his hands, }  
Vain help, with idle Pray'rs from Heav'n demands.  
Deep in their Bones when Feavers fix their feat,  
And rack their Limbs; and lick the vital heat ;  
The ready Cure to cool the raging Pain,  
700 Is underneath the Foot to breath a Vein.  
This remedy the *Scythian* Shepherds found:  
Th' Inhabitants of *Thracia's* hilly Ground,  
And *Gelons* use it; when for Drink and Food  
They mix their crudd'd Milk with Horses Blood.  
705 But where thou seest a single Sheep remain  
In shades aloof, or couch'd upon the Plain ;  
Or listless to crop the tender Grass ;  
Or late to lag behind, with truant pace ;  
Revenge the Crime, and take the Traytor's head,  
710 E're in the faultless Flock the dire Contagion spread.  
On Winter Seas we fewer Storms behold,  
Than foul Diseases that infect the Fold.  
Nor do those ills, on single Bodies prey ;  
But oft'ner bring the Nation to decay ;  
715 And sweep the present Stock, and future Hope away. }  
A dire Example of this Truth appears :  
When, after such a length of rowling Years,  
We see the naked *Alps*, and thin Remains  
Of scatter'd Cotts, and yet unpeopl'd Plains:  
720 Once fill'd with grazing Flocks, the Shepherds happy }  
Here from the vicious Air, and sickly Skies, (Reigns.)  
A Plague did on the dumb Creation rise:  
During th' Autumnal Heats th' Infection grew,  
Tame Cattle, and the Beasts of Nature flew.

Poys'ning

- 725 Poysoning the Standing Lakes; and Pools Impure:  
Nor was the foodful Grass in Fields secure.  
Strange Death! For when the thirsty fire had drunk  
Their vital Blood, and the dry Nerves were shrunk;  
When the contracted Limbs were cramp'd, ev'n then
- 730 A wat'rish Humour swell'd and ooz'd agen:  
Converting into Bane the kindly Juice,  
Ordain'd by Nature for a better use.  
The Victim Ox, that was for Altars prest,  
Trim'd with white Ribbons, and with Garlands drest,
- 735 Sunk of himself, without the Gods Command:  
Preventing the slow Sacrificer's Hand.  
Or, by the holy Butcher, if he fell,  
Th' inspected Entrails, cou'd no Fates foretel.  
Nor, laid on Altars, did pure Flames arise;
- 740 But Clouds of smouldring Smoke, forbad the Sacrifice.  
Scarcely the Knife was redden'd with his Gore,  
Or the black Poyson stain'd the sandy Floor.  
The thriven Calves in Meads their Food forfake,  
And render their sweet Souls before the plenteous Rack.
- 745 The fawning Dog runs mad; the wheafing Swine  
With Coughs is choak'd; and labours from the Chine:  
The Victor Horse, forgetful of his Food,  
The Palm renounces, and abhors the Flood.  
He paws the Ground, and on his hanging Ears
- 750 A doubtful Sweat in clammy drops appears: }  
Parch'd is his Hide, and rugged are his Hairs.  
Such are the Symptoms of the young Disease;  
But in time's process, when his pains encrease,  
He rous his mournful Eyes, he deeply groans
- 755 With patient sobbing, and with manly Moans.  
He heaves for Breath: which, from his Lungs supply'd,  
And fetch'd from far, distends his lab'ring side.

To

- To his rough Palat, his dry Tongue succeeds;  
And roapy Gore, he from his Nostrils bleeds.
- 760 A Drench of Wine has with success been us'd;  
And through a Horn, the generous Juice infus'd:  
Which timely taken op'd his closing Jaws;  
But, if too late, the Patient's death did cause.  
For the too vigorous Dose, too fiercely wrought;
- 765 And added Fury to the Strength it brought.  
Recruited into Rage, he grinds his Teeth  
In his own Fleh, and feeds approaching Death.  
Ye Gods, to better Fate, good Men dispose;  
And turn that Impious Error on our Foes!
- 770 The Steer, who to the Yoke was bred to bow,  
(Studious of Tillage; and the crooked Plough)  
Falls down and dies; and dying spews a Flood  
Of foamy Madness, mix'd with clotted Blood.  
The Clown, who cursing Providence repines,
- 775 His Mournful Fellow from the Team disjoyns:  
With many a groan, forsakes his fruitless care;  
And in th' unfinished Furrow, leaves the Share.  
The pining Steer, no Shades of lofty Woods,  
Nor flow'ry Meads can ease; nor Crystal floods
- 780 Roul'd from the Rock: His flabby Flanks decrease;  
His Eyes are settled in a stupid peace.  
His bulk too weighty for his Thighs is grown;  
And his unwieldy Neck, hangs drooping down.  
Now what avails his well-deserving Toil
- 785 To turn the Glebe; or smooth the rugged Soil!  
And yet he never sapt in solemn State,  
Nor undigested Feasts did urge his Fate,  
Nor day, to Night, luxuriously did joyn;  
Nor surfeited on rich *Campanian* Wine.
- 790 Simple his Beverage; homely was his Food;  
The wholesome Herbage, and the running Flood:

No

No dreadful Dreams awak'd him with affright;  
 His Pains by Day, secur'd his Rest by Night.  
 'Twas then that *Buffalo's*, ill pair'd, were seen  
 795 To draw the Carr of *Jove's* Imperial Queen  
 For want of Oxen: and the lab'ring Swain  
 Scratch'd with a Rake, a Furrow for his Grain: }  
 And gover'd, with his hand, the shallow Seed again.  
 He Yokes himself, and up the Hilly height,  
 800 With his own Shoulders, draws the Waggon's weight.  
 The nightly Wolf, that round th' Enclosure prou'd  
 To leap the Fence; now plots not on the Fold.  
 Tam'd with a sharper Pain. The fearful Doe  
 And flying Stag, amidst the Grey-Hounds go: }  
 805 And round the Dwellings roam of Man, their fiercer Foe.)  
 The scaly Nations of the Sea profound,  
 Like Shipwreck'd Carcasses are driv'n aground:  
 And mighty *Phoece*, never seen before  
 In shallow Streams, are stranded on the shore.  
 810 The Viper dead, within her Hole is found:  
 Defenceless was the shelter of the ground.  
 The water-Snake, whom Fish and Paddocks fed,  
 With staring Scales lies poyson'd in his Bed:  
 To Birds their Native Heav'ns contagious prove,  
 815 From Clouds they fall, and leave their Souls above.  
 Besides, to change their Pasture 'tis in vain:  
 Or trust to Physick; Physick is their Bane.  
 The Learned Leaches in despair depart:  
 And shake their Heads, desponding of their Art.  
 820 *Tisiphone*, let loose from under ground,  
 Majestically pale, now treads the round:  
 Before her drives Diseases, and affright;  
 And every moment rises to the fight: }  
 Aspiring to the Skies; encroaching on the light.

The

825 The Rivers and their Banks, and Hills around,  
 With lowings, and with dying Bleats resound.  
 At length, she strikes an Universal Blow;  
 To Death at once whole Herds of Cattle go:  
 Sheep, Oxen, Horses fall; and, heap'd on high,  
 830 The diff'ring Species in Confusion lie.  
 'Till warn'd by frequent ills, the way they found,  
 To lodge their loathsome Carrion underground.  
 For, useless to the Currier were their Hides:  
 Nor cou'd their tainted Flesh with Ocean Tides  
 835 Be freed from Filth; nor cou'd *Vulcanian* Flame  
 The Stench abolish; or the Savour tame.  
 Nor safely cou'd they shear their fleecy Store,  
 (Made drunk with poy'snous Juice, and stiff with Gore:)  
 Or touch the Web: But if the Vest they wear,  
 840 Red Blisters rising on their Paps appear,  
 And flaming Carbuncles; and noisome Sweat,  
 And clammy Dews, that loathsome Lice beget:  
 'Till the slow creeping Evil eats his way,  
 Consumes the parching Limbs; and makes the Life his  
 prey.

R

The

*The Fourth Book of the Georgics.***The Argument.**

Virgil has taken care to raise the Subject of each Georgic: In the First he has only dead Matter on which to work. In the second he just steps on the World of Life, and describes that degree of it which is to be found in Vegetables. In the third he advances to Animals. And in the last, singles out the Bee, which may be reckon'd the most sagacious of 'em, for his Subject.

In this Georgic he shows us what Station is most proper for the Bees, and when they begin to gather Honey: how to call 'em home when they swarm; and how to part 'em when they are engag'd in Battel. From hence he takes occasion to discover their different Kinds, and, after an Excursion, relates their prudent and politic Administration of Affairs, and the several Diseases that often rage in their Hives, with the proper Symptoms and Remedies of each Disease. In the last place he lays down a method of repairing their Kind, supposing their whole Breed lost, and gives at large the History of its Invention.

- T**HE Gifts of Heav'n my following Song pursues,  
 Aerial Honey, and Ambrosial Dews.  
*Mæcenas*, read this other part, that sings  
 Embattel'd Squadrons and advent'rous Kings:  
 5 A mighty Pomp, tho' made of little Things.  
 Their Arms, their Arts, their Manners I disclose,  
 And how they War, and whence the People rose:  
 Slight is the Subject, but the Praise not small,  
 If Heav'n assist, and *Phœbus* hear my Call.  
 10 First, for thy Bees a quiet Station find,  
 And lodge 'em under Covert of the Wind:  
 For Winds, when homeward they return, will drive  
 The loaded Carriers from their Ev'ning Hive.  
 Far from the Cows and Goats insulting Crew,  
 15 That trample down the Flow'rs, and brush the Dew:  
 The painted Lizard, and the Birds of Prey,  
 Foes of the frugal Kind, be far away.

The

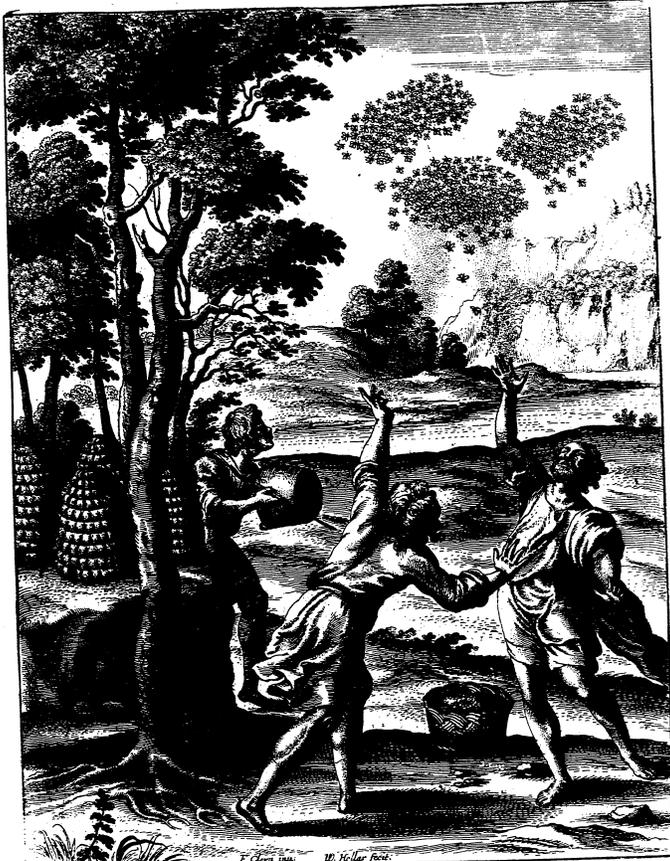


To *Richard Norton of Southwick*  
 in *Hants*  *shire Esq.*

The Titmouse, and the Peckers hungry Brood,  
 And *Progne*, with her Bosom stain'd in Blood :  
 20 These rob the trading Citizens, and bear  
 The trembling Captives thro' the liquid Air ;  
 And for their callow young a cruel Feast prepare. }  
 But near a living Stream their Mansion place,  
 Edg'd round with Mofs, and tufts of matted Grass:  
 25 And plant (the Winds impetuous rage to stop,)  
 Wild Olive Trees, or Palms, before the buisfy Shop :  
 That when the youthful Prince, with loud allarm,  
 Calls out the vent'rous Colony to swarm ;  
 When first their way thro' yielding Air they wing,  
 30 New to the Pleasures of their native Spring ;  
 The Banks of Brooks may make a cool retreat  
 For the raw Souldiers from the scalding Heat :  
 And neighb'ring Trees, with friendly Shade invite  
 The Troops unus'd to long laborious Flight.  
 35 Then o're the running Stream, or standing Lake,  
 A Passage for thy weary People make ;  
 With Osier Floats the standing Water strow ;  
 Of massy Stones make Bridges, if it flow :  
 That basking in the Sun thy Bees may lye,  
 40 And resting there, their staggry Pinions dry :  
 When late returning home, the laden Host,  
 By raging Winds is wreck'd upon the Coast.  
 Wild Thyme and Sav'ry set around their Cell,  
 Sweet to the Taste, and fragrant to the Smell ;  
 45 Set rows of Rosemary with flow'ring Stem,  
 And let the purple V'lets drink the Stream.  
 Whether thou build the Palace of thy Bees  
 With twisted Osiers, or with Barks of Trees ;  
 Make but a narrow Mouth: for as the Cold  
 50 Congeals into a Lump the liquid Gold ;

- So 'tis again dissolv'd by Summer's heat,  
 And the sweet Labours both Extrems defeat.  
 And therefore, not in vain, th' industrious Kind  
 With dawby Wax and Flow'rs the Chinks have lin'd.
- 55 And, with their Stores of gather'd Glue, contrive  
 To stop the Vents, and Crannies of their Hive.  
 Not Birdlime, or *Ilean* Pitch produce  
 A more tenacious Mass of clammy Juice.  
 Nor Bees are lodg'd in Hives alone, but found
- 60 In Chambers of their own, beneath the Ground:  
 Their vaulted Roofs are hung in Pumices,  
 And in the rotten Trunks of hollow Trees.  
 But plaister thou the chinky Hives with Clay,  
 And leafy Branches o're their Lodgings lay.
- 65 Nor place them where too deep a Water flows,  
 Or where the Yeugh their pois'nous Neighbour grows: }  
 Nor rost red Crabs r' offend the niceness of their Nose. }  
 Nor near the steaming Stench of muddy Ground ; }  
 Nor hollow Rocks that render back the Sound, }  
 And doubled Images of Voice rebound.
- 70 For what remains, when Golden Suns appear,  
 And under Earth have driv'n the Winter Year:  
 The winged Nation wanders thro' the Skies,  
 And o're the Plains, and shady Forrest flies:
- 75 Then stooping on the Meads and leafy Bow'rs ;  
 They skim the Floods, and sip the purple Flow'rs.  
 Exalted hence, and drunk with secret Joy,  
 Their young Succession all their Cares employ:  
 They breed, they brood, instruct and educate,
- 80 And make Provision for the future State:  
 They work their waxen Lodgings in their Hives,  
 And labour Honey to sustain their Lives.  
 But when thou seest a swarming Cloud arise,  
 That sweeps aloft, and darkens all the Skies:

The



F. Clerici del. W. Hillier fecit.

To the Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup> S.<sup>r</sup>  
 Principall Secretary of State  
 Hon.<sup>ble</sup> Privy Counsell.  
 William Trumbull K<sup>t</sup>  
 & one of his Mai.<sup>ties</sup> Most  
 Honourable Council.  
 Geo. 4. 1785.

85 The Motions of their hafty Flight attend,  
 And know to Floods, or Woods, their airy march they bend.  
 Then Melfoil beat, and Honey-suckles pound,  
 With these alluring Savours strew the Ground;  
 And mix with tinkling Brads, the Cymbals droning Sound. }  
 90 Streight to their ancient Cells, recall'd from Air;  
 The reconcil'd Deferters will repair:  
 But if intestine Broils alarm the Hive,  
 (For two Pretenders oft for Empire strive)  
 The Vulgar in divided Factions jar;  
 95 And murm'ring Sounds proclaim the Civil War.  
 Inflam'd with Ire, and trembling with Disdain,  
 Scarce can their Limbs, their mighty Souls contain.  
 With Shouts, the Cowards Courage they excite,  
 And martial Clangors call 'em out to fight:  
 100 With hoarse Allarms the hollow Camp rebounds,  
 That imitates the Trumpets angry Sounds:  
 Then to their common Standard they repair;  
 The nimble Horsemen scour the Fields of Air.  
 In form of Battel drawn, they issue forth,  
 105 And ev'ry Knight is proud to prove his Worth.  
 Prest for their Country's Honour, and their King's,  
 On their sharp Beaks they whet their pointed Stings;  
 And exercise their Arms, and tremble with their Wings. }  
 Full in the midst, the haughty Monarchs ride,  
 110 The trusty Guards come up, and close the Side;  
 With Shouts the daring Foe to Battel is defyd.  
 Thus in the Season of unclouded Spring,  
 To War they follow their undaunted King:  
 Crowd thro' their Gates, and in the Fields of Light,  
 115 The shocking Squadrons meet in mortal Fight:  
 Headlong they fall from high, and wounded wound,  
 And heaps of slaughter'd Souldiers bite the Ground.  
 Hard Hailstones lye not thicker on the Plain;  
 Nor shaken Oaks such Show'rs of Acorns rain.

- 120 With gorgeous Wings the Marks of Sov'raign sway,  
The two contending Princes make their way;  
Intrepid thro' the midst of danger go;  
Their friends encourage, and amaze the Foe.  
With mighty Souls in narrow Bodies prest,  
125 They challenge, and encounter Breast to Breast;  
So fix'd on Fame, unknowing how to fly,  
And obstinately bent to win or dye;  
That long the doubtful Combat they maintain,  
Till one prevails (for one can only Reign.)  
130 Yet all those dreadful deeds, this deadly fray,  
A cast of scatter'd Dust will soon alay,  
And undecided leave the Fortune of the day.  
When both the Chiefs are fund' red from the Fight,  
Then to the lawful King restore his Right.  
135 And let the wastful Prodigal be slain,  
That he, who best deserves, alone may reign.  
With ease distinguish'd is the Regal Race,  
One Monarch wears an honest open Face;  
Large are his Limbs, and Godlike to behold,  
140 His Royal Body shines with specks of Gold,  
And ruddy Skales; for Empire he design'd,  
Is better born, and of a Nobler Kind.  
That other looks like Nature in disgrace,  
Gaunt are his sides, and fullen is his face:  
145 And like their grizly Prince appears his gloomy Race:  
Grim, ghastly, rugged, like a thirsty train  
That long have travel'd through a desert plain,  
And spet from their dry Chaps the gather'd dust again.  
The better Brood, unlike the Bastard Crew,  
150 Are mark'd with Royal streaks of shining hue;  
Glitt'ring and ardent, though in Body less:  
From these at pointed Seasons hope to prest

Huge

- Huge heavy Honey-Combs, of Golden Juice,  
Not only sweet, but pure, and fit for use:  
155 Tally the Strength and Hardness of the Wine,  
And with old *Bacchus*, new Metheglin join.  
But when the Swarms are eager of their play,  
And loath their empty Hives, and idly stray,  
Restrain the wanton Fugitives, and take  
160 A timely Care to bring the Truants back.  
The Task is easy: but to clip the Wings  
Of their high-flying Arbitrary Kings:  
At their Command, the People swarm away;  
Confine the Tyrant, and the Slaves will stay.  
165 Sweet Gardens, full of Saffron Flow'rs, invite  
The wandring Gluttons, and retard their Flight.  
Besides, the God obscene, who frights away,  
With his Lath Sword, the Thiefs and Birds of Prey.  
With his own hand, the Guardian of the Bees,  
170 For Slips of Pines, may search the Mountain Trees:  
And with wild Thyme and Sav'ry, plant the Plain,  
'Till his hard horny Fingers ake with Pain:  
And deck with fruitful Trees the Fields around,  
And with refreshing Waters drench the Ground.  
175 Now, did I not so near my Labours end,  
Strike Sail, and halt'ning to the Harbour tend;  
My Song to Flow'ry Gardens might extend.  
To teach the vegetable Arts, to sing  
The *Pestian* Roses, and their double Spring:  
180 How Succ'ry drinks the running Streams, and how  
Green Beds of Parsley near the River grow;  
How Cucumers along the Surface creep,  
With crooked Bodies, and with Bellies deep.  
The late *Narcissus*, and the winding Trail  
185 Of Bears-foot, Myrtles green, and Ivy pale.

For

For where with stately Tow'rs *Tarentum* stands,  
 And deep *Galefus* soaks the yellow Sands,  
 I chanc'd an Old *Corycian* Swain to know,  
 Lord of few Acres, and those barren too;  
 190 Unfit for Sheep or Vines, and more unfit to sow:  
 Yet lab'ring well his little Spot of Ground,  
 Some scatt'ring Potherbs here and there he found:  
 Which cultivated with his daily Care,  
 And bruis'd with *Vervain*, were his frugal Fare.  
 195 Sometimes white *Lyllies* did their Leaves afford,  
 With wholsom Poppy-flow'rs, to mend his homely Board:  
 For late returning home he sup'd at ease,  
 And wisely deem'd the Wealth of Monarchs less:  
 The little of his own, because his own, did please.  
 200 To quit his Care, he gather'd first of all  
 In Spring the *Roses*, Apples in the Fall:  
 And when cold Winter split the Rocks in twain,  
 And Ice the running Rivers did restrain,  
 He strip'd the Bears-foot of its leafy growth;  
 205 And, calling Western Winds, accus'd the Spring of sloath.  
 He therefore first among the Swains was found,  
 To reap the Product of his labour'd Ground,  
 And squeeze the Combs with Golden Liquor Crown'd.  
 His Limes were first in Flow'rs, his lofty Pines,  
 210 With friendly Shade, secur'd his tender Vines.  
 For ev'ry Bloom his Trees in Spring afford,  
 An Autumn Apple was by tale restor'd.  
 He knew to rank his Elms in even rows;  
 For Fruit the grafted Peartree to dispose:  
 215 And tame to Plums, the sourness of the Sloes.  
 With spreading Planes he made a cool retreat,  
 To shade good Fellows from the Summer's heat.  
 But streighten'd in my space, I must forsake  
 This Task; for others afterwards to take.

Describe

220 Describe we next the Nature of the Bees,  
 bestow'd by *Jove* for secret Services:  
 When by the tinkling Sound of Timbrels led,  
 The King of Heav'n in *Cretan* Caves they fed.  
 Of all the Race of Animals, alone  
 225 The Bees have common Cities of their own:  
 And common Sons, beneath one Law they live,  
 And with one common Stock their Traffick drive.  
 Each has a certain home, a sev'ral Stall:  
 All is the States, the State provides for all.  
 230 Mindful of coming Cold, they share the Pain:  
 And hoard, for Winter's use, the Summer's gain.  
 Some o're the Publick Magazines preside,  
 And some are sent new Forrage to provide:  
 These drudge in Fields abroad, and those at home  
 235 Lay deep Foundations for the labour'd Comb,  
 With dew, *Narcissus* Leaves, and clammy Gum.  
 To pitch the waxen Flooring some contrive:  
 Some nurse the future Nation of the Hive:  
 Sweet Honey some condense, some purge the Grout;  
 240 The rest, in Cells apart, the liquid *Nectar* shut.  
 All, with united Force, combine to drive  
 The lazy Drones from the laborious Hive.  
 With Envy stung, they view each others Deeds:  
 With Diligence the fragrant Work proceeds.  
 245 As when the *Cyclops*, at th' Almighty Nod,  
 New Thunder hasten for their angry God:  
 Subdu'd in Fire the Stubborn Metal lyes,  
 One brawny Smith the puffing Bellows plyes,  
 And draws, and blows reciprocating Air:  
 250 Others to quench the hissing Mafs prepare:  
 With lifted Arms they order ev'ry Blow,  
 And chime their sounding Hammers in a Row;  
 With strokes of Anvils *Aetna* groans below.

S

Strongly

Strongly they strike, huge Flakes of Flames expire,  
 255 With Tongs they turn the Steel, and vex it in the Fire.  
 If little things with great we may compare,  
 Such are the Bees, and such their native Care:  
 Studious of Honey, each in his Degree,  
 The youthful Swain, the grave experienc'd Bee:  
 260 That in the Field; this in Affairs of State,  
 Employ'd at home, abides within the Gate:  
 To fortify the Combs, to build the Wall,  
 To prop the Ruins left the Fabrick fall:  
 But late at Night, with weary Pinions come  
 265 The lab'ring Youth, and heavy laden home.  
 Plains, Meads, and Orchards all the day he plies,  
 The gleans of yellow Thime distend his Thighs:  
 He spoils the Saffron Flow'rs, he sips the blues  
 Of Vilets, wilding Blooms, and Willow Dew.  
 270 Their Toyl is common, common is their Sleep;  
 They shake their Wings when Morn begins to peep;  
 Rush through the City Gates without delay,  
 Nor ends their Work, but with declining Day:  
 Then having spent the last remains of Light,  
 275 They give thir Bodies due repose at Night:  
 When hollow Murmurs of their Ev'ning Bells,  
 Dismiss the sleepy Swains, and toll 'em to their Cells.  
 When once in Beds their weary Limbs they steep,  
 No buzzing Sounds disturb thir Golden Sleep.  
 280 'Tis sacred Silence all. Nor dare they stray,  
 When Rain is promis'd, or a stormy Day:  
 But near the City Walls their Watring take,  
 Nor Forrage far, but short Excursions make.  
 And as when empty Barks on Billows float,  
 285 With sandy Ballast Sailors trim the Boat,  
 So Bees bear Gravel Stones, whose poising Weight  
 Steers thro' the whistling Winds their stiddy Flight.

But

But what's more strange, their modest Appetites,  
 Averse from *Venus*, fly the nuptial Rites.  
 290 No lust enervates their Heroic Mind,  
 Nor wafts their Strength on wanton Woman-Kind.  
 But in their Mouths reside their Genial Pow'rs,  
 They gather Children from the Leaves and Flow'rs.  
 Thus make they Kings to fill the Regal Seat;  
 295 And thus their little Citizens create:  
 And waxen Cities build, and Palaces of State.  
 And oft on Rocks their tender Wings they tear,  
 And sink beneath the Burthens which they bear.  
 Such Rage of Honey in their Bosom beats:  
 300 And such a Zeal they have for flow'ry Sweets.  
 Thus tho' the race of Life they quickly run,  
 Which in the space of seven short Years is done,  
 Th' immortal Line in sure Succession reigns,  
 The Fortune of the Family remains:  
 305 And Grandfires Grandsons the long List contains.  
 Besides, not *Egypt*, *India*, *Media* more  
 With servile Awe, their Idol King adore:  
 While he survives, in Concord and Content  
 The Commons live, by no Divisions rent;  
 310 But the great Monarch's Death dissolves the Government.  
 All goes to Ruin, they themselves contrive  
 To rob the Honey, and subvert the Hive.  
 The King presides, his Subjects Toil surveys;  
 The servile Rout their careful *Cæsar* praise:  
 315 Him they extol, they worship him alone,  
 They crowd his Levees, and support his Throne:  
 They raise him on their shoulders with a Shout:  
 And when their Sov'raigns Quarrel calls 'em out,  
 His Foes to mortal Combat they defy,  
 320 And think it honour at his feet to die.

S 2

Induc'd

Induc'd by such Examples, some have taught  
 That Bees have Portions of Ethernal Thought:  
 Endu'd with Particles of Heavenly Fires:  
 For God the whole created Mass inspires;  
 325 Thro' Heav'n, and Earth, and Oceans depth he throws  
 His Influence round, and kindles as he goes.  
 Hence Flocks, and Herds, and Men, and Beasts, and Fowls  
 With Breath are quicken'd; and attract their Souls.  
 Hence take the Forms his Prefsence did ordain,  
 330 And into him at length resolve again.  
 No room is left for Death, they mount the Sky,  
 And to their own congenial Planets fly.  
 Now when thou hast decreed to seize their Stores,  
 And by Prerogative to break their Doors:  
 335 With sprinkl'd Water first the City choak,  
 And then pursue the Citizens with Smoak.  
 Two Honey Harvests fall in ev'ry Year:  
 First, when the pleasing *Pleiades* appear,  
 And springing upward spurn the briny Seas:  
 340 Again, when their affrighted Quire surveys  
 The watry *Scorpion* mend his Pace behind,  
 With a black Train of Storms, and winter Wind;  
 They plunge into the Deep, and safe Protection find.  
 Prone to Revenge, the Bees, a wrathful Race,  
 345 When once provok'd assault th' Aggressor's Face:  
 And through the purple Veins a passage find;  
 There fix their Stings, and leave their Souls behind.  
 But if a pinching Winter thou foresee,  
 And wou'd'st preserve thy famish'd Family;  
 350 With fragrant Thyme the City fumigate,  
 And break the waxen Walls to save the State.  
 For lurking Lizards often lodge, by Stealth,  
 Within the Suburbs, and purloyn their Wealth.

And

And Worms that shun the Light, a dark Retreat  
 355 Have found in Combs, and undermin'd the Seat.  
 Or lazy Drones, without their Share of Pain;  
 In Winter Quarters free, devour the Gain:  
 Or Wasps infect the Camp with loud Alarms,  
 And mix in Battel with unequal Arms:  
 360 Or secret Moaths are there in Silence fed;  
 Or Spiders in the Vault, their snary Webs have spread.  
 The more oppress'd by Foes, or Famine pin'd;  
 The more increas'd thy Care to save the sinking Kind.  
 With Greens and Flow'rs recruit their empty Hives,  
 365 And seek fresh Forrage to sustain their Lives.  
 But since they share with us one common Fate,  
 In Health and Sicknes, and in Turns of State;  
 Observe the Symptoms when they fall away,  
 And languish with insensible Decay.  
 370 They change their Hue, with hagger'd Eyes they stare,  
 Lean are their Looks, and shagged is their Hair:  
 And Crowds of dead, that never must return  
 To their lov'd Hives, in decent Pomp are born:  
 Their Friends attend the Herse, the next Relations }  
 Mourn.  
 375 The sick, for Air before the Portal gasp,  
 Their feeble Legs within each other clasp.  
 Or idle in their empty Hives remain,  
 Benum'd with Cold, and listless of their Gain.  
 Soft Whispers then, and broken Sounds are heard,  
 380 As when the Woods by gentle Winds are stir'd.  
 Such stifled noise as the close Furnace hides,  
 Or dying Murmurs of departing Tides.  
 This when thou seest, *Galbanean* Odours use,  
 And Honey in the sickly Hive infuse.  
 385 Thro' reeden Pipes convey the Golden Flood,  
 T' invite the People to their wonted Food.

Mix

Mix it with thicken'd Juice of fodd'n Wines,  
 And Raisins from the Grapes of *Pythian* Vines:  
 To these add pounded Galls, and Roses dry,  
 390 And with *Cecropian* Thyme, strong scented Centaury.  
     A Flow'r there is that grows in Meadow Ground,  
     *Amellus* call'd, and easy to be found;  
     For from one Root the rising Stem bestows  
     A Wood of Leaves, and violet-purple Boughs:  
 395 The Flow'r it self is glorious to behold,  
     And shines on Altars like refulgent Gold:  
     Sharp to the Taste, by Shepherds near the Stream  
     Of *Mella* found, and thence they gave the Name.  
     Boyl this restoring Root in gen'rous Wine,  
 400 And set beside the Door, the sickly Stock to dine.  
     But if the lab'ring Kind be wholly lost,  
     And not to be retriev'd with Care or Cost;  
     ' Tis time to touch the Precepts of an Art,  
     Th' *Arcadian* Master did of old impart:  
 405 And how he stock'd his empty Hives again,  
     Renew'd with putrid Gore of Oxen slain.  
     An ancient Legend I prepare to sing,  
     And upward follow Fame's immortal Spring.  
     For where with sev'n-fold Horns mysterious *Nile*  
 410 Surrounds the Skirts of *Egypt's* fruitful Isle,  
     And where in Pomp the Sun-burnt People ride  
     On painted Barges, o're the teeming Tide,  
     Which pouring down from *Ethiopian* Lands,  
     Makes green the Soyl with Slime, and black prolific Sands;  
 415 That length of Region, and large Tract of Ground,  
     In this one Art a sure relief have found.  
     First, in a place, by Nature clos'd, they build  
     A narrow Flooring, gutter'd, wall'd, and til'd.

In

In this, four Windows are contriv'd, that strike  
 420 To the four Winds oppos'd, their Beams oblique.  
     A Steer of two Years old they take, whose Head  
     Now first with burnish'd Horns begins to spread:  
     They stop his Nostrils, while he strives in vain  
     To breath free Air, and struggles with his Pain.  
 425 Knock'd down, he dyes: his Bowels bruish'd within,  
     Betray no Wound on his unbroken Skin.  
     Extended thus, in this obscure Abode,  
     They leave the Beast; but first sweet Flow'rs are strow'd  
     Beneath his Body, broken Boughs and Thyme,  
 430 And pleasing *Cassia* just renew'd in prime.  
     This must be done, e're Spring makes equal Day,  
     When *Western* Winds on curling Waters play:  
     E're painted Meads produce their Flow'ry Crops,  
     Or Swallows twitter on the Chimney Tops.  
 435 The tainted Blood, in this close Prison pent,  
     Begins to boyl and through the Bones ferment.  
     Then, wondrous to behold, new Creatures rise,  
     A moving Mass at first, and short of Thighs;  
     ' Till shooting out with Legs, and imp'd with Wings,  
 440 The Grubs proceed to Bees with pointed Stings:  
     And more and more affecting Air, they try  
     Their tender Pinions, and begin to fly:  
     At length, like Summer Storms from spreading Clouds,  
     That burst at once, and pour impetuous Floods;  
 445 Or Flights of Arrows from the *Parthian* Bows,  
     When from afar they gaul embattel'd Foes;  
     With such a Tempest thro' the Skies they Steer;  
     And such a form the winged Squadrons bear.  
     What God, O Muse! this useful Science taught?  
 450 Or by what Man's Experience was it brought?

Sad

Sad *Aristæus* from fair *Tempe* fled,  
 His Bees with Famine, or Diseases dead:  
 On *Peneus*'s Banks he stood, and near his holy Head.  
 And while his falling Tears the Stream supply'd,  
 455 Thus mourning, to his Mother Goddess cry'd.  
 Mother *Cyrene*, Mother, whose abode  
 Is in the depth of this immortal Flood:  
 What boots it, that from *Phæbus*'s Loyns I spring,  
 The third by him and thee, from Heav'n's high King?  
 460 O! Where is all thy boasted Pity gone,  
 And Promise of the Skies to thy deluded Son?  
 Why didst thou me, unhappy me, create?  
 Odious to Gods, and born to bitter Fate.  
 Whom, scarce my Sheep, and scarce my painful Plough,  
 465 The needful Aids of Human Life allow;  
 So wretched is thy Son, so hard a Mother thou.  
 Proceed, inhuman Parent in thy Scorn;  
 Root up my Trees, with Blites destroy my Corn;  
 My Vineyards Ruin, and my Sheepfolds burn.  
 470 Let loose thy Rage, let all thy Spite be shown,  
 Since thus thou hat'st the Praises of thy Son.  
 But from her Mossy Bow'r below the Ground,  
 His careful Mother heard the Plaintive sound;  
 Encompass'd with her Sea-green Sisters round.  
 475 One common Work they ply'd: their Distaffs full  
 With carded Locks of blue *Milesian* Wool.  
*Spio* with *Drymo* brown, and *Xanthe* fair,  
 And sweet *Phyllodoce* with long dishevel'd Hair:  
*Cydippe* with *Licorias*, one a Maid,  
 480 And one that once had call'd *Lucina*'s Aid.  
*Clio* and *Beroe*, from one Father both,  
 Both girt with Gold, and clad in particolour'd Cloth.

Opis

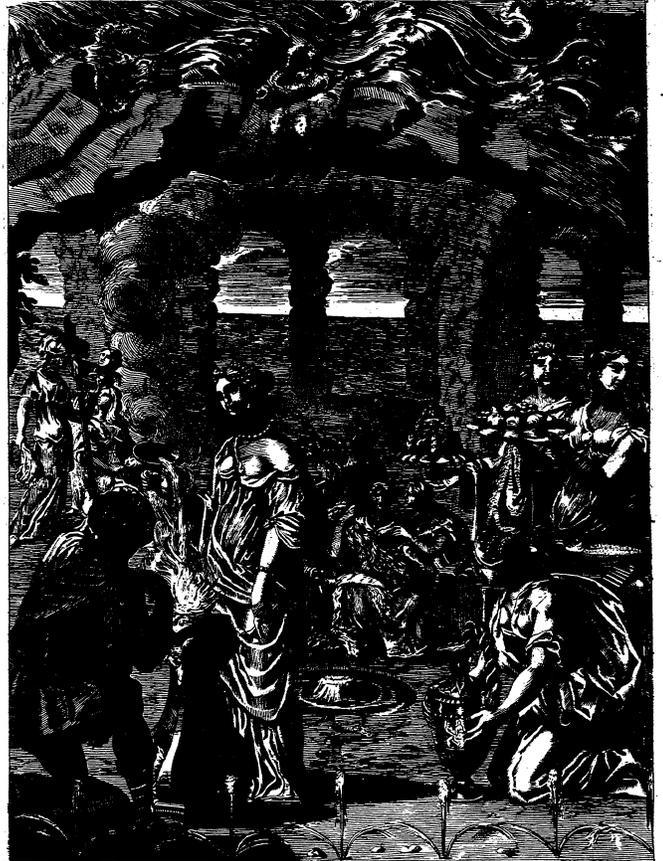
*Opis* the meek, and *Deiopia* proud;  
*Nisæa* softly, with *Ligæa* loud;  
 485 *Thalia* joyous, *Ephyre* the sad,  
 And *Arethusa* once *Diana*'s Maid,  
 But now, her Quiver left, to Love betray'd.  
 To these, *Climene* the sweet Theft declares,  
 Of *Mars* and *Vulcan*'s unavailing Cares:  
 490 And all the Rapes of Gods, and ev'ry Love,  
 From ancient *Chaos* down to youthful *Jove*.  
 Thus while the Sings, the Sisters turn the Wheel,  
 Empty the wooly Rock, and fill the Reel.  
 A mournful Sound, agen the Mother hears;  
 495 Agen the mournful Sound invades the Sister's Ears:  
 Starting at once from their green Seats, they rise;  
 Fear in their Heart, Amazement in their Eyes.  
 But *Arethusa* leaping from her Bed,  
 First lifts above the Waves her beauteous Head;  
 500 And, crying from afar, thus to *Cyrene* said.  
 O Sister! not with causeless Fear possess'd,  
 No Stranger Voice disturbs thy tender Breast.  
 'Tis *Aristæus*, 'tis thy darling Son,  
 Who to his careless Mother makes his Moan.  
 505 Near his Paternal Stream he sadly stands,  
 With down-cast Eyes, wet Cheeks, and folded Hands:  
 Upbraiding Heav'n from whence his Lineage came,  
 And cruel calls the Gods, and cruel thee, by Name.  
*Cyrene* mov'd with Love, and seiz'd with Fear,  
 510 Cries out, conduct my Son, conduct him here:  
 'Tis lawful for the Youth, deriv'd from Gods,  
 To view the Secrets of our deep Abodes.  
 At once she wav'd her Hand on either side,  
 At once the Ranks of swelling Streams divide.

T

Two

- 515 Two rising Heaps of liquid Crystal stand,  
 And leave a Space betwixt, of empty Sand.  
 Thus safe receiv'd, the downward track he treads,  
 Which to his Mother's watry Palace leads.  
 With wond'ring Eyes he views the secret Store
- 520 Of Lakes, that pent in hollow Caverns, roar.  
 He hears the crackling Sound of Coral Woods,  
 And sees the secret Source of subterranean Floods.  
 And where, distinguish'd in their sev'ral Cells,  
 The Fount of *Phasis*; and of *Lycus* dwells;
- 525 Where swift *Enipeus* in his Bed appears,  
 And *Tiber* his Majestick Forehead rears.  
 Whence *Anio* flows, and *Hypanis*, profound,  
 Breaks through th' opposing Rocks with raging Sound.  
 Where *Po* first issues from his dark abodes,
- 530 And, awful in his Cradle, rules the Floods.  
 Two Golden Horfts on his large Front he wears,  
 And his grim Face a Bull's Resemblance bears.  
 With rapid Course he seeks the sacred Main,  
 And fattens, as he runs, the fruitful Plain.
- 535 Now to the Court arriv'd, th' admiring Son  
 Beholds the vaulted Roofs of *Pory* Stone;  
 Now to his Mother Goddess tells his Grief,  
 Which she with Pity hears, and promises Relief.  
 Th' officious Nymphs, attending in a Ring,
- 540 With Waters drawn from their perpetual Spring,  
 From earthly dregs his Body purify,  
 And rub his Temples, with fine Towels, dry:  
 Then load the Tables with a lib'ral Feast,  
 And honour with full Bowls their friendly Guest.
- 545 The sacred Altars are involv'd in Smoak,  
 And the bright Quire their kindred Gods invoke.

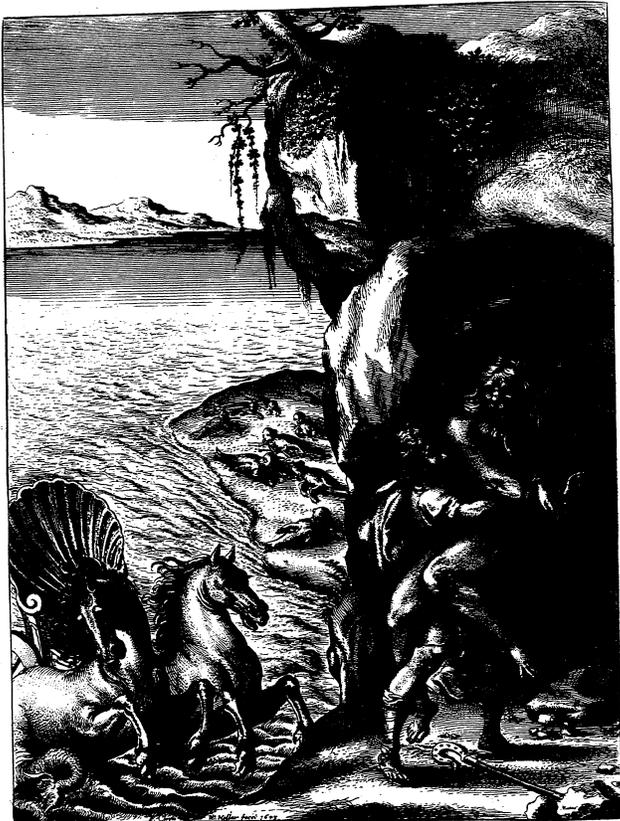
Two



To *S<sup>t</sup> Bartholomew*  
*Wade*  *Shower of the*  
*Temple. Kn<sup>t</sup>.*

Two Bowls the Mother fills with *Lydian* Wine;  
 Then thus, Let these be pour'd, with Rites divine,  
 To the great Authors of our wat'ry Line. }  
 550 To Father Ocean, this; and this, she said,  
 Be to the Nymphs his sacred Sisters paid,  
 Who rule the wat'ry Plains, and hold the woodland Shade.)  
 She sprinkl'd thrice, with Wine, the Vestal Fire,  
 Thrice to the vaulted Roof the Flames aspire.  
 555 Rais'd with so blest an Omen, she begun,  
 With Words like these, to cheer her drooping Son.  
 In the *Carpathian* Bottom makes abode  
 The Shepherd of the Seas, a Prophet and a God;  
 High o're the Main in wat'ry Pomp he rides,  
 560 His azure Carr and finny Courfers guides:  
*Proteus* his Name: to his *Pallenian* Port,  
 I see from far the weary God resort.  
 Him, not alone, we River Gods adore,  
 But aged *Nereus* hearkens to his Lore.  
 565 With sure foresight, and with unerring Doom,  
 He sees what is, and was, and is to come.  
 This *Neptune* gave him, when he gave to keep  
 His scaly Flocks, that graze the wat'ry deep.  
 Implore his Aid, for *Proteus* onely knows  
 570 The secret Cause, and Cure of all thy Woes.  
 But first the wily Wizard must be caught,  
 For unconstrain'd he nothing tells for naught; }  
 Nor is with Pray'rs, or Bribes, or Flatt'ry bought.  
 Surprise him first, and with hard Fetters bind;  
 575 Then all his Frauds will vanish into Wind.  
 I will my self conduct thee on thy Way,  
 When next the Southing Sun inflames the Day:  
 When the dry Herbage thirsts for Dew's in vain,  
 And Sheep, in Shades, avoid the parching Plain.

- 580 Then will I lead thee to his secret Seat;  
 When weary with his Toyl, and scorch'd with Heat, }  
 The wayward Sire frequents his cool Retreat.  
 His Eyes with heavy Slumber overcast;  
 With Force invade his Limbs, and bind him fast:
- 585 Thus surely bound, yet be not over bold,  
 The slipp'ry God will try to loofe his hold:  
 And various Forms assume, to cheat thy fight;  
 And with vain Images of Beasts affright,  
 With foamy Tusks he seems a bristly Boar,
- 590 Or imitates the Lion's angry Roar;  
 Breaks out in crackling Flames to thun thy Snares,  
 A Dragon hisses, or a Tyger stares:  
 Or with a Wile, thy Caution to betray,  
 In fleeting Streams attempts to slide away.
- 595 But thou, the more he varies Forms, beware  
 To strain his Fetters with a stricter Care:  
 'Till tiring all his Arts, he turns agen  
 To his true Shape, in which he first was seen.  
 This said, with *Nectar* she her Son anoints;
- 600 Infusing Vigour through his mortal Joynts:  
 Down from his Head the liquid Odours ran;  
 He breath'd of Heav'n, and look'd above a Man.  
 Within a Mountain's hollow Womb, there lies  
 A large Recefs, conceal'd from Human Eyes;
- 605 Where heaps of Billows, driv'n by Wind and Tide,  
 In Form of War, their war'ry Ranks divide; }  
 And there, like Centries set, without the Mouth abide:  
 A Station safe for Ships, when Tempests roar,  
 A silent Harbour, and a cover'd Shoar.
- 610 Secure within resides the various God,  
 And draws a Rock upon his dark Abode.



Hether with silent Steps, secure from Sight,  
 The Goddess guides her Son, and turns him from the  
 Light:  
 Her self, involv'd in Clouds, precipitates her Flight.  
 615 'Twas Noon; the sultry Dog-star from the Sky  
 Scorch'd *Indian* Swains, the rivell'd Grafs was dry;  
 The Sun with flaming Arrows pierc'd the Flood,  
 And, darting to the botrom, bak'd the Mud:  
 When weary *Proteus*, from the briny Waves,  
 620 Retir'd for Shelter to his wonted Caves:  
 His finny Flocks about their Shepherd play,  
 And rowling round him, spirt the bitter Sea.  
 Unweildily they wallow first in Ooze,  
 Then in the shady Covert seek Repose.  
 625 Himself their Herdsman, on the middle Mount,  
 Takes of his muster'd Flocks a just Account.  
 So, seated on a Rock, a Shepherd's Groom  
 Surveys his Ev'ning Flocks returning Home:  
 When lowing Calves, and bleating Lambs, from far,  
 630 Provoke the prouling Wolf to nightly War.  
 Th' Occasion offers, and the Youth complies:  
 For scarce the weary God had clos'd his Eyes;  
 When rushing on, with shouts, he birds in Chains  
 The drowzy Prophet, and his Limbs constrains.  
 635 He, not unmindful of his usual Art,  
 First in dissembled Fire attempts to part:  
 Then roaring Beasts, and running Streams he tries,  
 And wears all his Miracles of Lies:  
 But having shifted ev'ry Form to scape,  
 640 Convinc'd of Conquest, he resum'd his shape:  
 And thus, at length, in human Accent spoke.  
 Audacious Youth, what madness cou'd provoke  
 A Mortal Man t' invade a sleeping God?  
 What Buis'ness brought thee to my dark abode?

To Simon Harcourt  
 in the County  
  
 of Stanton Harcourt  
 in the County  
 of Oxon Esq.

To

- 645 To this, th' audacious Youth; Thou know'st full well  
My Name, and Buis'ness, God, nor need I tell:  
No Man can *Proteus* cheat; but *Proteus* leave  
Thy fraudulent Arts, and do not thou deceive.  
Foll'wing the Gods Command, I come t'implore  
650 Thy Help, my perisht'd People to restore.  
The Secr, who could not yet his Wrath assuage,  
Rowl'd his green Eyes, that spark'd with his Rage;  
And gnash'd his Teeth, and cry'd, No vulgar God  
Pursues thy Crimes, nor with a Common Rod.  
655 Thy great Misdceeds have met a due Reward,  
And *Orpheus's* dying Pray'rs at length are heard.  
For Crimes, not his, the Lover lost his Life,  
And at thy Hands requires his murder'd Wife:  
Nor (if the Fates assist not) canst thou scape  
660 The just Revenge of that intended Rape.  
To shun thy lawless Lust, the dying Bride,  
Unwary, took along the River's side:  
Nor, at her Heels perceiv'd the deadly Snake,  
That kept the Bank, in Covert of the Brake.  
665 But all her fellow Nymphs the Mountains tear  
With loud Laments, and break the yielding Air:  
The Realms of *Mars* remurmur'd all around,  
And Echoes to th' *Athenian* Shoars rebound.  
Th' unhappy Husband, Husband now no more,  
670 Did on his tuneful Harp his Loss deplore,  
And fought, his mournful Mind with Musick to restore.  
On thee, dear Wife, in Desarts all alone,  
He call'd, sigh'd, sung, his Griefs with Day begun,  
Nor were they finish'd with the setting Sun.  
675 Ev'n to the dark Dominions of the Night,  
He took his way, thro' Forrests void of Light:

And

- And dar'd amidst the trembling Ghosts to sing,  
And stood before th' inexorable King.  
Th' Infernal Troops like passing Shadows glide,  
680 And, list'ning, crowd the sweet Musician's side.  
Nor flocks of Birds when driv'n by Storms, or Night,  
Stretch to the Forest with so thick a flight:  
Men, Matrons, Children, and th' unmarried Maid,  
\* The mighty Heroes more Majestic shade;  
685 And Youths on Fun'ral Piles before their Parents laid. }  
All these *Cocytus* bounds with squalid Reeds,  
With Muddy Ditches, and with deadly Weeds:  
And baleful *Styx* encompasses around,  
With Nine slow circling Streams, th' unhappy ground.  
690 Ev'n from the depths of Hell the Damn'd advance,  
Th' Infernal Mansions nodding seem to dance;  
The gaping three-mouth'd Dog forgets to snarl,  
The Furies harken, and their Snakes uncurl:  
*Ixion* seems no more his Pains to feel,  
695 But leans attentive on his standing Wheel.  
All Dangers past, at length the lovely Bride,  
In safety goes, with her Melodious Guide;  
Longing the common Light again to share,  
And draw the vital breath of upper Air:  
700 He first, and close behind him follow'd she,  
For such was *Proserpine's* severe Decree.  
When strong Desires th' impatient Youth invade;  
By little Caution and much love betray'd:  
A fault which easy Pardon might receive,  
705 Were Lovers Judges, or cou'd Hell forgive.  
For near the Confines of *Ethereal* Light,  
And longing for the glimm'ring of a sight,  
Th' unwary Lover cast his Eyes behind,  
Forgetful of the Law, nor Master of his Mind.

\* This whole Line is taken from the *Marquis's* of *Normanby's* Translation.

Straight

- 710 Straight all his Hopes exhal'd in empty Smoke,  
 And his long Toils were forfeit for a Look.  
 Three flashes of blue Light'ning gave the sign  
 Of Cov'nants broke, three peals of Thunder joyn.  
 Then thus the Bride; What fury seiz'd on thee,  
 715 Unhappy Man! to lose thy self and Me?  
 Dragg'd back again by cruel Destinies,  
 An Iron Slumber shuts my swimming Eyes.  
 And now farewell; involv'd in Shades of Night,  
 For ever I am ravish'd from thy sight.  
 720 In vain I reach my feeble hands; to joyn  
 In sweet Embraces, ah! no longer thine!  
 She said, and from his Eyes the fleeting Fair  
 Retir'd like subtle Smoke dissolv'd in Air;  
 And left her hopeless Lover in despair. }  
 725 In vain, with folding Arms, the Youth assay'd  
 To stop her flight, and strain the flying Shade:  
 He prays, he raves, all Means in vain he tries,  
 With rage inflam'd, astonish'd with surpris,  
 But she return'd no more, to bless his longing Eyes. }  
 730 Nor wou'd th' Infernal Ferry-Man once more  
 Be brib'd, to waite him to the farther shore.  
 What shou'd He do, who twice had lost his Love?  
 What Notes invent, what new Petitions move?  
 Her Soul already was assign'd to Fate,  
 735 And shiv'ring in the leaky Sculler fate.  
 For seven continu'd Months, if Fame say true,  
 The wretched Swain his Sorrows did renew;  
 By *Strymon's* freezing Streams he fate alone,  
 The Rocks were mov'd to pity with his moan:  
 740 Trees bent their heads to hear him sing his Wrongs,  
 Fierce Tygers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawning  
 Tongues.

So

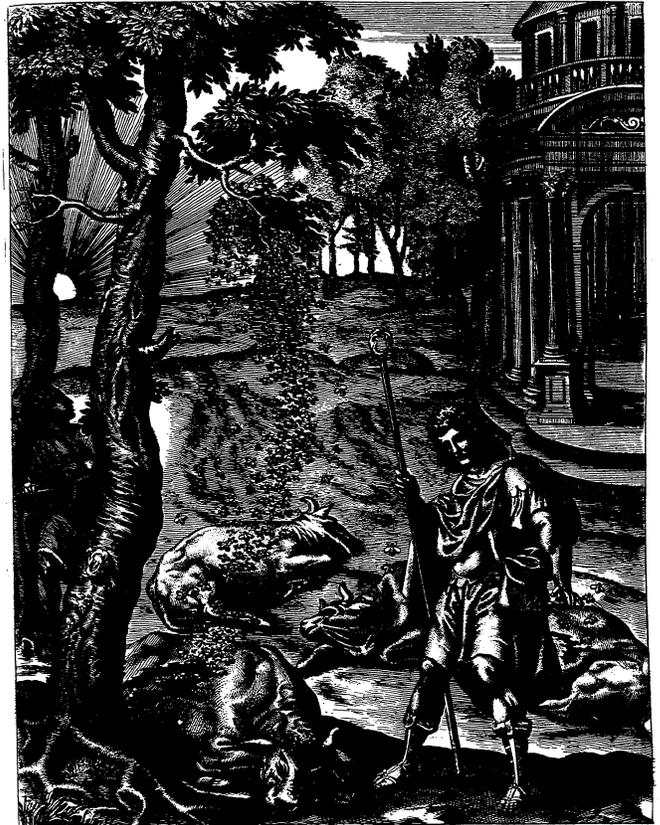
- So, close in Poplar Shades, her Children gone,  
 The Mother Nightingale laments alone:  
 Whose Nest some prying Churl had found, and thence,  
 745 By Stealth, convey'd th' unfeather'd Innocence.  
 But she supplies the Night with mournful Strains,  
 With one continu'd Tenor still complains;  
 Which fills the Forrest, and the neighb'ring Plains. }  
 Sad *Orpheus* thus his tedious Hours employs,  
 750 Avert from *Venus*, and from nuptial Joys.  
 Alone he tempts the frozen Floods, alone  
 Th' unhappy Climes, where Spring was never known:  
 He mourn'd his wretched Wife, in vain restor'd,  
 And *Pluto's* unavailing Boon deplor'd.  
 755 The *Thracian* Matrons, who the Youth accus'd,  
 Of Love disdain'd, and Marriage Rites refus'd:  
 With Furies, and Nocturnal *Orgies* fir'd,  
 At length, against his sacred Life conspir'd.  
 Whom ev'n the salvage Beasts had spar'd, they kill'd,  
 760 And strew'd his mangl'd Limbs about the Field.  
 Then, when his Head, from his fair Shoulders torn,  
 Wash'd by the Waters, was on *Hebrus* born;  
 Ev'n then his trembling Tongue invok'd his Bride;  
 With his last Voice, *Eurydice*, he cry'd, }  
 765 *Eurydice*, the Rocks and River-banks reply'd.  
 This answer *Proteus* gave, nor more he said,  
 But in the Billows plung'd his hoary Head;  
 And where he leap'd, the Waves in Circles widely spread. }  
 The Nymph return'd, her drooping Son to cheer,  
 770 And bade him banish his superfluous fear:  
 For now, said she, the Cause is known, from whence  
 Thy Woe succeeded, and for what Offence:  
 The Nymphs, Companions of th'unhappy Maid,  
 This punishment upon thy Crimes have laid;

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And

- 775 And sent a Plague among thy thriving Bees.  
 With Vows and suppliant Pray'rs their Pow'rs appease:  
 The soft *Napean* Race will soon repent  
 Their Anger, and remit the Punishment.  
 The secret in an easy Method lies;
- 780 Select four Brawny Bulls for Sacrifice,  
 Which on *Lyceus* graze, without a Guide;  
 Add four fair Heifers yet in Yoke untry'd:  
 For these, four Altars in their Temple rear,  
 And then adore the Woodland Pow'rs with Pray'r.
- 785 From the slain Victims pour the streaming Blood,  
 And leave their Bodies in the shady Wood:  
 Nine Mornings thence, *Lethæan* Poppy bring,  
 T' appease the *Manes* of the Poets King:  
 And to propitiate his offended Bride,
- 790 A fatted Calf, and a black Ewe provide:  
 This finish'd, to the former Woods repair.  
 His Mother's Precepts he performs with care,  
 The Temple visits, and adores with Pray'r.  
 Four Altars raises, from his Herd he culls,
- 795 For Slaughter, four the fairest of his Bulls;  
 Four Heifers from his Female Store he took,  
 All fair, and all unknowing of the Yoke.  
 Nine Mornings thence, with Sacrifice and Pray'rs,  
 The Pow'rs aton'd, he to the Grove repairs.
- 800 Behold a Prodigy! for from within  
 The broken Bowels, and the bloated Skin,  
 A buzzing noise of Bees their Ears alarms,  
 Straight issue through the Sides assembling Swarms:  
 Dark as a Cloud they make a wheeling Flight,
- 805 Then on a neighb'ring Tree, descending, light:  
 Like a large Cluster of black Grapes they show,  
 And make a large dependance from the Bough.

Thus



To the Hon<sup>ble</sup> John  
 to John EARL of BATH  
 by Act of Parliament for  
 the Publick Accounts



Granville second Son  
 one of the Com<sup>rs</sup> appointed  
 Examining Takers & Stating  
 of the Kingdome.

1744. 1745.

Thus have I sung of Fields, and Flocks, and Trees,  
And of the waxen Work of lab'ring Bees;  
810 While mighty *Cesar*, thund'ring from afar,  
Seeks on *Euphrates* Banks the Spoils of War :  
With conq'ring Arms asserts his Country's Cause,  
With Arts of Peace the willing People draws:  
On the glad Earth the Golden Age renews,  
815 And his great Father's Path to Heav'n pursues.  
While I at *Naples* pass my peaceful Days,  
Affecting Studies of less noisy Praife;  
And bold, through Youth, beneath the Beechen Shade,  
The Lays of Shepherds, and their Loves have plaid.

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TO THE  
MOST HONOURABLE  
*John, Lord Marquess of Normanby,*  
EARL of MULGRAVE, &c.  
AND  
Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

**A** HEROICK Poem, truly such, is undoubtedly the greatest Work which the Soul of Man is capable to perform. The Design of it, is to form the Mind to Heroick Virtue by Example; 'tis convey'd in Verse, that it may delight, while it instructs: The Action of it is always one, entire, and great. The least and most trivial Epifodes, or under-Actions, which are interwoven in it, are parts either necessary, or convenient to carry on the main Design. Either so necessary, that without them the Poem must be Imperfect, or so convenient, that no others can be imagin'd more suitable to the place in which they are. There is nothing to be left void in a firm Building; even the Cavities ought not to be fill'd with Rubbish, which is of a perishable kind, destructive to the strength: But with Brick or Stone, though of less pieces, yet of the same Nature, and fitted to the Crannies. Even the least portions of them must be of the Epick kind; all things must be Grave, Majestical, and Sublime: Nothing of a Foreign Nature, like the trifling *Novels*, which *Aristotle* and others have inserted in their Poems. By which the Reader is mis-led into another sort of Pleasure, opposite to that which is design'd in an Epick Poem. One raises the Soul and hardens it to Virtue, the other softens it again and unbends it into Vice. One conduces to the Poet's aim, the compleating of his Work; which he is driving on, labouring and hast'ning in every Line: the other slackens his pace, diverts him from his Way, and locks him up like a Knight Errant in an Enchanted Castle, when he should be pursuing his first Adventure. *Statius*, as *Bosca* has well observ'd, was ambitious of trying his strength with his Master *Virgil*, as *Virgil* had before try'd his with *Homer*. The *Grecian* gave the two *Romans* an Example, in the Games which were Celebrated at the Funerals of *Patroclus*. *Virgil* imitated the Invention of *Homer*, but chang'd the Sports. But both the *Greek* and *Latin* Poet, took their occasions from the Subject; though to confess the Truth, they were both Ornamental, or at best, convenient parts of it, rather than of necessity arising

(a) King

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sing from it. *Staius*, who through his whole Poem, is noted for want of Conduct and Judgment; instead of staying, as he might have done, for the Death of *Capaneus*, *Hippomedon*, *Tideus*, or some other of his Seven Champions, (who are Heroes all alike) or more properly for the Tragical end of the two Brothers, whose Exequies the next Successor had leisure to perform, when the Siege was rais'd, and in the Interval betwixt the Poets first Action, and his second; went out of his way, as it were on propenſe Malice to commit a Fault. For he took his opportunity to kill a Royal Infant, by the means of a Serpent, (that Author of all Evil) to make way for those Funeral Honours, which he intended for him. Now if this Innocent had been of any Relation to his *Thebais*; if he had either further'd or hinder'd the taking of the Town, the Poet might have found some sorry Excuse at least, for detaining the Reader from the promis'd Siege. I can think of nothing to plead for him, but what I verily believe he thought himself; which was, that as the Funerals of *Anchises* were solemniz'd in *Sicily*, so those of *Archimorus* should be celebrated in *Candy*. For the last was an *I-land*; and a better than the first, because *Jove* was Born there. On these terms, this *Capaneus* of a Poet ingag'd his two Immortal Predecessors, and his Success was answerable to his Enterprize.

If this Oeconomy must be observ'd in the minutest Parts of an Epick Poem, which, to a common Reader, seem to be detach'd from the Body, and almost independent of it; what Soul, tho' sent into the World with great advantages of Nature, cultivated with the liberal Arts and Sciences; conversant with Histories of the Dead, and enrich'd with Observations on the Living, can be sufficient to inform the whole Body of so great a Work? I touch here but transiently, without any strict Method, on some few of those many Rules of imitating Nature, which *Aristotle* drew from *Homers* *Iliads* and *Odysses*, and which he fitted to the *Drama*; furnishing himself also with Observations from the Practice of the Theater, when it flourish'd under *Aeschylus*, *Euripides*, and *Sophocles*. For the Original of the Stage was from the Epick Poem. Narration, doublets, preceded Acting, and gave Laws to it: What at first was told Artfully, was, in process of time, represented gracefully to the sight, and hearing. Those Episodes of *Homers*, which were proper for the Stage, the Poets amplifi'd each into an Action: Out of his Limbs they form'd their Bodies: What he had Contracted they Enlarg'd: Out of one *Heracles* were made infinite of *Pigmies*; yet all endued with humane Souls: For from him, their great Creator, they have each of them the *Divine particular Aurora*. They flow'd from him at first, and are at last resolv'd into him. Nor were they only animated by him, but their Measure and Symetry was owing to him. His one, entire, and great Action was Copied by them according to the proportions of the *Drama*: If he finish'd his Orb within the Year, it suffic'd to reach them, that their Action being less, and being also less diversifi'd with Incidents, their Orb, of consequence, must be circumscrib'd in a less compass, which they reduc'd, within the limits either of a Natural or an Artificial Day. So that as he taught them to amplify what he had shorten'd, by the same Rule apply'd the contrary way, he taught them to shorten what he had amplifi'd. Tragedy is the miniature of Humane Life; an Epick Poem is the draught at length. Here, my Lord, I must contract also, for, before I was aware, I was almost running into a long digression, to prove that there is no such absolute necessity that the

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time of a Stage-Action shou'd so strictly be confin'd to Twenty Four Hours, as never to exceed them, for which *Aristotle* contends, and the *Grecian* Stage has practis'd. Some longer space, on some occasions, I think may be allow'd, especially for the *English* Theater, which requires more variety of Incidents than the *French*. *Cornelle* himself, after long Practice, was inclin'd to think, that the time allotted by the Ancients was too short to raise and finish a great Action: And better a Mechanick Rule were stretch'd or broken, than a great Beauty were omitted. To raise, and afterwards to calm the Passions, to purge the Soul from Pride, by the Examples of Humane Miseries, which befall the greatest; in few words, to expel Arrogance, and introduce Compassion, are the great effects of Tragedy. Great, I must confess, if they were altogether as true as they are pompous. But are Habits to be introduc'd at three Hours warning? Are radical Diseases so suddenly remov'd? A Mountebank may promise such a Cure, but a skilful Physician will not undertake it. An Epick Poem is not in so much haste; it works leisurely; the Changes which it makes are slow; but the Cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of Tragedy, as I said, are too violent to be lasting. If it be answer'd that for this Reason Tragedies are often to be seen, and the Dole to be repeated; this is tacitly to confess, that there is more Virtue in one Heroick Poem than in many Tragedies. A Man is humbled one Day, and his Pride returns the next. Chymical Medicines are observ'd to Relieve oft'ner than to Cure: For 'tis the nature of Spirits to make swift impressions, but not deep. *Galenicall* Decoctions, to which I may properly compare an Epick Poem, have more of Body in them; they work by their substance and their weight. It is one Reason of *Aristotle's* to prove, that Tragedy is the more Noble, because it turns in a shorter Compass; the whole Action being circumscrib'd within the space of Four-and-Twenty Hours. He might prove as well that a Mushroom is to be prefer'd before a Peach, because it shoots up in the compass of a Night. A Chariot may be driven round the Pillar in less space than a large Machine, because the Bulk is not so great: Is the *Moon* a more Noble Planer than *Saturn*, because she makes her Revolution in less than Thirty Days, and He in little less than Thirty Years? Both their Orbs are in proportion to their several Magnitudes; and, consequently, the quickness or slowness of their Motion, and the time of their circumvolutions, is no Argument of the greater or less Perfection. And besides, what Virtue is there in a Tragedy, which is not contain'd in an Epick Poem? Where Pride is humbled, Virtue rewarded, and Vice punish'd; and those more amply treated, than the narrowness of the *Drama* can admit? The shining Quality of an Epick Heroe, his Magnanimity, his Constancy, his Patience, his Piety, or whatever Characteristical Virtue his Poet gives him, raises first our Admiration: We are naturally prone to imitate what we admire: And frequent Acts produce a habit. If the Hero's chief quality be vicious, as for Example, the Choleric and obstinate desire of Vengeance in *Achilles*, yet the Moral is Instructive: And besides, we are inform'd in the very proposition of the *Iliads*, that this anger was pernicious: That it brought a thousand ills on the *Grecian* Camp. The Courage of *Achilles* is propos'd to imitation, not his Pride and Disobedience to his General, nor his brutal Cruelty to his dead Enemy, nor the selling his Body to his Father. We abhor these Actions while we read them, and what we abhor we never imitate: The Poet only shews them like Rocks or Quick-Sands, to be shun'd.

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By this Example the Criticks have concluded that it is not necessary the Manners of the Heroe should be virtuous. They are Poetically good if they are of a Piece. Though where a Character of perfect Virtue is set before us, 'tis more lovely: for there the whole Heroe is to be imitated. This is the *Aeneas* of our Author: this is that Idea of perfection in an Epick Poem, which Painters and Statuaries have only in their minds; and which no hands are able to express. These are the Beauties of a God in a Humane Body. When the Picture of *Achilles* is drawn in Tragedy, he is taken with those Warts, and Moles, and hard Features, by those who represent him on the Stage, or he is no more *Achilles*: for his Creator *Homer* has so describ'd him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect Heroe, though an imperfect Character of Virtue. *Horace* Paints him after *Homer*, and delivers him to be Copied on the Stage with all those imperfections. Therefore they are either not faults in a Heroick Poem, or faults common to the *Drama*. After all, on the whole merits of the Cause, it must be acknowledg'd that the Epick Poem is more for the Manners, and Tragedy for the Passions. The Passions, as I have said, are violent: and acute Distempers require Medicines of a strong and speedy operation. Ill habits of the Mind are like Chronical Dileases, to be corrected by degrees, and Cur'd by Alteratives: wherein though Purges are sometimes necessary, yet Diet, good Air, and moderate Exercise, have the greatest part. The Matter being thus stated, it will appear that both sorts of Poetry are of use for their proper ends. The Stage is more active, the Epick Poem works at greater leisure, yet is active too, when need requires. For Dialogue is imitated by the *Drama*, from the more active parts of it. One puts off a Fit like the *Quinquina*, and relieves us only for a time; the other roots out the Distemper, and gives a healthful habit. The Sun enlightens and cheers us, dispels Fogs, and warms the ground with his daily Beams; but the Corn is sow'd, increases, is ripen'd, and is reap'd for use in process of time, and in its proper Season. I proceed from the greatness of the Action, to the Dignity of the Actors, I mean to the Persons employ'd in both Poems. There likewise Tragedy will be seen to borrow from the *Epicks*; and that which borrows is always of less Dignity, because it has not of its own. A Subject, 'tis true, may lend to his Sovereign, but the act of borrowing makes the King inferior, because he wants, and the Subject supplies. And suppose the Persons of the *Drama* wholly Fabulous, or of the Poet's Invention, yet Heroick Poetry gave him the Examples of that Invention, because it was first, and *Homer* the common Father of the Stage. I know not of any one advantage, which Tragedy can boast above Heroick Poetry, but that it is represented to the view, as well as read: and instructs in the Closet, as well as on the Theatre. This is an uncontended Excellence, and a chief Branch of its Prerogative; yet I may be allow'd to say without partiality, that herein the Actors share the Poet's praise. Your Lordship knows some Modern Tragedies which are beautiful on the Stage, and yet I am confident you would not read them. *Tryphon* the Stationer complains they are seldom ask'd for in his Shop. The Poet who Flourish'd in the Scene, is damn'd in the *Ruelle*; nay more, he is not esteem'd a good Poet by those who see and hear his Extravagancies with delight. They are a sort of stately Fustian, and lofty Childishness. Nothing but Nature can give a sincere pleasure; where that is not imitated, 'tis Grottesque Painting, the fine Woman ends in a Fishes Tail.

I might also add, that many things, which not only please, but are real

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real Beauties in the reading, would appear absurd upon the Stage: and thofe not only the *Speciosa Miracula*, as *Horace* calls them; of Transformations, of *Scylla*, *Antiphates*, and the *Leffrigons*, which cannot be represented even in Opera's; but the prowls of *Achilles* or *Aeneas* would appear ridiculous in our Dwarf-Heroes of the Theatre. We can believe they routed Armies in *Homer* or in *Virgil*, but *ne Hercules contra duos* in the *Drama*. I forbear to instance in many things which the Stage cannot or ought not to represent. For I have said already more than I intended on this Subject, and shou'd fear it might be turn'd against me; that I plead for the pre-eminence of Epick Poetry, because I have taken some pains in translating *Virgil*; if this were the first time that I had deliver'd my Opinion in this Dispute. But I have more than once already maintain'd the Rights of my two Masters against their Rivals of the Scene, even while I wrote Tragedies my self, and had no thoughts of this present Undertaking. I submit my Opinion to your Judgment, who are better qualified than any Man I know to decide this Controversie. You come, my Lord, intructed in the Cause, and needed not that I shou'd open it. Your Essay of Poetry, which was publish'd without a Name, and of which I was not honour'd with the Confidence, I read over and over with much delight, and as much instruction: and, without flattering you, or making my self more Moral than I am, not without some Envy. I was loath to be inform'd how an Epick Poem shou'd be written, or how a Tragedy shou'd be contriv'd and manag'd in better Verse and with more judgment than I could teach others. A Native of *Parnassus*, and bred up in the Studies of its Fundamental Laws, may receive new Lights from his Contemporaries, but 'tis a grudging kind of praise which he gives his Benefactors. He is more oblig'd than he is willing to acknowledge: there is a tincture of Malice in his Commendations. For where I own I am taught, I confess my want of Knowledge. A Judge upon the Bench, may, out of good Nature, or at least interest, encourage the Pleadings of a puny Councillor, but he does not willingly commend his Brother Serjeant at the Bar, especially when he controuls his Law, and exposes that ignorance which is made Sacred by his Place. I gave the unknown Author his due Commendation, I must confess, but who can answer for me, and for the rest of the Poets, who heard me read the Poem, whether we shou'd not have been better pleas'd to have seen our own Names at the bottom of the Title Page? perhaps we commended it the more, that we might seem to be above the Censure. We are naturally displeas'd with an unknown Critick, as the Ladies are with a Lampooner, because we are bitten in the dark, and know not where to fasten our Revenge. But great Excellencies will work their way through all sorts of opposition. I applauded rather out of decency than Affection; and was Ambitious, as some yet can witness, to be acquainted with a Man, with whom I had the honour to converse, and that almost daily, for so many years together. Heaven knows if I have heartily forgiven you this deceit. You extorted a Praise which I shou'd willingly have given had I known you. Nothing had been more easie than to commend a Patron of a long standing. The World would joy with me, if the Encomiums were just; and if unjust, would excuse a grateful Flatterer. But to come *Anonymous* upon me, and force me to commend you against my interest, was not altogether so fair, give me leave to say, as it was Politick. For by concealing your Quality, you might clearly understand how your Work succeeded;

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succeeded; and that the general approbation was given to your Merit not your Titles. Thus like *Apelles* you stood unseen behind your own *Venus*, and receiv'd the praises of the passing Multitude: the Work was commended, nor the Author: And I doubt not this was one of the most pleasing Adventures of your Life.

I have detain'd your Lordship longer than I intended in this Diffuse of preference betwixt the *Epic* Poem, and the *Drama*: and yet have not formally answer'd any of the Arguments which are brought by *Aristotle* on the other side, and set in the fairest light by *Dacier*. But I suppose, without looking on the Book, I may have touch'd on some of the Objections. For in this Address to your Lordship, I design not a Treatise of Heroick Poetry, but write in a loose Epistolary way, somewhat tending to that Subject, after the Example of *Horace*, in his First Epistle of the Second Book to *Augustus Caesar*, and of that to the *Pisões*, which we call his *Art of Poetry*. In both of which he observes no Method that I can trace, whatever *Scaliger* the Father, or *Hainfus* may have seen, or rather think they had seen. I have taken up, laid down, and resum'd as often as I pleas'd the same Subject: and this loose proceeding I shall use thro' all this Prefatory Dedication. Yet all this while I have been Sailing with some side-wind or other toward the Point I propos'd in the beginning; the Greatness and Excellency of an Heroick Poem, with some of the difficulties which attend that work. The Comparison therefore which I made betwixt the *Epopée* and the Tragedy was not altogether a digression; for 'tis concluded on all hands, that they are both the Master-pieces of Humane Wit.

In the mean time I may be bold to draw this Corollary from what has been already said, That the File of Heroick Poets is very short: all are not such who have assum'd that lofty Title in Ancient or Modern Ages, or have been so esteem'd by their partial and ignorant Admirers.

There have been but one great *Ilias* and one *Aeneis* in so many Ages. The next, but the next with a long interval betwixt, was the *Jerusalem*: I mean not so much in distance of time, as in Excellency. After these three are entred, some Lord Chamberlain should be appointed, some Critick of Authority shou'd be set before the door, to keep out a Crowd of little Poets, who press for Admission, and are not of Quality. *Mevius* wou'd be deafning your Lordship's Ears with his

*Fortunam Priami, Cantabo, & Nobilis Bellum.*

meer Fustian, as *Horace* would tell you from behind, without pressing forward, and more smook than fire. *Pulci*, *Boyarso*, and *Ariosto*, wou'd cry out, make room for the *Italian* Poets, the descendants of *Virgil* in a right Line. Father *Le Moine* with his *Saint Louis*; and *Scudery* with his *Alaric*, for a godly King, and a *Gothick* Conquerour; and *Chapelain* wou'd take it ill that his Maid shou'd be refus'd a place with *Helen* and *Lavinia*. *Spencer* has a better plea for his *Fairy-Queen*, had his action been finish'd, or had been one. And *Milton*, if the Devil had not been his Heroe instead of *Adam*, if the Gyant had not foil'd the Knight, and driven him out of his strong hold, to wander through the World with his Lady Errant: and if there had not been more Machining Persons than Humane, in his Poem. After these, the rest of our *English* Poets shall not be mention'd. I have that Honour for them which I ought to have: but if they are Worthies, they are not to be rank'd amongst

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mongst the three whom I have nam'd, and who are establish'd in their Reputation.

Before I quitted the Comparison betwixt *Epic* Poetry and Tragedy, I shou'd have acquainted my Judge with one advantage of the former over the latter, which I now casually remember out of the Preface of *Seyrais* before his Translation of the *Aeneis*, or out of *Bossu*, no matter which. The stile of the Heroick Poem is and ought to be more lofty than that of the *Drama*. The Critick is certainly in the right, for the Reason already urg'd: The work of Tragedy is on the Passions, and in Dialogue, both of them abhor strong Metaphors, in which the *Epopée* delights. A Poet cannot speak too plainly on the Stage: for *Volat irrevocabile verbum*; the *scale* is loft if it be not taken flying: but what we read alone we have leisure to digest. There an Author may beautifie his Sense by the boldness of his Expression, which if we understand not fully at the first, we may dwell upon it, 'till we find the secret force and excellence. That which cures the Manners by alternative Physick, as I said before, must proceed by insensible degrees; but that which purges the Passions, must do its business all at once, or wholly fail of its effect, at least in the present Operation, and without repeated Doses. We must beat the Iron while 'tis hot, but we may polish it at leisure. Thus, my Lord, you pay the Fine of my forgetfulness, and yet the merits of both Causes are where they were, and undecided, 'till you declare whether it be more for the benefit of Mankind to have their Manners in general corrected, or their Pride and hard-heartedness remov'd.

I must now come closer to my present business: and not think of making more invasive Wars abroad, when like *Hannibal*, I am call'd back to the defence of my own Country. *Virgil* is attack'd by many Enemies: He has a whole Confederacy against him, and I must endeavour to defend him as well as I am able. But their principal Objections being against his Moral, the duration or length of time taken up in the action of the Poem, and what they have to urge against the Manners of his Hero, I shall omit the rest as meer Cavils of Grammarians: at the worst but casual slips of a Great Man's Pen, or inconsiderable faults of an admirable Poem, which the Author had not leisure to review before his Death. *Macrobius* has answer'd what the Ancients cou'd urge against him: and some things I have lately read in *Tanneguy le Fevre's*, *Valois*, and another whom I name not, which are scarce worth answering. They begin with the Moral of his Poem, which I have elsewhere confess'd, and still must own not to be so Noble as that of *Homer*. But let both be fairly stated, and without contradicting my first Opinion, I can shew that *Virgil's* was as useful to the *Romans* of his Age, as *Homer's* was to the *Greeks* of his; in what time soever he may be suppos'd to have liv'd and flourish'd. *Homer's* Moral was to urge the necessity of Union, and of a good understanding betwixt Confederate States and Princes engag'd in a War with a Mighty Monarch: as also of Discipline in an Army, and obedience in the several Chiefs, to the Supreme Commander of the joyn'd Forces. To inculcate this, he lets forth the ruinous Effects of Discord in the Camp of those Allies, occasion'd by the quarrel betwixt the General, and one of the next in Office under him. *Agamemnon* gives the provocation, and *Achilles* retents the injury. Both Parties are faulty in the Quarrel, and accordingly they are both punish'd: the Aggressor is forc'd to sue for peace to his Inferiour, on dishonourable Conditions; the De-

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ferter refuses the satisfaction offer'd, and his Obstinacy costs him his best Friend. This works the Natural Effect of Choler, and turns his Rage against him, by whom he was last Affronted, and most sensibly. The greater Anger expels the less; but his Character is still preserv'd. In the mean time the *Grecian* Army receives Loss on Loss, and is half destroy'd by a Pestilence into the Bargain.

*Quicquid delirant Reges plebsuntur Achivi.*

As the Poet, in the first part of the Example, had shewn the bad effects of Discord, so after the Reconciliation, he gives the good effects of Unity. For *Hector* is slain, and then *Troy* must fall. By this, 'tis probable, that *Hector* liv'd when the *Persian* Monarchy was grown formidable to the *Grecians*; and that the joint Endeavours of his Country-men, were little enough to preserve their common Freedom, from an encroaching Enemy. Such was his Moral, which all Critics have allow'd to be more Noble than that of *Virgil*: though not adapted to the times in which the *Roman* Poet liv'd. Had *Virgil* flourish'd in the Age of *Ennius*, and address'd to *Scipio*, he had probably taken the same Moral, or some other not unlike it. For then the *Romans* were in as much danger from the *Carthaginian* Commonwealth, as the *Grecians* were from the *Persian* Monarchy. But we are to consider him as writing his Poem in a time when the Old Form of Government was subverted, and a new one just Established by *Octavius Caesar*: In effect by force of Arms, but seemingly by the Consent of the *Roman* People. The Commonwealth had receiv'd a deadly Wound in the former Civil Wars betwixt *Marius* and *Sylla*. The Commons, while the first prevail'd, had almost shaken off the Yoke of the Nobility; and *Marius* and *Cinna*, like the Captains of the Mob, under the specious Pretence of the Publick Good, and of doing Justice on the Oppressors of their Liberty, reveng'd themselves, without Form of Law, on their private Enemies. *Sylla*, in his turn, proscrib'd the Heads of the adverse Party: He too had nothing but Liberty and Reformation in his Mouth; (for the Cause of Religion is but a Modern Motive to Rebellion, invented by the Christian Priesthood, refining on the Heathen;) *Sylla*, to be sure, meant no more good to the *Roman* People than *Marius* before him, whatever he declar'd; but Sacrific'd the Lives, and took the Estates of all his Enemies, to gratifie those who brought him into Power: Such was the Reformation of the Government by both Parties. The Senate and the Commons were the two Bases on which it stood; and the two Champions of either Faction, each destroy'd the Foundations of the other side: So the Fabrique of consequence must fall betwixt them: And Tyranny must be built upon their Ruines. This comes of altering Fundamental Laws and Constitutions. Like him, who being in good Health, lodg'd himself in a Physician's House, and was over-perswaded by his Landlord to take Physick, of which he dyed, for the benefit of his Doctor. *Stavo ben* (was written on his Monument) *ma, perfar meglio, so qui.*

After the Death of those two Usurpers, the Commonwealth seem'd to recover, and held up its Head for a little time: But it was all the while in a deep Consumption, which is a flattering Disease. *Pompey*, *Crassus*, and *Caesar*, had found the Sweets of Arbitrary Power; and each being a check to the others growth, struck up a false Friendship amongst themselves; and divided the Government betwixt them, which

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which none of them was able to assume alone. These were the public Spirited Men of their Age, that is, Patriots for their own Interest. The Commonwealth look'd with a florid Countenance in their Management, spread in Bulk, and all the while was wasting in the Vitals. Not to trouble your Lordship with the Repetition of what you know: After the death of *Crassus*, *Pompey* found himself out-witted by *Caesar*; broke with him, over-power'd him in the Senate, and caus'd many unjust Decrees to pass against him: *Caesar* thus injur'd, and unable to resist the Faction of the Nobles, which was now uppermoit (for he was a *Marian*) had recourse to Arms; and his Cause was just against *Pompey*, but not against his Country, whose Constitution ought to have been sacred to him; and never to have been Violated on the account of any private Wrong. But he prevail'd, and Heav'n declaring for him, he became a Providential Monarch, under the Title of *Perpetual Dictator*. He being Murder'd by his own Son, whom I neither dare commend, nor can justly blame (though *Dante* in his *Inferno*, has put him and *Cassius*, and *Judas Iscariot* betwixt them, into the great Devil's Mouth) the Commonwealth popp'd up its Head for the third time, under *Brutus* and *Cassius*, and then sunk for ever.

Thus the *Roman* People were grossly gull'd: twice or thrice over: and as often enslav'd in one Century, and under the same pretence of Reformation. At last the two Battles of *Philippi*, gave the decisive stroke against Liberty; and not long after, the Commonwealth was turn'd into a Monarchy, by the Conduct and good Fortune of *Augustus*. 'Tis true, that the despotick Power could not have fallen into better Hands, than those of the first and second *Caesar*. Your Lordship well knows what Obligations *Virgil* had to the latter of them: He saw, beside, that the Commonwealth was lost without resource: The Heads of it destroy'd; the Senate new moulded, grown degenerate; and either bought off, or thrusting their own Necks into the Yoke, out of fear of being forc'd. Yet I may safely affirm for our great Author (as Men of good Sense are generally Honest) that he was still of Republick principles in Heart.

*Secretisque Piis, his dantem jura Catonem.*

I think, I need use no other Argument to justify my Opinion, than that of this one Line, taken from the Eighth Book of the *Æneis*. If he had not well studied his Patron's Temper, it might have ruin'd him with another Prince. But *Augustus* was not discontented, at least that we can find, that *Cato* was plac'd, by his own Poet, in *Elisium*; and there giving Laws to the Holy Souls, who deserv'd to be separated from the Vulgar sort of good Spirits. For his Conscience could not but whisper to the Arbitrary Monarch, that the Kings of *Rome* were at first Elective, and Govern'd nor without a Senate: That *Romulus* was no Hereditary Prince, and though, after his Death, he receiv'd Divine Honours, for the good he did on Earth, yet he was but a God of their own making: that the last *Tarquin* was Expell'd justly, for Overt-Acts of Tyranny, and Male-Administration; for such are the Conditions of an Elective Kingdom: And I meddle not with others: being, for my own Opinion, of *Monarchical* Principles, that an Honest Man ought to be contented with that Form of Government, and with those Fundamental Constitutions of it, which he receiv'd from his Ancestors, and under which himself was

(b) Born:

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Born: Though at the same time he confess'd freely, that if he could have chosen his Place of Birth, it shou'd have been at *Venice*: Which for many Reasons I dislike, and am better pleas'd to have been born an *English* Man.

But to return from my long rambling: I say that *Virgil* having maturely weigh'd the Condition of the Times in which he liv'd: that an entire Liberty was not to be retriev'd: that the present Settlement had the prospect of a long continuance in the same Family, or those adopted into it: that he held his Paternal Estate from the Bounty of the Conqueror, by whom he was likewise enrich'd, esteem'd and cherish'd: that this Conqueror, though of a bad kind, was the very best of it: that the Arts of Peace flourish'd under him: that all Men might be happy if they would be quiet: that now he was in possession of the whole, yet he shar'd a great part of his Authority with the Senate: That he would be chosen into the Ancient Offices of the Commonwealth, and Rul'd by the Power which he deriv'd from them; and Prorog'd his Government from time to time: Still, as it were, threatening to dismiss himself from Publick Cares, which he exercis'd more for the common Good, than for any delight he took in greatness: These things, I say, being consider'd by the Poet, he concluded it to be the Interest of his Country to be so Govern'd: To infuse an awful Respect into the People, towards such a Prince: By that respect to confirm their Obedience to him; and by that Obedience to make them Happy. This was the Moral of his Divine Poem: Honest in the Poet: Honourable to the Emperour, whom he derives from a Divine Extraction; and reflecting part of that Honour on the *Roman* People, whom he derives also from the *Trojans*; and not only profitable, but necessary to the present Age; and likely to be such to their Posterity. That it was the receiv'd Opinion, that the *Romans* were descended from the *Trojans*, and *Julius Caesar* from *Julus* the Son of *Aeneas*, was enough for *Virgil*; tho' perhaps he thought not so himself: Or that *Aeneas* ever was in *Italy*, which *Bochartus* manifestly proves. And *Homer*, where he says that *Jupiter* hated the House of *Priam*, and was resolv'd to transfer the Kingdom to the Family of *Aeneas*, yet mentions nothing of his leading a Colony into a Foreign Country, and settling there: But that the *Romans* valued themselves on their *Trojan* Ancestry, is so undoubted a Truth, that I need not prove it. Even the Seals which we have remaining of *Julius Caesar*, which we know to be Antique, have the Star of *Venus* over them, though they were all graven after his Death, as a Note that he was Desi'd. I doubt not but it was one Reason, why *Augustus* should be so passionately concern'd for the preservation of the *Aeneis*, which its Author had Condemn'd to be Burnt, as an Imperfect Poem, by his last Will and Testament; was, because it did him a real Service as well as an Honour; that a Work should not be lost where his Divine Original was Celebrated in Verse, which had the Character of Immortality stamp'd upon it.

Neither were the great *Roman* Families which flourish'd in his time, less oblig'd by him than the Emperour. Your Lordship knows with what Address he makes mention of them, as Captains of Ships, or Leaders in the War; and even some of *Italian* Extraction are not forgotten. These are the single Stars which are sprinkled through the *Aeneis*: But there are whole Constellations of them in the Fifth Book. And I could not but take notice, when I Translated it, of some Favourite Families,

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Families to which he gives the Victory, and awards the Prizes, in the Person of his Heroe, at the Funeral Games which were Celebrated in Honour of *Anchises*. I, Inlist not on their Names: But am pleas'd to find the *Memmi* amongst them, deriv'd from *Mnestheus*, because *Lucretius* Dedicates to one of that Family, a Branch of which destroy'd *Corinth*. I likewise either found or form'd an Image to my self of the contrary kind; that those who lost the Prizes, were such as had disoblig'd the Poet, or were in disgrace with *Augustus*, or Enemies to *Mecenas*: And this was the Poetical Revenge he took. For *genus irritable Vatum*, as *Horace* says. When a Poet is thoroughly provok'd, he will do himself Justice, however dear it cost him, *Ant-manque, in Vainere possit*. I think these are not bare Imaginations of my own, though I find no trace of them in the Commentatours: But one Poet may judge of another by himself. The Vengeance we defer, is not forgotten. I hinted before, that the whole *Roman* People were oblig'd by *Virgil*, in deriving them from *Troy*; an Ancestry which they affected. We, and the *French* are of the same Humour: They would be thought to defend from a Son, I think, of *Hector*: And we wou'd have our *Britain*, both Nam'd and Planted by a descendant of *Aeneas*. *Spencer* favours this Opinion what he can. His Prince *Arthur*, or whoever he intends by him, is a *Trojan*. Thus the Heroe of *Homer* was a *Grecian*, of *Virgil* a *Roman*, of *Tasso* an *Italian*.

I have transgress'd my Bounds, and gone farther than the Moral led me. But if your Lordship is not tir'd, I am safe enough. Thus far, I think, my Author is defended. But as *Augustus* is still shadow'd in the Person of *Aeneas*, of which I shall say more, when I come to the Manners which the Poet gives his Hero: I must prepare that Subject by shewing how dextrously he manag'd both the Prince and People, so as to displease neither, and to do good to both, which is the part of a Wife and an Honest Man: And proves that it is possible for a Courtier not to be a Knave: I shall continue still to speak my Thoughts like a free-born Subject as I am; though such things, perhaps, as no *Dutch* Commentator cou'd, and I am sure no *French*-man durst. I have already told your Lordship my Opinion of *Virgil*; that he was no Arbitrary Man. Oblig'd he was to his Master for his Bounty, and he repays him with good Counsel, how to behave himself in his new Monarchy, so as to gain the Affections of his Subjects, and deserve to be call'd the Father of his Country. From this Consideration it is, that he chose for the ground-work of his Poem, one Empire destroy'd, and another rais'd from the Ruins of it. This was just the Parallel. *Aeneas* cou'd not pretend to be *Priam's* Heir in a Lineal Succession: For *Anchises* the Heroe's Father, was only of the second Branch of the Royal Family: And *Helenus*, a Son of *Priam*, was yet surviving, and might lawfully claim before him. It may be *Virgil* mentions him on that Account. Neither has he forgotten *Asis*, in the Fifth of his *Aeneis*, the Son of *Polites*, youngest Son to *Priam*; who was slain by *Pyrrhus*, in the Second Book. *Asis*, then, the Favourite Companion of *Aeneas*, had a better Right than he; tho' I know he was introduc'd by *Virgil*, to do Honour to the Family, from which *Julius Caesar* was descended by the Mothers side. *Aeneas* had only Married *Cressa*, *Priam's* Daughter, and by her could have no Title, while any of the Male Issue were remaining. In this case, the Poet gave him the next Title, which is, that of an Elective King. The remaining *Trojans* chose him to lead them forth,

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and settle them in some Foreign Country. *Ilioneus* in his Speech to *Diido*, calls him expressly by the Name of King. Our Poet, who all this while had *Augustus* in his Eye, had no desire he should seem to succeed by any right of Inheritance, deriv'd from *Julius Caesar*; such a Title being but one degree remov'd from Conquest. For what was introduc'd by force, by force may be remov'd. 'Twas better for the People that they should give, than he should take. Since that Gift was indeed no more at bottom than a Trust. *Virgil* gives us an Example of this, in the Person of *Mexentius*. He Govern'd Arbitrarily, he was expell'd: And came to the deserv'd End of all Tyrants. Our Author shews us another sort of Kingship in the Person of *Latinus*. He was defend'd from *Saturn*, and as I remember, in the Third Degree. He is describ'd a just and a gracious Prince; solicitous for the Welfare of his People; always Consulting with his Senate to promote the common Good. We find him at the head of them, when he enters into the Council-Hall. Speaking first, but still demanding their Advice, and steering by it as far as the Iniquity of the Times wou'd suffer him. And this is the proper Character of a King by Inheritance, who is born a Father of his Country. *Aeneas*, tho' he Married the Heiress of the Crown, yet claim'd no Title to it during the Life of his Father-in-Law. *Pater arma Latinus habeto*, &c. are *Virgil's* Words. As for himself, he was contented to take care of his Country Gods, who were not those of *Latinus*. Wherein our Divine Author seems to relate to the after practice of the *Romans*, which was to adopt the Gods of those they Conquer'd, or receiv'd as Members of their Commonwealth. Yet withal, he plainly touches at the Office of the High Priesthood, with which *Augustus* was invested: And which made his Person more Sacred and inviolable, than even the Tribunitial Power. It was not therefore for nothing, that the most Judicious of all Poets, made that Office vacant, by the Death of *Panthus*, in the Second Book of the *Aeneis*, for his Heroe to succeed in it; and consequently for *Augustus* to enjoy. I know not that any of the Commentatours have taken notice of that passage. If they have not, I am sure they ought: And if they have, I am not indebted to them for the Observation: The words of *Virgil* are very plain.

*Sacra, suoque tibi, commendat Troja Penates.*

As for *Augustus*, or his Uncle *Julius*, claiming by descent from *Aeneas*; that Title is already out of doors. *Aeneas* succeeded not, but was Elected. *Troy* was fore-doom'd to fall for ever.

*Postquam res Aëte, Priamique evertere Regnum,  
Immeritum, visum superis.* *Aeneis* the 3d, line the 1st.

*Augustus* 'tis true, had once resolv'd to re-build that City, and there to make the Seat of Empire: But *Horace* writes an Ode on purpose to deter him from that Thought; declaring the place to be accur'd, and that the Gods would as often destroy it as it shou'd be rais'd. Hereupon the Emperour laid aside a Project so ungrateful to the *Roman* People: But by this, my Lord, we may conclude that he had still his Pedigree in his Head; and had an Itch of being thought a Divine King, if his Poets had not given him better Counsel.

I will pass by many less material Objections, for want of room to Answer them: What follows next is of great Importance, if the Criticks

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ticks can make out their Charge; for 'tis levell'd at the Manners which our Poet gives his Heroe; and which are the same which were eminently seen in his *Augustus*. Those Manners were Piety to the Gods, and a dutiful Affection to his Father; Love to his Relations; Care of his People; Courage and Conduct in the Wars; Gratitude to those who had oblig'd him; and Justice in general to Mankind.

Piety, as your Lordship sees, takes place of all, as the chief part of his Character: And the word in Latin is more full than it can possibly be express'd in any Modern Language; for there it comprehends not only Devotion to the Gods, but Filial Love and tender Affection to Relations of all sorts. As instances of this, the Deities of *Troy* and his own *Penates* are made the Companions of his Flight: They appear to him in his Voyage, and advise him; and at last he re-places them in *Italy*, their Native Country. For his Father he takes him on his Back: He leads his little Son, his Wife follows him; but losing his Footsteps through Fear or Ignorance, he goes back into the midst of his Enemies to find her; and leaves not his pursuit 'till her Ghost appears, to forbid his farther search. I will say nothing of his Duty to his Father while he liv'd; his Sorrow for his Death; of the Games instituted in Honour of his Memory; or seeking him, by his Command, even after Death, in the *Elysian* Fields. I will not mention his Tenderness for his Son, which every where is visible; Of his raising a Tomb for *Polydorus*, the Obsequies for *Misenus*, his pious remembrance of *Deiphobus*: The Funerals of his Nurse: His Grief for *Pallas*, and his Revenge taken on his Murderer; whom, otherwise by his Natural Compassion, he had forgiven: And then the Poem had been left imperfect: For we could have had no certain prospect of his Happiness, while the last Obstacle to it was unremov'd. Of the other parts which compose his Character, as a King, or as a General, I need say nothing: The whole *Aeneis* is one continued Instance, of some one or other of them: And where I find any thing of them tax'd, it shall suffice me, as briefly as I can, to vindicate my Divine Master to your Lordship, and by you to the Reader. But herein, *Segrais*, in his admirable Preface to his Translation of the *Aeneis*, as the Author of the *Dauphin's Virgil* justly calls it; has prevented me. Him I follow; and what I borrow from him, am ready to acknowledge to him. For, impartially speaking, the *French* are as much better Critics than the *English*, as they are worse Poets. Thus we generally allow that they better understand the management of a War, than our Islanders; but we know we are superiour to them, in the day of Battel. They value themselves on their Generals; we on our Soldiers. But this is not the proper place to decide that Question, if they make it one. I shall say perhaps as much of other Nations and their Poets, excepting only *Tasso*: and hope to make my Assertion good, which is but doing Justice to my Country. Part of which Honour will reflect on your Lordship, whose Thoughts are always just; your Numbers harmonious; your Words chosen; your Expressions strong and manly; your Verse flowing, and your turns as happy as they are easy. If you wou'd set us more Copies, your Example would make all Precepts needless. In the mean time, that little you have Written is own'd, and that particularly by the Poets, (who are a Nation not over-lavish of praise to their Contemporaries,) as a principal Ornament of our Language: But the sweetest Essences are always confin'd in the smallest Glasses.

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When I speak of your Lordship, 'tis never a digression, and therefore I need beg no pardon for it; but take up *Segrais* where I left him: And shall use him less often than I have occasion for him. For his Preface is a perfect piece of Criticism, full and clear, and digested into an exact Method; mine is loose, and, as I intended it, Epistolary. Yet I dwell on many things which he durst not touch: For 'tis dangerous to offend an Arbitrary Master: And every Patron who has the Power of *Augustus*, has not his Clemency. In short, my Lord, I wou'd not Translate him, because I wou'd bring you somewhat of my own. His Notes and Observations on every Book, are of the same Excellency; and for the same Reason I omit the greater part.

He takes notice that *Virgil* is Arraign'd for placing Piety before Valour; and making that Piety the chief Character of his Heroe. I have said already from *Bosset*, that a Poet is not oblig'd to make his Heroe a Virtuous Man: Therefore neither *Homer* nor *Tasso* are to be blam'd, for giving what predominant quality they pleas'd to their first Character. But *Virgil*, who design'd to form a perfect Prince, and would insinuate, that *Augustus*, whom he calls *Aeneas* in his Poem, was truly such, found himself oblig'd to make him without blemish; thoroughly Virtuous; and a thorough Virtue both begins and ends in Piety. *Tasso*, without question, observ'd this before me; and therefore split his Heroe in two. He gave *Gadfrey* Piety, and *Rinaldo* Fortitude; for their chief Qualities or Manners. *Homer*, who had chosen another Moral, makes both *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* vicious: For his design was to instruct in Virtue, by shewing the deformity of Vice. I avoid repetition of that I have said above. What follows is Translated literally from *Segrais*.

*Virgil* had consider'd that the greatest Virtues of *Augustus* consisted in the perfect Art of Governing his People; which caus'd him to Reign for more than Forty Years in great Felicity. He consider'd that his Emperour was Valiant, Civil, Popular, Eloquent, Politick, and Religious. He has given all these Qualities to *Aeneas*. But knowing that Piety alone comprehends the whole Duty of Man towards the Gods; towards his Country, and towards his Relations, he judg'd, that this ought to be his first Character, whom he would set for a Pattern of Perfection. In reality, they who believe that the Praises which arise from Valour, are superiour to those, which proceed from any other Virtues, have not consider'd (as they ought), that Valour, destitute of other Virtues, cannot render a Man worthy of any true esteem. That Quality which signifies no more than an intrepid Courage, may be separated from many others which are good, and accompany'd with many which are ill. A Man may be very Valiant, and yet Impious and Vicious. But the same cannot be said of Piety; which excludes all ill Qualities, and comprehends even Valour it self, with all other Qualities which are good. Can we, for Example, give the praise of Valour to a Man who shou'd see his Gods prophand, and shou'd want the Courage to defend them? To a Man who shou'd abandon his Father, or desert his King in his last Necessity?

Thus far *Segrais*, in giving the preference to Piety before Valour. I will now follow him, where he considers this Valour, or intrepid Courage, singly in it self; and this also *Virgil* gives to his *Aeneas*, and that in a Heroical Degree.

Having first concluded, that our Poet did for the best in taking the first Character of his Heroe, from that Essential Vertue on which the

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rest depend, he proceeds to tell us, that in the Ten Years war of *Troy*, he was consider'd as the second Champion of his Country; allowing *Hector* the first place; and this, even by the Confession of *Homer*, who took all occasions of setting up his own Countrymen the *Grecians*, and of undervaluing the *Trojan* Chiefs. But *Virgil*, (whom *Segrais* forgot to cite,) makes *Diomedes* give him a higher Character for Strength and Courage. His Testimony is this in the Eleventh Book.

*— petimus sels aspera contra,  
Concelsimusque manus: Experto, credite, quantus  
In clypeum assergat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.  
Si deo preterea talis Idea tulisset  
Terra viros; ulro Inachias venisset ad Urbes  
Dardanus, & versis legeret Gracia fatis.  
Quicquid apud dars cessatum est mania Troja,  
Hectoris, Aeneaque manu victoria Grajam  
Hastis, & in decumum vestigia retulit annum.  
Ambo animis, ambo insignes prestantibus armis:  
Hic pietate prior.*

I give not here my Translation of these Verses; though I think I have not ill succeeded in them; because your Lordship is so great a Master of the Original, that I have no reason to desire you shou'd see *Virgil* and me so near together: But you may please, my Lord, to take notice, that the Latin Author refines upon the Greek; and insinuates, That *Homer* had done his Heroe Wrong, in giving the advantage of the Duel to his own Country-man: Though *Diomedes* was manifestly the second Champion of the *Grecians*: And *Ulysses* prefer'd him before *Ajax*, when he chose him for the Companion of his Nightly Expedition: For he had a Head-piece of his own; and wanted only the fortitude of another, to bring him off with safety; and that he might compass his Design with Honour.

The *French* Translator thus proceeds: They who accuse *Aeneas* for want of Courage, either understand not *Virgil*, or have read him slightly; otherwise they would not raise an Objection so easie to be Answer'd: Hereupon he gives so many instances of the Heroe's Valour, that to repeat them after him would tire your Lordship, and put me to the unnecessary trouble of Transcribing the greatest part of the three last *Aeneids*. In short, more could not be expected from an *Amadis*, a Sir *Lancelot*, or the whole round Table, than he performs. *Proxima quoque metis gladio*, is the perfect Account of a Knight Errant. If it be reply'd, continues *Segrais*, that it was not difficult for him to undertake and achieve such hardy Enterprises, because he wore Enchanted Arms. That Accusation in the first place, must fall on *Homer* ere it can reach *Virgil*. *Achilles* was as well provided with them as *Aeneas*, though he was invulnerable without them: And, *Aristote*, the two *Tasso's*, *Bernardo* and *Torquato*, even our own *Spenser*; in a word, all Modern Poets have Copied *Homer* as well as *Virgil*: He is neither the first nor last; but in the midst of them; and therefore is safe if they are so. Who knows, says *Segrais*, but that his fated Armour was only an Allegorical Defence, and signifi'd no more than that he was under the peculiar protection of the Gods; born, as the *Astrologers* will tell us out of *Virgil* (who was well vers'd in the *Chaldean* Mysteries) under the favourable influence of *Jupiter*, *Venus*, and the *Sun*: But I insin not on this, because I know you believe not there

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there is such an Art: though not only *Horace* and *Perfius*, but *Augustus* himself, thought otherwife. But in defence of *Virgil*, I dare positively say, that he has been more cautious in this particular than either his Predecessour, or his Descendants. For *Aeneas* was actually wounded, in the Twelfth of the *Aeneis*; though he had the fame God-Smith to Forge his Arms, as had *Achilles*. It seems he was no War-luck, as the *Sons* commonly call such Men, who they say, are Iron-free, or Lead-free. Yet alter this Experiment, that his Arms were not impenetrable, when he was Cur'd indeed by his Mother's help, because he was that day to conclude the War by the death of *Turnus*, the Poet durst not carry the Miracle too far, and restore him wholly to his former Vigour: He was still too weak to overtake his Enemy; yet we see with what Courage he attacks *Turnus*, when he faces and renews the Combate. I need say no more, for *Virgil* defends himself, without needing my assistance; and proves his Heroe truly to deserve that Name. He was not then a Second-rate Champion, as they would have him, who think Fortitude the first Vertue in a Heroe. But being beaten from this hold, they will not yet allow him to be Valiant; because he wept more often, as they think, than well becomes a Man of Courage.

In the first place, if Tears are Arguments of Cowardise, What shall I say of *Homer's* Heroe? shall *Achilles* pass for timorous because he wept? and wept on less occasions than *Aeneas*? Herein *Virgil* must be granted to have excell'd his Master. For once both Heroes are describ'd lamenting their lost Loves: *Brisis* was taken away by force from the *Grecian*; *Cerusa* was lost for ever to her Husband. But *Achilles* went roaring along the salt Sea-shore, and like a Booby, was complaining to his Mother, when he shou'd have reveng'd his Injury by Arms. *Aeneas* took a Nobler Course; for having secur'd his Father and his Son, he repeated all his former Dangers to have found his Wife, if she had been above ground. And here your Lordship may observe the Address of *Virgil*; it was not for nothing, that this Passage was related with all these tender Circumstances. *Aeneas* told it; *Dido* heard it: That he had been so affectionate a Husband, was no ill Argument to the coming Dowager, that he might prove as kind to her. *Virgil* has a thousand secret Beauties, tho' I have not leisure to remark them.

*Sevrais* on this Subject of a Heroe's shedding Tears, observes that Historians commend *Alexander* for weeping, when he read the mighty Actions of *Achilles*. And *Julius Caesar* is likewise prais'd, when out of the same Noble Envy, he wept at the Victories of *Alexander*. But if we observe more closely, we shall find, that the tears of *Aeneas* were always on a laudable Occasion. Thus he weeps out of Compassion, and tenderness of Nature, when in the Temple of *Carthage* he beholds the Pictures of his Friends, who Sacrific'd their Lives in Defence of their Country. He deplores the lamentable End of his Pilot *Palmarus*; the untimely death of young *Pallas* his Confederate; and the rest, which I omit. Yet even for these Tears his wretched Criticks dare condemn him. They make *Aeneas* little better than a kind of a *St. Smithen* Heroe, always raining. One of these Censors is bold enough to argue him of Cowardise; when in the beginning of the First Book, he not only weeps, but trembles at an approaching Storm.

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*Exemplo Aeneae solvantur frigore Membra:  
Ingemis & daptices tendens ad sideras palmas, &c.*

But to this I have answer'd formerly; that his fear was not for himself, but for his People. And who can give a Sovereign a better Commendation, or recommend a Heroe more to the affection of the Reader? They were threaten'd with a Tempest, and he wept; he was promis'd *Italy*, and therefore he pray'd for the accomplishment of that Promise. All this in the beginning of a Storm, therefore he shew'd the more early Piety, and the quicker sense of Compassion. Thus much I have urg'd elsewhere in the defence of *Virgil*; and since I have been inform'd, by Mr. *Moyl*, a young Gentleman, whom I can never sufficiently commend, that the Ancients accounted drowning an accursed Death. So that if we grant him to have been afraid, he had just occasion for that fear, both in relation to himself, and to his Subjects. I think our Adversaries can carry this Argument no farther, unless they tell us that he ought to have had more confidence in the promise of the Gods: But how was he assur'd that he had understood their Oracles aright? *Electrus* might be mistaken, *Phobus* might speak doubtfully, even his Mother might flatter him, that he might prosecute his Voyage, which if it succeeded happily, he shou'd be the Founder of an Empire. For that she her self was doubtful of his Fortune, is apparent by the Address she made to *Jupiter* on his behalf. To which the God makes answer in these words:

*Parce metu, Citherea, manent immota tuorum,  
Fata tibi, &c.*

Notwithstanding which, the Goddefs, though comforted, was not assur'd: For even after this, through the course of the whole *Aeneis*, she still apprehends the interest which *Juno* might make with *Jupiter* against her Son. For it was a moot Point in Heaven, whether he cou'd alter Fate or not. And indeed, some passages in *Virgil* wou'd make us suspect, that he was of Opinion, *Jupiter* might defer Fate, though he cou'd not alter it. For in the latter end of the Tenth Book, he introduces *Juno* begging for the Life of *Turnus*, and flattering her Husband with the power of changing Destiny. *Tua qui potes, orsa reflectas*. To which he graciously answers:

*Si mora praesentis levis tempusq; caduco  
Oratur Juveni, meq; hoc ita ponere sentis,  
Tolle fugam Turnum, atq; instantibus Eripe satis.  
Haecenas inauspisse vacat. Sin altior ipsis  
Sub precibus venia ulla lateat, totumq; moveri,  
Maturave putas bellum, spes pascis inanis.*

But that he cou'd not alter those Decrees, the King of Gods himself confesses, in the Book above cited: when he comforts *Hercules*, for the death of *Pallas*, who had invoc'd his aid, before he threw his Lance at *Turnus*.

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—Troja

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—Troja sub manibus altis,  
Tot Nati Cecidere Deum; quin occidit unâ  
Sarpedon mea progenies: etiam sua Turnum  
Fata manent: metusq; dati pervenit ad eum.

Where he plainly acknowledges, that he cou'd not save his own Son, or prevent the death which he forefaw. Of his power to defer the blow, I once occasionally discours'd with that Excellent Person Sir Robert Hook, who is better conversant than any Man I know, in the Doctrine of the Stoicks, and he set me right; from the concurrent testimony of Philosophers and Poets, that *Jupiter* cou'd not retard the effects of Fate, even for a moment. For when I cited *Virgil* as favouring the contrary opinion in that Verse,

*Tolle fugâ Turnum, atq; instantibus eripe fati.*

He reply'd, and I think with an exact Judgment, that when *Jupiter* gave *Juno* leave to withdraw *Turnus* from the present danger, it was because he certainly fore-knew that his Fatal hour was not come: that it was in Destiny for *Juno* at that time to save him; and that he himself obey'd Destiny, in giving her that leave.

I need say no more in justification of our Heroe's Courage, and am much deceiv'd, if he ever be attack'd on this side of his Character again. But he is Arraign'd with more shew of Reason by the Ladies; who will make a numerous Party against him, for being false to Love, in forsaking *Dido*. And I cannot much blame them; for to say the truth, 'tis an ill Precedent for their Gallants to follow. Yet if I can bring him off, with Flying Colours, they may learn experience at her cost; and for her sake, avoid a Cave, as the worst shelter they can chuse from a shower of Rain, especially when they have a Lover in their Company.

In the first place, *Segrais* observes with much acuteness, that they who blame *Aeneas* for his insensibility of Love, when he left *Carthage*, contradict their former accusation of him, for being always Crying, Compassionate, and Effeminately sensible of those Misfortunes which befall others. They give him two contrary Characters, but *Virgil* makes him of a piece, always grateful, always tender-hearted. But they are impudent enough to discharge themselves of this blunder, by laying the Contradiction at *Virgil's* door. He, they say, has shewn his Heroe with these inconsistent Characters: Acknowledging, and Ungrateful, Compassionate, and Hard-hearted; but at the bottom, Fickle, and Self-interested. For *Dido* had not only receiv'd his weather-beaten Troops before she saw him, and given them her protection, but had also offer'd them an equal share in her Dominion.

*Vultis & his mecum pariter considerare Regnis?  
Urbeſem quam statuo, veſtra eſt.*

This was an obligation never to be forgotten: and the more to be consider'd, because antecedent to her Love. That passion, 'tis true, produc'd the usual effects of Generosity, Gallantry, and care to please, and thither we refer them. But when she had made all these advances, it was still in his power to have refus'd them: After the In-

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trigue of the Cave, call it Marriage, or Enjointment only, he was no longer free to take or leave; he had accepted the favour, and was oblig'd to be Constant, if he wou'd be grateful.

My Lord, I have set this Argument in the best light I can, that the Ladies may not think I write booby: and perhaps it may happen to me, as it did to Doctor *Cudworth*, who has rais'd such strong Objections against the being of a God, and Providence, that many think he has not answer'd them. You may please at least to hear the adverse Party. *Segrais* pleads for *Virgil*, that no less than an Absolute Command from *Jupiter*, cou'd excuse this insensibility of the Heroe, and this abrupt departure, which looks so like extream ingratitude. But at the same time, he does wisely to remember you, that *Virgil* had made Piety the first Character of *Aeneas*: And this being allow'd, as I am afraid it must, he was oblig'd, antecedent to all other Considerations, to search an *Asylum* for his Gods in *Italy*. For those very Gods, I say, who had promis'd to his Race the Universal Empire. Cou'd a Pious Man dispence with the Commands of *Jupiter* to satisfy his passion; or take it in the strongest sense, to comply with the obligations of his gratitude? Religion, 'tis true, must have Moral Honesty for its groundwork, or we shall be apt to suspect its truth; but an immediate Revelation dispences with all Duties of Morality. All Casuists agree, that Theft is a breach of the Moral Law: yet if I might presume to mingle Things Sacred with Prophane, the *Israelites* only spoil'd the *Egyptians*, not rob'd them, because the propriety was transferr'd; by a Revelation to their Law-giver. I confess *Dido* was a very Infidel in this Point: for she wou'd not believe, as *Virgil* makes her say, that ever *Jupiter* wou'd send *Mercury* on such an Immoral Errand. But this needs no Answer; at least no more than *Virgil* gives it:

*Fata obstant, placidusq; viri Deus obſtruit aures.*

This notwithstanding, as *Segrais* confesses, he might have shewn a little more sensibility when he left her; for that had been according to his Character.

But let *Virgil* answer for himself; he still lov'd her; and struggled with his inclinations, to obey the Gods.

*Curam sub Corde premebat,  
Multa gemens; magnoq; animum labfactus Amore.*

Upon the whole Matter, and humanely speaking, I doubt there was a fault somewhere; and *Jupiter* is better able to bear the blame, than either *Virgil* or *Aeneas*. The Poet it seems had found it out, and therefore brings the deserting Heroe and the forsaken Lady to meet together in the lower Regions; where he excuses himself when 'tis too late, and accordingly she will take no satisfaction, nor so much as hear him. Now *Segrais* is forc'd to abandon his defence, and excuses his Author, by saying that the *Aeneis* is an imperfect Work, and that Death prevented the Divine Poet from reviewing it; and for that Reason he had condemn'd it to the fire; though at the same time, his two Translators must acknowledge, that the Sixth Book is the most Correct of the whole *Aeneis*. Oh, how convenient is a Machine sometimes in a Heroick Poem! This of *Mercury* is plainly one, and *Virgil* was constrain'd to use it here, or the honesty of his Heroe

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would be ill-defended. And the Fair Sex however, if they had the Desertour in their power, would certainly have shewn him no more mercy, than the *Bacchanals* did *Orpheus*. For if too much Constancy may be a fault sometimes, then want of Constancy, and Ingratitude after the last Favour, is a Crime that never will be forgiven. But of Machines, more in their proper place: where I shall shew, with how much judgment they have been us'd by *Virgil*; and in the mean time pass to another Article of his defence on the present Subject: where if I cannot clear the Heroe, I hope at least to bring off the Poet; for here I must divide their Causes. Let *Aeneas* trust to his Machine, which will only help to break his Fall, but the Address is incomparable. *Plato*, who borrow'd so much from *Homer*, and yet concluded for the Banishment of all Poets, would at least have Rewarded *Virgil*, before he sent him into Exile. But I go farther, and say, that he ought to be acquitted, and deserv'd beside, the Bounty of *Augustus*, and the gratitude of the Roman People. If after this, the Ladies will stand out, let them remember, that the Jury is not all agreed; for *Octavia* was of his Party, and was also of the first Quality in *Rome*; she was present at the reading of the Sixth *Aeneid*, and we know not that she condemn'd *Aeneas*; but we are sure she presented the Poet, for his admirable Elegy on her Son *Marcellus*.

But let us consider the secret Reasons which *Virgil* had, for thus framing this Noble Epifode, wherein the whole passion of Love is more exactly describ'd than in any other Poet. Love was the Theme of his Fourth Book; and though it is the shortest of the whole *Aeneid*, yet there he has given its beginning, its progress, its traverses, and its conclusion. And had exhaust'd so entirely this Subject, that he could resume it but very slightly in the Eight ensuing Books.

She was warm'd with the graceful appearance of the Heroe, she smother'd those Sparkles out of decency, but Conversation blew them up into a Flame. Then she was forc'd to make a Confident of her whom she best might trust, her own Sister, who approves the passion, and thereby augments it, then succeeds her publick owning it; and after that, the consummation. Of *Venus* and *Juno*, *Jupiter* and *Mercury* I say nothing, for they were all Machining work; but possession having cool'd his Love, as it increas'd her, she soon perceiv'd the change, or at least grew suspicious of a change; this suspicion soon turn'd to Jealousie, and Jealousie to Rage; then she disdains and threatens, and again is humble, and intreats; and nothing availing, despairs, curses, and at last becomes her own Executioner. See here the whole process of that passion, to which nothing can be added. I dare go no farther, lest I should lose the connection of my Discourse.

To love our Native Country, and to study its Benefit and its Glory, to be interred in its Concerns, is Natural to all Men, and is indeed our common Duty. A Poet makes a farther step; for endeavouring to do honour to it, 'tis allowable in him even to be partial in its Cause; for he is not ty'd to truth, or fetter'd by the Laws of History. *Homer* and *Tasso* are justly prais'd for chusing their Heroes out of *Greece* and *Italy*; *Virgil* indeed made his a *Trojan*, but it was to derive the *Romans*, and his own *Augustus* from him; but all the three Poets are manifestly partial to their Heroes, in favour of their Country. For *Dares Phrygius* reports of *Hector*, that he was slain Cowardly; *Aeneas* according to the best account, slew not *Mecentius*, but was slain by him: and the Chronicles of *Italy* tell us little of that *Rinaldo Ruffo* who

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who Conquers *Jerusalem* in *Tasso*. He might be a Champion of the Church; but we know not that he was so much as present at the Siege. To apply this to *Virgil*, he thought himself engag'd in Honour to espouse the Cause and Quarrel of his Country against *Carthage*. He knew he could not please the *Romans* better, or oblige them more to Patronize his Poem, than by disgracing the Foundress of that City. He shews her ungrateful to the Memory of her first Husband, doting on a Stranger; enjoy'd, and afterwards forsaken by him. This was the Original, says he, of the immortal hatred betwixt the two Rival Nations. 'Tis true, he colours the falsehood of *Aeneas* by an express Command from *Jupiter*, to forsake the Queen, who had oblig'd him: but he knew the *Romans* were to be his Readers, and them he brib'd, perhaps at the expence of his Heroe's honesty; but he gain'd his Cause however; as Pleading before Corrupt Judges. They were content to see their Founder fall to Love, for still he had the advantage of the Amour: It was their Enemy whom he forsok, and he might have forsaken him, if he had not got the start of her: she had already forgotten her Vows to her *Sichens*; and *curiam Or mutabile semper femina*, is the sharpest Satire in the fewest words that was ever made on Womankind; for both the Adjectives are Neuter, and *Animal* must be understood, to make them Grammar. *Virgil* does well to put those words into the mouth of *Mercury*: if a God had not spoken them, neither durst he have written them, nor I translated them. Yet the Deity was forc'd to come twice on the same Errand: and the second time, as much a Heroe as *Aeneas* was, he frighten'd him. It seems he fear'd not *Jupiter* so much as *Dido*. For your Lordship may observe, that as much intent as he was upon his Voyage, yet he still delay'd it, 'till the Messenger was oblig'd to tell him plainly, that if he weigh'd not Anchor in the Night, the Queen would be with him in the Morning. *Notumq; furoris quid femina possit*; she was injur'd, she was Revengful, she was Powerful. The Poet had likewise before hinted, that her People were naturally perfidious: For he gives their Character in their Queen, and makes a Proverb of *Panica fides*, many Ages before it was invented.

Thus I hope, my Lord, that I have made good my Promise, and justify'd the Poet, whatever becomes of the false Knight. And sure a Poet is as much priviledg'd to lye, as an Ambassador, for the Honour and Interest of his Country; at least as Sir *Henry Wootton* has defin'd.

This naturally leads me to the defence of the Famous *Anachronism*, in making *Aeneas* and *Dido* Contemporaries. For 'tis certain that the Heroe liv'd almost two hundred years before the Building of *Carthage*. One who imitates *Boccaline*, says that *Virgil* was accus'd before *Apollo* for this Error. The God soon found that he was not able to defend his Favourite by Reason, for the Cause was clear: he therefore gave this middle Sentence; That any thing might be allow'd to his Son *Virgil* on the account of his other Merits; That being a Monarch he had a dispensing Power, and pardon'd him. But that this special Act of Grace might never be drawn into Example, or pleaded by his puny Successors, in justification of their ignorance; he decreed for the future, No Poet should presume to make a Lady die for Love two hundred years before her Birth. To Moralize this Story, *Virgil* is the *Apollo*, who has this Dispensing Power. His great judgment made the Laws of Poetry, but he never made himself a Slave to them:

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Chronology at best is but a Cobweb-Law, and he broke through it with his weight. They who will imitate him wisely, must chuse as he did, an obscure and a remote *Æra*, where they may invent at pleasure, and not be easily contradicted. Neither he, nor the *Romans* had ever read the Bible, by which only his false computation of times can be made out against him: this *Segrais* says in his defence, and proves it from his Learned Friend *Bochartus*, whose Letter on this Subject, he has Printed at the end of the Fourth *Æneid*, to which I refer your Lordship, and the Reader. Yet the Credit of *Virgil* was so great, that he made this Fable of his own Invention pass for an Authentick History, or at least as credible as any thing in *Homer*. *Ovid* takes it up after him, even in the same Age, and makes an ancient Heroine of *Virgil's* new-created *Dido*; Dictates a Letter for her just before her death, to the ingrateful Fugitive; and very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a Sword with a Man so much superiour in force to him on the same subject. I think I may be Judge of this, because I have Translated both. The Famous Author of the Art of Love has nothing of his own, he borrows all from a greater Master in his own profession; and which is worse, improves nothing which he finds. Nature fails him, and being forc'd to his old shift, he has recourse to Witticism. This passes indeed with his Soft Admirers, and gives him the preference to *Virgil* in their esteem. But let them like for themselves, and not prescribe to others, for our Author needs not their Admiration.

The Motives that induc'd *Virgil* to Coyn this Fable, I have shew'd already; and have also begun to shew that he might make this *Anacronism*, by superseding the mechanic Rules of Poetry, for the same Reason, that a Monarch may dispense with, or suspend his own Laws, when he finds it necessary so to do; especially if those Laws are not altogether fundamental. Nothing is to be call'd a fault in Poetry, says *Aristotle*, but what is against the Art; therefore a Man may be an admirable Poet, without being an exact Chronologer. Shall we dare, continues *Segrais*, to condemn *Virgil*, for having made a Fiction against the order of time, when we commend *Ovid* and other Poets who have made many of their Fictions against the Order of Nature? For what are else the splendid Miracles of the *Metamorphoses*? Yet these are Beautiful as they are related; and have also deep Learning and instructive Mythologies couch'd under them: But to give, as *Virgil* does in this Epifode, the Original Cause of the long Wars betwixt *Rome* and *Carthage*, to draw Truth out of Fiction, after so probable a manner, with so much Beauty, and so much for the Honour of his Country, was proper only to the Divine Wit of *Maro*; and *Tasso* in one of his Discourses, admires him for this particularly. 'Tis not lawful indeed, to contradict a Point of History, which is known to all the World; as for Example, to make *Hannibal* and *Scipio* Contemporaries with *Alexander*; but in the dark Recesses of Antiquity, a great Poet may and ought to feign such things as he finds not there, if they can be brought to embellish that Subject which he treats. On the other side, the pains and diligence of ill Poets is but thrown away, when they want the Genius to invent and feign agreeably. But if the Fictions be delightful, which they always are, if they be natural, if they be of a piece; if the beginning, the middle, and the end be in their due places, and artfully united to each other, such Works can never fail of their deserv'd Success. And such is *Virgil's* Epifode of

*Dido*

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*Dido* and *Æneas*; where the fourest Critick must acknowledge that if he had depriv'd his *Æneis* of so great an Ornament, because he found no traces of it in Antiquity, he had avoided their unjust Censure, but had wanted one of the greatest Beauties of his Poem. I shall say more of this, in the next Article of their Charge against him, which is want of Invention. In the mean time I may affirm in honour of this Epifode, that it is not only now esteem'd the most pleasing entertainment of the *Æneis*, but was so accounted in his own Age; and before it was mellow'd into that reputation, which time has given it; for which I need produce no other testimony, than that of *Ovid*, his Contemporary.

*Nec pars ulla major legitur de Corpore toto  
Quam non legitimo federe, junctus Amor.*

Where by the way, you may observe, my Lord, that *Ovid* in those words, *Non legitimo federe junctus Amor*, will by no means allow it to be a lawful Marriage betwixt *Dido* and *Æneas*. He was in Banishment when he wrote those Verses, which I cite from his Letter to *Augustus*. You, Sir, says he, have sent me into Exile for writing my Art of Love, and my wanton Elegies; yet your own Poet was happy in your good graces, though he brought *Dido* and *Æneas* into a Cave, and left them there not over-honestly together. May I be so bold to ask your Majesty, is it a greater fault to teach the Art of unlawful Love, than to shew it in the Action? But was *Ovid* the Court-Poet so bad a Courtier, as to find no other Plea to excuse himself, than by a plain accusation of his Master? *Virgil* confes'd it was a Lawful Marriage betwixt the Lovers; that *Juno* the Goddess of Matrimony had ratify'd it by her presence, for it was her business to bring Matters to that issue. That the Ceremonies were short we may believe, for *Dido* was not only amorous, but a Widow. *Mercury* himself, though employ'd on a quite contrary Errand, yet owns it a Marriage by an *innuendo*: *pulsuramq; Uxorius Urbem Extrahit*—He calls *Æneas* not only a Husband, but upbraids him with being a fond Husband, as the word *Uxorius* implies. Now mark a little, if your Lordship please, why *Virgil* is so much concern'd to make this Marriage (for he seems to be the Father of the Bride himself, and to give her to the Bridegroom) it was to make way for the Divorce which he intended afterwards; for he was a finer Flatterer than *Ovid*; and I more than conjecture that he had in his eye the Divorce which not long before had pass'd betwixt the Emperor and *Scribonia*. He drew this dimple in the Check of *Æneas*, to prove *Augustus* of the same Family, by so remarkable a Feature in the same place. Thus, as we say in our home-spun *English* Proverb, *He kill'd two Birds with one stone*; pleas'd the Emperor by giving him the resemblance of his Ancestor; and gave him such a resemblance as was not scandalous in that Age. For to leave one Wife and take another, was but a matter of Gallantry at that time of day among the *Romans*. *Necque hæc in federa venit*, is the very Excuse which *Æneas* makes, when he leaves his Lady. I made no such Bargain with you at our Marriage, to live always drudging on at *Carthage*; my business was *Italy*, and I never made a secret of it. If I took my pleasure, had not you your share of it? I leave you free at my departure, to comfort your self with the next Stranger who happens to be Shipwreck'd on your Coast. Be as kind an Hostess as you

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you have been to me, and you can never fail of another Husband. In the mean time, I call the Gods to witness, that I leave your Shore unwillingly; for though *Juno* made the Marriage, yet *Jupiter* Commands me to forsake you. This is the effect of what he says, when it is dishonour'd out of Latin Verse, into English Prose. If the Poet argued not aright, we must pardon him for a poor blind Heathen, who knew no better Morals.

I have detain'd your Lordship longer than I intended on this Objection: Which would indeed weigh something in a Spiritual Court; but I am not to defend our Poet there. The next I think is but a Cavil, though the Cry is great against him, and has continu'd from the time of *Macrobius* to this present Age. I hinted it before. They lay no less than want of Invention to his Charge. A capital Crime I must acknowledge. For a Poet is a Maker, as the word signifies: And who cannot make, that is, invent, has his Name for nothing. That which makes this Accusation look so strange at the first sight, is, That he has borrow'd so many things from *Homer*, *Apollonius Rhodius*, and others who preceded him. But in the first place, if Invention is to be taken in so strict a sense, that the Matter of a Poem must be wholly new, and that in all its Parts; then *Scaliger* has made out, says *Seyss*, that the History of *Troy* was no more the Invention of *Homer*, than of *Virgil*. There was not an Old Woman, or almost a Child, but had it in their Mouths, before the Greek Poet or his Friends digested it into this admirable order in which we read it. At this rate, as *Solomon* has told us, there is nothing new beneath the Sun: Who then can pass for an Inventor, if *Homer*, as well as *Virgil* must be depriv'd of that Glory? Is *Verfailles* the less a New Building, because the Architect of that Palace has imitated others which were built before it? Walls, Doors and Windows, Apartments, Offices, Rooms of convenience and Magnificence, are in all great Houses. So Descriptions, Figures, Fables, and the rest, must be in all Heroick Poems. They are the Common Materials of Poetry, furnish'd from the Magazine of Nature: Every Poet has as much right to them, as every Man has to Air or Water. *Quid prohibetis Aquas? Vitis communis aquarum est.* But the Argument of the Works, that is to say, its principal Action, the Oeconomy and Disposition of it; these are the things which distinguish Copies from Originals. The Poet, who borrows nothing from others, is yet to be Born. He and the Jews Messias will come together. There are parts of the *Aeneis*, which resemble some parts both of the *Iliad* and of the *Odyssey*; as for Example, *Aeneas* descended into Hell, and *Ulysses* had been there before him: *Aeneas* lov'd *Dido*, and *Ulysses* lov'd *Calyppo*: In few words, *Virgil* has imitated *Homer's* *Odyssey* in his first six Books, and in his six last the *Iliad*. But from hence can we infer, that the two Poets write the same History? Is there no invention in some other parts of *Virgil's Aeneis*? The disposition of so many various matters, is not that his own? From what Book of *Homer* had *Virgil* his Episode of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, of *Mecentius* and *Lausus*? From whence did he borrow his Design of bringing *Aeneas* into *Italy*, of Establishing the *Roman* Empire on the Foundations of a *Trojan* Colony; to say nothing of the honour he did his Patron, not only in his descent from *Venus*, but in making him so like him in his best Features, that the Goddess might have mistaken *Augustus* for her Son. He had indeed the Story from common Fame, as *Homer* had his from the *Egyptian* Priests. *Aeneadam* *Genetrix* was no more unknown to *Lucretius* than to him. But *Lucretius* taught him not

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not to form his Heroe; to give him Piety or Valour for his Manners; and both in so eminent a degree, that having done what was possible for Man, to save his King and Country; his Mother was forc'd to appear to him and refrain his Fury, which hurry'd him to death in their Revenge. But the Poet made his Piety more successful; he brought off his Father and his Son; and his Gods witness'd to his Devotion, by putting themselves under his Protection; to be re-plac'd by him in their promis'd *Italy*. Neither the Invention, nor the Conduct of this great Action, were owing to *Homer* or any other Poet. 'Tis one thing to Copy, and another thing to imitate from Nature. The Copyer is that servile Imitator, to whom *Horace* gives no better a Name than that of Animal: He will not so much as allow him to be a Man. *Raphael* imitated Nature: They who Copy one of *Raphael's* Pieces, imitate but him, for his Work is their Original. They Translate him as I do *Virgil*; and fall as short of him as I of *Virgil*. There is a kind of Invention in the imitation of *Raphael*; for though the thing was in Nature, yet the Idea of it was his own. *Ulysses* Travell'd, so did *Aeneas*; but neither of them were the first Travellers; for *Cain* went into the Land of *Nod*, before they were born: And neither of the Poets ever heard of such a Man. If *Ulysses* had been kill'd at *Troy*, yet *Aeneas* must have gone to Sea, or he could never have arriv'd in *Italy*. But the designs of the two Poets were as different as the Courses of their Heroes; one went Home, and the other fought a Home. To return to my first similitude: Suppose *Apelles* and *Raphael* had each of them Painted a burning *Troy*; might not the Modern Painter have succeeded as well as the Ancient, tho' neither of them had seen the Town on Fire? For the draughts of both were taken from the Idea's which they had of Nature. Cities had been burnt before either of them were in Being. But to Close the Simile as I begun it; they would not have design'd after the same manner. *Apelles* would have distinguish'd *Pyrrhus* from the rest of all the *Grecians*, and shew'd him forcing his entrance into *Priam's* Palace; there he had set him in the fairest Light, and given him the chief place of all his Figures, because he was a *Grecian*, and he would do Honour to his Country. *Raphael*, who was an *Italian*, and descended from the *Trojans*, would have made *Aeneas* the Heroe of his piece: And perhaps not with his Father on his Back; his Son in one hand, his Bundle of Gods in the other, and his Wife following; (for an Act of Piety, is not half so graceful in a Picture as an Act of Courage:) He would rather have drawn him killing *Androgeos*, or some other, Hand to Hand; and the blaze of the Fires shou'd have darted full upon his Face, to make him conspicuous amongst his *Trojans*. This I think is a just Comparison betwixt the two Poets in the Conduct of their several designs. *Virgil* cannot be said to copy *Homer*: The *Grecian* had only the advantage of writing first. If it be urg'd that I have granted a resemblance in some parts; yet therein *Virgil* has excell'd him: For what are the Tears of *Calyppo* for being left, to the Fury and Death of *Dido*? Where is there the whole process of her Passion, and all its violent Effects to be found, in the languishing Episode of the *Odyssey*? If this be to Copy, let the Criticks shew us the same Disposition, Features, or Colouring in their Original. The like may be said of the Descent to Hell; which was not of *Homer's* Invention neither: He had it from the Story of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*. But to what end did *Ulysses* make that Journey? *Aeneas* undertook it by the express Commandment of his Father's Ghost: There he was to

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And we have known Campaigns that have begun sooner, and have ended later.

*Ronsard* and the rest whom *Segrais* names, who are of Opinion that the Action of this Poem takes up almost a Year and half; ground their Calculation thus. *Anchises* dyed in *Sicily* at the end of Winter, or beginning of the Spring. *Aeneas*, immediately after the Entertment of his Father, puts to Sea for *Italy*: He is surpriz'd by the Tempest describ'd in the beginning of the first Book; and there it is that the Scene of the Poem opens; and where the Action must Commence. He is driven by this Storm on the Coasts of *Affrick*: He stays at *Carthage* all that Summer, and almost all the Winter following: Sets Sail again for *Italy* just before the beginning of the Spring; meets with contrary Winds, and makes *Sicily* the second time: This part of the Action compleats the Year. Then he celebrates the Anniversary of his Father's Funerals, and shortly after arrives at *Comus*, and from thence his time is taken up in his first Treaty with *Latinus*; the Overture of the War; the Siege of his Camp by *Turnus*; his going for Succours to relieve it: His return: The raising of the Siege by the first Battel: The twelve days Truce: The second Battel: The Assault of *Laurentum*, and the single Fight with *Turnus*; all which, they say, cannot take up less than four or five Months more; by which Account we cannot suppose the entire Action to be contain'd in a much less compass than a Year and half.

*Segrais* reckons another way; and his computation is not condemn'd by the learned *Ruass*, who compil'd and Publish'd the Commentaries on our Poet, which we call the *Dauphin's* Virgil.

He allows the time of Year when *Anchises* dyed; to be in the latter end of Winter, or the beginning of the Spring; he acknowledges that when *Aeneas* is first seen at Sea afterwards, and is driven by the Tempest on the Coast of *Affrick*, is the time when the Action is naturally to begin: He confesses farther, that *Aeneas* left *Carthage* in the latter end of Winter; for *Dido* tells him in express terms, as an Argument for his longer stay,

*Quinetiam Hyberno moliris sidere Classem.*

But whereas *Ronsard's* Followers suppose that when *Aeneas* had buried his Father, he set Sail immediately for *Italy*, (tho' the Tempest drove him on the Coast of *Carthage*.) *Segrais* will by no means allow that Supposition; but thinks it much more probable that he remain'd in *Sicily* till the midst of *July* or the beginning of *August*; at which time he places the first appearance of his Heroe on the Sea; and there opens the Action of the Poem. From which beginning, to the Death of *Turnus*, which concludes the Action, there need not be supposed above ten Months of intermediate time: For arriving at *Carthage* in the latter end of Summer, staying there the Winter following; departing thence in the very beginning of the Spring; making a short abode in *Sicily* the second time, landing in *Italy*, and making the War, may be reasonably judg'd the business but of three Months. To this the *Ronsardians* reply, that having been for Seven Years before in quest of *Italy*, and having no more to do in *Sicily*, than to inter his Father; after that Office was perform'd, what remain'd for him, but, without delay, to pursue his first Adventure? To which *Segrais* answers, that the Obsequies of his Father, according to the Rites of the *Greeks* and

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*Romans*, would detain him for many days: That a longer time must be taken up in the refitting of his Ships, after so tedious a Voyage; and in refreshing his Weather-beaten Souldiers on a friendly Coast. These indeed are but Suppositions on both sides, yet those of *Segrais* seem better grounded. For the Feast of *Dido*, when she entertain'd *Aeneas* first, has the appearance of a Summer's Night, which seems already almost ended, when he begins his Story: Therefore the Love was made in Autumn; the Hunting follow'd properly when the Heats of that scorching Country were declining: The Winter was pass'd in jollity; as the Season and their Love requir'd; and he left her in the latter end of Winter, as is already prov'd. This Opinion is fortify'd by the Arrival of *Aeneas* at the Mouth of *Tyber*; which marks the Season of the Spring, that Season being perfectly describ'd by the singing of the Birds, saluting the dawn; and by the Beauty of the place, which the Poet seems to have painted expressly in the Seventh *Aeneid*.

*Aurora in rosis fulgebat latea bigis:  
Cum ventis posuere; varia circumaque, supraque  
Assuetæ ripis volucres, & fluminis alveo,  
Æstera malebant cantæ.*

The remainder of the Action requir'd but three Months more; for when *Aeneas* went for Succour to the *Trojans*, he found their Army in a readiness to march; and wanting only a Commander: So that according to this Calculation, the *Aeneis* takes not up above a Year complete, and may be comprehended in less compass.

This, amongst other Circumstances, treated more at large by *Segrais*, agrees with the rising of *Orion*, which caus'd the Tempest, describ'd in the beginning of the first Book. By some passages in the Pastorals, but more particularly in the *Georgicks*, our Poet is found to be an exact Astronomer, according to the Knowledge of that Age: Now *Ilianus* (whom *Virgil* twice employs in Embassies, as the best Speaker of the *Trojans*) attributes that Tempest to *Orion* in his Speech to *Dido*.

*Cum subito, assurgens fluctu nimbofus Orion.*

He must mean either the *Helical* or *Astronomical* rising of that Sign. The *Helical* rising of a Constellation, is when it comes from under the Rays of the Sun, and begins to appear before Day-light. The *Astronomical* rising, on the contrary, is when it appears at the close of Day, and in opposition of the Sun's diurnal Course.

The *Helical* rising of *Orion*, is at present computed to be about the sixth of *July*; and about that time it is, that he either causes, or prefaces Tempests on the Seas.

*Segrais* has observ'd farther, that when *Anna* counsels *Dido* to stay *Aeneas* during the Winter; she speaks also of *Orion*;

*Dum pelago deservit hyems, & aquosus Orion.*

If therefore *Ilianus*, according to our Supposition, understand the *Helical* rising of *Orion*: *Anna* must mean the *Astronomical*, which the different Epithets given to that Constellation, seem to manifest. *Ilianus* calls him *nimbofus*, *Anna* *aquosus*. He is tempestuous in the Summer;

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mer when he rises *Helicately*, and Rainy in the Winter when he rises *A-chronically*. Your Lordship will pardon me for the frequent repetition of these cant words; which I cou'd not avoid in this abbreviation of *Segrais*; who I think deserves no little commendation in this new Criticism. I have yet a word or two to say of *Virgil's* Machines, from my own observation of them. He has imitated those of *Homer*, but not Copied them. It was establish'd long before this time, in the *Roman* Religion as well as in the *Greek*; that there were Gods; and both Nations, for the most part, worshipp'd the same Deities; as did also the *Trojans*: From whom the *Romans*, I suppose, wou'd rather be thought to derive the Rites of their Religion, than from the *Grecians*; because they thought themselves descended from them. Each of those Gods had his proper Office, and the chief of them their particular Attendants. Thus *Jupiter* had in propriety, *Ganimede* and *Mercury*; and *Juno* had *Iris*. It was not then for *Virgil* to create new Ministers; he must take what he found in his Religion. It cannot therefore be said that he borrow'd them from *Homer*, any more than *Apollo*, *Diana*, and the rest, whom he uses as he finds occasion for them, as the *Grecian* Poet did: But he invents the occasions for which he uses them. *Venus*, after the destruction of *Troy*, had gain'd *Neptune* entirely to her Party; therefore we find him bulic in the beginning of the *Aeneis*, to calm the Tempest rais'd by *Aeolus*, and afterwards conducting the *Trojan* Fleet to *Cumes* in safety, with the loss only of their Pilot; for whom he Bargains. I name those two Examples amongst a hundred which I omit; to prove that *Virgil*, generally speaking, employ'd his Machines in performing those things, which might possibly have been done without them. What more frequent than a Storm at Sea, upon the rising of *Orion*? What wonder, if amongst so many Ships there shou'd one be overfet, which was commanded by *Orontes*; though half the Winds had not been there, which *Aeolus* employ'd? Might not *Palmirus*, without a Miracle, fall asleep, and drop into the Sea, having been over-wearied with watching, and secure of a quiet passage, by his observation of the Skies? At least *Aeneas*, who knew nothing of the Machine of *Somnus*, takes it plainly in this Sense.

*O nimium Caelo & Pelago confise sereno,  
Nudus in ignota Palinure jacetis arena.*

But Machines sometimes are specious things to amuse the Reader, and give a colour of probability to things otherwise incredible. And besides, it footh'd the vanity of the *Romans*, to find the Gods so visibly concern'd in all the Actions of their Predecessors. We who are better taught by our Religion, yet own every wonderful Accident which befalls us for the best, to be brought to pass by some special Providence of Almighty God; and by the care of guardian Angels: And from hence I might infer, that no Heroick Poem can be writ on the *Epicurean* Principles. Which I cou'd easily demonstrate, if there were need to prove it, or I had leisure.

When *Venus* opens the Eyes of her Son *Aeneas*, to behold the Gods who Combated against *Troy*, in that fatal Night when it was surpriz'd; we share the pleasure of that glorious Vision, (which *Tasso* has not ill Copied in the sacking of *Jerusalem*.) But the *Greeks* had done their business; though neither *Neptune*, *Juno*, or *Pallas*, had given them their Divine assistance. The most crude Machine which *Virgil* uses, is in the

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the Episode of *Camilla*, where *Opis* by the command of her Mistress, kills *Aruns*. The next is in the Twelfth *Aeneid*, where *Venus* cures her Son *Aeneas*. But in the last of these, the Poet was driven to a necessity; for *Turnus* was to be slain that very day: And *Aeneas*, wounded as he was, cou'd not have engag'd him in single Combat, unless his Hurt had been miraculously heal'd. And the Poet had consider'd that the *Dittany* which she brought from *Crete*, cou'd not have wrought so speedy an effect, without the Juice of *Ambrosia*, which she mingled with it. After all, that his Machine might not seem too violent, we see the Heroe limping after *Turnus*. The Wound was skin'd; but the strength of his Thigh was not restor'd. But what Reason had our Author to wound *Aeneas* at so critical a time? And how came the Cuiſſes to be worse temper'd than the rest of his Armour, which was all wrought by *Vulcan* and his Journey-men? These difficulties are not easily to be solv'd, without confessing that *Virgil* had not life enough to correct his Work: Tho' he had review'd it, and found those Errors which he resolv'd to mend: But being prevented by Death, and not willing to leave an imperfect work behind him, he ordain'd, by his last Testament, that his *Aeneis* should be burn'd. As for the death of *Aruns*, who was shot by a Goddess, the Machine was not altogether so outrageous, as the wounding *Mars* and *Venus* by the Sword of *Diomedes*. Two Divinities, one wou'd have thought, might have pleaded their Prerogative of Impassibility, or, at least not to have been wounded by any mortal Hand. Beside that the *woop* which they shed, was so very like our common Blood, that it was not to be distinguish'd from it, but only by the Name and Colour. As for what *Horace* says in his Art of Poetry; that no Machines are to be us'd, unless on some extraordinary occasion,

*Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignas vindice nodus.*

That Rule is to be apply'd to the Theatre, of which he is then speaking, and means no more than this, that when the Knot of the Play is to be untw'd, and no other way is left, for making the discovery; then and not otherwise, let a God descend upon a Rope, and clear the Business to the Audience: But this has no relation to the Machines which are us'd in an Epic Poem.

In the last place, for the *Dira*, or Flying-Pest, which flapping on the Shield of *Turnus*, and fluttering about his Head, dishearten'd him in the Duel, and presag'd to him his approaching Death, I might have plac'd it more properly amongst the Objections. For the Critics, who lay want of Courage to the Charge of *Virgil's* Heroe; quote this Passage as a main proof of their Assertion. They say our Author had not only secur'd him before the Duel, but also in the beginning of it, had given him the advantage in impeneable Arms, and in his Sword: (for that of *Turnus* was not his own, which was forg'd by *Vulcan* for his Father) but a Weapon which he had snatch'd in haste, and by mistake, belonging to his Charioteer *Mentors*. That after all this, *Jupiter*, who was partial to the *Trojan*, and distrustful of the Event, though he had hung the Ballance, and given it a jog of his hand to weigh down *Turnus*, thought convenient to give the *Fates* a collateral Security, by sending the Screech-Owl to discourage him. For which they quote these words of *Virgil*.

Non

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*Non me tua turbida virtus,  
Terret ait; Diis me terrent, & Jupiter Hostis.*

In answer to which, I say, that this Machine is one of those which the Poet uses only for Ornament, and not out of Necessity. Nothing can be more Beautiful, or more Poetical than his description of the three *Diræ*, or the setting of the Balance, which our *Milton* has borrow'd from him, but employ'd to a different end: For first he makes God Almighty set the Scales for *St. Michael* and *Sathan*, when he knew no Combat was to follow; then he makes the good Angel's Scale descend, and the Devils mount; quite contrary to *Virgil*, if I have Tranlated the three Verses, according to my Author's Sense.

*Jupiter ipsi duas, equato Examine lances  
Sustinet; & fata imponit diversa duorum:  
Quem damnet labor, & quo verget pondere lethum.*

For I have taken these words *Quem damnet labor*, in the Sense which *Virgil* gives them in another place; *Damnabis tu quoque votis*; to signify a prosperous Event. Yet I dare not condemn so great a Genius as *Milton*: For I am much mistaken if he alludes not to the Text in *Daniel*, where *Belshazzar* was put into the Balance, and found too light: This is digression, and I return to my Subject. I said above, that these two Machines of the Balance, and the *Diræ*, were only Ornamental, and that the success of the Duel had been the same without them. For when *Aeneas* and *Turnus* stood fronting each other before the Altar, *Turnus* look'd dejected, and his Colour faded in his Face, as if he depended of the Victory before the Fight; and not only he, but all his Party, when the strength of the two Champions was judg'd by the proportion of their Limbs, concluded it was *impar pugna*, and that their Chief was over-march'd: Whereupon *Juturna* (who was of the same Opinion) took his opportunity to break the Treaty and renew the War. *Juno* her self had plainly told the Nymph beforehand, that her Brother was to Fight

*Imparibus fatis; nec Diis, nec viribus aequis;*

So that there was no need of an Apparition to fright *Turnus*. He had the presage within himself of his impending Destiny. The *Diræ* only serv'd to confirm him in his first Opinion, that it was his Destiny to die in the ensuing Combat. And in this sense are those words of *Virgil* to be taken.

*Non me tua turbida virtus  
Terret ait; Diis me terrent, & Jupiter Hostis.*

I doubt not but the Adverb (*solum*) is to be understood; 'tis not your Valour only that gives me this concernment; but I find also, by this portent, that *Jupiter* is my Enemy. For *Turnus* fled before, when his first Sword was broken, 'till his Sister supply'd him with a better; which indeed he cou'd not use; because *Aeneas* kept him at a distance with his Spear. I wonder *Ræus* saw not this, where he charges his Author so unjustly, for giving *Turnus* a second Sword, to

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no purpose. How cou'd he soften a blow, or make a thrust, when he was not suffer'd to approach? Besides, the chief Errand of the *Diræ*, was to warn *Juturna* from the Field, for she cou'd have brought the Chariot again, when she saw her Brother worsted in the Duel. I might farther add, that *Aeneas* was so eager of the Fight, that he left the City, now almost in his Possession, to decide his quarrel with *Turnus* by the Sword: Whereas *Turnus* had manifestly declin'd the Combat, and suffer'd his Sister to convey him as far from the reach of his Enemy as she cou'd. I say not only suffer'd her, but consented to it; for 'tis plain, he knew her by these words;

*O soror, & dudam agnovi, cum prima per artem,  
Fœdera turbasti, teque hæc in bella dedisti;  
Et nunc nequiquam fallis Dea.*

I have dwelt so long on this Subject, that I must contract what I have to say, in reference to my Translation: Unless I wou'd swell my Preface into a Volume, and make it formidable to your Lordship, when you see so many Pages yet behind. And indeed what I have already written either in justification or praise of *Virgil*, is against my self; for presuming to Copy, in my course English, the Thoughts and Beautiful Expressions of this inimitable Poet: Who flourish'd in an Age when his Language was brought to its last perfection, for which it was particularly owing to him and *Horace*. I will give your Lordship my Opinion, that those two Friends had consulted each others Judgment, wherein they should endeavour to excel; and they seem to have pitch'd on Propriety of Thought, Elegance of Words, and Harmony of Numbers. According to this Model, *Horace* writ his *Odes* and *Epods*: For his *Satires* and *Epistles*, being intended wholly for instruction, requir'd another Style:

*Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri:*

And therefore as he himself professes, are *Sermoni propiora*, nearer Prose than Verse. But *Virgil*, who never attempted the Lyrick Verse, is every where Elegant, sweet and flowing in his *Hexameters*. His words are not only chosen, but the places in which he ranks them for the sound; he who removes them from the Station wherein their Master sets them, spoils the Harmony. What he says of the *Sybill's* Prophecies, may be as properly apply'd to every word of his: They must be read, in order as they lie; the least breath discomposes them, and somewhat of their Divinity is lost. I cannot boast that I have been thus exact in my Verses, but I have endeavour'd to follow the Example of my Master: And am the first *Englishman*, perhaps, who made it his design to copy him in his Numbers, his choice of Words, and his placing them for the sweetness of the sound. On this last Consideration, I have shun'd the *Cæsuras* as much as possibly I cou'd. For wherever that is us'd, it gives a roughness to the Verse, of which we can have little need, in a Language which is over-stock'd with Consonants. Such is not the Latine, where the Vowels and Consonants are mix'd in proportion to each other: yet *Virgil* judg'd the Vowels to have somewhat of an over-balance, and therefore tempers their sweetness with *Cæsuras*. Such difference there is in Tongues, that the same Figure which roughens one, gives Majesty to another: and that

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was it which *Virgil* studied in his Verses. *Ovid* uses it but rarely; and hence it is that his Verification cannot so properly be call'd sweet, as luscious. The *Italians* are forc'd upon it, once or twice in every line, because they have a redundancy of Vowels in their Language. Their Metal is so soft, that it will not Coyne without Alloy to harden it. On the other side, for the Reason already nam'd, 'tis all we can do to give sufficient sweetness to our Language: We must not only chuse our words for Elegance, but for sound. To perform which, a Mastery in the Language is requir'd; the Poet must have a Magazine of Words, and have the Art to manage his few Vowels to the best advantage, that they may go the farther. He must also know the nature of the Vowels, which are more sonorous, and which more soft and sweet; and so dispose them as his present occasions require: All which, and a thousand secrets of Verification beside, he may learn from *Virgil*, if he will take him for his Guide. If he be above *Virgil*, and is resolv'd to follow his own *Verus* (as the *French* call it,) the Proverb will fall heavily upon him; *Who teaches himself, has a Fool for his Master.*

*Virgil* employ'd Eleven Years upon his *Æneis*, yet he left it as he thought himself imperfect. Which when I seriously consider, I wish, that instead of three years which I have spent in the Translation of his Works, I had four years more allow'd me to correct my Errors, that I might make my Version somewhat more tolerable than it is. For a Poet cannot have too great a reverence for his Readers, if he expects his Labours shou'd survive him. Yet I will neither plead my Age nor Sicknes in excuse of the faults which I have made: That I wanted time is all I have to say. For some of my Subscribers grew so clamorous, that I cou'd no longer deferr the Publication. I hope from the Candour of your Lordship, and your often experienc'd goodness to me, that if the faults are not too many, you will make allowances with *Horace*.

*Si plura nitent in Carmine, non ego paucis  
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,  
Aut humana parum cæcis Natura.*

You may please also to observe, that there is not, to the best of my remembrance, one Vowel gaping on another for want of a *Cæsura*, in this whole Poem. But where a Vowel ends a word, the next begins either with a Consonant, or what is its equivalent; for our *W* and *H* aspirate, and our Diphthongues are plainly such: The greatest latitude I take, is in the Letter *T*, when it concludes a word, and the first Syllable of the next begins with a Vowel. Neither need I have call'd this a latitude, which is only an explanation of this general Rule. That no Vowel can be cut off before another, when we cannot sink the Pronunciation of it: As *He, She, Me, I, &c.* *Virgil* thinks it sometimes a Beauty, to imitate the License of the *Greeks*, and leave two Vowels opening on each other, as in that Verse of the Third Pastoral,

*Et succus pecori & lac subducitur Agnis.*

But *nobis non licet, esse tam discretis.* At least if we study to refine our Numbers. I have long had by me the Materials of an English *Profodia*, containing all the Mechanical Rules of Verification, wherein I have

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I have treated with some exactness of the Feet, the Quantities, and the Pauses. The *French* and *Italians* know nothing of the two first; at least their best Poets have not practis'd them. As for the Pauses, *Malherbe* first brought them into *France*, within this last Century: And we see how they adorn their *Alexandrins*. But as *Virgil* propounds a Riddle which he leaves unsolv'd:

*Die quibus in terris, inscripti nomina Regum  
Nascantur flores, & Phyllida solus habeto.*

So I will give your Lordship another, and leave the Exposition of it to your acute Judgment. I am sure there are few who make Verses, have observ'd the sweetness of these two Lines in *Coopers Hill*.

*Tho' deep, yet clear; & though gentle, yet not dull;  
Strong without rage, without overflowing, full.*

And there are yet fewer who can find the Reason of that sweetness. I have given it to some of my Friends in Conversation, and they have allow'd the Criticism to be just. But since the evil of false quantities is difficult to be cur'd in any Modern Language; since the *French* and the *Italians* as well as we, are yet ignorant what feet are to be us'd in Heroick Poetry; since I have not strictly observ'd those Rules my self, which I can teach others; since I pretend to no Dictatorship among my Fellow-Poets; since if I shou'd instruct some of them to make well-running Verses, they want Genius to give them strength as well as sweetness; and above all, since your Lordship has advis'd me not to publish that little which I know, I look on your Counsel as your Command, which I shall observe inviolably, 'till you shall please to revoke it, and leave me at liberty to make my thoughts publick. In the mean time, that I may arrogate nothing to my self, I must acknowledge that *Virgil* in Latine, and *Spencer* in English, have been my Masters. *Spencer* has also given me the boldness to make use sometimes of his *Alexandrin* Line, which we call, though improperly, the *Pindarick*; because *Mr. Cowley* has often employ'd it in his *Odes*. It adds a certain Majesty to the Verse, when 'tis us'd with Judgment, and stops the sense from overflowing into another Line. Formerly the *French*, like us, and the *Italians*, had but five Feet, or ten Syllables in their Heroick Verse: but since *Ronsard's* time, as I suppose, they found their Tongue too weak to support their Epick Poetry, without the addition of another Foot. That indeed has given it somewhat of the run, and measure of a *Trimeter*; but it runs with more activity than strength: Their Language is not strung with Sinews like our English. It has the nimbleness of a Greyhound, but not the bulk and body of a Mastiff. Our Men and our Verses over-bear them by their weight; and *Pondere non Numero*, is the *British* Motto. The *French* have set up Purity for the Standard of their Language; and a Masculine Vigour is that of ours. Like their Tongue is the Genius of their Poets, light and trifling in comparison of the English; more proper for Sonnets, Madrigals, and Elegies, than Heroick Poetry. The turn on Thoughts and Words is their chief Talent, but the Epick Poem is too stately to receive those little Ornaments. The Painters draw their Nymphs in thin and airy Habits, but the weight of Gold and of Embroideries is reserv'd for Queens

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and Goddesses. *Virgil* is never frequent in those Turns, like *Ovid*, but much more sparing of them in his *Aeneis*, than in his *Pastorals* and *Georgicks*.

*Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere Mantes.*

That turn is Beautiful indeed; but he employs it in the Story of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, not in his great Poem. I have us'd that License in his *Aeneis* sometimes: but I own it as my fault. 'Twas given to those who understand no better. 'Tis like *Ovid's*

*Semivirumq; bovem, semibovemq; virum.*

The Poet found it before his Criticks, but it was a darling Sin which he wou'd not be periwaded to reform. The want of Genius, of which I have accus'd the *French*, is laid to their Charge by one of their own great Authors, though I have forgotten his Name, and where I read it. If Rewards cou'd make good Poets, their great Master has not been wanting on his part in his bountiful Encouragements: For he is wife enough to imitate *Augustus*, if he had a *Mars*. The *Triumvir* and *Proscriptor* had defended to us in a more hideous form than they now appear, if the Emperour had not taken care to make Friends of him and *Horace*. I confess the Banishment of *Ovid* was a Blot in his *Escutcheon*, yet he was only Banish'd, and who knows but his Crime was Capital, and then his Exile was a Favour? *Ariosto*, who with all his faults, must be acknowledg'd a great Poet, has put these words into the mouth of an Evangelist, but whether they will pass for Gospel now, I cannot tell.

*Non sit si tanto ni benigno Augusto,  
Come la tuba di Virgilio suona;  
L'haver havuto, in poesia buon gusto  
La proferitione, iniqua gli perdona.*

But Heroick Poetry is not of the growth of *France*, as it might be of *England*, if it were Cultivated. *Spenser* wanted only to have read the Rules of *Bossu*: for no Man was ever Born with a greater Genius, or had more Knowledge to support it. But the performance of the *French* is not equal to their Skill; and hitherto we have wanted Skill to perform better. *Segrain's* whole Preface is so wonderfully good, yet is wholly destitute of Elevation; though his Version is much better than that of the two Brothers, or any of the rest who have attempted *Virgil*. *Hannibal Caro* is a great Name amongst the *Italians*, yet his Translation of the *Aeneis* is most scandalously mean, though he has taken the advantage of writing in Blank Verse, and freed himself from the shackles of modern Rhime: (if it be modern, for *Le Clerc* has told us lately, and I believe has made it out, that *David's* Psalms were written in as errant Rhime as they are Translated.) Now if a Muse cannot run when she is unfetter'd, 'tis a sign she has but little speed. I will not make a digression here, though I am strangely tempted to it; but will only say, that he who can write well in Rhime, may write better in Blank Verse. Rhime is certainly a constraint even to the best Poets, and those who make it with most ease; though perhaps I have as little reason to complain of that hardship as any Man, excepting

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*Quarles*, and *Withers*. What it adds to sweetness, it takes away from sense; and he who loses the leaf by it, may be call'd a gainer: it often makes us swerve from an Author's meaning. As if a Mark be set up for an Archer at a great distance, let him aim as exactly as he can, the least wind will take his Arrow, and divert it from the White. I return to our *Italian* Translator of the *Aeneis*: He is a Fool-Poet, he Lacques by the side of *Virgil* at the best, but never mounts behind him. Doctor *Morelli*, who is no mean Critick in our Poetry, and therefore may be pretum'd to be a better in his own Language, has confirm'd me in this Opinion by his Judgment, and thinks with all, that he has often mistaken his Master's Sense. I wou'd say so, if I durst, but I am afraid I have committed the same fault more often, and more grossly: For I have forsaken *Ramus*, (whom generally I follow) in many places, and made Expositions of my own in some, quite contrary to him. Of which I will give but two Examples, because they are so near each other in the Tenth *Aeneid*.

———*Sorti Pater aquas utrique.*

*Pallas* says it to *Turnus* just before they Fight. *Ramus* thinks that the word *Pater* is to be refer'd to *Evander* the Father of *Pallas*. But how cou'd he imagine that it was the same thing to *Evander*, if his Son were slain, or if he overcame. The Poet certainly intended *Jupiter* the common Father of Mankind; who, as *Pallas* hop'd, wou'd stand an impartial Spectator of the Combat, and not be more favourable to *Turnus*, than to him. The Second is not long after it, and both before the Duel is begun. They are the words of *Jupiter*, who comforts *Hercules* for the death of *Pallas*, which was immediately to ensue, and which *Hercules* cou'd not hinder (though the young Heroe had address'd his Prayers to him for his assistance;) Because the Gods cannot controul Destiny——the Verse follows.

*Sic ait; atq; oculos Rutulorum rejicit arvis.*

Which the same *Ramus* thus construes. *Jupiter* after he had said this, immediately turns his eyes to the *Rutulan* Fields, and beholds the Duel. I have given this place another Exposition, that he turn'd his Eyes from the Field of Combat, that he might not behold a sight so unpleasing to him. The word *Rejicit* I know will admit of both senses; but *Jupiter* having confess'd that he could not alter Fate, and being griev'd he cou'd not, in consideration of *Hercules*, it seems to me that he shou'd avert his Eyes, rather than take pleasure in the Spectacle. But of this I am not so confident as the other, though I think I have follow'd *Virgil's* sense.

What I have said, though it has the face of arrogance, yet is intended for the honour of my Country; and therefore I will boldly own, that this *English* Translation has more of *Virgil's* Spirit in it, than either the *French*, or the *Italian*. Some of our Country-men have translated Episodes, and other parts of *Virgil*, with great Success. As particularly your Lordship, whose Version of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, is eminently good. Amongst the dead Authors, the *Silenus* of my Lord *Roscommon* cannot be too much commended. I say nothing of Sir *John Denham*, Mr. *Waller*, and Mr. *Cowley*; 'tis the utmost of my Ambition to be thought their Equal, or not to be much inferior

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inferiour to them, and some others of the Living. But 'tis one thing to take pains on a Fragment, and Tranſlate it perfectly; and another thing to have the weight of a whole Author on my ſhoulders. They who believe the burthen light, let them attempt the Fourth, Sixth or Eighth *Pafſoral*, the Firſt or Fourth *Georgick*; and amongſt the *Aeneids*, the Fourth, the Fifth, the Seventh, the Ninth, the Tenth, the Eleventh, or the Twelfth; for in theſe I think I have ſucceeded beſt.

Long before I undertook this Work, I was no ſtranger to the Original. I had alſo ſtudied *Virgil's* Deſign, his diſpoſition of it, his Manners, his judicious management of the Figures, the ſober retrenchments of his Senſe, which always leaves ſomewhat to gratify our imagination, on which it may enlarge at pleaſure; but above all, the Elegance of his Expreſſions, and the harmony of his Numbers. For, as I have ſaid in a former Diſſertation, the words are in Poetry, what the Colours are in Painting. If the Deſign be good, and the Draught be true, the Colouring is the firſt Beauty that ſtrikes the Eye. *Spencer* and *Milton* are the neareſt in Engliſh to *Virgil* and *Horace* in the Latine; and have endeavour'd to form my Style by imitating their Maſters. I will farther own to you, my Lord, that my chief Ambition is to pleaſe thoſe Readers, who have diſcernment enough to prefer *Virgil* before any other Poet in the Latine Tongue. Such Spirits as he deſir'd to pleaſe, ſuch wou'd I chuſe for my Judges, and wou'd ſtand or fall by them alone. *Segrais* has diſtinguiſh'd the Readers of Poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three Claſſes: (He might have ſaid the ſame of Writers too if he had pleas'd.) In the loweſt Form he places thoſe whom he calls *Les Petits Eſprits*: ſuch things as are our Upper-Gallery Audience in a Play-Houſe; who like nothing but the Huſk and Rhind of Wit; prefer a Quibble, a Conceit, an Epigram, before ſolid Senſe, and Elegant Expreſſion: Theſe are Mob-Readers: If *Virgil* and *Marſial* ſtood for Parliament-Men, we know already who wou'd carry it. But though they make the greateſt appearance in the Field, and cry the loudeſt, the beſt on't is, they are but a ſort of *French Hugonots*, or *Dutch Boors*, brought over in Herds, but not Naturaliz'd: who have not Land of two Pounds *per Annum* in *Parneſſus*, and therefore are not privileg'd to Poll. Their Authors are of the ſame level; fit to repreſent them on a Mountebank's-Stage, or to be Maſters of the Ceremonies in a Bear-Garden. Yet theſe are they who have the moſt Admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their Readers improve their Stock of Senſe, (as they may by reading better Books, and by Converſation with Men of Judgment,) they ſoon forſake them: And when the Torrent from the Mountains falls no more, the ſwelling Writer is reduc'd into his ſhallow Bed, like the *Manſanares* at *Madrid*, with ſcarce water to moiſten his own Pebbles. There are a middle ſort of Readers (as we hold there is a middle ſtate of Souls) ſuch as have a farther insight than the former; yet have not the capacity of judging right; (for I ſpeak not of thoſe who are brib'd by a Party, and know better if they were not corrupted;) but I mean a Company of warm young Men, who are not yet arriv'd ſo far as to diſcern the difference betwixt Fuffian, or offentatious Sentences, and the true ſublime. Theſe are above liking *Marſial*, or *Owen's* Epigrams, but they wou'd certainly ſet *Virgil* below *Statius*, or *Lucan*. I need not ſay their Poets are of the ſame Paſte with their Admirers. They affect greatneſs in all they write, but 'tis a bladder'd greatneſs, like that of the vain Man whom *Seneca* deſcribes: An ill habit of Body, full of Humours,

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Humours, and ſwell'd with Dropſie. Even theſe too deſert their Authors, as their Judgment ripens. The young Gentlemen themſelves are commonly miſ-led by their *Pedagogue* at School, their Tutor at the Univerſity, or their Governour in their Travels. And many of thoſe three ſorts are the moſt poſitive Blockheads in the World. How many of thoſe flatulent Writers have I known, who have funk in their Reputation, after Seven or Eight Editions of their Works? for indeed they are Poets only for young Men. They had great ſucceſs at their firſt appearance; but not being of God, as a Wit ſaid formerly, they cou'd not ſtand.

I have already nam'd two ſorts of Judges, but *Virgil* wrote for neither of them: and by his Example, I am not ambitious of pleaſing the loweſt, or the middle form of Readers.

He choſe to pleaſe the moſt Judicious: Souls of the higheſt Rank, and trueſt Underſtanding. Theſe are few in number; but whoever is ſo happy as to gain their approbation, can never loſe it, becauſe they never give it blindly. Then they have a certain *Magnetiſm* in their Judgment, which attracts others to their Senſe. Every day they gain ſome new Proſelyte, and in time become the Church. For this Reaſon, a well-weigh'd Judicious Poem, which at its firſt appearance gains no more upon the World than to be juſt receiv'd, and rather not blam'd, than much applauded, infinuates it ſelf by infeſible degrees into the liking of the Reader: The more he ſtudies it, the more it grows upon him; every time he takes it up, he diſcovers ſome new Graces in it. And whereas Poems which are produc'd by the vigour of Imagination only, have a gloſs upon them at the firſt, which Time wears off; the Works of Judgment, are like the Diamond, the more they are poliſh'd, the more luſtre they receive. Such is the difference betwixt *Virgil's Aeneis*, and *Marſial's Adone*. And if I may be allow'd to change the Metaphor, I wou'd ſay, that *Virgil* is like the Fame which he deſcribes;

*Mobilitate viget, viresq; acquirit eundo.*

Such a ſort of Reputation is my aim, though in a far inferiour degree, according to my Motto in the Title Page: *Sequiturq; Patrem, non paſſibus equis*; and therefore I appeal to the Higheſt Court of Judicature, like that of the Peers, of which your Lordſhip is ſo great an Ornament.

Without this Ambition which I own, of deſiring to pleaſe the *Judices Natos*, I cou'd never have been able to have done any thing at this Age, when the fire of Poetry is commonly extinguiſh'd in other Men. Yet *Virgil* has given me the Example of *Emellus* for my Encouragement: When he was well heated, the younger Champion cou'd not ſtand before him. And we find the Elder contend'd not for the Gift, but for the Honour; *Nec dona moror*. For *Dampier* has inform'd us, in his Voyages, that the Air of the Country which produces Gold, is never whoiſom.

I had long ſince conſider'd, that the way to pleaſe the beſt Judges, is not to Tranſlate a Poet literally; and *Virgil* leaſt of any other. For his peculiar Beauty lying in his choice of Words, I am excluded from it by the narrow compaſs of our Heroick Verſe, unleſs I wou'd make uſe of Monosyllables only, and thoſe clog'd with Conſonants, which are

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are the dead weight of our Mother-Tongue. 'Tis possible, I confess, though it rarely happens, that a Verse of Monosyllables may found harmoniously; and some Examples of it I have seen. My first Line of the *Aeneis* is not harsh:

*Arms, and the Man I Sing, who forc'd by Fate, &c.*

But a much better instance may be given from the last Line of *Magnitas*, made English by our Learned and Judicious Mr. Creech.

*Nor could the World have born so fierce a Flame.*

Where the many Liquid Consonants are plac'd so Artfully, that they give a pleasing found to the Words, though they are all of one Syllable.

'Tis true, I have been sometimes forc'd upon it in other places of this Work, but I never did it out of choice: I was either in haste, or *Virgil* gave me no occasion for the Ornament of Words; for it seldom happens but a Monosyllable Line turns Verse to Prose, and even that Prose is rugged, and unharmonious. *Philarchus*, I remember, taxes *Balzac* for placing Twenty Monosyllables in file, without one disyllable betwixt them. The way I have taken, is not so freight as Metaphrase, nor so loose as Paraphrase: Some things too I have omitted, and sometimes have added of my own. Yet the omissions I hope, are but of Circumstances, and such as wou'd have no grace in English; and the Additions, I also hope, are easily deduc'd from *Virgil's* Sense. They will seem (at least I have the Vanity to think so), not stuck into him, but growing out of him. He studies brevity more than any other Poet, but he had the advantage of a Language wherein much may be comprehended in a little space. We, and all the Modern Tongues, have more Articles and Pronouns, besides signs of Tenses and Cases, and other Barbarities on which our Speech is built by the faults of our Forefathers. The *Romans* founded theirs upon the *Greek*: And the *Greeks*, we know, were labouring many hundred years upon their Language, before they brought it to perfection. They reject'd all those Signs, and cut off as many Articles as they cou'd spare; comprehending in one word, what we are constrain'd to express in two; which is one Reason why we cannot write so concisely as they have done. The word *Pater*, for Example, signifies not only a Father, but your Father, my Father, his or her Father, all included in a word.

This inconvenience is common to all Modern Tongues, and this alone constrains us to employ more words than the Ancients needed. But having before observ'd, that *Virgil* endeavours to be short, and at the same time Elegant, I pursue the Excellence, and forsake the Brevity. For there he is like Ambergrease, a Rich Perfume, but of so close and glutinous a Body, that it must be open'd with inferior scents of Musk or Civer, or the sweetness will not be drawn out into another Language.

On the whole Matter, I thought fit to steer betwixt the two Extremes, of Paraphrase, and literal Translation: To keep as near my Author as I cou'd, without losing all his Graces, the most Eminent of which, are in the Beauty of his words: And those words, I must add, are always Figurative. Such of these as wou'd retain their Elegance in our Tongue, I have endeavour'd to graft on it; but most of

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of them are of necessity to be lost, because they will not shine in any but their own. *Virgil* has sometimes two of them in a Line; but the scantiness of our Heroick Verse, is not capable of receiving more than one: And that too must expiate for many others which have none. Such is the difference of the Languages, or such my want of skill in chusing words. Yet I may presume to say, and I hope with as much reason as the *French* Translator, that taking all the Materials of this divine Author, I have endeavour'd to make *Virgil* speak such English, as he wou'd himself have spoken, if he had been born in *England*, and in this present Age. I acknowledge, with *Seyrais*, that I have not succeeded in this attempt, according to my desire: yet I shall not be wholly without praise, if in some sort I may be allow'd to have copied the Clearness, the Purity, the Easiness and the Magnificence of his Style. But I shall have occasion to speak farther on this Subject, before I end the Preface.

When I mention'd the Pindarick Line, I should have added, that I take another License in my Verses: For I frequently make use of Triplet Rhymes, and for the same Reason: Because they bound the Sense. And therefore I generally join these two Licenses together: And make the last Verse of the Triplet a Pindarique: For besides the Majesty which it gives, it confines the sense within the barriers of three Lines, which wou'd languish if it were lengthen'd into four. *Spencer* is my Example for both these privileges of English Verses. And *Chapman* has follow'd him in his Translation of *Homer*. Mr. *Cowley* has given in to them after both: And all succeeding Writers after him. I regard them now as the *Magna Charta* of Heroick Poetry; and am too much an English-man to lose what my Ancestors have gain'd for me. Let the *French* and *Italians* value themselves on their Regularity: Strength and Elevation are our Standard. I said before, and I repeat it, that the affected purity of the *French*, has unfinew'd their Heroick Verse. The Language of an Epick Poem is almost wholly figurative: Yet they are so fearful of a Metaphor, that no Example of *Virgil* can encourage them to be bold with safety. Sure they might warm themselves by that sprightly Blaze, without approaching it so close as to singe their Wings; they may come as near it as their Master. Not that I wou'd discourage that purity of diction, in which he excels all other Poets: But he knows how far to extend his Franchises: And advances to the verge, without venturing a Foot beyond it. On the other side, without being injurious to the Memory of our English *Pindar*, I will presume to say, that his Metaphors are sometimes too violent, and his Language is not always pure. But at the same time, I must excuse him. For through the Iniquity of the times, he was forc'd to Travel, at an Age, when, instead of Learning Foreign Languages, he shou'd have studied the Beauties of his Mother Tongue: Which like all other Speeches, is to be cultivated early, or we shall never Write it with any kind of Elegance. Thus by gaining abroad he lost at home: Like the Painter in the *Arctidia*, who going to see a Skirmish, had his Arms lop'd off: and return'd, says Sir *Philip Sidney*, well instructed how to draw a Battel, but without a Hand to perform his Work.

There is another thing in which I have presum'd to deviate from him and *Spencer*. They both make Hemysticks (or half Verses) breaking off in the middle of a Line. I confess there are not many such in the *Fairy Queen*: And even those few might be occasion'd by his unhappy choice

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of so long a Stanza. Mr. Cowley had found out, that no kind of Staff is proper for an Heroick Poem; as being all too lirical: Yet though he wrote in Couplets, where Rhyme is freer from constraint, he frequently affects half Verses: of which we find not one in *Homer*, and I think not in any of the *Greek* Poets, or the *Latin*, excepting only *Virgil*; and there is no question but he thought, he had *Virgil's* Authority for that License. But I am confident, our Poet never meant to leave him or any other such a Precedent. And I ground my Opinion on these two Reasons. First, we find no Example of a Hemystick in any of his Pastorals or *Georgicks*. For he had given the last finishing Strokes to both these Poems: But his *Aeneis* he left so uncorrect, at least so short of that perfection at which he aim'd, that we know how hard a Sentence He pass'd upon it: And in the second place, I reasonably presume, that he intended to have fill'd up all those Hemysticks, because in one of them we find the sense imperfect:

*Quem sibi jam Trojâ* —

Which some foolish Gramarian, has ended for him, with a half Line of Non-sense.

*Peperit fumante Crûsa.*

For *Africanus* must have been born some Years before the burning of that City; which I need not prove. On the other side we find also, that he himself fill'd up one Line in the sixth *Aeneid*, the Enthusiast seiz- ing him, while he was reading to *Augustus*.

*Miseraum Eolidem, quo non præstantior alter  
Ere, cire viros.* —

To which he added in that transport. *Maremq; accendere Cantu.* And never was any Line more nobly finish'd; for the reasons which I have given in the Book of Painting. On these Considerations I have shun'd Hemysticks: Not being willing to imitate *Virgil* to a Fault; like *Alexander's* Courtiers, who affect'd to hold their Necks awry, because he cou'd not help it: I am confident your Lordship is by this time of my Opinion; and that you will look on those half lines hereafter, as the imperfect products of a hasty Muse: Like the Frogs and Serpents in the *Nile*; part of them kindled into Life; and part a lump of un- form'd unanimated Mudd.

I am sensible that many of my whole Verses, are as imperfect as those halves; for want of time to digest them better: But give me leave to make the Excuse of *Bocace*: Who when he was upbraided, that some of his Novels had not the Spirit of the rest, return'd this Answer, that *Charlemain* who made the *Paladins*; was never able to raise an Army of them. The Leaders may be Heroes, but the mul- titude must consist of Common Men.

I am also bound to tell your Lordship, in my own defence: That from the beginning of the first *Georgick* to the end of the last *Aeneid*; I found the difficulty of Translation growing on me in every succeeding Book. For *Virgil*, above all Poets, had a stock, which I may call almost in- exhaustible of figurative, Elegant, and sounding Words. I who inherit but a small portion of his Genius, and write in a Language so

## DEDICATION.

much inferior to the *Latin*, have found it very painful to vary Phra- ses, when the same sense returns upon me. Even he himself, whether out of necessity or choice, has often express'd the same thing in the same words; and often repeated two or three whole Verses, which he had us'd before. Words are not so easily Coy'd as Money: And yet we see that the Credit not only of Banks, but of Exchequers cracks, when little comes in, and much goes out. *Virgil* call'd upon me in every line for some new word: And I paid so long, that I was almost Bankrupt. So that the latter end must needs be more burdenson than the begin- ning or the middle. And consequently the Twelfth *Aeneid* cost me double the time of the first and second. What had become of me, if *Virgil* had tax'd me with another Book? I had certainly been reduc'd to pay the Publick in hammer'd Money for want of Mill'd; that is in the same old Words which I had us'd before: And the Receivers must have been forc'd to have taken any thing, where there was so little to be had.

Besides this difficulty (with which I have strugled, and made a shift to pass it over) there is one remaining, which is insuperable to all Translators. We are bound to our Author's Sense, though with the la- titudes already mention'd (for I think it not so sacred, as that one Iota must not be added or diminish'd on pain of an *Anathema*.) But Slaves we are; and labour on another Man's Plantation; we dress the Vine-yard, but the Wine is the Owners: If the Soil be sometimes Barren, then we are sure of being scourg'd: If it be fruitful, and our Care succeeds, we are not thank'd; for the proud Reader will only say, the poor drudge has done his duty. But this is nothing to what follows; for being oblig'd to make his Sense intelligible, we are forc'd to untune our own Verses, that we may give his meaning to the Reader. He who Invents is Master of his Thoughts and Words: He can turn and vary them as he pleases, till he renders them harmonious. But the wretch- ed Translator has no such privilege: For being ty'd to the Thoughts, he must make what Musick he can in the Expression. And for this reason it cannot always be so sweet as that of the Original. There is a beauty of Sound, as *Seyrais* has observ'd, in some *Latin* Words, which is wholly lost in any *Modern* Language. He instances in that *Mollis Amaracus*, on which *Venus* lays *Cupid* in the First *Aeneid*. If I should Translate it Sweet Marjoram, as the word signifies; the Reader would think I had mistaken *Virgil*: For those Village-words, as I may call them, gives us a mean Idea of the thing; but the Sound of the *La- tin* is so much more pleasing, by the just mixture of the Vowels with the Consonants, that it raises our Fancies, to conceive somewhat more Noble than a common Herb; and to spread Roses under him, and strew Lillies over him; a Bed not unworthy the Grandson of the Goddess.

If I cannot Copy his Harmonious Numbers, how shall I imitate his noble Flights; where his Thoughts and Words are equally sub- lime?

*Quem quisquis fudet emulari,  
— Caritis ope Deditâ  
Nititur penis, vitreo daturus  
Nomina Ponto.*

## D E D I C A T I O N .

What Modern Language, or what Poet can express the Majestick  
Beauty of this one Verse amongst a thousand others!

*Aude Hospes contemnere oper, & te quoque dignum  
Finge Deo.*

For my part I am lost in the admiration of it: I contemn the  
World, when I think on it, and my self when I Translate it.

Lay by *Virgil*, I beseech your Lordship, and all my better sort of  
Judges, when you take up my Version, and it will appear a passable  
Beauty, when the Original Muse is absent: But like *Spenser's* false  
*Florimet* made of Snow, it melts and vanishes, when the true one comes  
in sight. I will not excuse but justify my self for one pretended Crime,  
with which I am liable to be charg'd by false Criticks, not only in  
this Translation, but in many of my Original Poems; that I latinize  
too much. 'Tis true, that when I find an *English* word, significant  
and founding, I neither borrow from the Latin or any other Lan-  
guage: But when I want at home, I must seek abroad.

If founding Words are not of our growth and Manufacture, who  
shall hinder me to Import them from a Foreign Country? I carry not  
out the Treasure of the Nation, which is never to return: but what I  
bring from *Italy*, I spend in *England*: Here it remains, and here it cir-  
culates; for if the Coin be good, it will pass from one hand to another. I  
Trade both with the Living and the Dead, for the enrichment of our  
Native Language. We have enough in *England* to supply our necessi-  
ty; but if we will have things of Magnificence and Splendour, we  
must get them by Commerce. Poetry requires Ornament, and that is  
not to be had from our Old *Teuton* Monosyllables; therefore if I find  
any Elegant Word in a Classick Author, I propose it to be Naturaliz'd,  
by using it my self: and if the Publick approves of it, the Bill passes.  
But every Man cannot distinguish betwixt Pedantry and Poetry: E-  
very Man therefore is not fit to innovate. Upon the whole matter, a  
Poet must first be certain that the Word he wou'd introduce is  
Beautiful in the Latin; and is to consider, in the next place, whether it  
will agree with the *English* Idiom: After this, he ought to take the O-  
pinion of judicious Friends, such as are Learned in both Languages:  
And lastly, since no Man is infallible, let him use this License very  
sparingly; for if too many Foreign Words are pour'd in upon us, it  
looks as if they were design'd not to assist the Natives, but to Con-  
quer them.

I am now drawing towards a Conclusion, and suspect your Lordship  
is very glad of it. But permit me first, to own what Helps I have had  
in this Undertaking. The late Earl of *Lauderdale*, sent me over his new  
Translation of the *Aeneis*; which he had ended before I engag'd in the  
same Design. Neither did I then intend it: But some Proposals being  
afterwards made me by my Bookseller, I desir'd his Lordship's leave,  
that I might accept them, which he freely granted; and I have his  
Letter yet to shew, for that permission. He resolv'd to have Printed his  
Work; which he might have done two Years before I cou'd Publish mine:  
and had perform'd it, if Death had not prevented him. But having his Ma-  
nuscript in my hands, I consulted it as often as I doubted of my Author's  
sense. For no Man understood *Virgil* better than that Learned Noble Man.  
His Friends, I hear, have yet another, and more Correct Copy of that Tran-  
slation

## D E D I C A T I O N .

lation by them: which had they pleas'd to have given the Publick, the  
Judges must have been convinc'd, that I have not flatter'd him. Be-  
sides this help, which was not inconsiderable, Mr. *Congreve* has done  
me the Favour to review the *Aeneis*; and compare my Version with the  
Original. I shall never be asham'd to own, that this Excellent Young  
Man, has shew'd me many Faults, which I have endeavour'd to Cor-  
rect. 'Tis true, he might have easly found more, and then my Tran-  
slation had been more Perfect.

Two other Worthy Friends of mine, who desire to have their Names  
conceal'd, seeing me straiten'd in my time, took Pity on me, and  
gave me the Life of *Virgil*, the two Prefaces to the Pastorals, and the  
*Georgics*, and all the Arguments in Prose to the whole Translation.  
Which perhaps, has occasion'd a Report that the two First Poems are  
not mine. If it had been true, that I had taken their Verses for my own,  
I might have glory'd in their Aid; and like *Terence*, have farther'd the  
Opinion, that *Scipio* and *Laelius* join'd with me. But the same  
Style being continu'd thro' the whole, and the same Laws of Verifica-  
tion observ'd, are proofs sufficient, that this is one Man's Work: And  
your Lordship is too well acquainted with my manner, to doubt that  
any part of it is anothers.

That your Lordship may see I was in earnest, when I promis'd to  
hasten to an end, I will not give the Reasons, why I Writ not always  
in the proper terms of Navigation, Land-Service, or in the Cant of any  
Profession. I will only say, that *Virgil* has avoided those proprieties,  
because he Writ not to Mariners, Soldiers, Astronomers, Gardeners,  
Peasants, &c. but to all in general, and in particular to Men and La-  
dies of the first Quality: who have been better Bred than to be too  
nicely knowing in the Terms. In such cases, 'tis enough for a Poet to  
write so plainly, that he may be understood by his Readers: To avoid  
impropriety, and not affect to be thought Learn'd in all things.

I have omitted the Four Preliminary Lines of the First *Aeneid*: Be-  
cause I think them inferior to any Four others, in the whole Poem:  
and consequently, believe they are not *Virgil's*. There is too great a  
gap betwixt the Adjective *vicina* in the Second Line, and the Substan-  
tive *Arva* in the latter end of the Third, which keeps his meaning in  
obscurity too long: And is contrary to the clearness of his Style.

*Ut quavis avidis*

Is too ambitious an Ornament to be his, and

*Gratum opus Agricolis,*

Are all words unnecessary, and Independent of what he had said  
before.

*Horrentia Martis Arma,*

Is worse than any of the rest. *Horrentia* is such a flat Epithete, as *Tully*  
wou'd have given us in his Verses. 'Tis a meer filler; to stop a vacancy  
in the Hexameter, and connect the Preface to the Work of *Virgil*. Our  
Author seems to found a Charge, and begins like the clangour of a  
Trumpet;

*Arma*

## D E D I C A T I O N.

*Arma, virumque cano; Troje qui primus ab oris.*

Scarce a word without an R. and the Vowels for the greater part sonorous. The Prefacer began with *Ille ego*, which He was constrain'd to patch up in the Fourth line with *At mane*, to make the Sense cohere. And if both those words are not notorious bitches, I am much deceiv'd, though the French Translator thinks otherwise. For my own part, I am rather of Opinion, that they were added by *Tucca* and *Varius*, than Retrench'd.

I know it may be answer'd by such as think *Virgil* the Author of the four Lines; that he asserts his Title to the *Æneis*, in the beginning of this Work, as he did to the two former, in the last lines of the fourth *Georgic*. I will not reply otherwise to this, than by desiring them to compare these four Lines with the four others; which we know are his, because no Poet but he alone could write them. If they cannot distinguish Creeping from Flying, let them lay down *Virgil*, and take up *Ovid de Pomo* in his stead. My Master needed not the assistance of that Preliminary Poet to prove his Claim. His own Majesty's Meen discovers him to be the King, amidst a Thousand Courtiers. It was a superfluous Office, and therefore I would not set those Verses in the Front of *Virgil*. But have rejected them to my own Preface.

*I, who before, with Shepherds in the Groves,  
Sung to my Oaten Pipe, their Rural Loves,  
And issuing thence, compell'd the Neighbouring Field  
A plenteous Crop of rising Corn to yield,  
Manur'd the Globe, and stock'd the fruitful Plain,  
(A Poem grateful to the greedy Swain.) &c.*

If there be not a tolerable Line in all these six, the Prefacer, gave me no occasion to write better. This is a just Apology in this place. But I have done great Wrong to *Virgil* in the whole Translation: Want of Time, the Inferiourity of our Language; the inconvenience of Rhyme, and all the other Excuses I have made, may alleviate my Fault, but cannot justify the boldness of my Undertaking. What avails it me to acknowledge freely, that I have not been able to do him right in any line? For even my own Confession makes against me; and it will always be return'd upon me, Why then did you attempt it? To which, no other Answer can be made, than that I have done him less Injury than any of his former Libellers.

What they call'd his Picture, had been drawn at length, so many times, by the Daubers of almost all Nations, and still so unlike him, that I snatch'd up the Pencil with disdain: being fatish'd before hand, that I could make some small resemblance of him, though I must be content with a worse likeness. A Sixth Pastoral, a *Pharmacopœia*, a single *Orpheus*, and some other Features, have been exactly taken: But those Holiday Authors writ for Pleasure; and only shew'd us what they could have done, if they would have taken pains, to perform the whole.

Be pleas'd, My Lord, to accept, with your wonted goodness, this unworthy Present, which I make you. I have taken off one trouble from you, of defending it, by acknowledging its Imperfections. And though some part of them are cover'd in the Verse; (as *Eriotho-*

*nias*

## D E D I C A T I O N.

*nias* rode always in a Chariot, to hide his lameness.) Such of them as cannot be conceal'd, you will please to connive at, though in the strictness of your Judgment, you cannot Pardon. If *Homer* was allow'd to nod sometimes, in so long a Work, it will be no wonder if I often fall asleep. You took my *Aurung-zeb* into your Protection, with all his faults: And I hope here cannot be so many, because I Translate an Author, who gives me such Examples of Correctness. What my Jury may be, I know not; but 'tis good for a Criminal to plead before a favourable Judge: If I had said Partial, would your Lordship have forgiven me? Or will you give me leave to acquaint the World, that I have many times been oblig'd to your Bounty since the Revolution. Though I never was reduc'd to beg a Charity, nor ever had the Impudence to ask one, either of your Lordship, or your Noble Kinman the Earl of *Dorset*, much less of any other, yet when I least expected it, you have both remember'd me. So inherent it is in your Family not to forget an Old Servant. It looks rather like Ingratitude on my part, that where I have been so often oblig'd, I have appear'd so seldom to return my thanks: and where I was also so sure of being well receiv'd. Somewhat of Laziness was in the case; and somewhat too of Modesty: But nothing of Disrespect, or of Unthankfulness. I will not say that your Lordship has encourag'd me to this Presumption, left if my Labours meet with no success in Publick, I may expose your Judgment to be Cenfur'd. As for my own Enemies I shall never think them worth an Answer; and if your Lordship has any, they will not dare to Arraign you for your want of Knowledge in this Art, till they can produce somewhat better of their own, than your *Essay* on Poetry. 'Twas on this Consideration, that I have drawn out my Preface to so great a length. Had I not address'd to a Poet, and a Critick of the first Magnitude, I had my self been tax'd for want of Judgment, and sham'd my Patron for want of Understanding. But neither will you, My Lord, so soon be tir'd as any other, because the Discourte is on your Art; Neither will the Learned Reader think it tedious, because it is *ad Clericum*. At least, when he begins to be weary, the Church Doors are open. That I may pursue the Allegory with a short Prayer, after a long Sermon: —

May you Live happily and long; for the Service of your Country, the Encouragement of good Letters and the Ornament of Poetry; which cannot be wish'd more earnestly by any Man, than by

Your Lordships, most Humble,

Most Obliged, and most Obedient Servant.

*John Dryden.*

## Virgil's Æneis.

### *The First Book of the Æneis.*

#### The Argument.

The Trojans, after a seven Years Voyage, set sail for Italy, but are overtaken by a dreadful Storm, which Æolus raises at Juno's Request. The Tempest sinks one, and scatters the rest: Neptune drives off the Winds and calms the Sea. Æneas with his own Ship, and six more, arrives safe at an African Port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her Son's Misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and sends Mercury to procure him a kind Reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas going out to discover the Country, meets his Mother in the Shape of an Huntress, who conveys him in a Cloud to Carthage, where he sees his Friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind Entertainment from the Queen. Dido by a device of Venus begins to have a Passion for him, and after some Discourse with him, desires the History of his Adventures since the Siege of Troy, which is the Subject of the two following Books.

**A**rms, and the Man I sing, who, forc'd by Fate,  
 And haughty Juno's unrelenting Hate;  
 Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan Shoar:  
 Long Labours, both by Sea and Land he bore,  
 5 And in the doubtful War, before he won  
 The Latian Realm, and built the destin'd Town:  
 His banish'd Gods restor'd to Rites Divine,  
 And set'd sure Succession in his Line:  
 From whence the Race of Alban Fathers come,  
 10 And the long Glories of Majestick Rome.  
 O Muse! the Causes and the Crimes relate,  
 What Goddess was provok'd, and whence her hate:

A a

For



To his Royal Highness PRINCE  
 GEORGE of DENMARK. ♀



- For what Offence the Queen of Heav'n began  
 To persecute so brave, so just a Man!
- 15 Involv'd his anxious Life in endless Cares,  
 Expos'd to Wants, and hurry'd into Wars!  
 Can Heav'nly Minds such high resentment show;  
 Or exercise their Spight in Human Woe?  
 Against the *Tiber's* Mouth, but far away,
- 20 An ancient Town was seated on the Sea:  
 A *Tyrian* Colony; the People made  
 Stout for the War, and studious of their Trade.  
*Carthage* the Name, belov'd by *Juno* more  
 Than her own *Argos*, or the *Samian* Shoar.
- 25 Here stood her Chariot, here, if Heav'n were kind,  
 The Seat of awful Empire she design'd.  
 Yet she had heard an ancient Rumour fly,  
 (Long cited by the People of the Sky;) }  
 That times to come thou'd see the *Trojan* Race
- 30 Her *Carthage* ruin, and her Tow'rs deface:  
 Nor thus confin'd, the Yoke of Sov'raign Sway,  
 Should on the Necks of all the Nations lay.  
 She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in Fate;  
 Nor cou'd forget the War she wag'd of late,
- 35 For conqu'ring *Greece* against the *Trojan* State.  
 Besides long Causes working in her Mind,  
 And secret Seeds of Envy lay behind.  
 Deep graven in her Heart, the Doom remain'd  
 Of partial *Paris*, and her Form disdain'd:
- 40 The Grace bestow'd on ravish'd *Ganimed*,  
*Eleëtra's* Glories, and her injur'd Bed.  
 Each was a Cause alone, and all combin'd  
 To kindle Vengeance in her haughty Mind.  
 For this, far distant from the *Latian* Coast,
- 45 She drove the Remnants of the *Trojan* Hoast:

And

- And sev'n long Years th' unhappy wand'ring Train,  
 Were toss'd by Storms, and scatter'd through the Main.  
 Such Time, such Toil requir'd the *Roman* Name,  
 Such length of Labour for so vast a Frame.
- 50 Now scarce the *Trojan* Fleet with Sails and Oars,  
 Had left behind the Fair *Sicilian* Shoars:  
 Ent'ring with chearful Shouts the wat'ry Reign,  
 And ploughing frothy Furrows in the Main:  
 When lab'ring still, with endless discontent,
- 55 The Queen of Heav'n did thus her Fury vent.  
 Then am I vanquish'd, must I yield, said she,  
 And must the *Trojans* reign in *Italy*?  
 So Fate will have it, and *Jove* adds his Force;  
 Nor can my Pow'r divert their happy Course.
- 60 Cou'd angry *Pallas*, with revengeful Spleen,  
 The *Grecian* Navy burn, and drown the Men?  
 She for the Fault of one offending Foe,  
 The Bolts of *Jove* himself presum'd to throw:  
 With Whirlwinds from beneath she toss'd the Ship,
- 65 And bare expos'd the Bosom of the deep:  
 Then, as an Eagle gripes the trembling Game,  
 The Wretch yet hissing with her Father's Flame,  
 She strongly seiz'd, and with a burning Wound,  
 Transfix'd and naked, on a Rock she bound.
- 70 But I, who walk in awful State above,  
 The Majesty of Heav'n, the Sister-wife of *Jove*;  
 For length of Years, my fruitless Force employ  
 Against the thin remains of ruin'd *Troy*.  
 What Nations now to *Juno's* Pow'r will pray,  
 Or Off'rings on my slighted Altars lay?
- 75 Thus rag'd the Goddess, and with Fury fraught,  
 The restless Regions of the Storms she fought.  
 Where in a spacious Cave of living Stone,  
 The Tyrant *E'hus* from his airy Throne,

A a 2

With

- 80 With Pow'r Imperial curbs the strugling Winds,  
And founding Tempests in dark Prisons binds.  
This Way, and that, th' impatient Captives tend,  
And pressing for Release, the Mountains rend;  
High in his Hall, th' undaunted Monarch stands,  
85 And shakes his Scepter, and their Rage commands:  
Which did he not, their unresisted Sway  
Wou'd sweep the World before them, in their Way:  
Earth, Air, and Seas through empty Space wou'd rowl,  
And Heav'n would fly before the driving Soul.
- 90 In fear of this, the Father of the Gods  
Confin'd their Fury to those dark Abodes,  
And lock'd 'em safe within, oppress'd with Mountain loads:  
Impos'd a King, with arbitrary Sway,  
To loose their Fetters, or their Force allay.
- 95 To whom the suppliant Queen her Pray'rs address,  
And thus the tenour of her Suit express'd.  
O *Elus!* for to thee the King of Heav'n  
The Pow'r of Tempests, and of Winds has giv'n:  
Thy Force alone their Fury can restrain,
- 100 And smooth the Waves, or swell the troubl'd Main.  
A race of wand'ring Slaves, abhorr'd by me,  
With prosp'rous Passage cut the *Thyſcan* Sea:  
To fruitful *Italy* their Course they steer,  
And for their vanquish'd Gods design new Temples there.
- 105 Raise all thy Winds, with Night involve the Skies;  
Sink, or disperse my fatal Enemies.  
Twice sev'n, the charming Daughters of the Main,  
Around my Person wait, and bear my Train:  
Succeed my Wish, and second my Design,
- 110 The fairest, *Deiopeia*, shall be thine;  
And make thee Father of a happy Line.  
To this the God—'Tis yours, O Queen! to will  
The Work, which Duty binds me to fulfil.

These

- These airy Kingdoms, and this wide Command,  
115 Are all the Presents of your bounteous Hand:  
Yours is my Sov'rain's Grace, and, as your Guest,  
I sit with Gods at their Cœlestial Feast.  
Raise Tempests at your Pleasure, or subdue;  
Dispose of Empire, which I hold from you.
- 120 He said, and hurl'd against the Mountain side,  
His quiv'ring Spear, and all, the God apply'd.  
The raging Winds rush through the hollow Wound,  
And dance aloft in Air, and skim along the Ground:  
Then settling on the Sea, the Surges sweep;
- 125 Raise liquid Mountains, and disclose the deep.  
South, East, and West, with mix'd Confusion roar,  
And rowl the foaming Billows to the Shoar.  
The Cables crack, the Sailors fearful Cries  
Ascend; and sable Night involves the Skies;
- 130 And Heav'n it self is ravish'd from their Eyes.  
Loud Peals of Thunder from the Poles ensue,  
Then flashing Fires the transient Light renew:  
The Face of things a frightful Image bears,  
And present Death in various Forms appears.
- 135 Struck with unusual Fright, the *Trojan* Chief,  
With lifted Hands and Eyes, invokes Relief.  
And thrice, and four times happy those, he cry'd,  
That under *Ilian* Walls before their Parents dy'd.  
*Tydidēs*, bravest of the *Grecian* Train,
- 140 Why cou'd not I by that strong Arm be slain,  
And lye by noble *Hector* on the Plain,  
Or great *Sarpedon*, in those bloody Fields,  
Where *Simois* roul's the Bodies, and the Shields  
Of Heroes, whose dismember'd Hands yet bear
- 145 The Dart aloft, and clench the pointed Spear?  
Thus while the Pious Prince his Fate bewails,  
Fierce *Boreas* drove against his flying Sails,

And

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- 145 The Dart aloft, and clench the pointed Spear?  
Thus while the Pious Prince his Fate bewails,  
Fierce *Boreas* drove against his flying Sails,

And

And rent the Sheets : The raging Billows rise,  
 And mount the tossing Vessel to the Skies :  
 150 Nor can the shiv'ring Oars sustain the Blow ;  
 The Galley gives her side, and turns her Prow :  
 While those, as stern descending, down the Steep,  
 Thro' gaping Waves behold the boiling deep.  
 Three Ships were hurry'd by the Southern Blast,  
 155 And on the secret Shelves with Fury cast.  
 Those hidden Rocks, th' *Asionian* Sailors knew,  
 They call'd their Altars, when they rose in view,  
 And show'd their spacious Backs above the Flood.  
 Three more, fierce *Eurus* in his angry Mood,  
 160 Dash'd on the Shallows of the moving Sand,  
 And in mid Ocean left them moor'd a-land.  
*Oronites* Barque that bore the *Lycian* Crew,  
 (A horrid Sight) ev'n in the Hero's view,  
 From Stem to Stern, by Waves was overborn :  
 165 The trembling Pilot, from his Rudder torn,  
 Was headlong hur'd ; thrice round, the Ship was tost,  
 Then bulg'd at once, and in the deep was lost.  
 And here and there above the Waves were seen  
 Arms, Pictures, precious Goods, and floating Men.  
 170 The stoutest Vessel to the Storm gave way,  
 And suck'd through loosen'd Planks the rushing Sea.  
*Ilioneus* was her Chief : *Achates* old,  
*Achates* faithful, *Abas* young and bold  
 Endur'd not less : their Ships, with gaping Seams,  
 175 Admit the Deluge of the briny Streams.  
 Mean time Imperial *Neptune* heard the Sound  
 Of raging Billows breaking on the Ground :  
 Displeas'd, and fearing for his Wat'ry Reign,  
 He reard his awful Head above the Main :  
 180 Serene in Majesty, then rowl'd his Eyes  
 Around the Space of Earth, and Seas, and Skies.

He

He saw the *Trojan* Fleet dispers'd, distress'd  
 By stormy Winds and wintry Heav'n oppress'd.  
 Full well the God his Sister's envy knew,  
 185 And what her Aims, and what her Arts pursue :  
 He summon'd *Eurus* and the western Blast,  
 And first an angry glance on both he cast :  
 Then thus rebuk'd ; Audacious Winds ! from whence  
 This bold Attempt, this Rebel Insolence ?  
 190 Is it for you to ravage Seas and Land,  
 Unauthorized by my supreme Command ?  
 To raise such Mountains on the troubl'd Main ?  
 Whom I — But first 'tis fit, the Billows to restrain,  
 And then you shall be taught obedience to my Reign. }  
 195 Hence, to your Lord my Royal Mandate bear,  
 The Realms of Ocean and the Fields of Air  
 Are mine, not his ; by fatal Lot to me  
 The liquid Empire fell, and Trident of the Sea.  
 His Pow'r to hollow Caverns is confin'd,  
 200 There let him reign, the Jailor of the Wind :  
 With hoarse Commands his breathing Subjects call,  
 And boast and bluster in his empty Hall.  
 He spoke : And while he spoke, he smooth'd the Sea,  
 Disspell'd the Darkness, and restor'd the Day :  
 205 *Cymatloe*, *Triton*, and the Sea-green Train  
 Of beauteous Nymphs, the Daughters of the Main,  
 Clear from the Rocks the Vessels with their hands ;  
 The God himself with ready Trident stands,  
 And opes the Deep, and spreads the moving sands ; }  
 210 Then heaves them off the sholes : where'er he guides  
 His sunny Couriers, and in Triumph rides,  
 The Waves unruffle and the Sea subsides. }  
 As when in Tumults rise th' ignoble Crowd,  
 Mad are their Motions, and their Tongues are loud ;

And

- 215 And Stones and Brands in rattling VOLLIES fly,  
 And all the Rustick Arms that Fury can supply :  
 If then some grave and Pious Man appear,  
 They hush their Noise, and lend a list'ning Ear ;  
 He sooths with sober Words their angry Mood,
- 220 And quenches their innate Desire of Blood.  
 So when the Father of the Flood appears,  
 And o're the Seas his Sov'raign Trident rears,  
 Their Fury falls : He skims the liquid Plains,  
 High on his Chariot, and with loos'n'd Reins,
- 225 Majestick moves along, and awful Peace maintains. }  
 The weary Trojans ply their shatter'd Oars,  
 To nearest Land, and make the Lybian Shoars.  
 Within a long Recefs there lies a Bay,  
 An Island shades it from the rowling Sea,
- 230 And forms a Port secure for Ships to ride,  
 Broke by the jutting Land on either side : }  
 In double Streams the briny Waters glide.  
 Betwixt two rows of Rocks, a Sylvan Scene  
 Appears above, and Groves for ever green :
- 235 A Grott is form'd beneath, with Mossy Seats,  
 To rest the Nereids, and exclude the Heats.  
 Down thro' the Crannies of the living Walls  
 The Crystal Streams descend in murmur'ing Falls.  
 No Haulfers need to bind the Vessels here,
- 240 Nor bearded Anchors, for no Storms they fear.  
 Sev'n Ships within this happy Harbour meet,  
 The thin Remainers of the scatter'd Fleet.  
 The Trojans, worn with Toils, and spent with Woes,  
 Leap on the welcome Land, and seek their with'd Réposé.
- 245 First, good Achates, with repeated stroaks  
 Of clashing Flints, their hidden Fire provokes ;  
 Short Flame succeeds, a Bed of wither'd Leaves :  
 The dying Sparkles in their Fall receives :

Caught

- Caught into Life, in smoaking Fumes they rise,  
 250 And, fed with stronger Food, invade the Skies.  
 The Trojans, dropping wet, or stand around  
 The chearful blaze, or lye along the Ground :  
 Some dry their Corn infected with the Brine,  
 Then grind with Marbles, and prepare to dine.
- 255 Æneas climbs the Mountain's airy Brow,  
 And takes a Prospect of the Seas below :  
 If Capys thence, or Authens he cou'd spy ;  
 Or see the Streamers of Caius fly.  
 No Vessels were in view : But, on the Plain,
- 260 Three beamy Stags command a Lordly Train  
 Of branching Heads, the more ignoble Throng  
 Attend their stately Steps, and slowly graze along.  
 He stood ; and while secure they fed below,  
 He took the Quiver, and the trusty Bow
- 265 Achates us'd to bear ; the Leaders first  
 He laid along, and then the Vulgar pierc'd :  
 Nor ceas'd his Arrows, 'till the shady Plain  
 Sev'n mighty Bodies, with their Blood distain.  
 For the sev'n Ships he made an equal Share,
- 270 And to the Port return'd, Triumphant from the War.  
 The Jars of gen'rous Wine, (Æstes Gift,  
 When his Trinacrian Shoars the Navy left)  
 He set abroach, and for the Feast prepar'd ;  
 In equal Portions, with the Ven'lon shar'd.
- 275 Thus while he dealt it round, the pious Chief,  
 With chearful Words, allay'd the common Grief.  
 Endure, and conquer ; Jove will soon dispose  
 To future Good, our past and present Woes.  
 With me, the Rocks of Scylla you have try'd ;
- 280 Th' inhuman Cyclops, and his Den defy'd.  
 What greater Ills hereafter can you bear ?  
 Resume your Courage, and dismiss your Care.

B b

An

An Hour will come, with Pleasure to relate  
 Your Sorrows past, as Benefits of Fate.  
 285 Through various Hazards, and Events we move  
 To *Latium*, and the Realms foredoom'd by *Jove*.  
 Call'd to the Seat, (the Promise of the Skies.)  
 Where *Trojan* Kingdoms once again may rise.  
 Endure the Hardships of your present State,  
 290 Live, and reserve your selves for better Fate.  
 These Words he spoke, but spoke not from his Heart;  
 His outward Smiles conceal'd his inward Smart.  
 The jolly Crew, unmindful of the past,  
 The Quarry share, their plenteous Dinner haste:  
 295 Some strip the Skin, some portion out the Spoil;  
 The Limbs yet trembling, in the Cauldrons boyl:  
 Some on the Fire the reeking Entrails broil. }  
 Stretch'd on the grassy Turf, at ease they dine,  
 Restore their Strength with Meat, and chear their Souls with  
 300 Their Hunger thus appeas'd, their Care attends, (Wine.  
 The doubtful Fortune of their absent Friends:  
 Alternate Hopes and Fears, their Minds possess,  
 Whether to deem 'em dead, or in Distress.  
 Above the rest, *Aeneas* mourns the Fate  
 305 Of brave *Orontes*, and th' uncertain State  
 Of *Gyas*, *Lycus*, and of *Amycus*:  
 The Day, but not their Sorrows, ended thus.  
 When, from aloft, Almighty *Jove* surveys  
 Earth, Air, and Shoars, and navigable Seas,  
 310 At length on *Lybian* Realms he fix'd his Eyes:  
 Whom, pond'ring thus on Human Miseries,  
 When *Venus* saw, she with a lowly Look,  
 Not free from Tears, her Heav'nly Sire bespoke.  
 O King of Gods and Men, whose awful Hand,  
 315 Disperces Thunder on the Seas and Land;  
 Disposing all with absolute Command:

How



To her Royal Highness the  
 Princess Anne of Denmark



To Her Grace Mary  Dutchess of Ormond

How cou'd my Pious Son thy Pow'r incense,  
 Or what, alas! is vanish'd *Troy's* Offence?  
 Our hope of *Italy* not only lost,  
 320 On various Seas, by various Tempests tost,  
 But shut from ev'ry Shoar, and barr'd from ev'ry Coast.  
 You promis'd once, a Progeny Divine,  
 Of *Romans*, rising from the *Trojan* Line,  
 In after-times shou'd hold the World in awe,  
 325 And to the Land and Ocean give the Law.  
 How is your Doom revers'd, which cas'd my Care;  
 When *Troy* was ruin'd in that cruel War?  
 Then Fates to Fates I cou'd oppose; but now,  
 When Fortune still pursues her former Blow,  
 330 What can I hope? what worse can still succeed?  
 What end of Labours has your Will decreed?  
*Antenor*, from the midst of *Grecian* Hosts,  
 Could pass secure, and pierce th' *Illyrian* Coasts:  
 Where rowling down the Steep, *Timavus* raves,  
 335 And through nine Channels disembogues his Waves.  
 At length he founded *Padua's* happy Seat,  
 And gave his *Trojans* a secure Retreat:  
 There fix'd their Arms, and there renew'd their Name,  
 And there in Quiet rules, and crown'd with Fame.  
 340 But we, descended from your sacred Line,  
 Entitled to your Heav'n, and Rites Divine,  
 Are banish'd Earth, and, for the Wrath of one,  
 Remov'd from *Latium*, and the promis'd Throne.  
 Are these our Scepters? These our due Rewards?  
 345 And is it thus that *Jove* his plighted Faith regards?  
 To whom, the Father of th'immortal Race,  
 Smiling with that serene indulgent Face,  
 With which he drives the Clouds, and clears the Skies:  
 First gave a holy Kiss, then thus replies.

- 350 Daughter, dismiss thy Fears: To thy desire  
The Fates of thine are fix'd, and stand entire.  
Thou shalt behold thy with'd *Lavinian* Walls,  
And, ripe for Heav'n, when Fate *Aeneas* calls,  
Then shalt thou bear him up, sublime, to me;
- 355 No Councils have revers'd my firm Decree.  
And lest new Fears disturb thy happy State,  
Know, I have search'd the Mystick Rolls of Fate:  
Thy Son (nor is th' appointed Season far)  
In *Italy* shall wage successful War:
- 360 Shall tame fierce Nations in the bloody Field,  
And Sov'raign Laws impose, and Cities build.  
Till, after ev'ry Foe subdu'd, the Sun  
Thrice through the Signs his Annual Race shall run:  
This is his time prefix'd. *Ascanius* then,
- 365 Now called *Julus*, shall begin his Reign.  
He thirty rowling Years the Crown shall wear:  
Then from *Lavinium* shall the Seat transfer:  
And, with hard Labour, *Alba-longa* build;  
The Throne with his Succession shall be fill'd,
- 370 Three hundred Circuits more: then shall be seen,  
*Ilia* the fair, a Priestess and a Queen.  
Who full of *Mars*, in time, with kindly Throws,  
Shall at a Birth two goodly Boys disclose.  
The Royal Babes a tawny Wolf shall drain,
- 375 Then *Romulus* his Grandfire's Throne shall gain.  
Of Martial Tow'rs the Founder shall become,  
The People *Romans* call, the City *Rome*.  
To them, no Bounds of Empire I assign;  
Nor term of Years to their immortal Line.
- 380 Ev'g haughty *Juno*, who, with endless Broils,  
Earth, Seas, and Heav'n, and *Jove* himself turmoils;  
At length atton'd, her friendly Pow'r shall joyn,  
To cherish and advance the *Trojan* Line.

The

- The subject World shall *Rome's* Dominion own,  
385 And, prostrate, shall adore the Nation of the Gown.  
An Age is ripening in revolving Fate,  
When *Troy* shall overturn the *Grecian* State:  
And sweet Revenge her conqu'ring Sons shall call,  
To crush the People that conspir'd her Fall.
- 390 Then *Cesar* from the *Julian* Stock shall rise,  
Whose Empire Ocean, and whose Fame the Skies  
Alone shall bound. Whom, fraught with *Eastern* Spoils,  
Our Heav'n, the just Reward of Human Toyls,  
Securely shall reward with Rites Divine;
- 395 And Incense shall ascend before his sacred Shrine.  
Then dire Debate, and impious War shall cease,  
And the stern Age be softned into Peace:  
Then banish'd Faith shall once again return,  
And Vestal Fires in hallow'd Temples burn;
- 400 And *Remus* with *Quirinus* shall sustain,  
The righteous Laws, and Fraud and Force restrain.  
*Janus* himself before his Fane shall wait,  
And keep the dreadful issues of his Gate,  
With Bolts and Iron Bars: within remains
- 405 Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen Chains:  
High on a Trophic rais'd, of uselefs Arms,  
He sits, and threats the World with vain Alarms.  
He said, and sent *Cyllenius* with Commarid  
To free the Ports, and ope the *Punique* Land
- 410 To *Trojan* Guests; lest ignorant of Fate,  
The Queen might force them from her Town and State.  
Down from the Steep of Heav'n *Cyllenius* flies,  
And cleaves with all his Wings the yielding Skies.  
Soon on the *Lybian* Shear descends the God;
- 415 Performs his Message, and displays his Rod:  
The furlly Murmurs of the People cease,  
And, as the Fates requir'd, they give the Peace.

The

- The Queen her self suspends the rigid Laws,  
 The Trojans pities, and protects their Cause.
- 420 Mean time, in Shades of Night *Aeneas* lies;  
 Care seiz'd his Soul, and Sleep forfook his Eyes.  
 But when the Sun restor'd the chearful Day,  
 He rose, the Coast and Country to survey,  
 Anxious and eager to discover more:
- 425 It look'd a wild uncultivated Shoar:  
 But whether Human Kind, or Beasts alone  
 Possess'd the new-found Region, was unknown.  
 Beneath a hollow Rock his Fleet he hides;  
 Tall Trees surround the Mountains shady sides:
- 430 The bending Brow above, a safe Retreat provides.  
 Arm'd with two pointed Darts, he leaves his Friends,  
 And true *Achates* on his steps attends.  
 Loe, in the deep Recesses of the Wood,  
 Before his Eyes his Goddess's Mother stood:
- 435 A Huntress in her Habit and her Mien;  
 Her dress a Maid, her Air confess'd a Queen.  
 Bare were her Knees, and knots her Garments bind;  
 Loose was her Hair, and wanton'd in the Wind;  
 Her Hand sustain'd a Bow, her Quiver hung behind.
- 440 She seem'd a Virgin of the *Spartan* Blood:  
 With such Array *Harpalice* bestrode  
 Her *Thracian* Courser, and outstrip'd the rapid Flood.  
 Ho! Strangers! have you lately seen, she said,  
 One of my Sisters, like my self array'd;
- 445 Who crost the Lawn, or in the Forest stray'd?  
 A Painted Quiver at her Back she bore;  
 Vary'd with Spots, a *Linx's* Hide she wore:  
 And at full Cry pursu'd the tusky Boar?  
 Thus *Venus*: Thus her Son reply'd agen;
- 450 None of your Sisters have we heard or seen,



To y<sup>ble</sup> Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> Anne  
 Countess of Exeter Wife  
 to y<sup>ble</sup> Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> John Earle of Exeter  
 Baron Caill of Burleigh

O virgin! or what other Name you bear  
 A bove that stile; O more than mortal fair!  
 Your Voice and Meen Cœlestial birth betray!  
 If, as you seem, the Sister of the Day;  
 455 Or one at least of Chast *Diana's* Train,  
 Let not an humble Suppliant sue in vain:  
 But tell a Stranger, long in Tempests tost,  
 What Earth we tread, and who commands the Coast?  
 Then on your Name shall wretched Mortals call;  
 460 And offer'd Victims at your Altars fall.  
 I dare not, she reply'd, assume the Name  
 Of Goddess, or Cœlestial Honours claim:  
 For *Tyrian* Virgins Bows and Quivers bear,  
 And Purple Buskins o're their Ankles wear.  
 465 Know, gentle Youth, in *Lybian* Lands you are:  
 A People rude in Peace, and rough in War.  
 The rising City, which from far you see,  
 Is *Carthage*; and a *Tyrian* Colony.  
*Phœnician Dido* rules the growing State,  
 470 Who fled from *Tyre*, to shun her Brother's hate:  
 Great were her wrongs, her Story full of Fate;  
 Which I will sum in short. *Sicheus* known  
 For wealth, and Brother to the *Punic* Throne,  
 Possess'd fair *Dido's* Bed: And either heart  
 475 At once was wounded with an equal Dart.  
 Her Father gave her, yet a spotless Maid;  
*Pigmalion* then the *Tyrian* Scepter sway'd:  
 One who contemn'd Divine and Humane Laws:  
 Then Strife ensu'd, and curst Gold the Cause.  
 480 The Monarch, blinded with desire of Wealth;  
 With Steel invades his Brother's life by stealth;  
 Before the sacred Altar made him bleed,  
 And long from her conceal'd the cruel deed.

Some Tale, some new Pretence, he daily coin'd,  
 485 To sooth his Sifter, and delude her Mind.  
 At length, in dead of Night, the Ghost appears  
 Of her unhappy Lord: the Spectre stares,  
 And with erected Eyes his bloody Bosom bares.  
 The cruel Altars, and his Fate he tells,  
 490 And the dire Secret of his House reveals.  
 Then warns the Widdow, with her household Gods,  
 To seek a Refuge in remote abodes.  
 Last, to support her, in so long a way,  
 He shows her where his hidden Treasure lay.  
 495 Admonish'd thus, and seiz'd with mortal fright,  
 The Queen provides Companions of her flight:  
 They meet; and all combine to leave the State,  
 Who hate the Tyrant, or who fear his hate.  
 They seize a Fleet, which ready rigg'd they find:  
 500 Nor is *Pigmalion's* Treasure left behind.  
 The Vessels, heavy laden, put to Sea  
 With prosperous winds; a Woman leads the way.  
 I know not, if by strefs of Weather driv'n,  
 Or was their fatal Course dispos'd by Heav'n;  
 505 At last they landed, where from far your Eyes  
 May view the Turrets of new *Carthage* rise:  
 There bought a space of Ground, which *Byrsa* call'd  
 From the Bulls hide, they first inclos'd, and wall'd.  
 But whence are you, what Country claims your Birth?  
 510 What seek you, Strangers, on our *Lybian* Earth?  
 To whom, with sorrow streaming from his Eyes,  
 And deeply sighing, thus her Son replies:  
 Cou'd you with Patience hear, or I relate,  
 O Nymph! the tedious Annals of our Fate!  
 515 Thro' such a train of Woes if I shou'd run,  
 The day wou'd sooner than the Tale be done!

From

From ancient *Troy*, by Force expell'd, we came,  
 If you by chance have heard the *Trojan* Name:  
 On various Seas by various Tempests tost,  
 At length we landed on your *Lybian* Coast.  
 520 The Good *Aeneas* am I call'd, a Name,  
 While Fortune favour'd, not unknown to Fame:  
 My household Gods, Companions of my Woes,  
 With pious Care I rescu'd from our Foes.  
 525 To fruitful *Italy* my Course was bent,  
 And from the King of Heav'n is my Descent.  
 With twice ten Sail I coast the *Phrygian* Sea;  
 Fate, and my Mother Goddess, led my Way.  
 Scarce sev'n, the thin Remainers of my Fleet,  
 530 From Storms preserv'd, within your Harbour meet:  
 My self distress'd, an Exile, and unknown,  
 Debarr'd from *Europe*, and from *Asia* thrown,  
 In *Lybian* Desarts wander thus alone.  
 His tender Parent could no longer bear;  
 But, interposing, fought to sooth his Care.  
 535 Who e're you are, not unbelov'd by Heav'n,  
 Since on our friendly Shoar your Ships are driv'n:  
 Have Courage: To the Gods permit the rest,  
 And to the Queen expose your just Request.  
 540 Now take this earnest of Success, for more  
 Your scatter'd Fleet is join'd upon the Shoar;  
 The Winds are chang'd, your Friends from danger free,  
 Or I renounce my Skill in Augury.  
 Twelve Swans behold, in beauteous order move,  
 And stoop with closing Pinions from above:  
 545 Whom late the Bird of *Jove* had driv'n along,  
 And through the Clouds pursu'd the scatt'ring Throng:  
 Now all united in a goodly Team,  
 They skim the Ground, and seek the quiet Stream.

Cc

As

- 550 As they, with Joy returning, clap their Wings,  
And ride the Circuit of the Skies in Rings:  
Not otherwise your Ships, and ev'ry Friend,  
A'ready hold the Port, or with swift Sails descend.  
No more Advice is needful, but pursue
- 555 The Path before you, and the Town in view.  
Thus having said, she turn'd, and made appear  
Her Neck refulgent, and dishevel'd Hair;  
Which flowing from her Shoulders, reach'd the Ground,  
And widely spread Ambrosial Scents around:
- 560 In length of Train descends her sweeping Gown,  
And by her graceful Walk, the Queen of Love is known.  
The Prince pursu'd the parting Deity,  
With Words like these: Ah! whither do you fly?  
Unkind and cruel, to deceive your Son
- 565 In borrow'd Shapes, and his Embrace to shun:  
Never to bleis my Sight, but thus unknown;  
And still to speak in Accents not your own.  
Against the Goddesses these Complaints he made;  
But took the Path, and her Commands obey'd,
- 570 They march obscure, for *Venus* kindly shrouds,  
With Mists, their Persons, and involves in Clouds:  
That, thus unseen, their Passage none might stay,  
Or force to tell the Causes of their Way.  
This part perform'd, the Goddesses flies sublime,
- 575 To visit *Paphos*, and her native Clime:  
Where Garlands ever green, and ever fair,  
With Vows are offer'd, and with solemn Pray'r:  
A hundred Altars in her Temple Smoke,  
A thousand bleeding Hearts her Pow'r invoke.
- 580 They climb the next Ascend, and, looking down,  
Now at a nearer Distance view the Town:  
The Prince, with Wonder, sees the stately Tow'rs,  
Which late were Huts, and Shepherd's homely Bow'rs.

The

- The Gates and Streets; and hears, from ev'ry part,  
585 The Noise, and buisy Concourse of the Mart.  
The toiling *Tyrians* on each other call,  
To ply their Labour: Some extend the Wall,  
Some build the Citadel; the brawny Throng,  
Or dig, or push unweildy Stones along.
- 590 Some for their Dwellings chuse a Spot of Ground,  
Which, first design'd, with Ditches they surround.  
Some Laws ordain, and some attend the Choice  
Of holy Senates, and elect by Voice.  
Here some design a Mole, while others there
- 595 Lay deep Foundations for a Theatre:  
From Marble Quarries mighty Columns hew,  
For Ornaments of Scenes, and future view.  
Such is their Toyl, and such their buisy Pains,  
As exercise the Bees in flow'ry Plains;
- 600 When Winter past, and Summer scarce begun,  
Invites them forth to labour in the Sun:  
Some lead their Youth abroad, while some condense  
Their liquid Store, and some in Cells dispense.  
Some at the Gate stand ready to receive
- 605 The Golden Burthen, and their Friends relieve.  
All, with united Force, combine to drive  
The lazy Drones from the laborious Hive;  
With Envy stung, they view each others Deeds;  
The fragrant Work with Diligence proceeds.
- 610 Thrice happy you, whose Walls already rise;  
*Aneas* said; and view'd, with lifted Eyes,  
Their lofty Tow'rs; then enter'ing at the Gate,  
Conceal'd in Clouds, (prodigious to relate)  
He mix'd, unmark'd, among the buisy Throng,
- 615 Born by the Tide, and pass'd unseen along.  
Full in the Centre of the Town there stood,  
Thick set with Trees, a venerable Wood:

C c 2

The

The *Tyrians* landing near this holy Ground,  
 And digging here, a prosp'rous Omen found :  
 620 From under Earth a Courser's Head they drew,  
 Their Growth and future Fortune to foreshew :  
 This fatal Sign their Foundress *Juno* gave,  
 Of a Soil fruitful, and a People brave.  
*Sidonian Dido* here with solemn State  
 625 Did *Juno's* Temple build, and consecrate:  
 Enrich'd with Gifts, and with a Golden Shrine;  
 But more the Goddess made the Place Divine.  
 On Brazen Steps the Marble Threhold rose,  
 And brazen Plates the Cedar Beams inclose:  
 630 The Rafter's are with brazen Cov'rings crown'd,  
 The lofty Doors on brazen Hinges found.  
 What first *Aeneas* in this place beheld,  
 Reviv'd his Courage, and his Fear expel'd.  
 For while, expecting there the Queen, he rais'd  
 635 His wond'ring Eyes, and round the Temple gaz'd;  
 Admir'd the Fortune of the rising Town,  
 The striving Artists, and their Arts renown'd:  
 He saw in order painted on the Wall,  
 Whatever did unhappy *Troy* befall:  
 640 The Wars that Fate around the World had blown,  
 All to the Life, and ev'ry Leader known.  
 There *Agamemnon*, *Priam* here he spies,  
 And fierce *Achilles* who both Kings defies.  
 He stop'd, and weeping said, O Friend! ev'n here  
 645 The Monuments of *Trojan* Woes appear!  
 Our known Disasters fill ev'n foreign Lands:  
 See there, where old unhappy *Priam* stands!  
 Ev'n the Mute Walls relate the Warrior's Fame,  
 And *Trojan* Griefs the *Tyrians* Pity claim.  
 650 He said, his Tears a ready Passage find,  
 Devouring what he saw so well design'd,  
 And with an empty Picture fed his Mind.

For there he saw the fainting *Grecians* yield,  
 And here the trembling *Trojans* quit the Field,  
 655 Pursu'd by fierce *Achilles* through the Plain,  
 On his high Chariot driving o're the Slain.  
 The Tents of *Rhesus* next, his Grief renew,  
 By their white Sails betray'd to nightly view.  
 And wakeful *Diomed*, whose cruel Sword  
 660 The Centrics slew; nor spar'd their slumb'ring Lord.  
 Then took the fiery Steeds, e're yet the Food  
 Of *Troy* they taste, or drink the *Xanthian* Flood.  
 Elsewhere he saw where *Troilus* defy'd  
*Achilles*, and unequal Combat try'd.  
 665 Then, where the Boy disarm'd with loosen'd Reins,  
 Was by his Horses hurry'd o're the Plains:  
 Hung by the Neck and Hair, and drag'd around,  
 The hostile Spear yet sticking in his Wound;  
 With tracks of Blood inscrib'd the dusty Ground.  
 670 Mean time the *Trojan* Dames oppress'd with Woe,  
 To *Pallas* Fane in long Precession goe,  
 In hopes to reconcile their Heav'nly Foe:  
 They weep, they beat their Breasts, they rend their Hair,  
 And rich embroider'd Vests for Presents bear:  
 675 But the stern Goddess stands unmov'd with Pray'r.  
 Thrice round the *Trojan* Walls *Achilles* drew  
 The Corps of *Hector*, whom in Fight he slew.  
 Here *Priam* sues, and there, for Sums of Gold,  
 The lifeless Body of his Son is fold.  
 680 So sad an Object, and so well express'd,  
 Drew Sighs and Groans from the griev'd Heroes Brest:  
 To see the Figure of his lifeless Friend,  
 And his old Sire his helpless Hand extend.  
 Himself he saw amidst the *Grecian* Train,  
 685 Mix'd in the bloody Battel on the Plain.

And

And swarthy *Memnon* in his Arms he knew  
 His pompous Ensigns, and his *Indian* Crew.  
*Penthesilea* there, with haughty Grace,  
 Leads to the Wars an *Amazonian* Race :

690 In their right Hands a pointed Dart they wield;  
 The left, for Ward, sustains the Lunar Shield.  
 Athwart her Breast a Golden Belt she throws,  
 Amidst the Press alone provokes a thousand Foes :  
 And dares her Maiden Arms to Manly Force oppose. }

695 Thus, while the *Trojan* Prince employs his Eyes,  
 Fix'd on the Walls with wonder and surprisè,  
 The Beauteous *Dido*, with a num'rous Train,  
 And pomp of Guards, ascends the sacred Fane.  
 Such on *Eurota's* Banks, or *Cymbus's* hight,

700 *Diana* seems; and so she charms the sight,  
 When in the Dance the graceful Goddess leads  
 The Quire of Nymphs, and overtops their Heads.  
 Known by her *Quiver*, and her lofty Meen,  
 She walks Majestick, and she looks their Queen :

705 *Latona* sees her shinè above the rest,  
 And feeds with secret Joy her silent Breast.  
 Such *Dido* was, with such becoming State,  
 Amidst the Crowd, she walks serenely great.  
 Their Labour to her future Sway she speeds,

710 And passing with a gracious Glance proceeds :  
 Then mounts the Throne, high plac'd before the Shrine;  
 In Crowds around the swarming People joyn.  
 She takes Petitions, and dispenses Laws,  
 Hears, and determines ev'ry Private Cause.

715 Their Tasks in equal Portions she divides,  
 And where unequal, there by Lots decides.  
 Another Way by chance *Aeneas* bends  
 His Eyes, and unexpected sees his Friends :

*Antheus,*

*Antheus, Sergestus* grave, *Clanthis* strong,  
 720 And at their Backs a mighty *Trojan* Throng :  
 Whom late the Tempest on the Billows tost,  
 And widely scatter'd on another Coast.  
 The Prince, unseèn, surpriz'd with Wonder stands,  
 And longs, with joyful haste to join their Hands :

725 But doubtful of the with'd Event, he stays,  
 And from the hollow Cloud his Friends surveys:  
 Impatient 'till they told their present State,  
 And where they left their Ships, and what their Fate;  
 And why they came, and what was their Request :

730 For these were sent commission'd by the rest,  
 To sue for leave to land their sickly Men,  
 And gain Admission to the Gracious Queen.  
 Ent'ring, with Cries they fill'd the holy Fane;  
 Then thus, with humble Voice, *Ilioneus* began.

735 O Queen! indulg'd by Favour of the Gods,  
 To found an Empire in these new Abodes;  
 To build a Town, with Statutes to restrain  
 The wild Inhabitants beneath thy Reign :  
 We wretched *Trojans* tost on ev'ry Shore,  
 740 From Sea to Sea, thy Clemency implore :  
 Forbid the Fires our Shipping to deface,  
 Receive th' unhappy Fugitives to Grace,  
 And spare the remnant of a Pious Race.  
 We come not with design of wastful Prey,

745 To drive the Country, force the Swains away :  
 Nor such our Strength, nor such is our Desire,  
 The vanquish'd dare not to such Thoughts aspire.  
 A Land there is, *Æsperia* nam'd of old,  
 The Soil is fruitful, and the Men are bold :

750 Th' *Oenotrians* held it once, by common Fame,  
 Now call'd *Italia*, from the Leaders Name.

To

- To that sweet Region was our Voyage bent,  
 When Winds, and ev'ry warring Element,  
 Disturb'd our Course, and far from sight of Land,  
 755 Cast our torn Vessels on the moving Sand:  
 The Sea came on; the South with mighty Roar,  
 Dispers'd and dash'd the rest upon the Rocky Shoar.  
 Those few you see escap'd the Storm, and fear,  
 Unless you interpose, a Shipwreck here:  
 760 What Men, what Monsters, what inhuman Race,  
 What Laws, what barb'rous Customs of the Place,  
 Shut up a desert Shoar to drowning Men,  
 And drives us to the cruel Seas agen!  
 If our hard Fortune no Compassion draws,  
 765 Nor hospitable Rights, nor human Laws, }  
 The Gods are just, and will revenge our Cause. }  
*Aeneas* was our Prince, a juster Lord, }  
 Or nobler Warriour, never drew a Sword: }  
 Observant of the Right, religious of his Word.  
 770 If yet he lives, and draws this vital Air:  
 Nor we his Friends of Safety shall despair;  
 Nor you, great Queen, these Offices repent,  
 Which he will equal, and perhaps prevent.  
 We want not Cities, nor *Sicilian* Coasts,  
 775 Where King *Acestes* *Trojan* Lineage boasts.  
 Permit our Ships a Shelter on your Shoars,  
 Refitted from your Woods with Planks and Oars;  
 That if our Prince be safe, we may renew  
 Our destin'd Course, and *Italy* pursue.  
 780 But if, O best of Men! the Fates ordain  
 That thou art swallow'd in the *Lybian* Main:  
 And if our young *Iulus* be no more,  
 Dismiss our Navy from your friendly Shoar.  
 That we to good *Acestes* may return,  
 785 And with our Friends our common Losses mourn.

Thus

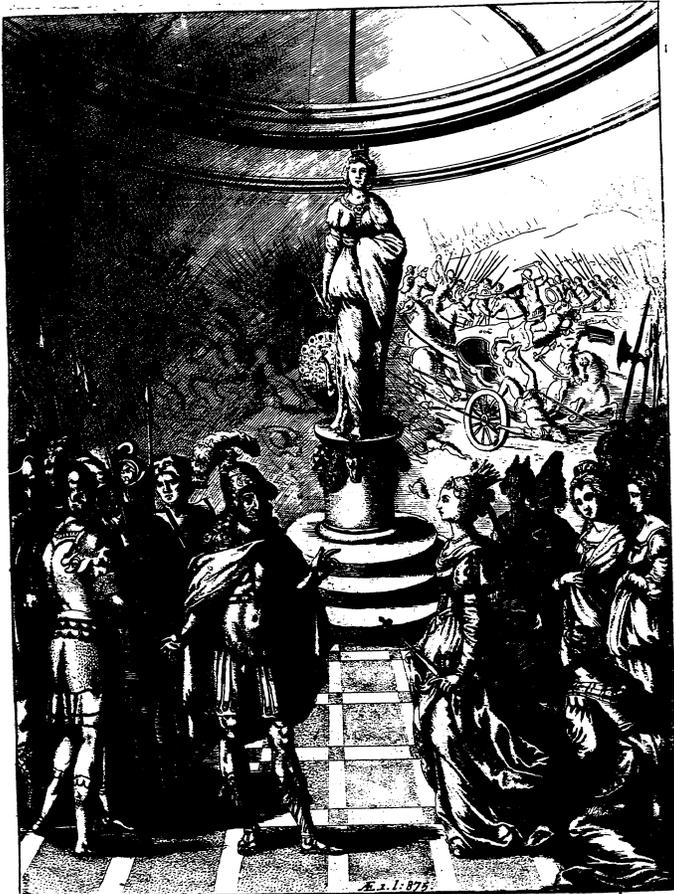
- Thus spoke *Ilianus*; the *Trojan* Crew  
 With Cries and Clamours his Request renew.  
 The modest Queen a while, with down-cast Eyes,  
 Ponder'd the Speech; then briefly thus replies.  
 790 *Trojans* dismiss your Fears: my cruel Fate,  
 And doubts attending an unsettled State,  
 Force me to guard my Coast, from Foreign Foes.  
 Who has not heard the story of your Woes?  
 The Name and Fortune of your Native Place,  
 795 The Fame and Valour of the *Phrygian* Race?  
 We *Tyrians* are not so devoid of Sense,  
 Nor so remote from *Phœbus* influence.  
 Whether to *Latian* Shores your Course is bent,  
 Or driv'n by Tempest's from your first intent, }  
 800 You seek the good *Acestes* Government; }  
 Your Men shall be receiv'd, your Fleet repair'd,  
 And sail, with Ships of Convoy for your guard;  
 Or, wou'd you stay, and joyn your friendly Pow'rs,  
 To raise and to defend the *Tyrian* Tow'rs; }  
 805 My Wealth, my City, and my Self are yours. }  
 And wou'd to Heav'n the Storm, you felt, wou'd bring  
 On *Carthaginian* Coasts your wand'ring King.  
 My People shall, by my Command, explore  
 The Ports and Creeks of ev'ry winding shore;  
 810 And Towns, and Wilds, and shady Woods, in quest  
 Of so renown'd and so desir'd a Guest.  
 Rais'd in his Mind the *Trojan* Heroe stood,  
 And long'd to break from out his Ambient Cloud;  
*Achates* found it; and thus urg'd his way;  
 815 From whence, O Goddess born, this long delay?  
 What more can you desire, your Welcome sure,  
 Your Fleet in safety, and your Friends secure?  
 One only wants; and him we saw in vain  
 Oppose the Storm, and swallow'd in the Main.

D d

*Orontes*

- 820 *Orontes* in his Fate our Forfeit paid,  
 The rest agrees with what your Mother said.  
 Scarce had he spoken, when the Cloud gave way,  
 The Mists flew upward, and dissolv'd in day.  
 The *Trojan* Chief appear'd in open fight,
- 825 August in Visage, and serenely bright.  
 His Mother Goddess, with her hands Divine,  
 Had form'd his Curling Locks, and made his Temples shine:  
 And giv'n his rowling Eyes a sparkling grace;  
 And breath'd a youthful vigour on his Face:
- 830 Like polish'd Iv'ry, beauteous to behold,  
 Or *Parian* Marble, when enchas'd in Gold:  
 Thus radiant from the circling Cloud he broke,  
 And thus with manly modesty he spoke.  
 He whom you seek am I: by Tempests tost,
- 835 And sav'd from Shipwreck on your *Lybian* Coast:  
 Presenting, gracious Queen, before your Throne,  
 A Prince that owes his Life to you alone.  
 Fair Majesty, the Refuge and Redress  
 Of those whom Fate pursues, and Wants oppresses.
- 840 You, who your pious Offices employ  
 To save the Reliques of abandon'd *Troy*;  
 Receive the Shipwreck'd on your friendly Shore,  
 With hospitable Rites relieve the Poor:  
 Associate in your Town a wandring Train,
- 845 And Strangers in your Palace entertain.  
 What thanks can wretched Fugitives return,  
 Who scatter'd thro' the World in exile mourn?  
 The Gods, (if Gods to Goodness are inclin'd,)  
 If Acts of mercy touch their Heav'nly Mind;
- 850 And more than all the Gods, your gen'rous heart,  
 Conscious of worth, requite its own desert!  
 In you this Age is happy, and this Earth:  
 And Parents more than Mortal gave you birth.

While



To the Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup> Elizabeth Countess  
 Dowager of Winchelsea &c.



While rowling Rivers into Seas shall run,  
 855 And round the space of Heav'n the radiant Sun;  
 While Trees the Mountain tops with Shades supply,  
 Your Honour, Name, and Praise shall never dye.  
 What e're abode my Fortune has assign'd,  
 Your Image shall be present in my Mind.  
 860 Thus having said; he turn'd with pious haft,  
 And joyful his expecting Friends embrac'd:  
 With his right hand *Ilioneus* was grac'd,  
*Sereftus* with his left; then to his breast  
*Cloanthus* and the Noble *Cyias* prest;  
 865 And so by turns descended to the rest.  
 The *Tyrian* Queen stood fix'd upon his Face,  
 Pleas'd with his motions, ravish'd with his grace:  
 Admir'd his Fortunes, more admir'd the Man;  
 Then recollected stood; and thus began.  
 870 What Fate, O Goddess born, what angry Pow'rs  
 Have cast you shipwreck'd on our barren Shores?  
 Are you the great *Aeneas*, known to Fame,  
 Who from Cœlestial Seed your Lineage claim!  
 The same *Aeneas* whom fair *Venus* bore  
 875 To fam'd *Anchises* on th' *Idæan* Shore?  
 It calls into my mind, tho' then a Child,  
 When *Teucer* came from *Salamis* exil'd;  
 And sought my Father's aid, to be restor'd:  
 My Father *Belus* then with Fire and Sword  
 880 Invaded *Cyprus*, made the Region bare,  
 And, Conqu'ring, finish'd the successful War.  
 From him the *Trojan* Siege I understood,  
 The *Grecian* Chiefs, and your Illustrious Blood.  
 Your Foe himself the *Dardan* Valour prais'd,  
 885 And his own Ancestry from *Trojans* rais'd.  
 Enter, my Noble Guest; and you shall find,  
 If not a costly welcome, yet a kind.

D d 2

For

For I my self, like you, have been distress'd;  
 Till Heav'n afforded me this place of rest.  
 890 Like you an Alien in a Land unknown;  
 I learn to pity Woes, so like my own.  
 She said, and to the Palace led her Guest,  
 Then offer'd Incense, and proclaim'd a Feast.  
 Nor yet less careful for her absent Friends,  
 895 Twice ten fat Oxen to the Ships she sends:  
 Besides a hundred Boars, a hundred Lambs,  
 With bleating cries, attend their Milky Dams.  
 And Jars of gen'rous Wine, and spacious Bowls,  
 She gives to cheer the Sailors drooping Souls.  
 900 Now Purple Hangings cloath the Palace Walls,  
 And sumptuous Feasts are made in splendid Halls:  
 On *Tyrian* Carpets, richly wrought, they dine;  
 With loads of Massy Plate the Side-boards shine.  
 And Antique Vases all of Gold Emboss'd;  
 905 (The Gold it self inferiour to the Cost:)  
 Of curious Work, where on the sides were seen  
 The Fights and Figures of illustrious Men;  
 From their first Founder to the present Queen.  
 The Good *Aeneas*, whose Paternal Care  
 910 *Iulus* absence could no longer bear,  
 Dispatch'd *Achates* to the Ships in hast,  
 To give a glad Relation of the past;  
 And, fraught with precious Gifts, to bring the Boy  
 Snatch'd from the Ruins of unhappy *Troy*:  
 915 A Robe of Tissue, stiff with golden Wire;  
 An upper Vest, once *Hellen's* rich Attire;  
 From *Argos* by the fam'd Adulteress brought,  
 With Golden flow'rs and winding foliage wrought;  
 Her Mother *Leda's* Present, when she came  
 920 To ruin *Troy*, and set the World on flame.

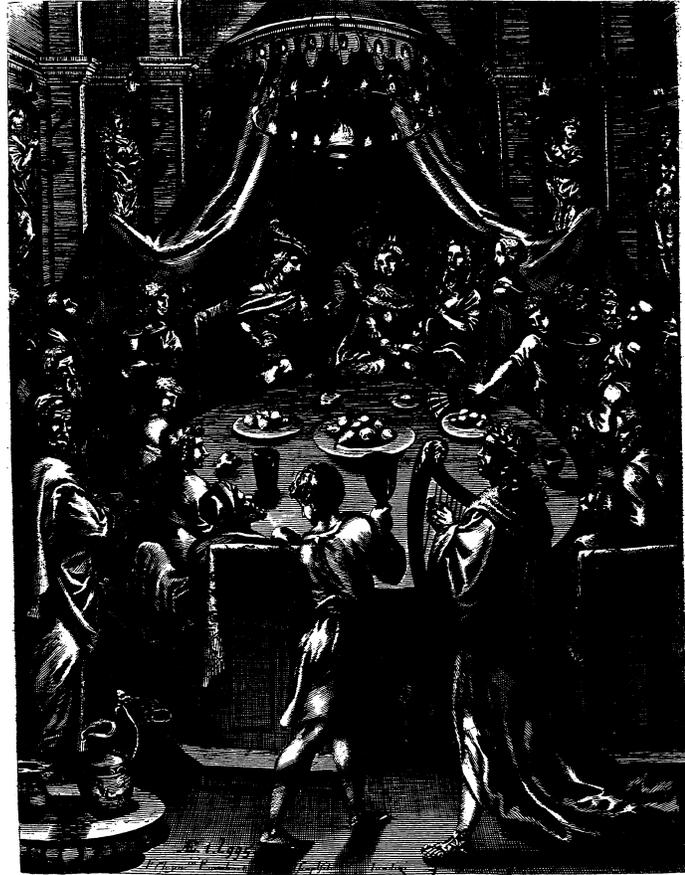
The

The Scepter *Priam's* eldest Daughter bore,  
 Her orient Necklace, and the Crown she wore;  
 Of double texture, glorious to behold;  
 One order set with Gems, and one with Gold.  
 925 Instructed thus, the wife *Achates* goes:  
 And in his diligence his duty shows.  
 But *Venus*, anxious for her Son's Affairs,  
 New Councils tries; and new Designs prepares:  
 That *Cupid* should assume the Shape and Face  
 930 Of sweet *Ascanius*, and the sprightly grace:  
 Shou'd bring the Presents, in her Nephews stead,  
 And in *Eliza's* Veins the gentle Poison shed.  
 For much the fear'd the *Tyrians*, double tongu'd,  
 And knew the Town to *Juno's* care belong'd.  
 935 These thoughts by Night her Golden Slumbers broke;  
 And thus alarm'd, to winged Love she spoke.  
 My Son, my strength, whose mighty Pow'r alone  
 Controuls the Thund'rer, on his awful Throne;  
 To thee thy much afflicted Mother flies,  
 940 And on thy Succour, and thy Faith relies.  
 Thou know'st, my Son, how *Jove's* revengeful Wife,  
 By force and Fraud, attempts thy Brother's life.  
 And often hast thou mourn'd with me his Pains:  
 Him *Dido* now with Blandishment detains;  
 945 But I suspect the Town where *Juno* reigns.  
 For this, 'tis needful to prevent her Art,  
 And fire with Love the proud *Phœnician's* heart.  
 A Love so violent, so fond, so sure,  
 That neither Age can change, nor Art can cure.  
 950 How this may be perform'd, now take my mind:  
*Ascanius*, by his Father is design'd  
 To come, with Presents, laden from the Port,  
 To gratifie the Queen, and gain the Court.

I

- I mean to plunge the Boy in pleasing Sleep,  
 955 And, raviſh'd, in *Idalian* Bow'rs to keep ;  
 Or high *Cythera* : That the ſweet Deceipt  
 May paſs unſeen, and none prevent the Cheat,  
 Take thou his Form and Shape. I beg the Grace  
 But only for a Night's revolving Space;  
 960 Thy ſelf a Boy, aſſume a Boy's diſſembled Face.  
 That when amidſt the fervour of the Feaſt,  
 The *Tyrian* hugs, and fonds thee on her Breaſt,  
 And with ſweet Kiſſes in her Arms conſtrains,  
 Thou may'ſt inſufe thy Venom in her Veins.  
 965 The God of Love obeys, and ſets aſide  
 His Bow, and Quiver, and his plummy Pride:  
 He walks *Iulus* in his Mother's Sight,  
 And in the ſweet Reſemblance takes Delight.  
 The Goddeſs then to young *Aſcanius* flies,  
 970 And in a pleaſing Slumber ſeals his Eyes;  
 Lull'd in her Lap, amidſt a Train of Loves,  
 She gently bears him to her bliſſful Groves:  
 Then with a Wreath of Myrtle crowns his Head,  
 And ſoftly lays him on a flow'ry Bed.  
 975 *Cupid* mean time aſſum'd his Form and Face,  
 Follow'ing *Achates* with a ſhorter Pace;  
 And brought the Gifts. The Queen, already ſate  
 Amidſt the *Trojan* Lords, in ſhining State,  
 High on a Golden Bed: Her Princely Gueſt  
 980 Was next her ſide, in order ſate the reſt.  
 Then Caniſters with Bread are heap'd on high,  
 Th' Attendants Water for their Hands ſupply;  
 And having waſh'd, with ſilken Towels dry.  
 Next fifty Handmaids in long order bore  
 985 The Cenſers, and with Fumes the Gods adore.  
 Then Youths, and Virgins twice as many, join  
 To place the Diſhes, and to ſerve the Wine.

The



To the most Hon.<sup>ble</sup> Ursula,  
 Marchioness of Normandy

The *Tyrian* Train, admitted to the Feast,  
 Approach, and on the painted Couches rest.  
 990 All on the *Trojan* Gifts, with Wonder gaze;  
 But view the beauteous Boy with more amaze.  
 His Rosy-colour'd Cheeks, his radiant Eyes,  
 His Motions, Voice, and Shape, and all the God's disguise:  
 Nor pass unprais'd the Velt and Veil Divine,  
 995 Which wand'ring Foliage and rich Flow'rs entwine.  
 But far above the rest, the Royal Dame,  
 (Already doom'd to Love's disastrous Flame;)  
 With Eyes insatiate, and tumultuous Joy,  
 Beholds the Presents, and admires the Boy.  
 1000 The guileful God, about his Father long,  
 With Children's play, and false Embraces hung;  
 Then fought the Queen: She took him to her Arms,  
 With greedy Pleasure, and devour'd his Charms.  
 Unhappy *Dido* little thought what Guest,  
 1005 How dire a God she drew so near her Breast.  
 But he, not mindless of his Mother's Pray'r,  
 Works in the pliant Bosom of the Fair;  
 And moulds her Heart anew, and blots her former Care. }  
 The dead is to the living Love resign'd,  
 1010 And all *Aeneas* enters in her Mind.  
 Now, when the Rage of Hunger was pleas'd,  
 The Meat remov'd, and ev'ry Guest was pleas'd;  
 The Golden Bowls with sparkling Wine are crown'd,  
 And through the Palace cheerful Cries resound.  
 1015 From gilded Roofs depending Lamps display  
 Nocturnal Beams, that emulate the Day.  
 A Golden Bowl, that shone with Gems Divine,  
 The Queen commanded to be crown'd with Wine;  
 The Bowl that *Belus* us'd, and all the *Tyrian* Line. }  
 1020 Then, Silence through the Hall proclaim'd, she spoke:  
 O hospitable *Jove*! we thus invoke,

With

With solemn Rites, thy sacred Name and Pow'r!  
 Bless to both Nations this auspicious Hour.  
 So may the *Trojan* and the *Tyrian* Line,  
 1025 In lasting Concord, from this Day combine.  
 Thou, *Bacchus*, God of Joys and friendly Cheer,  
 And gracious *Juno*, both be present here:  
 And you, my Lords of *Tyre*, your Vows address  
 To Heav'n with mine, to ratify the Peace.  
 1030 The Goblet then she took, with *Nestor* crown'd,  
 (Sprinkling the first Libations on the Ground.)  
 And rais'd it to her Mouth with sober Grace,  
 Then sipping, offer'd to the next in place.  
 'Twas *Bittias* whom she call'd, a thirsty Soul,  
 1035 He took the Challenge, and embrac'd the Bowl:  
 With Pleasure swill'd the Gold, nor ceas'd to draw,  
 'Till he the bottom of the Brimmer saw.  
 The Goblet goes around: *Iopas* brought  
 His Golden Lyre, and sung what ancient *Atlas* taught.  
 1040 The various Labours of the wand'ring Moon,  
 And whence proceed th' Eclipses of the Sun.  
 Th' Original of Men, and Beasts; and whence  
 The Rains arise, and Fires their Warmth dispence;  
 And fix'd, and erring Stars, dispose their Influence. }  
 1045 What shakes the solid Earth, what Cause delays  
 The Summer Nights, and shortens Winter Days.  
 With Peals of Shouts the *Tyrians* praise the Song;  
 Those Peals are echo'd by the *Trojan* Throng.  
 Th' unhappy Queen with Talk prolong'd the Night,  
 1050 And drank large Draughts of Love with vast Delight.  
 Of *Priam* much enquir'd, of *Hector* more;  
 Then ask'd what Arms the swarthy *Memnon* wore; }  
 What Troops he landed on the *Trojan* Shore.  
 The Steeds of *D'omedes* vary'd the Discourse,  
 1055 And fierce *Achilles*, with his matchless Force.

At

At length, as Fate and her ill Stars requir'd,  
 To hear the Series of the War desir'd.  
 Relate at large, my God-like Guest, she said,  
 The *Grecian* Stratagems, the Town betray'd;  
 1060 The fatal Issue of so long a War,  
 Your Flight, your Wand'rings, and your Woes declare.  
 For since on ev'ry Sea, on ev'ry Coast,  
 Your Men have been distress'd, your Navy tost,  
 Sev'n times the Sun has eicher Tropick view'd,  
 1065 The Winter banish'd, and the Spring renew'd.

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The

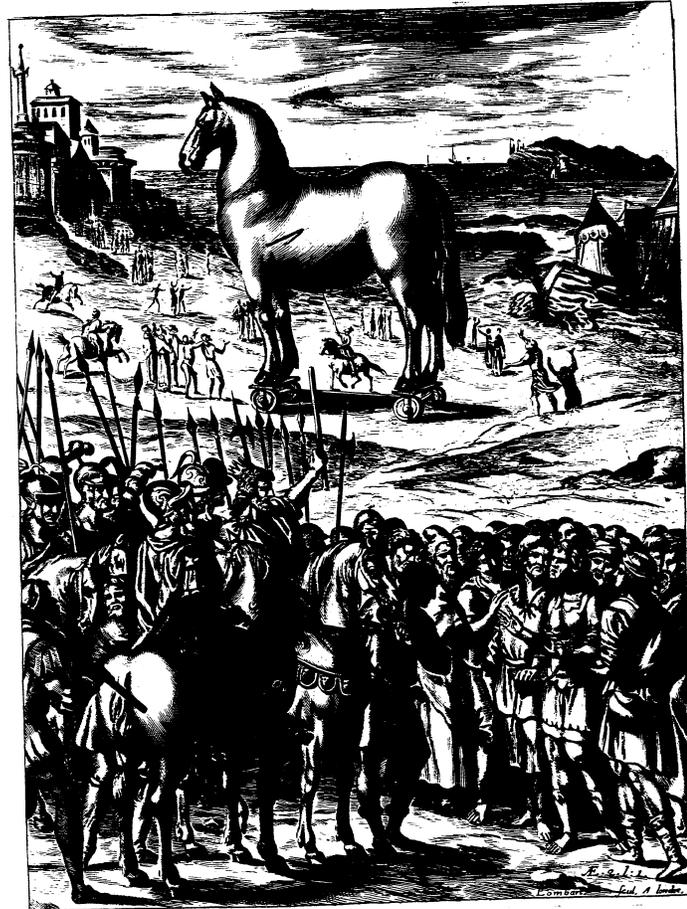
*The Second Book of the Æneis.*

**The Argument.**

*Æneas relates how the City of Troy was taken, after a Ten Years Siege, by the Treachery of Simon, and the Stratagem of a wooden Horse. He declares the first Resolution he had taken not to survive the Ruins of his Country, and the various Adventures he met with in the Defence of it: at last having been before advis'd by Hector's Ghost, and now by the Appearance of his Mother Venus, he is prevail'd upon to leave the Town, and settle his Household-Gods in another Country. in order to this, he carries off his Father on his Shoulders, and leads his little Son by the Hand, his Wife following him behind. When he comes to the Place appointed for the general Rendezvouze, he finds a great Confluence of People, but misses his Wife, whose Ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the Land which was design'd for him.*

**A**LL were attentive to the God-like Man;  
 When from the lofty Couch he thus began.  
 Great Queen, what you command me to relate,  
 Renews the sad remembrance of our Fate.  
 5 An Empire from its old Foundations rent,  
 And ev'ry Woe the Trojans underwent:  
 A Peop'l'd City made a Desert Place;  
 All that I saw, and part of which I was:  
 Not ev'n the hardest of our Foes cou'd hear,  
 10 Nor stern *Ulysses* tell without a Tear.  
 And now the latter Watch of waiting Night,  
 And setting Stars to kindly Rest invite.  
 But since you take such Int'rest in our Woe,  
 And *Troy's* disastrous end desire to know:  
 15 I will restrain my Tears, and briefly tell  
 What in our last and fatal Night befel.  
 By Destiny compell'd, and in Despair,  
 The Greeks grew weary of the tedious War:

And



*Most Illustrious*  
*Duke of Somerset*  
*Noble Order*



*Prince Charles*  
*Knights of y<sup>e</sup> most*  
*of y<sup>e</sup> Garter*

- And by *Minerva's* Aid a Fabrick rear'd,  
 20 Which like a Steed of monstrous height appear'd ;  
 The Sides were planck'd with Pine, they feign'd it made  
 For their Return, and this the Vow they paid.  
 Thus they pretend, but in the hollow Side,  
 Selected Numbers of their Souldiers hide :  
 25 With inward Arms the dire Machine they load,  
 With Iron Bowels stuff the dark Abode.  
 In sight of *Troy* lies *Tenedos*, an Isle,  
 (While Fortune did on *Priam's* Empire smile)  
 Renown'd for Wealth, but since a faithless Bay,  
 30 Where Ships expos'd to Wind and Weather lay.  
 There was their Fleet conceal'd : We thought for *Greece*  
 Their Sails were hoisted, and our Fears releas'd.  
 The *Trojans* coop'd within their Walls so long,  
 Unbar their Gates, and issue in a Throng,  
 35 Like swarming Bees, and with Delight survey  
 The Camp deserted, where the *Grecians* lay :  
 The Quarters of the sev'ral Chiefs they show'd,  
 Here *Phoenix*, here *Achilles* made abode, }  
 Here join'd the Battels, there the Navy rode.  
 40 Part on the Pile their wond'ring Eyes employ,  
 (The Pile by *Pallas* rais'd to ruin *Troy*.)  
*Thymetes* first 'tis doubtful whether hir'd,  
 Or so the *Trojan* Destiny requir'd)  
 Mov'd that the Ramparts might be broken down,  
 45 To lodge the fatal Engine in the Town.  
 But *Catys*, and the rest of founder Mind,  
 The fatal Present to the Flames design'd ;  
 Or to the watry deep : At least to bore  
 The hollow sides, and hidden Frauds explore :  
 50 The giddy Vulgar, as their Fancies guide,  
 With Noise say nothing, and in parts divide.

- Iacoon*, follow'd by a num'rous Crowd,  
 Ran from the Fort; and cry'd, from far, aloud;  
 O wretched Country-men! what Fury reigns?  
 55 What more than Madness has possess'd your Brains?  
 Think you the *Grecians* from your Coasts are gone,  
 And are *Ulysses* Arts no better known?  
 This hollow Fabrick either must inclose,  
 Within its blind Recefs, our secret Foes;  
 60 Or 'tis an Engine rais'd above the Town,  
 T'orelook the Walls, and then to batter down.  
 Somewhat is sure design'd; by Fraud or Force;  
 Trust not their Presents, nor admit the Horse.  
 Thus having said, against the Steed he threw  
 65 His forceful Spear, which, hissing as it flew,  
 Pierc'd through the yielding Planks of jointed Wood,  
 And trembling in the hollow Belly stood.  
 The sides transpierc'd, return a rattling Sound,  
 And Groans of *Greeks* inclos'd come issuing through the  
 Wound.  
 70 And had not Heav'n the fall of *Troy* design'd,  
 Or had not Men been fated to be blind.  
 Enough was said and done, t' inspire a better Mind:  
 Then had our Lances pierc'd the treach'rous Wood,  
 And *Ilian* Tow'rs, and *Priam's* Empire stood.  
 Mean time, with Shouts, the *Trojan* Shepherds bring  
 75 A captive *Greek* in Bands, before the King:  
 Taken, to take; who made himself their Prey,  
 T' impose on their Belief, and *Troy* betray.  
 Fix'd on his Aim, and obstinately bent  
 To die undaunted, or to circumvent.  
 80 About the Captive, tides of *Trojans* flow;  
 All press to see, and some insult the Foe.

Now

- 85 Now hear how well the *Greeks* their Wiles disguis'd,  
 Behold a Nation in a Man compris'd.  
 Trembling the Miscreant stood, unarm'd and bound,  
 He star'd, and rowl'd his hagger'd Eyes around:  
 Then said, Alas! what Earth remains, what Sea  
 90 Is open to receive unhappy me!  
 What Fate a wretched Fugitive attends,  
 Scorn'd by my Foes, abandon'd by my Friends.  
 He said, and sigh'd, and cast a ruful Eye:  
 Our Pity kindles, and our Passions dye.  
 95 We chear the Youth to make his own Defence,  
 And freely tell us what he was, and whence:  
 What News he cou'd impart, we long to know,  
 And what to credit from a captive Foe.  
 His fear at length dismiss'd, he said, what e're  
 100 My Fate ordains, my Words shall be sincere:  
 I neither can, nor dare my Birth disclaim,  
*Greece* is my Country, *Simon* is my Name:  
 Though plung'd by Fortune's Pow'r in Misery,  
 'Tis not in Fortune's Pow'r to make me lye.  
 105 If any chance has hither brought the Name  
 Of *Palamedes*, not unknown to Fame,  
 Who suffer'd from the Malice of the times;  
 Accus'd and sentenc'd for pretended Crimes:  
 Because these fatal Wars he would prevent;  
 110 Whose Death the wretched *Greeks* too late lament;  
 Me, then a Boy, my Father, poor and bare  
 Of other Means, committed to his Care:  
 His Kinsman and Companion in the War.  
 While Fortune favour'd, while his Arms support  
 115 The Cause, and rul'd the Counsels of the Court,  
 I made some figure there; nor was my Name  
 Obscure, nor I without my share of Fame.

But

- But when *Ulysses*, with fallacious Arts,  
Had made Impression in the Peoples Hearts;  
120 And forg'd a Treason in my Patron's Name,  
(I speak of things too far divulg'd by Fame)  
My Kinsman fell; then I, without support,  
In private mourn'd his Loss, and left the Court.  
Mad as I was, I could not bear his Fate  
125 With silent Grief, but loudly blam'd the State :  
And curs'd the direful Author of my Woes.  
'Twas told again, and hence my Ruin rose.  
I threatn'd, if indulgent Heav'n once more  
Wou'd land me safely on my Native Shore,  
130 His Death with double Vengeance to restore.  
This mov'd the Murderer's Hate, and soon ensu'd  
Th' Effects of Malice from a Man so proud.  
Ambiguous Rumors thro the Camp he spread,  
And fought, by Treason, my devoted Head:  
135 New Crimes invented, left unturn'd no Stone,  
To make my Guilt appear, and hide his own.  
'Till *Calchas* was by Force and Threatning wrought :  
But why——Why dwell I on that anxious Thought?  
If on my Nation just Revenge you seek,  
140 And 'tis t' appear a Foe, t' appear a *Greek* ;  
Already you my Name and Country know,  
Aswage your thirst of Blood, and strike the Blow :  
My Death will both the Kingly Brothers please,  
And set insatiate *Ithacus* at ease.  
145 This fair unfinish'd Tale, these broken starts,  
Rais'd expectations in our longing Hearts;  
Unknowing as we were in *Grecian* Arts.  
His former trembling once again renew'd,  
With acted Fear, the Villain thus pursu'd.  
150 Long had the *Grecians* (tir'd with fruitless Care,  
And weary'd with an unsuccessful War,)

Resolv'd

- Resolv'd to raise the Siege, and leave the Town;  
And had the Gods permitted, they had gone.  
But oft the Wintry Seas, and Southern Winds,  
155 Withstood their passage home, and chang'd their Minds.  
Portents and Prodigies their Souls amaz'd;  
But most, when this stupendous Pile was rais'd.  
Then flaming Meteors, hung in Air, were seen,  
And Thunders rattled through a Skie serene :  
160 Dismay'd, and fearful of some dire Event,  
*Eurypius*, t'enquire their Fate, was sent ;  
He from the Gods this dreadful Answer brought ;  
O *Grecians*, when the *Trojan* Shores you fought,  
Your Passage with a Virgin's Blood was bought :  
165 So must your safe Return be bought again ;  
And *Grecian* Blood, once more atone the Main.  
The spreading Rumour round the People ran ;  
All fear'd, and each believ'd himself the Man.  
*Ulysses* took th' advantage of their fright ;  
170 Call'd *Calchas*, and produc'd in open fight :  
Than bade him name the Wretch, ordain'd by Fate,  
The Publick Victim, to redeem the State.  
Already some presag'd the dire Event,  
And saw what Sacrifice *Ulysses* meant.  
175 For twice five days the good old Seer withstood  
Th' intended Treason, and was dumb to Blood.  
Till Tir'd with endless Clamours, and pursue  
Of *Ithacus*, he stood no longer Mute :  
But, as it was agreed, pronounc'd, that I  
180 Was destin'd by the wrathful Gods to die.  
All prais'd the Sentence, pleas'd the storm should fall  
On one alone, whose Fury threatn'd all.  
The dismal day was come, the Priests prepare  
Their leaven'd Cakes; and Fillers for my Hair.

I

- 185 I follow'd Natur's Laws, and must avow  
I broke my Bonds, and fled the fatal blow.  
Hid in a weedy Lake all Night I lay,  
Secure of Safety when they fail'd away.  
But now what further Hopes for me remain,  
190 To see my Friends or Native Soil again?  
My tender Infants, or my careful Sire,  
Whom they returning will to Death require?  
Will perpetrate on them their first Design,  
And take the forfeit of their heads for mine?
- 195 Which, O if Pity mortal Minds can move!  
If there be Faith below, or Gods above!  
If Innocence and Truth can claim desert,  
Ye *Trojans* from an injur'd Wretch avert.  
False Tears true Pity move: the King Commands  
200 To loose his Fetters, and unbind his hands:  
Then adds these friendly words; dismiss thy Fears,  
Forget the *Greeks*, be mine as thou wert theirs.  
But truly tell, was it for Force or Guile,  
Or some Religious End, you rais'd the Pile?
- 205 Thus said the King. He full of fraudulent Arts,  
This well invented Tale for Truth imparts.  
Ye Lamps of Heav'n! he said, and lifted high  
His hands now free, thou venerable Sky,  
Inviolable Pow'rs, ador'd with dread,  
210 Ye fatal Fillets, that once bound this head,  
Ye sacred Altars, from whose flames I fled!  
Be all of you adjur'd; and grant I may,  
Without a Crime, th' ungrateful *Greeks* betray!  
Reveal the Secrets of the guilty State,  
215 And justly punish whom I justly hate!  
But you, O King, preserve the Faith you gave,  
If I to save my self your Empire save.

The

- The *Grecian* Hopes, and all th' Attempts they made,  
Were only founded on *Minerva's* Aid.  
220 But from the time when impious *Diomedes*,  
And false *Ulysses*, that inventive Head,  
Her fatal Image from the Temple drew,  
The sleeping Guardians of the Castle slew,  
Her Virgin Statue with their bloody Hands  
225 Polluted, and prophan'd her holy Bands:  
From thence the Tide of Fortune left their Shore,  
And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd before:  
Their Courage languish'd, as their Hopes decay'd,  
And *Pallas*, now averse, refus'd her Aid.
- 230 Nor did the Goddess doubtfully declare  
Her alter'd Mind, and alienated Care:  
When first her fatal Image touch'd the Ground,  
She sternly cast her glaring Eyes around;  
That spark'd as they row'd, and seem'd to threat:  
235 Her Heav'nly Limbs distill'd a briny Sweat.  
Thrice from the Ground the leap'd, was seen to wield  
Her brandish'd Lance, and shake her horrid Shield.  
Then *Calchas* bad our Host for flight prepare,  
And hope no Conquest from the tedious War:  
240 Till first they fail'd for *Greece*; with Pray'rs besought  
Her injur'd Pow'r, and better Omens brought.  
And now their Navy ploughs the war'ry Main,  
Yet, soon expect it on your Shoars again,  
With *Pallas* pleas'd; as *Calchas* did ordain.
- 245 But first, to reconcile the blue-ey'd Maid,  
For her stoln Statue, and her Tow'r betray'd;  
Warn'd by the Seer, to her offended Name:  
We rais'd, and dedicate this wondrous Frame:  
So lofty, left through your forbidden Gates  
250 It pass, and intercept our better Fates.

Fi

Fef

For, once admitted there, our hopes are lost ;  
 And *Troy* may then a new *Palladium* boast.  
 For so Religion and the Gods ordain ;  
 That if you violate with Hands prophane  
 255 *Minerva's* Gift, your Town in Flames shall burn,  
 (Which Omen, O ye Gods, on *Grecia* turn!)  
 But if it climb, with your assisting Hands,  
 The *Trojan* Walls, and in the City stands ;  
 Then *Troy* shall *Argos* and *Mycene* burn,  
 260 And the reverse of Fate on us return.  
     With such Deceits he gain'd their easie Hearts,  
     Too prone to credit his perfidious Arts.  
     What *Diomede*, nor *Thetis* greater Son,  
     A thousand Ships, nor ten years Siege had done :  
 265 Falce Tears and fawning Words the City won.  
     A greater Omen, and of worse portent,  
     Did our unwary Minds with fear torment :  
     Concurring to produce the dire Event.  
     *Laocoon*, *Neptune's* Priest by Lot that Year,  
 270 With solemn pomp then sacrific'd a Steer.  
     When, dreadful to behold, from Sea we spy'd  
     Two Serpents rank'd abreast, the Seas divide,  
     And smoothly sweep along the swelling Tide.  
     Their flaming Crests above the Waves they show,  
 275 Their Bellies seem to burn the Seas below :  
     Their speckled Tails advance to steer their Course,  
     And on the founding Shoar the flying *Billows* force.  
     And now the Strand, and now the Plain they held,  
     Their ardent Eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd :  
 280 Their nimble Tongues they brandish'd as they came,  
     And lick'd their hissing Jaws, that sputter'd Flame.  
     We fled amaz'd ; their destin'd Way they take,  
     And to *Laocoon* and his Children make :

And



To the Right  
Earle of



Hon. James  
Salisbury

And first around the tender Boys they wind,  
 285 Then with their sharpen'd Fangs their Limbs and Bodies  
 The wretched Father, running to their Aid (grind.  
 With pious Haste, but vain, they next invade:  
 Twice round his waste their winding Volumes rowl'd,  
 And twice about his gaping Throat they fold.  
 290 The Priest, thus doubly choak'd, their Crests divide,  
 And tow'ring o're his Head, in Triumph ride.  
 With both his Hands he labours at the Knots,  
 His Holy Fillers the blue Venom blots:  
 His roaring fills the fitting Air around.  
 295 Thus, when an Oxe receives a glancing Wound,  
 He breaks his Bands, the fatal Altar flies,  
 And with loud Bellowings breaks the yielding Skies.  
 Their Tasks perform'd, the Serpents quit their prey,  
 And to the Tow'r of Pallas make their way:  
 300 Couch'd at her Feet, they lie protect'd there,  
 By her large Buckler, and protended Spear.  
 Amazement seizes all; the gen'ral Cry  
 Proclaims *Laocoon* justly doom'd to die.  
 Whose hand the Will of Pallas had withstood,  
 305 And dar'd to violate the Sacred Wood.  
 All vote t' admit the Steed, that Vows be paid,  
 And Incense offer'd to th' offended Maid.  
 A spacious Breach is made, the Town lies bare,  
 Some hoisting Leavers, some the Wheels prepare,  
 310 And fasten to the Horses Feet: the rest  
 With Cables haul along th' unweildy Beast.  
 Each on his Fellow for Assistance calls:  
 At length the fatal Fabrick mounts the Walls,  
 Big with Destruction. Boys with Chaplets crown'd,  
 315 And Quires of Virgins sing, and dance around.  
 Thus rais'd aloft, and then descending down,  
 It enters o're our Heads, and threatens the Town.

O sacred City! built by Hands Divine!  
 O valiant Heroes of the *Trojan* Line!  
 320 Four times he struck; as oft the clashing found  
 Of Arms was heard, and inward Groans rebound.  
 Yet mad with Zeal, and blinded with our Fate,  
 We hawl along the Horse, in solemn state;  
 Then place the dire Portent within the Tow'r.  
 325 *Cassandra* cry'd, and curs'd th' unhappy Hour;  
 Foretold our Fate; but by the Gods decree  
 All heard, and none believ'd the Prophecy.  
 With Branches we the Fanes adorn, and waft  
 In jollity, the Day ordain'd to be the last.  
 330 Mean time the rapid Heav'n's rowl'd down the Light,  
 And on the shaded Ocean rush'd the Night:  
 Our Men secure, nor Guards nor Centries held,  
 But easie Sleep their weary Limbs compell'd.  
 The *Grecians* had embark'd their Naval Pow'rs  
 335 From *Tenedos*, and fought our well known Shoats:  
 Safe under Covert of the silent Night,  
 And guided by th' Imperial Galley's light.  
 When *Simon*, favour'd by the Partial Gods,  
 Unlock'd the Horse, and op'd his dark abodes:  
 340 Restor'd to vital Air our hidden Foes,  
 Who joyful from their long Confinement rose.  
*Tylander* bold, and *Sibenehus* their Guide,  
 And dire *Ulysses* down the Cable slide:  
 Then *Thoas*, *Athamas*, and *Pyrrhus* hast;  
 345 Nor was the *Podalyrian* Heroe last:  
 Nor injur'd *Menelaus*, nor the fam'd  
*Epeus*, who the fatal Engine fram'd.  
 A nameless Crowd succeed; their Forces join  
 T' invade the Town, oppress'd with Sleep and Wine.  
 350 Those few they find awake, first meet their Fate,  
 Then to their Fellows they unbar the Gate.

'Twas

'Twas in the dead of Night, when Sleep repairs  
 Our Bodies worn with Toils, our Minds with Cares,  
 When *Hector's* Ghost before my fight appears:  
 355 A bloody Shrowd he seem'd, and bath'd in Tears.  
 Such as he was, when, by foul Treason slain,  
*Thessalian* Coursers drag'd him o're the Plain.  
 Swoln were his Feet, as when the Thongs were thrust  
 Through the bor'd holes, his Body black with dust.  
 360 Unlike that *Hector*, who return'd from toils  
 Of War Triumphant, in *Æacian* Spoils:  
 Or him, who made the fainting *Greeks* retire,  
 And lanch'd against their Navy *Phrygian* Fire.  
 His Hair and Beard stood stiffen'd with his gore;  
 365 And all the Wounds he for his Country bore,  
 Now stream'd afresh, and with new Purple ran:  
 I wept to see the visionary Man:  
 And while my Trance continu'd, thus began. }  
 O Light of *Trojans*, and Support of *Troy*,  
 370 Thy Father's Champion, and thy Country's Joy!  
 O, long expected by thy Friends! from whence  
 Art thou so late return'd for our Defence?  
 Do we behold thee, weary'd as we are,  
 With length of Labours, and with Toils of War?  
 375 After so many Fun'ral's of thy own,  
 Art thou restor'd to thy declining Town?  
 But say, what Wounds are these? What new Disgrace  
 Deforms the Manly Features of thy Face?  
 To this the Spectre no Reply did frame;  
 380 But answer'd to the Cause for which he came:  
 And, groaning from the bottom of his Breast,  
 This Warning, in these mournful Words express'd.  
 O Goddess-born! escape, by timely flight,  
 The Flames, and Horrors of this fatal Night.

The

- 385 The Foes already have possess'd the Wall,  
*Troy* nods from high, and totters to her Fall.  
 Enough is paid to *Priam's* Royal Name,  
 More than enough to Duty and to Fame.  
 If by a Mortal Hand my Father's Throne  
 390 Cou'd be defended, 'twas by mine alone:  
 Now *Troy* to thee commends her future State,  
 And gives her Gods Companions of thy Fate:  
 From their assistance happier Walls expect,  
 Which, wand'ring long, at last thou shalt erect.  
 395 He said, and brought me, from their blest abodes,  
 The venerable Statues of the Gods:  
 With ancient *Vesta* from the sacred Quire,  
 The Wreaths and Relicks of th' Immortal Fire.  
 Now peals of Shouts come thund'ring from afar,  
 400 Cries, Threats, and loud Laments, and mingl'd War:  
 The Noise approaches, though our Palace stood  
 Aloof from Streets, encompass'd with a Wood.  
 Louder, and yet more loud, I hear th' Allarms  
 Of Human Cries distinct, and clashing Arms:  
 405 Fear broke my Slumbers; I no longer stay,  
 But mount the Terrass, thence the Town survey,  
 And hearken what the frightful Sounds convey. }  
 Thus when a flood of Fire by Winds is born,  
 Crackling it rowls, and mows the standing Corn:  
 410 Or Deluges, descending on the Plains, }  
 Sweep o're the yellow Year, destroy the pains  
 Of lab'ring Oxen, and the Peasant's gains:  
 Uuroot the Forrest Oaks, and bear away  
 Flocks, Folds, and Trees, an undistinguish'd Prey.  
 415 The Shepherd climbs the Cliff, and sees from far,  
 The wastful Ravage of the war'ry War.  
 Then *Hector's* Faith was manifestly clear'd;  
 The *Grecian* Frauds in open light appear'd.

The

- The Palace of *Deiphobus* ascends  
 420 In smoaky Flames, and catches on his Friends.  
*Meleagon* burns next, the Seas are bright  
 With splendor, not their own; and shine with *Trojan* light.  
 New Clamours, and new Clangors now arise,  
 The found of Trumpets mix'd with fighting cries.  
 425 With frenzy seiz'd, I run to meet th' Allarms,  
 Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in Arms.  
 But first to gather Friends, with them t'oppose,  
 If Fortune favour'd, and repel the Foes.  
 Spurr'd by my courage, by my Country fir'd;  
 430 With sense of Honour, and Revenge inspir'd.  
*Pantheus*, *Apollo's* Priest, a sacred Name,  
 Had scap'd the *Grecian* Swords, and pass'd the Flame;  
 With Reliques loaden, to my Doors he fled,  
 And by the hand his tender Grand-son led.  
 435 What hope, O *Pantheus*! whither can we run?  
 Where make a stand? and what may yet be done?  
 Scarce had I said, when *Pantheus*, with a groan,  
*Troy* is no more, and *Ilium* was a Town!  
 The fatal Day, th' appointed Hour is come,  
 440 When wrathful *Jove's* irrevocable doom  
 Transfers the *Trojan* State to *Grecian* hands.  
 The Fire consumes the Town, the Foe commands:  
 And armed Hosts, an unexpected Force,  
 Break from the Bowels of the fatal Horc.  
 445 Within the Gates, proud *Siam* throws about  
 The flames, and Foes for entrance press without.  
 With thousand others, whom I fear to name,  
 More than from *Argos*, or *Mycene* came.  
 To sev'ral Posts their Parties they divide;  
 450 Some block the narrow Streets, some scour the wide.  
 The bold they kill, th' unwary they surpris;  
 Who fights finds Death, and Death finds him who flies.

The

The Warders of the Gate but scarce maintain  
 Th' unequal Combat, and resist in vain.  
 455 I Heard; and Heav'n, that well-born Souls inspires,  
 Prompts me, thro' lifted Swords, and rising Fires  
 To run, where clashing Arms and Clamour calls,  
 And rush undaunted to defend the Walls.  
*Ripheus* and *Iphitus* by my side engage,  
 460 For Valour one Renown'd, and one for Age.  
*Dymas* and *Hyanis* by Moonlight knew  
 My motions, and my Meen, and to my Party drew;  
 With young *Chorebus*, who by Love was led  
 To win Renown, and fair *Cassandra's* Bed;  
 465 And lately brought his Troops to *Priam's* aid:  
 Forewarn'd in vain, by the Prophetic Maid.  
 Whom, when I saw, resolv'd in Arms to fall,  
 And that one Spirit animated all;  
 Brave Souls, said I, but Brave, alas! in vain:  
 470 Come, finish what our Cruel Fates ordain.  
 You see the desperate state of our Affairs;  
 And Heav'n's protecting Pow'rs are deaf to Pray'rs.  
 The passive Gods behold the *Greeks* defile  
 Their Temples, and abandon to the Spoil  
 475 Their own Abodes: we, feeble few, conspire  
 To save a sinking Town, involv'd in Fire.  
 Then let us fall, but fall amidst our Foes,  
 Despair of Life, the Means of Living shows.  
 So fierce a Speech encourag'd their desire  
 480 Of Death, and added fuel to their fire.  
 As hungry Wolves, with raging appetite,  
 Scour thro' the fields, nor fear the stormy Night;  
 Their Whelps at home expect the promis'd Food,  
 And long to temper their dry Chaps in Blood:  
 485 So rush'd we forth at once, resolv'd to die,  
 Resolv'd in Death the last Extreams to try.

We

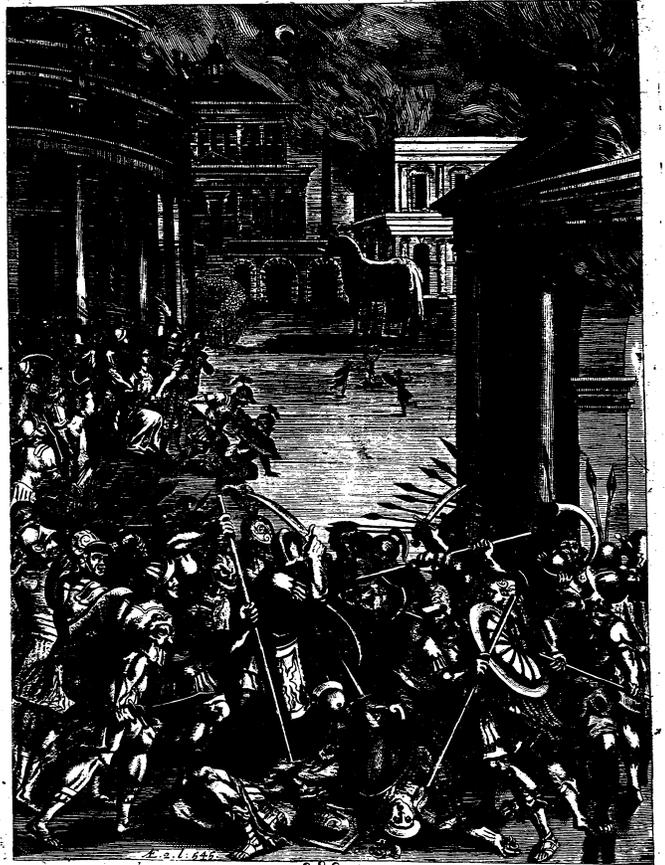
We leave the narrow Lanes behind, and dare  
 Th' unequal Combat in the publick Square:  
 Night was our Friend, our Leader was Despair.  
 490 What Tongue can tell the Slaughter of that Night?  
 What Eyes can weep the Sorrows and Affright!  
 An ancient and imperial City falls,  
 The Streets are fill'd with frequent Funerals:  
 Houfes and Holy Temples float in Blood,  
 495 And hostile Nations make a common Flood.  
 Not only *Trojans* fall, but in their turn,  
 The vanquish'd Triumph, and the Victors mourn.  
 Ours take new Courage from Despair and Night;  
 Confus'd the Fortune is, confus'd the Fight.  
 500 All parts resound with Tumults, Complaints, and Fears,  
 And grisly Death in sundry shapes appears.  
*Androgeos* fell among us, with his Band,  
 Who thought us *Grecians* newly come to Land:  
 From whence, said he, my Friends this long delay?  
 505 You loiter, while the Spoils are born away:  
 Our Ships are laden with the *Trojan* Store,  
 And you like Truants come too late ashore.  
 He said, but soon corrected his Mistake,  
 Found, by the doubtful Answers which we make:  
 510 Amaz'd, he wou'd have thun'd th' unequal Fight,  
 But we, more num'rous, intercept his flight.  
 As when some Peasant in a bushy Brake,  
 Has with unwary Footing press'd a Snake;  
 He starts aside, astonish'd, when he spies  
 515 His rising Crest, blue Neck, and rowling Eyes;  
 So from our Arms, surpriz'd *Androgeos* flies.  
 In vain; for him and his we compass'd round,  
 Possess'd with Fear, unknowing of the Ground;  
 And of their Lives an easy Conquest found.

G g

Thus

- 520 Thus Fortune on our first Endeavour smil'd :  
*Choræbus* then, with youthful Hopes beguil'd,  
 Swoln with Succes, and of a daring Mind,  
 This new Invention fatally design'd.  
 My Friends, said he, since Fortune shows the way,  
 525 'Tis fit we shou'd th' auspicious Guide obey.  
 For what has she these *Grecian* Arms bestow'd,  
 But their Destruction, and the *Trojans* good ?  
 Then change we Shields, and their Devices bear,  
 Let Fraud supply the want of Force in War.  
 530 They find us Arms ; this said, himself he dress'd  
 In dead *Androgeos's* Spoils, his upper Vest,  
 His painted Buckler, and his plumy Crest.  
 Thus *Ripheus*, *Dymas*, all the *Trojan* Train  
 Lay down their own Attire, and strip the slain.  
 535 Mix'd with the *Greeks*, we go with ill Prefage,  
 Flatter'd with hopes to glut our greedy Rage :  
 Unknöwn, assaulting whom we blindly meet,  
 And strew, with *Grecian* Carcasses, the Street.  
 Thus while their stragling Parties we defeat,  
 540 Some to the Shoar and safer Ships retreat :  
 And some oppress'd with more ignoble Fear,  
 Remount the hollow Horse, and pant in secret there.  
 But ah ! what use of Valour can be made,  
 When Heav'ns propitious Pow'rs refuse their Aid !  
 545 Behold the royal Prophetess, the Fair  
*Cassandra*, drag'd by her dishevel'd Hair ;  
 Whom not *Minerva's* Shrine, nor sacred Bands,  
 In safety cou'd protect from sacrilegious Hands :  
 On Heav'n the cast her Eyes, she sigh'd, she cry'd,  
 550 ('Twas all she cou'd) her tender Arms were ty'd.  
 So sad a Sight *Choræbus* cou'd not bear,  
 But fir'd with Rage, distracted with Despair ;

Amid



To the Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup>  
 of Inchuquin in the  
 William O'Bryen Earle,  
 Kingdom of Ireland &c

Amid the barb'rous Ravishers he flew :  
 Our Leader's rash Example we pursue.  
 555 But storms of Stones, from the proud Temple's height,  
 Pour down, and on our batter'd Helms alight.  
 We from our Friends receiv'd this fatal Blow,  
 Who thought us *Grecians*, as we seem'd in show.  
 They aim at the mistaken Crests, from high,  
 560 And ours beneath the pond'rous Ruin lie.  
 Then, mov'd with Anger and Disdain, to see  
 Their Troops dispers'd, the Royal Virgin free :  
 The *Grecians* rally, and their Pow'rs unite ;  
 With Fury charge us, and renew the Fight.  
 565 The Brother-Kings with *Ajax* join their force,  
 And the whole Squadron of *Theffalian* Horfe.  
 Thus, when the Rival Winds their Quarrel try,  
 Contending for the Kingdom of the Skie ;  
 South, East, and West, on airy Coursers born,  
 570 The Whirlwind gathers, and the Woods are torn :  
 Then *Nereus* strikes the deep, the Billows rise,  
 And, mix'd with Ooze and Sand, pollute the Skies.  
 The Troops we squander'd first, again appear  
 From sev'ral Quarters, and enclose the Rear.  
 575 They first observe, and to the rest betray  
 Our diff'rent Speech ; our borrow'd Arms survey.  
 Oppress'd with odds, we fall ; *Chorabus* first,  
 At *Pallas's* Altar, by *Peneleus* pierc'd.  
 Then *Ripheus* follow'd, in th' unequal Fight ;  
 580 Just of his Word, observant of the right ;  
 Heav'n thought not so : *Dymas* their Fate attends,  
 With *Hypenis*, mistaken by their Friends.  
 Nor *Pantheus*, thee, thy Mitre nor the Bands  
 Of awful *Phœbus*, sav'd from impious Hands.  
 585 Ye *Trojan* Flames your Testimony bear,  
 What I perform'd, and what I suffer'd there :

No Sword avoiding in the fatal Strife,  
 Expos'd to Death, and prodigal of Life.  
 Witness, ye Heav'ns! I live not by my Fault,  
 590 I strove to have deserv'd the Death I fought.  
 But when I cou'd not fight, and wou'd have dy'd,  
 Born off to distance by the growing Tide,  
 Old *Iphitus* and I were hurry'd thence,  
 With *Pelias* wounded, and without Defence.  
 595 New Clamors from th' invested Palace ring;  
 We run to die, or disengage the King.  
 So hot th' Assault, so high the Tumult rose,  
 While ours defend, and while the *Greeks* oppose;  
 As all the *Dardan* and *Argolick* Race  
 600 Had been contracted in that narrow Space:  
 Or as all *Ilium* else were void of Fear,  
 And Tumult, War, and Slaughter only there.  
 Their Targets in a Tortoise cast, the Foes  
 Secure advancing, to the Turrets rose:  
 605 Some mount the scaling Ladders, some more bold  
 Swerve upwards, and by Posts and Pillars hold:  
 Their left hand gripes their Bucklers, in th' ascent,  
 While with the right they seize the Battlement.  
 From their demolish'd Tow'rs the *Trojans* throw  
 610 Huge heaps of Stones, that falling, crush the Foe:  
 And heavy Beams, and Rafter's from the sides,  
 (Such Arms their last necessity provides)  
 And gilded Roofs come tumbling from on high,  
 The marks of State, and ancient Royalty.  
 615 The Guards below, fix'd in the Pass, attend  
 The Charge undaunted, and the Gate defend.  
 Renew'd in Courage with recover'd Breath,  
 A second time we ran to tempt our Death:  
 To clear the Palace from the Foe, succeed  
 620 The weary living, and revenge the dead.

A

A Postern-door, yet unobserv'd and free,  
 Join'd by the length of a blind Gallery,  
 To the King's Closet led; a way well known  
 To *Hector's* Wife, while *Priam* held the Throne:  
 625 Through which she brought *Achilles*, unseen,  
 To cheer his Grandfire, and his Grandfire's Queen.  
 Through this we pass, and mount the Tow'r, from whence  
 With unavailing Arms the *Trojans* make defence.  
 From this the trembling King had oft descry'd  
 630 The *Grecian* Camp, and saw their Navy ride.  
 Beams from its lofty height with Swords we hew;  
 Then wrenching with our hands, th' Assault renew.  
 And where the Rafter's on the Columns meet,  
 We push them headlong with our Arms and Feet.  
 635 The Lightning flies not swifter than the Fall;  
 Nor Thunder louder than the ruin'd Wall:  
 Down goes the top at once; the *Greeks* beneath  
 Are piecemeal torn, or pounded into Death.  
 Yet more succeed, and more to death are sent;  
 640 We cease not from above, nor they below relent.  
 Before the Gate stood *Pyrrhus*, threat'ning loud,  
 With glittering Arms conspicuous in the Crowd.  
 So shines, renew'd in Youth, the crested Snake,  
 Who slept the Winter in a thorny Brake:  
 645 And casting off his Slough, when Spring returns,  
 Now looks aloft, and with new Glory burns:  
 Restor'd with poisonous Herbs, his ardent sides  
 Reflect the Sun, and rais'd on Spires he rides:  
 High o're the Grass, hissing he rows along,  
 650 And brandishes by fits his forked Tongue.  
 Proud *Periphas*, and fierce *Automedon*,  
 His Father's Charioteer, together run  
 To force the Gate: The *Scyrian* Infantry  
 Rush on in Crowds, and the barr'd Passage free.

Ent'ring

- 655 Ent'ring the Court, with Shouts the Skies they rend,  
And flaming Firebrands to the Roofs ascend.  
Himself, among the foremost, deals his Blows,  
And with his Axe repeated Stroaks bestows  
On the strong Doors: then all their Shoulders ply,  
660 'Till from the Posts the brazen Hinges fly.  
He hews apace, the double Bars at length  
Yield to his Ax, and unresisted Strength.  
A mighty Breach is made; the Rooms conceal'd  
Appear, and all the Palace is reveal'd.  
665 The Halls of Audience, and of publick State,  
And where the lonely Queen in secret fate.  
Arm'd Souldiers now by trembling Maids are seen,  
With not a Door, and scarce a Space between.  
The Houfe is fill'd with loud Laments and Cries,  
670 And Shrieks of Women rend the vaulted Skies.  
The fearful Matrons run from place to place,  
And kiss the Thresholds, and the Posts embrace.  
The fatal work inhuman *Pyrhus* plies,  
And all his Father sparkles in his Eyes.  
675 Nor Bars, nor fighting Guards his force sustain;  
The Bars are broken, and the Guards are slain.  
In rush the *Greeks*, and all the Apartments fill;  
Thofe few Defendants whom they find, they kill.  
Not with so fierce a Rage, the foaming Flood  
680 Roars, when he finds his rapid Course withstood:  
Bears down the Dams with unresisted sway,  
And sweeps the Cattle and the Cots away.  
These Eyes beheld him, when he march'd between  
The Brother-Kings: I saw th' unhappy Queen,  
685 The hundred Wives, and where old *Priam* stood,  
To stain his hallow'd Altar with his Blood.  
The fifty Nuptial Beds: (such Hopes had he,  
So large a Promise of a Progeny.)

The

- The Posts of plated Gold, and hung with Spoils,  
690 Fell the Reward of the proud Victor's Toils.  
Where e're the raging Fire had left a space,  
The *Grecians* enter, and possess the Place.  
Perhaps you may of *Priam's* Fate enquire.  
He, when he saw his Regal Town on fire,  
695 His ruin'd Palace, and his ent'ring Foes,  
On ev'ry side inevitable woes;  
In Arms, diffus'd, invests his Limbs decay'd  
Like them, with Age; a late and useless aid.  
His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain:  
700 Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along, with pain;  
Despairing of Success; ambitious to be slain!  
Uncover'd but by Heav'n, there stood in view  
An Altar; near the hearth a Lawrel grew;  
Dodder'd with Age, whose Boughs encompass round  
705 The Household Gods, and shade the holy Ground.  
Here *Hecuba*, with all her helpless Train  
Of Dames, for shelter sought, but fought in vain.  
Driv'n like a Flock of Doves along the skie,  
Their Images they hugg, and to their Altars fly.  
710 The Queen, when she beheld her trembling Lord,  
And hanging by his side a heavy Sword,  
What Rage, she cry'd, has seiz'd my Husband's mind;  
What Arms are these, and to what use design'd?  
These times want other aids: were *Hector* here,  
715 Ev'n *Hector* now in vain, like *Priam* wou'd appear.  
With us, one common shelter thou shalt find,  
Or in one common Fate with us be join'd.  
She said, and with a last Salute embrac'd  
The poor old Man, and by the Lawrel plac'd.  
720 Behold *Polites*, one of *Priam's* Sons,  
Pursu'd by *Pyrhus*, there for safety runs.

Thro

Thro Swords, and Foes, amaz'd and hurt, he flies  
 Through empty Courts, and open Galleries:  
 Him *Pyrrhus*, urging with his Lance, pursues;  
 725 And often reaches, and his thrusts renews.  
 The Youth transfix'd, with lamentable Cries  
 Expires, before his wretched Parent's Eyes.  
 Whom, gasping at his feet, when *Priam* saw,  
 The Fear of death gave place to Nature's Law.  
 730 And shaking more with Anger, than with Age,  
 The Gods, said He, requite thy brutal Rage:  
 As sure they will, Barbarian, sure they must,  
 If there be Gods in Heav'n, and Gods be just:  
 Who tak't in Wrongs an insolent delight;  
 735 With a Son's death t'inflect a Father's fight.  
 Not He, whom thou and lying Fame conspire  
 To call thee his; Not He, thy vaunted Sire,  
 Thus us'd my wretched Age: The Gods he fear'd,  
 The Laws of Nature and of Nations heard.  
 740 He cheer'd my Sorrows, and for Sums of Gold  
 The bloodless Carcass of my *Hector* fold.  
 Pity'd the Woes a Parent underwent,  
 And sent me back in safety from his Tent.  
 This said, his feeble hand a Javelin threw,  
 745 Which flutt'ring, seem'd to loiter as it flew:  
 Just, and but barely, to the Mark it held,  
 And faintly tinck'd on the Brazen Shield.  
 Then *Pyrrhus* thus: go thou from me to Fate;  
 And to my Father my foul deeds relate.  
 750 Now dye: with that he dragg'd the trembling Sire,  
 Slidd'ring through clott'rd Blood, and holy Mire,  
 (The mingl'd Paste his murder'd Son had made,  
 Haul'd from beneath the violated Shade;  
 And on the Sacred Pile, the Royal Victim laid.

}  
 His



*To y<sup>e</sup> Right Hon<sup>ble</sup>*  
*of Orrery Baron*

*Roger Earle*  
*of Broghill &c*

- 755 His right Hand held his bloody Fauchion bare ;  
 His left he twisted in his hoary Hair :  
 Then, with a speeding Thrust, his Heart he found :  
 The lukewarm Blood came rushing through the wound, }  
 And sanguine Streams distain'd the sacred Ground. }
- 760 Thus Priam fell: and shar'd one common Fate  
 With Troy in Athes, and his ruin'd State:  
 He, who the Scepter of all Asia sway'd,  
 Whom Monarchs like domestick Slaves obey'd,  
 On the bleak Shoar now lies th' abandon'd King,
- 765 \* A headless Carcass, and a nameless thing.  
 Then, not before, I felt my cruddled Blood  
 Congeal with Fear; my Hair with horror stood :  
 My Father's Image fill'd my pious Mind ;  
 Left equal Years might equal Fortune find.
- 770 Again I thought on my forsaken Wife ;  
 And trembl'd for my Son's abandon'd Life.  
 I look'd about; but found my self alone:  
 Deserted at my need, my Friends were gone.  
 Some spent with Toil, some with Despair oppress'd,
- 775 Leap'd headlong from the Heights; the Flames consum'd the  
 Thus, wand'ring in my way, without a Guide, (rest.  
 The gracclés Helen in the Porch I spy'd  
 Of Vesta's Temple: there she lurk'd alone ;  
 Muffled the fate, and what she cou'd, unknown :
- 780 But, by the Flames, that cast their Blaze around,  
 That common Bane of Greece and Troy, I found.  
 For Ilium burnt; she dreads the Trojan Sword ;  
 More dreads the Vengeance of her injur'd Lord ; }  
 Ev'n by those Gods, who' resug'd her, abhorr'd. }
- 785 Trembling with Rage, the Strumpet I regard ;  
 Resolv'd to give her Guilt the due reward.  
 Shall she triumphant sail before the Wind,  
 And leave in Flames, unhappy Troy behind?

\* This whole line is taken from Sir John Denham.

H h

Shall

- Shall she, her Kingdom and her Friends review,  
 790 In State attended with a Captive Crew;  
 While unreveng'd the good old Priam falls,  
 And Grecian Fires consume the Trojan Walls?  
 For this the Phrygian Fields, and Xanthian Flood  
 Were swell'd with Bodies, and were drunk with Blood?
- 795 'Tis true a Souldier can small Honour gain,  
 And boast no Conquest from a Woman slain:  
 Yet shall the Fact not pass without Applause,  
 Of Vengeance taken in so just a Cause.  
 The punish'd Crime shall set my Soul at ease:
- 800 And murmur'ing Manes of my Friends appease.  
 Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleasing Light  
 Spread o're the Place, and shining Heav'nly bright,  
 My Mother stood reveal'd before my Sight.  
 Never so radiant did her Eyes appear;
- 805 Not her own Star confess'd a Light so clear.  
 Great in her Charms, as when on Gods above  
 She looks, and breaths her self into their Love.  
 She held my hand, the destin'd Blow to break:  
 Then from her rosie Lips began to speak.
- 810 My Son, from whence this Madness, this neglect  
 Of my Commands, and those whom I protect?  
 Why this unmanly Rage? Recall to mind  
 Whom you forsake, what Pledges leave behind.  
 Look if your helpless Father yet survive;
- 815 Or if *Arcanus*, or *Crensa* live.  
 Around your House the greedy *Grecians* err;  
 And these had perish'd in the nightly War,  
 But for my Presence and protecting Care.  
 Not *Helen's* Face, nor *Paris* was in fault;
- 820 But by the Gods was this Destruction brought.  
 Now cast your Eyes around; while I dissolve  
 The Mists and Films that mortal Eyes involve:

Purge

- Purge from your fight the Dross, and make you see  
 The Shape of each avenging Deity.
- 825 Enlighten'd thus, my just Commands fulfill;  
 Nor fear Obedience to your Mother's Will.  
 Where yon disorder'd heap of Ruin lies,  
 Stones rent from Stones, where Clouds of dust arise,  
 Amid that smother, *Neptune* holds his place:
- 830 Below the Wall's foundation drives his Mace:  
 And heaves the Building from the solid Base.  
 Look where, in Arms, Imperial *Juno* stands,  
 Full in the *Scean* Gate, with loud Commands;  
 Urging on Shore the tardy *Grecian* Bands.
- 835 See *Pallas*, of her snaky Buckler proud,  
 Befrides the Tow'r, refulgent through the Cloud:  
 See *Jove* new Courage to the Foe supplies,  
 And arms against the Town, the partial Deities.  
 Hasten hence, my Son; this fruitless Labour end:
- 840 Hasten where your trembling Spouse, and Sire attend:  
 Hasten, and a Mother's Care your Passage shall befriend.  
 She said: and swiftly vanish'd from my Sight,  
 Obscure in Clouds, and gloomy Shades of Night.  
 I look'd, I listen'd; dreadful Sounds I hear;
- 845 And the dire Forms of hostile Gods appear.  
*Troy* sunk in Flames I saw, nor could prevent;  
 And *Ilium* from its old Foundations rent.  
 Rent like a Mountain Ash, which dar'd the Winds;  
 And stood the sturdy Stroaks of lab'ring Hinds:
- 850 About the Roots the cruel Ax refunds,  
 The Stumps are pierc'd, with oft repeated Wounds.  
 The War is felt on high, the nodding Crown  
 Now threatens a Fall, and throws the leafy Honours down.  
 To their united Force it yields, though late;
- 855 And mourns with mortal Groans th' approaching Fate:

H h 2

The

- The Roots no more their upper load sustain,  
 But down she falls, and spreads a ruin thro' the Plain.  
 Descending thence, I scape through Foes, and Fire:  
 Before the Goddess, Foes and Flames retire.
- 860 Arriv'd at home, he for whose only sake,  
 Or most for his, such Toils I undertake,  
 The good *Anchises*, whom, by timely Flight,  
 I purpos'd to secure on *Ida's* height,  
 Refus'd the Journey: Resolute to die,
- 865 And add his Fun'rals to the fate of *Troy*:  
 Rather than Exile and old Age sustain.  
 Go you, whose Blood runs warm in ev'ry Vein:  
 Had Heav'n decreed that I shou'd Life enjoy,  
 Heav'n had decreed to save unhappy *Troy*.
- 870 'Tis sure enough, if not too much for one;  
 Twice to have seen our *Ilium* overthrown.  
 Make haste to save the poor remaining Crew;  
 And give this useles Corpse a long Adieu.  
 These weak old Hands suffice to stop my Breath:
- 875 At least the pitying Foes will aid my Death,  
 To take my Spoils: and leave my Body bare:  
 As for my Sepulchre let Heav'n take Care.  
 'Tis long since I, for my Cœlestial Wife,  
 Loath'd by the Gods, have drag'd a lingering Life:
- 880 Since ev'ry Hour and Moment I expire,  
 Blasted from Heav'n by *Jove's* avenging Fire.  
 This oft repeated, he stood fix'd to die:  
 My self, my Wife, my Son, my Family,  
 Intreat, pray, beg, and raise a doleful Cry.
- 885 What, will he still persist, on Death resolve,  
 And in his Ruin all his House involve!  
 He still persists, his reasons to maintain;  
 Our Pray'rs, our Tears, our loud Laments are vain.  
 Urg'd by Despair, again I go to try
- 890 The fate of Arms, resolv'd in Fight to die.

What hope remains, but what my Death must give?  
 Can I without so dear a Father live?  
 You term it Prudence, what I Batenes call:  
 Cou'd such a Word from such a Parent fall?

895 If Fortune please, and so the Gods ordain,  
 That nothing shou'd of ruin'd Troy remain:  
 And you conspire with Fortune, to be slain;  
 The way to Death is wide, th' Approaches near:  
 For soon relentles Pyrrhus will appear,

900 Reeking with Priam's Blood: The wretch who flew  
 The Son (inhuman) in the Father's view,  
 And then the Sire himself, to the dire Altar drew.

O Goddess Mother, give me back to fate;  
 Your Gift was undefir'd, and came too late.

905 Did you for this, unhappy me convey  
 Through Foes and Fires to see my House a Prey?  
 Shall I, my Father, Wife, and Son, behold  
 Weltring in Blood, each others Arms infold?  
 Haste, gird my Sword, tho' spent, and overcome:

910 'Tis the last Summons to receive our Doom.  
 I hear thee, Fate, and I obey thy Call:  
 Not unreveng'd the Foe shall see my Fall.  
 Restore me to the yet unfinish'd Fight:  
 My Death is wanting to conclude the Night.

915 Arm'd once again, my glitt'ring Sword I wield,  
 While th' other hand sustains my weighty Shield:  
 And forth I rush to seek th' abandon'd Field.  
 I went; but sad *Cressa* stop'd my way,  
 And cross the Threshold in my Passage lay;

920 Embrac'd my Knees; and when I wou'd have gone  
 Shew'd me my feeble Sire, and tender Son.  
 If Death be your design, at least, said she,  
 Take us along, to share your Destiny.

If any farther hopes in Arms remain,  
 925 This Place, these Pledges of your Love, maintain.



To y<sup>ts</sup> Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> Rob: L. Constable Vis.  
 Dunbar in a Kingdom of Scotland

- To whom do you expose your Father's Life,  
 Your Son's, and mine, your now forgotten Wife!  
 While thus she fills the House with clam'rous Cries,  
 Our Hearing is diverted by our Eyes.
- 930 For while I held my Son, in the short space,  
 Betwixt our Kisses and our last Embrace;  
 Strange to relate, from young *Iulus* Head  
 A lambent Flame arose, which gently spread  
 Around his Brows, and on his Temples fed. }
- 935 Amaz'd, with running Water, we prepare  
 To quench the sacred Fire, and shake his Hair;  
 But old *Anchises*, vers'd in Omens, rear'd  
 His hands to Heav'n, and this request preferr'd.  
 If any Vows, Almighty *Jove*, can bend
- 940 Thy Will, if Piety can Pray'rs commend, }  
 Confirm the glad Prefage which thou art pleas'd to send.  
 Scarce had he said, when, on our left, we hear  
 A peal of rattling Thunder roarl in Air:  
 There shot a streaming Lamp along the Sky,
- 945 Which on the winged Lightning seem'd to fly;  
 From o're the Roof the blaze began to move;  
 And trailing vanish'd in th' *Idean* Grove.  
 It swept a path in Heav'n, and shone a Guide;  
 Then in a steaming stench of Sulphur dy'd.
- 950 The good old Man with suppliant hands implor'd  
 The Gods protection, and their Star ador'd.  
 Now, now, said he, my Son, no more delay,  
 I yield, I follow where Heav'n shews the way.  
 Keep (O my Country Gods) our dwelling Place,
- 955 And guard this Relick of the *Trojan* Race:  
 This tender Child; these Omens are your own;  
 And you can yet restore the ruin'd Town.  
 At least accomplish what your Signs foreshow:  
 I stand resign'd, and am prepar'd to go.

He



To y<sup>e</sup> Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup>  
Dowager of



Mary Countess  
Northampton

- 960 He said; the crackling Flames appear on high,  
And driving Sparkles dance along the Sky.  
With *Vulcan's* rage the rising Winds conspire;  
And near our Palace rowl the flood of Fire.  
Haste, my dear Father, ('tis no time to wait.)
- 965 And load my Shoulders with a willing Freight.  
What e're befalls, your Life shall be my care,  
One Death, or one Deliv'rance we will share.  
My hand shall lead our little Son; and you  
My faithful Comfort, shall our Steps pursue.
- 970 Next, you my Servants, heed my strict Commands:  
Without the Walls a ruin'd Temple stands,  
To *Ceres* hollow'd once; a *Cypriess* high  
Shoots up her venerable Head on high;  
By long Religion kept: there bend your Feet;
- 975 And in divided Parties let us meet.  
Our Country Gods, the Relicks, and the Bands,  
Hold you, my Father, in your guiltless Hands:  
In me 'tis impious holy things to bear,  
Red as I am with Slaughter, new from War:
- 980 'Till in some living Stream I cleanse the Guilt  
Of dire Debate, and Blood in Battel spilt.  
Thus, ord'ring all that Prudence cou'd provide,  
I cloath my Shoulders with a Lion's Hide;  
And yellow Spoils: Then, on my bending Back,
- 985 The welcome load of my dear Father take.  
While on my better Hand *Ascanius* hung,  
And with unequal Paces tript along.  
*Creusa* kept behind: by choice we stray  
Through ev'ry dark and ev'ry devious Way.
- 990 I, who so bold and dauntless just before,  
The *Grecian* Darts and shock of Lances bore,  
At ev'ry Shadow now am seiz'd with Fear:  
Not for my self, but for the Charge I bear.

Till

Till near the ruin'd Gate arriv'd at last,  
 995 Secure, and deeming all the Danger past;  
 A frightful noise of trampling Feet we hear;  
 My Father looking through the Shades, with fear,  
 Cry'd out, haste, haste my Son, the Foes are nigh;  
 Their Swords, and shining Armour I descry.  
 1000 Some hostile God, for some unknown Offence,  
 Had sure bereft my Mind of better Sense:  
 For while through winding Ways I took my Flight;  
 And sought the shelter of the gloomy Night;  
 Alas! I lost *Cressida*: hard to tell  
 1005 If by her fatal Destiny the fell,  
 Or weary fate, or wander'd with affright;  
 But she was lost for ever to my fight.  
 I knew not, or reflected, till I meet  
 My Friends, at *Ceres* now deserted Seat:  
 1010 We met: not one was wanting, only she  
 Deceiv'd her Friends, her Son, and wretched me.  
 What mad expessions did my Tongue refuse!  
 Whom did I not of Gods or Men accuse!  
 This was the fatal Blow, that pain'd me more  
 1015 Than all I felt from ruin'd *Troy* before.  
 Stung with my Loss, and raving with Despair,  
 Abandoning my now forgotten Care,  
 Of Counsel, Comfort, and of Hope bereft,  
 My Sire, my Son, my Country Gods, I left.  
 1020 In shining Armour once again I sheath  
 My Limbs, not feeling Wounds, nor fearing Death.  
 Then headlong to the burning Walls I run,  
 And seek the Danger I was forc'd to shun.  
 I tread my former Tracks: through Night explore  
 1025 Each Passage, ev'ry Street I cross'd before.  
 All things were full of Horror and Affright,  
 And dreadful ev'n the silence of the Night.

Then,

Then, to my Father's House I make repair,  
 With some small Glimps of hope to find her there:  
 1030 Instead of her the cruel *Greeks* I met;  
 The house was fill'd with Foes, with Flames beset.  
 Driv'n on the wings of Winds, whole sheets of Fire,  
 Through Air transported, to the Roofs aspire.  
 From thence to *Priam's* Palace I resort;  
 1035 And search the Citadel, and desert Court.  
 Then, unobserv'd, I pass by *Juno's* Church;  
 A guard of *Grecians* had possess'd the Porch:  
 There *Phoenix* and *Ulysses* watch the Prey:  
 And thither all the Wealth of *Troy* convey.  
 1040 The Spoils which they from ransack'd Houses brought;  
 And golden Bowls from burning Altars caught.  
 The Tables of the Gods, the Purple Vests;  
 The People's Treasure, and the Pomp of Priests.  
 A rank of wretched Youths, with pinion'd Hands,  
 1045 And captive Matrons in long Order stands.  
 Then, with ungovern'd Madness, I proclaim,  
 Through all the silent Streets, *Cressida's* Name.  
*Cressida* still I call: At length she hears;  
 And suddain, through the Shades of Night appears.  
 1050 Appears, no more *Cressida*, nor my Wife:  
 But a pale Spectre, larger than the Life.  
 Aghast, astonish'd, and struck dumb with Fear,  
 I stood; like Bristles rose my stiffen'd Hair.  
 Then thus the Ghost began to sooth my Grief:  
 1055 Nor Tears, nor Cries can give the dead Relief;  
 Desist, my much lov'd Lord, t'indulge your Pain:  
 You bear no more than what the Gods ordain.  
 My Fates permit me not from hence to fly;  
 Nor he, the great Comptroller of the Sky.  
 1060 Long wandering Ways for you the Pow'rs decree:  
 On Land hard Labors, and a length of Sea.

I i

Then,

Then, after many painful Years are past,  
 On *Latium's* happy Shore you shall be cast :  
 Where gentle *Tiber* from his Bed beholds  
 1065 The flow'ry Meadows, and the feeding Folds.  
 There end your Toils: And there your Fates provide  
 A quiet Kingdom, and a Royal Bride :  
 There Fortune shall the *Trojan* Line restore;  
 And you for lost *Cressa* weep no more.  
 1070 Fear not that I shall watch with servile Shame,  
 Th' imperious Looks of some proud *Grecian* Dame :  
 Or, stooping to the Victor's Lust, disgrace  
 My Goddess's Mother, or my Royal Race.  
 And now, farewell: the Parent of the Gods  
 1075 Refrains my fleeting Soul in her Abodes :  
 I trust our common Issue to your Care.  
 She said: And gliding pass'd unseen in Air.  
 I strove to speak, but Horror ty'd my Tongue ;  
 And thrice about her Neck my Arms I flung ;  
 1080 And thrice deceiv'd, on vain Embraces hung.  
 Light as an empty Dream at break of Day,  
 Or as a blast of Wind, she rush'd away.  
 Thus, having pass'd the Night in fruitless Pain,  
 I, to my longing Friends, return again.  
 1085 Amaz'd th' augmented Number to behold,  
 Of Men, and Matrons mix'd, of young and old :  
 A wretched Exil'd Crew together brought,  
 With Arms appointed, and With Treasure fraught.  
 Resolv'd, and willing under my Command,  
 1090 To run all hazards both of Sea and Land.  
 The Morn began, from *Ida*, to display  
 Her rosy Checks, and *Phosphor* led the day ;  
 Before the Gates the *Grecians* took their Post :  
 And all pretence of late Relief was lost.  
 1095 I yield to Fate, unwillingly retire ;  
 And loaded, up the Hill convey my Sire.

The

The Third Book of the Æneis.

The Argument.

*Aeneas proceeds in his Relation: He gives an Account of the Fleet with which he sail'd, and the Success of his first Voyage to Thrace; from thence he directs his Course to Delos, and asks the Oracle what place the Gods had appointed for his Habitation: By a mistake of the Oracle's Answer he settles in Crete, his household Gods give him the true sense of the Oracle, in a Dream. He follows their advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy: He is cast on several Shores, and meets with very surprising Adventures, 'till at length he lands on Sicily: where his Father Anchises dies. This is the place which he was sailing from when the Tempest rose and threw him upon the Carthaginian Coast.*

WHEN Heav'n had overturn'd the Trojan State,  
 And Priam's Throne, by too severe a Fate:  
 When ruin'd Troy became the Grecians Prey,  
 And Ilium's lofty Tow'rs in Ashes lay:  
 Warn'd by Cœlestial Omens, we retreat,  
 To seek in foreign Lands a happier Seat.  
 Near old *Antandros*, and at *Ida's* foot,  
 The Timber of the sacred Groves we cut:  
 And build our Fleet; uncertain yet to find  
 What place the Gods for our Repose assign'd.  
 Friends daily flock; and scarce the kindly Spring  
 Began to cloath the Ground, and Birds to sing;  
 When old *Anchises* summon'd all to Sea:  
 The Crew, my Father and the Fates obey.  
 With Sighs and Tears I leave my native Shore,  
 And empty Fields, where *Ilium* stood before.  
 My Sire, my Son, our less, and greater Gods,  
 All fail at once; and tempt the briny Floods.  
 Against our Coast appears a spacious Land,  
 Which once the fierce *Lycurgus* did command:

I i 2

Thracia



To the Right Hon.  
 Earle of Derby &c.  
 William Stanley  
 Ld. of Man, & of Isles



*Thracia* the Name; the People bold in War ;  
 Vast are their Fields, and Tillage is their Care.  
 A hospitable Realm while Fate was kind ;  
 With *Troy* in friendship and Religion join'd.  
 25 I land; with luckless Omens, then adore  
 Their Gods, and draw a Line along the Shore:  
 I lay the deep Foundations of a Wall ;  
 And *Enos*, nam'd from me, the City call.  
 To *Dionean Venus* Vows are paid;  
 30 And all the Pow'rs that rising Labours aid;  
 A Bull on *Jove's* Imperial Altar laid.  
 Not far, a rising Hillock stood in view ;  
 Sharp Myrdes, on the fides, and Cornels grew.  
 There, while I went to crop the Silvan Scenes,  
 35 And shade our Altar with their leafy Greens ;  
 I pull'd a Plant; with horror I relate  
 A Prodigy so strange, and full of Fate.  
 The rooted Fibers rose; and from the Wound,  
 Black bloody Drops distill'd upon the Ground.  
 40 Mute, and amaz'd, my Hair with Horror stood;  
 Fear shunk my Sinews, and congeal'd my Blood.  
 Man'd once again, another Plant I try;  
 That other gush'd with the same sanguine Dye.  
 Then, fearing Guilt, for some Offence unknown,  
 45 With Pray'rs and Vows the *Driads* I attone:  
 With all the Sisters of the Woods, and most  
 The God of Arms, who rules the *Thracian* Coast:  
 That they, or he, these Omens wou'd avert;  
 Release our Fears, and better signs impart.  
 50 Clear'd, as I thought, and fully fix'd at length  
 To learn the Cause, I tug'd with all my Strength;  
 I bent my knees against the Ground; once more  
 The violated Myrtle ran with purple Gore.

Scarce

Scarce dare I tell the Sequel: From the Womb  
 55 Of wounded Earth, and Caverns of the Tomb,  
 A Groan, as of a troubled Ghost, renew'd  
 My Fright, and then these dreadful Words ensu'd.  
 Why dost thou thus my bury'd Body rend?  
 O spare the Corps of thy unhappy Friend!  
 60 Spare to pollute thy pious Hands with Blood :  
 The Tears distil not from the wounded Wood ;  
 But ev'ry drop this living Tree contains,  
 Is kindred Blood, and ran in *Trojan* Veins :  
 O fly from this un hospitable Shore,  
 65 Warn'd by my Fate; for I am *Polydore* !  
 Here loads of Lances, in my Blood embru'd,  
 Again shoot upward, by my blood renew'd.  
 My fault'ring Tongue, and shiv'ring Limbs declare  
 My Horror, and in Bristles rose my Hair.  
 70 When *Troy* with *Grecian* Arms was closely pent,  
 Old *Priam*, fearful of the Wars Event,  
 This hapless *Polydore* to *Thracia* sent.  
 Loaded with Gold, he sent his Darling, far  
 From Noise and Tumult, and destructive War :  
 75 Committed to the faithless Tyrant's Care.  
 Who, when he saw the Pow'r of *Troy* decline,  
 Forfook the weaker, with the strong to join.  
 Broke ev'ry Bond of Nature, and of Truth;  
 And murder'd, for his Wealth, the Royal Youth.  
 80 O sacred Hunger of pernicious Gold,  
 What bands of Faith can impious Lucre hold !  
 Now, when my Soul had shaken off her Fears,  
 I call my Father, and the *Trojan* Peers :  
 Relate the Prodiges of Heav'n; requie-  
 85 What he commands, and their Advice desire.  
 All vote to leave that execrable Shore,  
 Polluted with the Blood of *Polydore*:

But

- But e're we fail, his Fun'ral Rites prepare ;  
 Then, to his Ghost, a Tomb and Altars rear,  
 90 In mournful Pomp the Matrons walk the round:  
 With baleful Cypress, and blue Fillets crown'd ;  
 With Eyes dejected, and with Hair unbound.  
 Then Bowls of tepid Milk and Blood we pour,  
 And thrice invoke the Soul of *Polydore*.  
 95 Now when the raging Storms no longer reign ;  
 But Southern Gales invite us to the Main ;  
 We launch our Vessels, with a prosp'rous Wind ;  
 And leave the Cities and the Shores behind.  
 An Island in th' *Egean* Main appears :  
 100 *Neptune* and wat'ry *Doris* claim it theirs.  
 It floated once, till *Phœbus* fix'd the fides  
 To rooted Earth, and now it braves the Tides.  
 Here, born by friendly Winds, we come ashore  
 With needful ease our weary Limbs restore ;  
 105 And the Sun's Temple, and his Town adore.  
*Anius* the Priest, and King, with Lawrel crown'd,  
 His hoary Locks with purple Fillets bound,  
 Who saw my Sire the *Delian* Shore ascend,  
 Came forth with eager haste to meet his Friend.  
 110 Invites him to his Palace, and in sign  
 Of ancient Love, their plighted Hands they join.  
 Then to the Temple of the God I went ;  
 And thus, before the Shrine, my Vows present.  
 Give, O *Thymbræus*, give a resting place,  
 115 To the sad Relicks of the *Trojan* Race :  
 A Seat secure, a Region of their own,  
 A lasting Empire, and a happier Town.  
 Where shall we fix, where shall our Labours end,  
 Whom shall we follow, and what Fate attend ?  
 120 Let not my Pray'rs a doubtful Answer find,  
 But in clear Auguries unveil thy Mind.

Scarce



To the Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup> Nathanael Lord  
 Bishop of Durham

Scarce had I said, He shook the holy Ground:  
 The Lawrels, and the lofty Hills around:  
 And from the *Tripes* rush'd a bellowing sound.  
 125 Prostrate we fell; confess'd the present God,  
 Who gave this Answer from his dark Abode.  
 Undaunted Youths, go seek that Mother Earth  
 From which your Ancestors derive their Birth.  
 The Soil that sent you forth, her Ancient Race,  
 130 In her old Bosom, shall again embrace.  
 Through the wide World th' *Eneian* House shall reign,  
 And Childrens Children shall the Crown sustain.  
 Thus *Phœbus* did our future Fates disclose;  
 A mighty Tumult, mix'd with Joy, arose.  
 135 All are concern'd to know what place the God  
 Assign'd, and where determin'd our abode.  
 My Father, long revolving in His Mind,  
 The Race and Lineage of the *Trojan* Kind,  
 Thus answer'd their demands: Ye Princes, hear  
 140 Your pleasing Fortune; and dispel your fear.  
 The fruitful Isle of *Crete* well known to Fame,  
 Sacred of old to *Jove's* Immortal Name.  
 In the mid Ocean lies, with large Command;  
 And on its Plains a hundred Cities stand.  
 145 Another *Ida* rises there; and we  
 From thence derive our *Trojan* Ancestry.  
 From thence, as 'tis divulg'd by certain Fame,  
 To the *Rhætan* Shores old *Tœurus* came.  
 There fix'd, and there the Seat of Empire chose,  
 150 Ere *Ilium* and the *Trojan* Tow'rs arose.  
 In humble Vales they built their soft abodes:  
 Till *Cybele*, the Mother of the Gods,  
 With tinkling Cymbals charm'd th' *Idæan* Woods.  
 She, secret Rites and Ceremonies taught,  
 551 And to the Yoke, the salvage Lions brought.

Let

- Let us the Land, which Heav'n appoints, explore;  
Appease the Winds, and seek the *Gnosian* Shore.  
If *Jove* assists the passage of our Fleet,  
The third propitious dawn discovers *Creet*.  
160 Thus having said, the Sacrifices laid  
On smoking Altars, to the Gods He paid.  
A Bull, to *Neptune* an Oblation due,  
Another Bull to bright *Apollo* slew:  
A milk white Ewe the Western Winds to please;  
165 And one cole black to calm the stormy Seas.  
E're this, a flying Rumour had been spread,  
That fierce *Idomeneus* from *Crete* was fled;  
Expell'd and exil'd; that the Coast was free  
From Foreign or Domestick Enemy:  
170 We leave the *Delian* Ports, and put to Sea:  
By *Naxos*, fam'd for Vintage, make our way:  
Then green *Donyssa* pass; and Sail in sight  
Of *Paros* Isle, with Marble Quarries white.  
We pass the scatter'd Isles of *Cyclades*;  
175 That, scarce distinguish'd, seem to stud the Seas.  
The shouts of Saylor's double near the shores;  
They stretch their Canvass, and they ply their Oars.  
All hands aloft, for *Creet* for *Creet* they cry,  
And swiftly through the foamy Billows fly.  
180 Full on the promis'd Land at length we bore,  
With Joy defending on the *Cretan* Shore.  
With eager haste a rising Town I frame,  
Which from the *Trojan Pergamus* I name:  
The Name it self was grateful; I exhort  
185 To found their Houses, and erect a Fort.  
Our Ships are haul'd upon the yellow strand,  
The Youth begin to till the labour'd Land.  
And I my self new Marriages promote,  
Give Laws: and Dwellings I divide by Lot.

When

- 190 When rising Vapours choak the wholesom Air,  
And blasts of noisom Winds corrupt the Year:  
The Trees, devouring Caterpillers burn:  
Parch'd was the Grass, and blit'd was the Corn.  
Nor scape the Beasts: for *Syrus* from on high,  
195 With pestilential Heat infects the Sky:  
My Men, some fall, the rest in Feavers fry.  
Again my Father bids me seek the Shore  
Of sacred *Delos*; and the God implore:  
To learn what end of Woes we might expect,  
200 And to what Clime, our weary Course direct.  
Twas Night, when ev'ry Creature, void of Cares,  
The common gift of balmy Slumber shares:  
The Statues of my Gods, (for such they seem'd)  
Those Gods whom I from flaming *Troy* redeem'd,  
205 Before me stood; Majestically bright,  
Full in the Beams of *Phoebe's* entring light:  
Then thus they spoke; and eas'd my troubled Mind:  
What from the *Delian* God thou go'st to find,  
He tells thee here; and sends us to relate:  
210 Those Pow'rs are we, Companions of thy Fate,  
Who from the burning Town by thee were brought;  
Thy Fortune follow'd, and thy safety wrought.  
Through Seas and Lands, as we thy Steps attend,  
So shall our Care thy Glorious Race befriend.  
215 An ample Realm for thee thy Fates ordain;  
A Town, that o're the conquer'd World shall reign.  
Thou, mighty Walls for mighty Nations build;  
Nor let thy weary Mind to Labours yield:  
But change thy Seat; for not the *Delian* God,  
220 Nor we, have giv'n thee *Creet* for our Abode.  
A Land there is, *Hesperis* call'd of old,  
The Soil is fruitful, and the Natives bold.

K k

Th' Omo-

- Th' *Oenotrians* held it once; by later Fame,  
Now call'd *Italia* from the Leader's Name.
- 225 *Jafus* there, and *Dardanus* were born:  
From thence we came, and thither must return.  
Rife, and thy Sire with these glad Tidings greet;  
Search *Italy*, for *Jove* denies thee *Greet*.  
Astonish'd at their Voices, and their fight,
- 230 (Nor were they Dreams, but Visions of the Night;  
I saw, I knew their Faces, and descri'd  
In perfect View, their Hair with Fillets ty'd.)  
I started from my Couch, a clammy Sweat  
On all my Limbs, and shiv'ring Body fate.
- 235 To Heav'n I lift my Hands with pious haste,  
And sacred Incense in the Flames I cast.  
Thus to the Gods their perfect Honours done,  
More chearful to my good old Sire I run:  
And tell the pleasing News; in little space
- 240 He found his Error, of the double Race.  
Not, as before he deem'd, deriv'd from *Greet*;  
No more deluded by the doubtful Seat.  
Then said, O Son, turmoil'd in *Trojan* Fate,  
Such things as these *Cassandra* did relate.
- 245 This Day revives within my Mind, what the  
Foretold of *Troy*, renew'd in *Italy*;  
And *Latian* Lands: but who cou'd then have thought,  
That *Phrygian* Gods to *Latium* should be brought,  
Or who believ'd what mad *Cassandra* taught?
- 250 Now let us go, where *Phœbus* leads the way:  
He said, and we with glad Consent obey.  
For sake the Seat; and leaving few behind,  
We spread our sails before the willing Wind.  
Now from the sight of Land, our Gallies move;
- 255 With only Seas around, and Skies above.

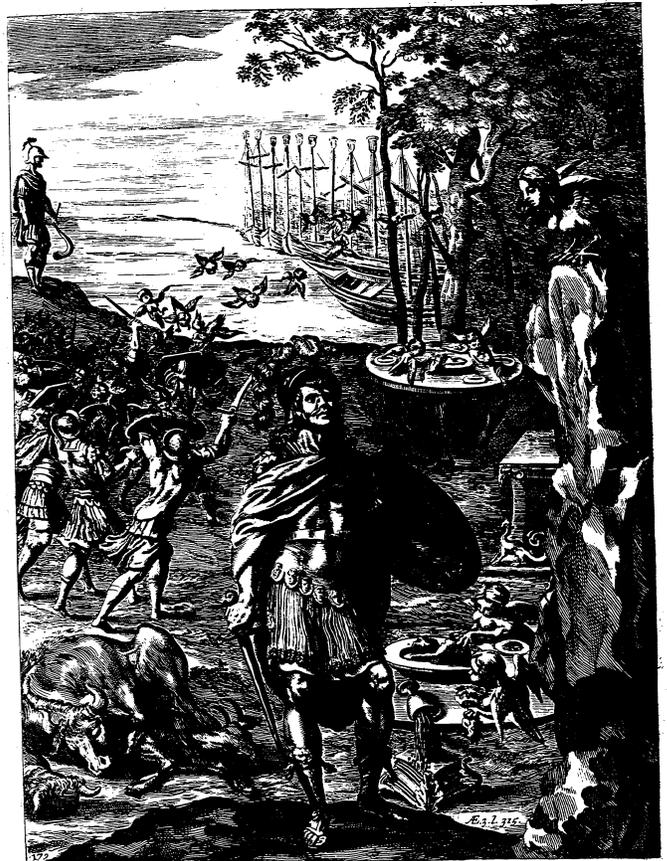
When

- When o're our Heads, descends a burst of Rain;  
And Night, with sable Clouds involves the Main:  
The ruffling Winds the foamy Billows raise:  
The scatter'd Fleet is forc'd to sev'ral Ways:  
260 The face of Heav'n is ravish'd from our Eyes,  
And in redoubl'd Peals the roaring Thunder flies.  
Cast from our Course, we wander in the Dark,  
No Stars to guide, no point of Land to mark.  
Ev'n *Palimurus* no distinction found
- 265 Betwixt the Night and Day; such Darknes reign'd around.  
Three starless Nights the doubtful Navy strays  
Without Distinction, and three Sunless Days.  
The fourth renews the Light, and from our Shrowds  
We view a rising Land like distant Clouds:
- 270 The Mountain tops confirm the pleasing Sight;  
And curling Smoke ascending from their Height.  
The Canvas falls; their Oars the Sailors ply;  
From the rude strokes the whirling Waters fly.  
At length I land upon the *Strophades*;
- 275 Safe from the danger of the stormy Seas:  
Those Isles are compass'd by th' *Ionian* Main;  
The dire Abode where the foul *Harpies* reign:  
Forc'd by the winged Warriors to repair  
To their old Homes, and leave their costly Fare.
- 280 Monsters more fierce, offended Heav'n ne're sent  
From Hell's Abyss, for Human Punishment.  
With Virgin-faces, but with Wombs obscene,  
Foul Paunches, and with Ordure still unclean:  
With Claws for Hands, and Looks for ever lean.
- 285 We landed at the Port; and soon beheld  
Fat Herds of Oxen graze the flowry Field:  
And wanton Goats without a Keeper stray'd:  
With Weapons we the welcome Prey invade.

K k 2

Then

- Then call the Gods, for Partners of our Feast:  
 290 And *Jove* himself the chief invited Guest.  
 We spread the Tables, on the greenward Ground:  
 We feed with Hunger, and the Bowls go round.  
 When from the Mountain tops, with hideous Cry,  
 And clatt'ring Wings, the hungry Harpies fly:  
 295 They snatch the Mear; defiling all they find:  
 And parting leave a loathsome Stench behind.  
 Close by a hollow Rock, again we sit;  
 New dress the Dinner, and the Beds refit:  
 Secure from Sight, beneath a pleasing Shade;  
 300 Where tufted Trees a native Arbour made.  
 Again the Holy Fires on Altars burn:  
 And once again the ravenous Birds return:  
 Or from the dark Recesses where they ly,  
 Or from another Quarter of the Sky.  
 305 With filthy Claws their odious Meal repeat,  
 And mix their loathsome Ordures with their Mear.  
 I bid my Friends for Vengeance then prepare;  
 And with the Hellish Nation wage the War.  
 They, as commanded, for the Fight provide,  
 310 And in the Grass their glitt'ring Weapons hide:  
 Then, when along the crooked Shoar we hear  
 Their clatt'ring Wings, and saw the Foes appear;  
*Misenus* sounds a charge: We take th' Alarm;  
 And our strong hands with Swords and Bucklers arm.  
 315 In this new kind of Combat, all employ  
 Their utmost Force, the Monsters to destroy.  
 In vain; the fated Skin is proof to Wounds:  
 And from their Plumes the shining Sword rebounds.  
 At length rebuff'd, they leave their mangled Prey,  
 320 And their stretch'd Pinions to the Skies display.  
 Yet one remain'd, the Messenger of Fate;  
 High on a craggy Cliff *Celeno* fate,  
 And thus her dismal Errand did relate.



To y<sup>e</sup> Right Reverend, D<sup>r</sup>. John Haristonge B<sup>p</sup>.  
 of Osory in Kilkenny Son of S<sup>r</sup>. Standish Haristonge Bar<sup>t</sup>.

- What, not contented with our Oxen slain,  
 325 Dare you with Heav'n an impious War maintain,  
 And drive the Harpies from their Native Reign?  
 Heed therefore what I say; and keep in mind  
 What *Jove* decrees, what *Phœbus* has design'd:  
 And I, the Fury's Queen, from both relate:  
 330 You seek th' *Italian Shores*, foredoom'd by Fate:  
 Th' *Italian Shores* are granted you to find:  
 And a safe Passage to the Port assign'd.  
 But know, that e're your promis'd Walls you build,  
 My Curses shall severely be fulfill'd.  
 335 Fierce Famine is your Lot, for this Misdeed,  
 Reduc'd to grind the Plates on which you feed.  
 She said; and to the neighb'ring Forest flew:  
 Our Courage fails us, and our Fears renew.  
 Hopeless to win by War, to Prays we fall:  
 340 And on th' offended Harpies humbly call.  
 And whether Gods, or Birds obscene they were,  
 Our Vows for Pardon, and for Peace prefer.  
 But old *Anchises*, off'ring Sacrifice,  
 And lifting up to Heav'n his Hands, and Eyes;  
 345 Ador'd the greater Gods: Avert, said he,  
 These Omens, render vain this Prophecy:  
 And from th' impending Curse, a Pious People free.  
 Thus having said, he bids us put to Sea;  
 We loose from Shore our Haulers, and obey:  
 350 And soon with swelling Sails, pursue the wat'ry Way.  
 Amidst our course *Zacynthian Woods* appear;  
 And next by rocky *Neritos* we steer:  
 We fly from *Ithaca's* detested Shore,  
 And curse the Land which dire *Ulysses* bore.  
 355 At length *Leucates* cloudy top appears;  
 And *Phœbus* Temple, which the Sailor fears.

Resolv'd

- Resolv'd to breath a while from Labour past,  
 Our crooked Anchors from the Prow we cast,  
 And joyful to the little City haste.
- 360 Here safe beyond our Hopes, our Vows we pay  
 To *Jove*, the Guide and Patron of our way.  
 The Customs of our Country we pursue;  
 And *Trojan* Games on *Aethian* Shores renew.  
 Our Youth, their naked Limbs besmear with Oyl;  
 365 And exercise the Wrestlers noble Toil.  
 Pleas'd to have sail'd so long before the Wind;  
 And left so many *Grecian* Towns behind.  
 The Sun had now fulfill'd his Annual Course,  
 And *Boreas* on the Seas display'd his Force:
- 370 I fix'd upon the Temples lofty Door,  
 The brazen Shield which vanquish'd *Abas* bore:  
 The Verse beneath, my Name and Action speaks,  
 These Arms, *Aeneas* took from Conqu'ring *Greeks*.  
 Then I command to weigh; the Seamen ply  
 375 Their sweeping Oars, the smokeing Billows fly.  
 The sight of high *Phœacia* soon we lost:  
 And skim'd along *Epirus* rocky Coast.  
 Then to *Chaonia's* Port our Course we bend,  
 And landed, to *Buthrotus* heights ascend.
- 380 Here wond'rous things were loudly blaz'd by Fame;  
 How *Helens* reviv'd the *Trojan* Name;  
 And reign'd in *Greece*: That *Priam's* captive Son  
 Succeeded *Pyrrhus* in his Bed and Throne.  
 And fair *Andromache*, restor'd by Fate,  
 385 Once more was happy in a *Trojan* Mate.  
 I leave my Gallies riding in the Port;  
 And long to see the new *Dardanian* Court.  
 By chance, the mournful *Queen*, before the Gate,  
 Then solemniz'd her former Husbands Fate.



To The Hon.ble D:<sup>ty</sup> G<sup>o</sup>:  
 Trinity College in  
  
 Mountague Master of  
 Cambridge,

390 Green Altars rais'd of Turf, with Gifts the Crown'd;  
 And sacred Priests in order stand around;  
 And thrice the Name of hapless Hector found.  
 The Grove it self resembles Ida's Wood;  
 And Simois seem'd the well dissembl'd Flood.  
 395 But when, at nearer distance, she beheld  
 My shining Armour, and my Trojan Shield;  
 Astonish'd at the sight, the vital Heat  
 Forsakes her Limbs, her Veins no longer beat:  
 She faints, she falls, and scarce recovering strength,  
 400 Thus, with a faltering Tongue, she speaks at length.  
 Are you alive, O Goddess born! she said,  
 Or if a Ghost, then where is Hector's Shade?  
 At this, she cast a loud and frightful Cry:  
 With broken words, I made this brief Reply.  
 405 All of me that remains, appears in fight,  
 I live; if living be to loath the Light.  
 No Phantome; but I drag a wretched life;  
 My Fate resembling that of Hector's Wife.  
 What have you suffer'd since you lost your Lord;  
 410 By what strange blessing are you now restor'd!  
 Still are you Hector's, or is Hector fled,  
 And his Remembrance left in Pyrrhus Bed?  
 With Eyes dejected, in a lowly tone,  
 After a modest pause, she thus begun.  
 415 Oh only happy Maid of Priam's Race,  
 Whom Death deliver'd from the Foes embrace!  
 Commanded on Achilles Tomb to die,  
 Not forc'd, like us, to hard Captivity:  
 Or in a haughty Master's Arms to lie.  
 420 In Grecian Ships unhappy we were born:  
 Endur'd the Victor's Lust, sustain'd the Scorn:  
 Thus I submitted to the lawless pride  
 Of Pyrrhus, more a Handmaid than a Bride.

Cloy'd

Cloy'd with Possession, He forsook my Bed,  
 425 And *Helen's* lovely Daughter fought to wed.  
 Then me, to *Trojan Helenus* resign'd:  
 And his two Slaves in equal Marriage join'd.  
 Till young *Orestes*, pierc'd with deep despair,  
 And longing to redeem the promis'd Fair,  
 430 Before *Apollo's* Altar slew the Ravisher.  
 By *Pyrrhus* death the Kingdom we regain'd:  
 At least one half with *Helenus* remain'd;  
 Our part, from *Choon*, He *Choonia* calls:  
 And names, from *Pergamus*, his rising Walls.  
 435 But you, what Fates have landed on our Coast,  
 What Gods have sent you, or what Storms have tost?  
 Does young *Ascanius* life and health enjoy,  
 Sav'd from the Ruins of unhappy *Troy*!  
 O tell me how his Mothers loss he bears,  
 440 What hopes are promis'd from his blooming years,  
 How much of *Hector* in his Face appears?  
 She spoke: and mix'd her Speech with mournful Cries:  
 And fruitless Tears came trickling from her Eyes.  
 At length her Lord descends upon the Plain;  
 445 In pomp, attended with a numerous Train:  
 Receives his Friends, and to the City leads;  
 And Tears of Joy amidst his Welcome sheds.  
 Proceeding on, another *Troy* I see;  
 Or, in less compass, *Troy's* Epitome.  
 450 A Riv'let by the name of *Xanthus* ran:  
 And I embrace the *Scæan* Gate again.  
 My Friends in Portico's were entertain'd;  
 And Feasts and Pleasures through the City reign'd.  
 The Tables fill'd the spacious Hall around:  
 455 And Golden Bowls with sparkling Wine were crown'd.  
 Two days we pass'd in mirth, till friendly Gales,  
 Blown from the South, supply'd our swelling Sails.

Then

Then to the Royal Seer I thus began:  
 O thou who know'st beyond the reach of Man,  
 The Laws of Heav'n, and what the Stars decree,  
 460 Whom *Phæbus* taught unerring Prophecy,  
 From his own Tripod, and his holy Tree:  
 Skill'd in the wing'd Inhabitants of Air,  
 What Auspices their notes, and flights declare:  
 465 O say, for all Religious Rites portend  
 A happy Voyage, and a prosperous End:  
 And ev'ry Pow'r and Omen of the Sky,  
 Direct my Course for destin'd *Italy*:  
 But only dire *Celæno*, from the Gods,  
 470 A dismal Famine fatally fore-bodes:  
 O say what Dangers I am first to shun:  
 What Toils to vanquish, and what Course to run.  
 The Prophet first with Sacrifice adores  
 The greater Gods; their Pardon then implores:  
 475 Unbinds the Fillet from his holy Head;  
 To *Phæbus* next, my trembling Steps he led:  
 Full of religious Doubts, and awful dread.  
 Then with his God possess'd, before the Shrine,  
 These words proceeded from his Mouth Divine.  
 480 O Goddess-born, (for Heav'n's appointed Will,  
 With greater Auspices of good than ill,  
 Fore-shows thy Voyage, and thy Course directs;  
 Thy Fates conspire, and *Jove* himself protects)  
 Of many things, some few I shall explain,  
 485 Teach thee to shun the dangers of the Main,  
 And how at length the promis'd Shore to gain.  
 The rest the Fates from *Helenus* conceal;  
 And *Juno's* angry Pow'r forbids to tell.  
 First then, that happy Shore, that seems so nigh,  
 490 Will far from your deluded Wishes fly:  
 Long tracts of Seas divide your hopes from *Italy*.

L I

For

For you must cruise along *Sicilian* Shoars;  
 And stem the *Currents* with your struggling Oars:  
 Then round th' *Italian* Coast your Navy steer;  
 495 And after this to *Circe's* Island veer.  
 And last, before your new Foundations rise,  
 Must pass the *Stygian* Lake, and view the neather Skies:  
 Now mark the Signs of future Ease and Rest;  
 And bear them safely treasur'd in thy Breast.  
 500 When in the shady Shelter of a Wood,  
 And near the Margin of a gentle Flood,  
 Thou shalt behold a Sow upon the Ground,  
 With thirty sucking young encompass'd round;  
 The Dam and Off-spring white as falling Snow:  
 505 These on thy City shall their Name bestow:  
 And there shall end thy Labours and thy Woe.  
 Nor let the threaten'd Famine fright thy Mind,  
 For *Phœbus* will assist; and Fate the way will find.  
 Let not thy Course to that ill Coast be bent,  
 510 Which fronts from far th' *Epirian* Continent;  
 Those parts are all by *Grecian* Foes possess'd:  
 The salvage *Locrians* here the Shores infest:  
 There fierce *Idomeneus* his City builds,  
 And guards with Arms the *Salentinian* Fields.  
 515 And on the Mountains brow *Petilia* stands,  
 Which *Philoctetes* with his Troops commands.  
 Ev'n when thy Fleet is landed on the Shore,  
 And Priests with holy Vows the Gods adore,  
 Then with a Purple Veil involve your Eyes,  
 520 Left hostile Faces blast the Sacrifice.  
 These Rites and Customs to the Rest commend;  
 That to your Pious Race they may descend.  
 When parted hence, the Wind that ready waits  
 For *Sicily*, shall bear you to the Streights:

Where

525 Where proud *Pelorus* opens a wider way,  
 Tack to the Larboard, and stand off to Sea:  
 Veer Star-board Sea and Land. Th' *Italian* Shore,  
 And fair *Sicilia's* Coast were one, before  
 An Earthquake caus'd the Flaw, the roaring Tides  
 530 The Passage broke, that Land from Land divides:  
 And where the Lands retir'd, the rushing Ocean rides.  
 Distinguish'd by the Streights, on either hand,  
 Now rising Cities in long order stand;  
 And fruitful Fields: So much can Time invade  
 535 The mouldring Work, that beauteous Nature made.  
 Far on the right, her Dogs foul *Scylla* hides:  
*Charibdis* roaring on the left presides;  
 And in her greedy Whirl-pool sucks the Tides:  
 Then Spouts them from below, with Fury driv'n,  
 540 The Waves mount up, and wash the face of Heav'n.  
 But *Scylla* from her Den, with open Jaws,  
 The sinking Vessel in her Eddy draws;  
 Then dashes on the Rocks: A Human Face,  
 And Virgin Bosom, hides her Tails disgrace.  
 545 Her Parts obscene below the Waves descend,  
 With Dogs inclos'd; and in a Dolphin end.  
 'Tis safer, then, to bear aloof to Sea,  
 And coast *Pachynus*, though with more delay;  
 Than once to view mishapen *Scylla* near,  
 550 And the loud yell of watry Wolves to hear.  
 Besides, if Faith to *Helenus* be due,  
 And if Prophetick *Phœbus* tell me true;  
 Do not this Precept of your Friend forget;  
 Which therefore more than once I must repeat.  
 555 Above the rest, great *Juno's* Name adore:  
 Pay Vows to *Juno*; *Juno's* Aid implore.  
 Let Gifts be to the mighty Queen design'd;  
 And mollify with Pray'rs her haughty Mind.

L 1 2

Thus,

Thus, at the length, your Passage shall be free,  
 560 And you shall safe descend on *Italy*.  
 Arriv'd at *Cumæ*, when you view the Flood  
 Of black *Avernus*, and the founding Wood,  
 The mad prophetick *Sybil* you shall find,  
 Dark in a Cave, and on a Rock reclin'd.  
 565 She sings the Fates, and in her frantick Fitts,  
 The Notes and Names inscrib'd, to Leafs commits.  
 What she commits to Leafs, in order laid,  
 Before the Caverns Entrance are display'd:  
 Unmov'd they lie, but if a Blast of Wind  
 570 Without, or Vapours issue from behind,  
 The Leafs are born aloft in liquid Air,  
 And she resumes no more her Muleſul Care:  
 Nor gathers from the Rocks her ſcatter'd Verſe;  
 Nor ſets in order what the Winds diſperſe.  
 575 Thus, many not ſucceeding, moſt upbraid  
 The Madneſs of the viſionary Maid;  
 And with loud Curſes leave the myſtick Shade.  
 Think it not loſs of time a while to ſtay;  
 Though thy Companions chide thy long delay:  
 580 Tho' ſummon'd to the Seas, tho' pleaſing Gales  
 Invite thy Courſe, and ſtretch thy ſwelling Sails.  
 But beg the ſacred Prieſtels to relate  
 With willing Words, and not to write thy Fate.  
 The fierce *Italian* People ſhe will ſhow;  
 585 And all thy Wars, and all thy Future Woe;  
 And what thou may'ſt avoid, and what muſt undergo.  
 She ſhall direct thy Courſe, inſtruct thy Mind;  
 And teach thee how the happy Shores to find.  
 This is what Heav'n allows me to relate:  
 590 Now part in Peace; purſue thy better Fate,  
 And riſe, by ſtrength of Arms, the *Trojan* State.

This,

This, when the Prieſt with friendly Voice declar'd,  
 He gave me Licence, and rich Gifts prepar'd:  
 Bounteous of Treasure, he ſupply'd my want  
 595 With heavy Gold, and poliſh'd Elephant.  
 Then *Dodonean* Caldrons put on Bord,  
 And ev'ry Ship with Sums of Silver ſtor'd.  
 A truſty Coat of Mail to me he ſent,  
 Thrice chain'd with Gold, for Uſe and Ornament:  
 600 The Helm of *Pyrrhus* added to the reſt,  
 That flouriſh'd with a Plume and waving Creſt.  
 Nor was my Sire forgotten, nor my Friends:  
 And large Recruits he to my Navy ſends;  
 Men, Horſes, Captains, Arms, and warlick Stores:  
 605 Supplies new Pilots, and new ſweeping Oars.  
 Mean time, my Sire commands to hoist our Sails;  
 Left we ſhou'd loſe the firſt auſpicious Gales.  
 The Prophet bleſ'd the parting Crew: and laſt,  
 With Words like theſe, his ancient Friend embrac'd.  
 610 Old happy Man, the Care of Gods above,  
 Whom Heav'nly *Venus* honour'd with her Love,  
 And twice preserv'd thy Life, when *Troy* was loſt;  
 Behold from far the with'd *Auſonian* Coaſt:  
 There land; but take a larger Compaſs round;  
 615 For that before is all forbidden Ground.  
 The Shore that *Phæbus* has deſign'd for you,  
 At farther diſtance lies, conceal'd from view.  
 Go happy hence, and ſeek your new Abodes;  
 Bleſ'd in a Son, and favour'd by the Gods:  
 620 For I with uſeleſs words prolong your ſtay;  
 When Southern Gales have ſummon'd you away.  
 Nor leſs the Queen our parting thence deplor'd;  
 Nor was leſs bounteous than her *Trojan* Lord.  
 A noble Preſent to my Son ſhe brought,  
 A Robe with Flow'rs on Golden Tiſſue wrought;

A

A *Phygian* Vest; and loads, with Gifts beside  
 Of precious Texture, and of *Asian* Pride.  
 Accept, she said, these Monuments of Love;  
 Which in my Youth with happier Hands I wove:  
 630 Regard these Trifles for the Giver's sake;  
 'Tis the last Present *Hector's* Wife can make.  
 Thou call'st my lost *Assyanax* to mind:  
 In thee his Features, and his Form I find.  
 His Eyes so sparkled with a lively Flame;  
 635 Such were his Motions, such was all his Frame;  
 And ah! had Heav'n so pleas'd, his Years had been the same.  
 With Tears I took my last adieu, and said,  
 Your Fortune, happy pair, already made,  
 Leaves you no farther With: My diff'rent state,  
 640 Avoiding one, incurs another Fate.  
 To you a quiet Seat the Gods allow,  
 You have no Shores to search, no Seas to plow,  
 Nor Fields of flying *Italy* to chase:  
 (Deluding Visions, and a vain Embrace!)
 645 You see another *Simois*, and enjoy  
 The labour of your Hands another *Troy*;  
 With better Auspice than her ancient Tow'rs:  
 And less obnoxious to the *Grecian* Pow'rs.  
 If e're the Gods, whom I with Vows adore,  
 650 Conduct my Steps to *Tiber's* happy Shore:  
 If ever I ascend the *Latian* Throne,  
 And build a City I may call my own,  
 As both of us our Birth from *Troy* derive,  
 So let our Kindred Lines in Concord live:  
 655 And both in Acts of equal Friendship strive.  
 Our Fortunes, good or bad, shall be the same.  
 The double *Troy* shall differ but in Name:  
 That what we now begin, may never end;  
 But long, to late Posterity descend.

Near



To Edward Browne  Dr. in Physick.

- 660 Near the *Ceraunian* Rocks our Course we bore:  
 (The shortest passage to th' *Italian* shore:)  
 Now had the Sun withdrawn his radiant Light,  
 And Hills were hid in dusky Shades of Night:  
 We land; and on the bosom of the Ground
- 665 A safe Retreat, and a base Lodging found;  
 Close by the Shore we lay; the Sailors keep  
 Their watches, and the rest securely sleep.  
 The Night proceeding on with silent pace,  
 Stood in her noon; and view'd with equal Face,
- 670 Her steepy rise, and her declining Race.  
 Then wakeful *Palinurus* rose, to spie  
 The face of Heav'n, and the Nocturnal Skie;  
 And listen'd ev'ry breath of Air to try:  
 Observes the Stars, and notes their sliding Course,
- 675 The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*, and their wat'ry force;  
 And both the Bears is careful to behold;  
 And bright *Orion* arm'd with burnish'd Gold.  
 Then when he saw no threat'ning Tempest Nigh,  
 But a sure promise of a settled Skie;
- 680 He gave the Sign to weigh; we break our sleep;  
 Forake the pleasing Shore, and plow the deep.  
 And now the rising Morn, with rose light  
 Adorns the Skies, and puts the Stars to flight:  
 When we from far, like bluish Mists, descry
- 685 The Hills, and then the Plains of *Italy*.  
*Achates* first pronounc'd the Joyful sound;  
 Then *Italy* the chearful Crew rebound.  
 My Sire *Anchises* crown'd a Cup with Wine:  
 And off'ring, thus implor'd the Pow'rs Divine.
- 690 Ye Gods, presiding over Lands and Seas,  
 And you who raging Winds and Waves appease,  
 Breath on our swelling Sails a prosp'rous Wind:  
 And smooth our Passage to the Port assign'd.

The

- The gentle Gales their flagging force renew;  
 And now the happy Harbour is in view.  
 695 *Minerva's* Temple then salutes our sight;  
 Plac'd, as a Land-mark, on the Mountains height:  
 We furl our Sails, and turn the Prows to shore;  
 The curling Waters round the Gallies roar:  
 700 The Land lies open to the raging East,  
 Then, bending like a Bow, with Rocks compress'd,  
 Shuts out the Storms; the Winds and Waves complain,  
 And vent their malice on the Cliffs in vain.  
 The Port lies hid within; on either side  
 705 Two Towing Rocks the narrow mouth divide.  
 The Temple, which aloft we view'd before,  
 To distance flies, and seems to shun the Shore.  
 Scarce landed, the first Omens I beheld  
 Were four white Steeds that crop'd the flow'ry Field.  
 710 War, War is threaten'd from this Foreign Ground,  
 (My Father cry'd) where warlike Steeds are found.  
 Yet, since reclaim'd to Chariots they submit,  
 And bend to stubborn Yokes, and champ the Bit,  
 Peace may succeed to Warr. Our way we bend  
 715 To *Pallas*, and the sacred Hill ascend.  
 There, prostrate to the fierce *Virago* pray;  
 Whose Temple was the Land-Mark of our way.  
 Each with a *Phrygian* Mantle veil'd his Head;  
 And all Commands of *Helenus* obey'd;  
 720 And pious Rites to *Grecian Juno* paid.  
 These dues perform'd, we stretch our Sails, and stand  
 To Sea, forsaking that suspected Land.  
 From hence *Tarentum's* Bay appears in view;  
 For *Hercules* renown'd, if Fame be true.  
 Just opposite, *Lacinian Juno* stands;  
*Caulonian* Tow'rs and *Sylacæan* Strands.

For

- For Shipwrecks fear'd: Mount *Etna* thence we spy,  
 Known by the smoky Flames which Cloud the Skie.  
 Far off we hear the Waves, with fury found  
 730 Invade the Rocks, the Rocks their groans rebound.  
 The Billows break upon the founding Strand;  
 And roul the rising Tide, impure with Sand.  
 Then thus *Achifēs*, in Experience old,  
 'Tis that *Charibdis* which the Seer foretold:  
 735 And those the promis'd Rocks; bear off to Sea:  
 With haste the frighted Mariners obey.  
 First *Palinurus* to the Larboor'd veer'd;  
 Then all the Fleet by his Example steer'd.  
 To Heav'n aloft on ridgy Waves we ride;  
 740 Then down to Hell descend, when they divide.  
 And thrice our Gallies knock'd the stony ground,  
 And thrice the hollow Rocks return'd the found,  
 And thrice we saw the Stars, that stood with dews around.  
 The flagging Winds forsook us, with the Sun;  
 745 And weary'd, on *Cyclopean* Shores we run.  
 The Port capacious, and secure from Wind,  
 Is to the foot of thundring *Etna* joyn'd.  
 By turns a pitchy Cloud she rowls on high;  
 By turns hot Embers from her entrails fly;  
 750 And flakes of mounting Flames, that lick the Skie.  
 Oft from her Bowels massy Rocks are thrown;  
 And shiver'd by the force come piece-meal down.  
 Oft liquid Lakes of burning Sulphur flow,  
 Fed from the fiery Springs that boil below.  
 755 *Enceladus* they say, transfix'd by *Jove*,  
 With blasted Limbs came tumbling from above:  
 And, where he fell, th' Avenging Father drew  
 This flaming Hill, and on his Body threw:  
 As often as he turns his weary sides,  
 760 He shakes the solid Isle, and smoke the Heavens hides.

M m

In

In shady Woods we pass the tedious Night,  
 Where bellowing Sounds and Groans our Souls affright,  
 Of which no Cause is offer'd to the fight,  
 For not one Star was kindled in the Skie;  
 765 Nor cou'd the Moon her borrow'd Light supply:  
 For misty Clouds invol'd the Firmament;  
 The Stars were muffled, and the Moon was pent.  
 Scarce had the rising Sun the day reveal'd;  
 Scarce had his heat the pearly dews dispell'd;  
 770 When from the Woods there bolts, before our sight,  
 Somewhat, betwixt a Mortal and a Spright.  
 So thin, so ghastly meagre, and so wan,  
 So bare of flesh, he scarce resembled Man.  
 This thing, all tatter'd, seem'd from far t'implore  
 775 Our pious aid, and pointed to the Shore.  
 We look behind; then view his shaggy Beard,  
 His Cloaths were tagg'd with Thorns, and Filth his Limbs  
 befear'd:  
 The rest, in Meen, in habit, and in Face,  
 Appear'd a *Greek*; and such indeed he was.  
 780 He cast on us, from far, a frightful view,  
 Whom soon for *Trojans* and for Foes he knew:  
 Stood still, and paus'd; then all at once began  
 To stretch his Limbs, and trembled as he ran.  
 Soon as approach'd, upon his Knees he falls,  
 785 And thus with Tears and Sighs for pity calls.  
 Now by the Pow'rs above, and what we share  
 As Nature's common Gift, this vital Air,  
 O *Trojans* take me hence: I beg no more,  
 But bear me far from this unhappy Shore.  
 790 'Tis true I am a *Greek*, and farther own,  
 Among your Foes besieg'd th' Imperial Town;  
 For such Demerits if my death be due,  
 No more for this abandon'd life I sue:

This

This only Favour let my Tears obtain,  
 795 To throw me headlong in the rapid Main:  
 Since nothing more than Death my Crime demands,  
 I dye content, to dye by human Hands.  
 He said, and on his Knees my Knees embrac'd,  
 I bad him boldly tell his Fortune past;  
 800 His present State, his Lineage and his Name;  
 Th' occasion of his Fears, and whence he came.  
 The good *Anchises* rais'd him with his Hand;  
 Who, thus encourag'd, answer'd our Demand:  
 From *Ithaca* my native Soil I came  
 805 To *Troy*, and *Achamenides* my Name.  
 Me, my poor Father, with *Ulysses* sent;  
 (Oh had I stay'd, with Poverty content!)  
 But fearful for themselves, my Country-men  
 Left me forsaken in the *Cyclop's* Den.  
 810 The Cave, though large, was dark, the dismal Flore  
 Was pav'd with mangled Limbs and putrid Gore.  
 Our monstrous Host, of more than Human Size,  
 Erects his Head; and stares within the Skies.  
 Bellowing his Voice, and horrid is his Hue.  
 815 Ye Gods, remove this Plague from Mortal View!  
 The Joints of slaughter'd Wretches are his Food:  
 And for his Wine he quaffs the streaming Blood.  
 These Eyes beheld, when with his spacious Hand  
 He seiz'd two Captives of our *Grecian* Band;  
 820 Stretch'd on his Back, he dash'd against the Stones  
 Their broken Bodies, and their crackling Bones:  
 With spouting Blood the Purple Pavement swims,  
 While the dire Glutton grinds the trembling Limbs.  
 Not unreveng'd, *Ulysses* bore their Fate,  
 825 Nor thoughtless of his own unhappy State:  
 For, gorg'd with Flesh, and drunk with Human Wine,  
 While fast asleep the Gyant lay supine;

M m 2

Snoaring

- Snoaring aloud, and belching from his Maw  
 His indigested Foam, and Morfels raw:
- 830 We pray, we cast the Lots, and then surround  
 The monstrous Body, stretch'd along the Ground:  
 Each, as he cou'd approach him, lends a hand  
 To bore his Eyeball with a flaming Brand.  
 Beneath his frowning Forehead lay his Eye,
- 835 (For only one did the vast Frame supply;)  
 But that a Globe so large, his Front it fill'd,  
 Like the Sun's disk, or like a Grecian Shield,  
 The Stroke succeeds; and down the Pupil bends;  
 This Vengeance follow'd for our slaughter'd Friends.
- 840 But haste, unhappy Wretches, haste to fly;  
 Your Cables cut, and on your Oars rely.  
 Such, and so vast as *Polypheme* appears,  
 A hundred more this hated Island bears:  
 Like him in Caves they shut their woolly Sheep,
- 845 Like him, their Herds on tops of Mountains keep;  
 Like him, with mighty Strides, they stalk from Steep to  
 Steep.  
 And now three Moons their sharpen'd Horns renew  
 Since thus in Woods and Wilds, obscure from view,  
 I drag my loathsome Days with mortal Fright;
- 850 And in deserted Caverns lodge by Night.  
 Oft from the Rocks a dreadful Prospect see,  
 Of the huge *Cyclops*, like a walking Tree:  
 From far I hear his thund'ring Voice rebound;  
 And trampling Feet that shake the solid Ground.
- 855 Cornels, and salvage Berries of the Wood,  
 And Roots and Herbs have been my meagre Food.  
 While all around my longing Eyes I cast,  
 I saw your happy Ships appear at last.  
 On those I fix'd my hopes, to these I run,
- 860 'Tis all I ask this cruel Race to shun:

What



To W<sup>m</sup> Gibbons D<sup>o</sup> in Physick



What other Death you please your selves, bestow,  
 Scarce had he said, when on the Mountain's brow,  
 We saw the Gyant-Shepherd stalk before:  
 His following Flock, and leading to the Shore.  
 865 A monstrous Bulk, deform'd, depriv'd of Sight,  
 His Staff a trunk of Pine, to guide his steps aright:  
 His pondrous Whistle from his Neck descends;  
 His woolly Care their pensivè Lord attends:  
 This onely Solace his hard Fortune sends.  
 870 Soon as he reach'd the Shore, and touch'd the Waves,  
 From his bor'd Eye the gut'r'ing Blood he laves:  
 He gnash'd his Teeth and groan'd; thro' Seas he strides,  
 And scarce the topmost Billows touch'd his sides.  
 Seiz'd with a sudden Fear, we run to Sea,  
 875 The Cables cut, and silent haste away:  
 The well deserving Stranger entertain;  
 Then, buckling to the Work, our Oars divide the Main.  
 The Gyant harken'd to the dashing Sound:  
 But when our Vessels out of reach he found,  
 880 He strided onward; and in vain essay'd  
 Th' Ionian Deep, and durst no farther wade.  
 With that he roar'd aloud; the dreadful Cry  
 Shakes Earth, and Air, and Seas; the Billows fly  
 Before the bellowing Noise, to distant Italy.  
 885 The neighb'ring *Ætna* trembled all around;  
 The winding Caverns echo to the sound.  
 His brother *Cyclops* hear the yelling Roar;  
 And, rushing down the Mountains, crowd the Shoar:  
 We saw their stern distorted looks, from far,  
 890 And one ey'd Glance, that vainly threatned War.  
 A dreadful Council, with their heads on high;  
 The misty Clouds about their Foreheads fly:  
 Not yielding to the towering Tree of *Jove*;  
 Or tallest Cypress of *Diana's* Grove.

- 895 New Pangs of mortal Fear our Minds assail,  
 We tug at ev'ry Oar, and hoist up ev'ry Sail;  
 And take th' Advantage of the friendly Gale.  
 Forewarn'd by *Helenus*, we strive to shun  
*Charibdis* Gulph, nor dare to *Scylla* run.
- 900 An equal Fate on either side appears,  
 We, tacking to the left, are free from Fears.  
 For from *Peorus* Point, the North arose,  
 And drove us back where swift *Pantagias* flows.  
 His Rocky Mouth we pass; and make our Way
- 905 By *Thapfus*, and *Megara's* winding Bay;  
 This Passage *Achemenides* had shewn,  
 Tracing the Course which he before had run.  
 Right o're-against *Plemmyrium's* watry Strand,  
 There lies an Isle once call'd th' *Ortygian* Land:
- 910 *Alpheus*, as Old Fame reports, has found  
 From *Greece* a secret Passage under-ground:  
 By Love to beautiful *Arethusa* led,  
 And mingling here, they rowl in the same Sacred Bed.  
 As *Helenus* enjoyn'd, we next adore
- 915 *Diana's* Name, Protectress of the Shore.  
 With prosperous Gales we pass the quiet Sounds  
 Of still *Elorus* and his fruitful Bounds.  
 Then doubling Cape *Pachynus*, we survey  
 The rocky Shore extended to the Sea.
- 920 The Town of *Camarine* from far we see;  
 And fenny Lake undrain'd by Fates decreed.  
 In sight of the *Geloan* Fields we pass,  
 And the large Walls, where mighty *Gela* was:  
 Then *Agragas* with lofty Summits crown'd;
- 925 Long for the Race of warlike Steeds renown'd:  
 We pass'd *Selinus*, and the Palmy Land,  
 And widely shun the *Libyæan* Strand,  
 Unsafe, for secret Rocks, and moving Sand.

At

- At length on Shore the weary Fleet arriv'd;  
 Which *Drepanum's* unhappy Port receiv'd.
- 930 Here, after endless Labours, often tost  
 By raging Storms, and driv'n on ev'ry Coast,  
 My dear, dear Father, spent with Age, I lost.  
 Ease of my Cares, and Solace of my Pain,  
 Sav'd through a thousand Toils, but sav'd in vain:
- 935 The Prophet, who my future Woes reveal'd,  
 Yet this, the greatest and the worst, conceal'd.  
 And dire *Celæno*, whose foreboding Skill  
 Denounc'd all else, was silent of this Ill:  
 This my last Labour was. Some friendly God,
- 940 From thence convey'd us to your blest Abode.  
 Thus to the listning Queen, the Royal Guest  
 His wand'ring Course, and all his Toils express'd;  
 And here concluding, he retir'd to rest.

The

*The Fourth Book of the Æneis.***The Argument.**

Dido discovers to her Sister her Passion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a Hunting-Match for his Entertainment. Juno by Venus's consent raises a Storm, which separates the Hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same Cave, where their Marriage is suppos'd to be completed. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage; Æneas secretly prepares for his Voyage: Dido finds out his Design, and to put a stop to it, makes use of her own, and her Sister's Entreaties, and discovers all the variety of Passions that are incident to a neglected Lover: When nothing wou'd prevail upon him, she contrives her own Death, with which this Book concludes.

**B**UT anxious Cares already seiz'd the Queen:  
 She fed within her Veins a Flame unseen:  
 The Heroe's Valour, Acts, and Birth inspire  
 Her Soul with Love, and fann the secret Fire.  
 5 His Words, his Looks imprint in her Heart,  
 Improve the Passion, and increase the Smart.  
 Now, when the Purple Morn had chas'd away  
 The dewy Shadows, and restor'd the Day;  
 Her Sister first, with early Care the sought,  
 10 And thus in mournful Accents eas'd her Thought.  
 My dearest *Anna*, what new Dreams affright  
 My lab'ring Soul; what Visions of the Night  
 Disturb my Quiet, and distract my Breast,  
 With strange Ideas of our Trojan Guest?  
 15 His Worth, his Actions, and Majestick Air,  
 A Man descended from the Gods declare:  
 Fear never harbours in a Noble Mind,  
 But Modesty, with just Assurance join'd.

Then



To y<sup>th</sup> Right Hon<sup>ble</sup>  
 Exeter Baron Cav<sup>ty</sup> John Earle of  
 cill of Burleigh &<sup>ct</sup>

- Then, what he suffer'd, when by Fate betray'd,  
 20 What brave Attempts for falling *Troy* he made!  
 Such were his Looks, so gracefully he spoke,  
 That were I not resolv'd against the Yoke  
 Of hapless Marriage, never to be curs'd  
 With second Love, so fatal was my first;  
 25 To this one Error I might yield again:  
 For since *Sichæus* was untimely slain,  
 This only Man, is able to subvert  
 The fix'd Foundations of my stubborn Heart.  
 And to confess my Frailty, to my shame,  
 30 Somewhat I find within, if not the same,  
 Too like the Sparkles of my former Flame.  
 But first let yawning Earth a Passage lend;  
 And let me through the dark Abyss descend;  
 First let avenging *Jove*, with Flames from high,  
 35 Drive down this Body, to the neather Sky,  
 Condemn'd with Ghosts in endless Night to lye;  
 Before I break the plighted Faith I gave;  
 No; he who had my Vows, shall ever have;  
 For whom I lov'd on Earth, I worship in the Grave.  
 40 She said; the Tears ran gushing from her Eyes,  
 And stop'd her Speech: her Sister thus replies.  
 O dearer than the vital Air I breath,  
 Will you to Grief your blooming Years bequeath?  
 Condem'd to wait in Woes, your lonely Life,  
 45 Without the Joys of Mother, or of Wife.  
 Think you these Tears, this pompous Train of Woe,  
 Are known, or valu'd by the Ghosts below?  
 I grant, that while your Sorrows yet were green,  
 It well became a Woman, and a Queen,  
 50 The Vows of *Tyrian* Princes to neglect,  
 To scorn *Hyarbas*, and his Love reject;

- With all the *Lybian* Lords of mighty Name,  
 But will you fight against a pleasing Flame!  
 This little Spot of Land, which Heav'n bestows,  
 On ev'ry side is hemm'd with warlike Foes:  
 55 *Getulian* Cities here are spread around;  
 And fierce *Nusidians* there your Frontiers bound;  
 Here lies a barren Wast of thirly Land,  
 And there the *Syrtes* raise the moving Sand:  
 60 *Barcean* Troops besiege the narrow Shore;  
 And from the Sea *Pigmalion* threatens more.  
 Propitious Heav'n, and gracious *Juno*, lead  
 This wand'ring Navy to your needful Aid:  
 How will your Empire spread, your City rise  
 65 From such an Union, and with such Allies!  
 Implore the Favour of the Pow'rs above;  
 And leave the Conduct of the rest to Love.  
 Continue still your hospitable way,  
 And still invent occasions of their Stay;  
 70 'Till Storms, and winter Winds, shall cease to threat,  
 And Plancks and Oars, repair their thatter'd Fleet.  
 These Words, which from a Friend, and Sister came,  
 With Ease resolv'd the Scruples of her Fame;  
 And added Fury to the kindled Flame.  
 75 Inspir'd with Hope, the Project they pursue;  
 On ev'ry Altar Sacrifice renew;  
 A chosen Ewe of two Years old they pay  
 To *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, and the God of Day:  
 Preferring *Juno's* Pow'r: For *Juno* ties  
 80 The Nuptial Knot, and makes the Marriage Joys.  
 The beautous Queen before her Altar stands,  
 And holds the Golden Goblet in her Hands:  
 A milk-white Heifer she with Flow'rs adorns,  
 And pours the ruddy Wine betwixt her Horns;

And



To the Lady  Mary Giffard

- 85 And while the Priests with Pray'r the Gods invoke,  
 She feeds their Altars with *Sabean* Smoke.  
 With hourly Care the Sacrifice renews,  
 And anxiously the panting Entrails Views.  
 What Priestly Rites, alas! what Pious Art,  
 90 What Vows avail to cure a bleeding Heart!  
 A gentle Fire she feeds within her Veins;  
 Where the soft God secure in silence reigns.  
 Sick with desire, and seeking him she loves,  
 From Street to Street, the raving *Dido* roves.  
 95 So when the watchful Shepherd, from the Blind,  
 Wounds with a random Shaft the careless Hind;  
 Distracted with her pain she flies the Woods,  
 Bounds o're the Lawn, and seeks the silent Floods;  
 With fruitless Care; for still the fatal Dart  
 100 Sticks in her side; and rancles in her Heart.  
 And now she leads the *Trojan* Chief, along  
 The lofty Walls, amidst the buisfe Throng;  
 Displays her *Tyrian* Wealth, and rising Town,  
 Which Love, without his Labour, makes his own.  
 105 This Pomp she shows to tempt her wond'ring Guest,  
 Her falt'ring Tongue forbids to speak the rest.  
 When Day declines, and Feasts renew the Night,  
 Still on his Face she feeds her famish'd sight;  
 She longs again to hear the Prince relate  
 110 His own Adventures, and the *Trojan* Fate:  
 He tells it o're and o're; but still in vain;  
 For still she begs to hear it, once again.  
 The Hearer on the Speaker's Mouth depends;  
 And thus the Tragick Story never ends.  
 115 Then, when they part, when *Phæbe's* paler Light  
 Withdraws, and falling Stars to Sleep invite,  
 She last remains, when when ev'ry Guest is gone,  
 Sits on the Bed he press'd, and sighs alone;

Absent, her absent Heroe sees and hears;  
 120 Or in her Bosom young *Ancinus* bears:  
 And seeks the Father's Image in the Child,  
 If Love by Likeness might be so beguil'd.  
 Mean time the rising Tow'rs are at a stand:  
 No Labours exercise the youthful Band:  
 125 Nor use of Arts, nor Toils of Arms they know;  
 The Mole is left unfinish'd to the Foe.  
 The Mounds, the Works, the Walls, neglected lye,  
 And, left unbuilt, are shorter of the Sky.  
 But when Imperial *Juno*, from above,  
 130 Saw *Dido* fetter'd in the Chains of Love,  
 Hot with the Venom, which her Veins inflam'd,  
 And by no sense of Shame to be reclaim'd:  
 With soothing Words to *Venus* she begun.  
 High Praises, endless Honours you have won,  
 135 And mighty Trophies with your worthy Son:  
 Two Gods a silly Woman have undone.  
 Nor am I ignorant, you both suspect  
 This rising City, which my Hands erect:  
 But shall Cœlestial Discord never cease?  
 140 'Tis better ended in a lasting Peace.  
 You stand possess'd of all your Soul desir'd;  
 Poor *Dido* with consuming Love is fir'd:  
 Your *Trojan* with my *Tyrian* let us join,  
 So *Dido* shall be yours, *Aeneas* mine:  
 145 One common Kingdom, one united Line.  
*Elisa* shall a *Dardan* Lord obey,  
 And lofty *Carthage* for a Dow'r convey.  
 Then *Venus*, who her hidden Fraud descry'd,  
 (Which wou'd the Scepter of the World, misguide  
 150 To *Lybian* Shores,) thus artfully reply'd,  
 Who but a Fool, wou'd Wars with *Juno* chuse,  
 And such Alliance, and such Gifts refuse?

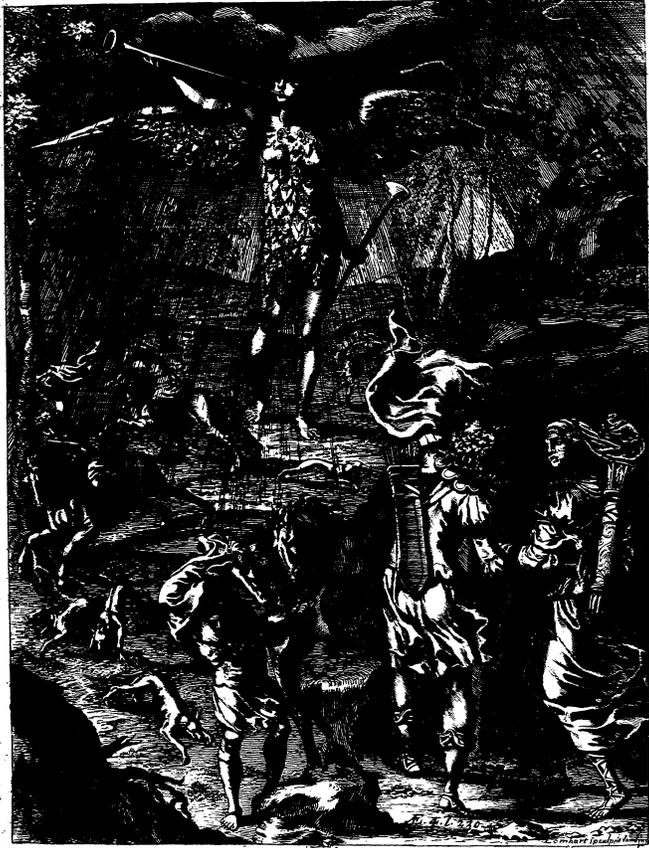
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If Fortune with our joint Desires comply:  
 The Doubt is all from *Jove*, and Destiny.  
 155 Left he forbid, with absolute Command,  
 To mix the People in one common Land.  
 Or will the *Trojan*, and the *Tyrian* Line,  
 In lasting Leagues, and sure Succession join?  
 But you, the Partner of his Bed and Throne,  
 160 May move his Mind; my Wishes are your own.  
 Mine, said Imperial *Juno*, be the Care;  
 Time urges, now, to perfect this Affair:  
 Attend my Counsel, and the Secret share.  
 When next the Sun his rising Light displays,  
 165 And guilds the World below, with Purple Rays;  
 The Queen, *Aeneas*, and the *Tyrian* Court,  
 Shall to the shady Woods, for Sylvan Game, resort.  
 There, while the Huntsmen pitch their Toils around,  
 And chearful Horns, from Side to Side, resound;  
 170 A Pitchy Cloud shall cover all the Plain  
 With Hail, and Thunder, and tempestuous Rain:  
 The fearful Train shall take their speedy Flight,  
 Dispers'd, and all involv'd in gloomy Night:  
 One Cave a grateful Shelter shall afford  
 175 To the fair Princess, and the *Trojan* Lord.  
 I will my self, the bridal Bed prepare,  
 If you, to bless the Nuptials, will be there:  
 So shall their Loves be crown'd with due Delights,  
 And *Hymen* shall be present at the Rites.  
 180 The Queen of Love consents, and closely smiles  
 At her vain Project, and discover'd Wiles.  
 The rosy Morn was risen from the Main,  
 And Horns and Hounds awake the Princely Train:  
 They issue early through the City Gate,  
 185 Where the more wakeful Huntsmen ready wait,

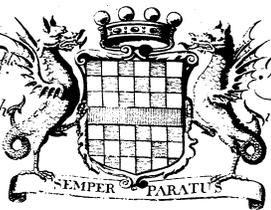
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- With Nets, and Toils, and Darts, beside the force  
 Of *Spartan* Dogs, and swift *Mafflian* Horfe.  
 The *Tyrian* Peers, and Officers of State,  
 For the slow Queen, in Anti-Chambers wait :
- 190 Her lofty Courfer, in the Court below,  
 (Who his Majestick Rider seems to know,  
 Proud of his Purple Trappings, paws the Ground;  
 And champs the Golden Bitt; and spreads the Foam around.  
 The Queen at length appears: On either Hand
- 195 The brawny Guards in Martial Order stand.  
 A flow'rd Cymarr, with Golden Fringe, she wore;  
 And at her Back a Golden Quiver bore:  
 Her flowing Hair, a Golden Caul restrains;  
 A golden Clasp, the *Tyrian* Robe sustains.
- 200 Then young *Ascanius*, with a sprightly Grace,  
 Leads on the *Trojan* Youth to view the Chace.  
 But far above the rest in beauty shines  
 The great *Aeneas*, when the Troop he joins:  
 Like fair *Apollo*, when he leaves the frost
- 205 Of wintry *Xanthus*, and the *Lycian* Coast;  
 When to his Native *Delos* he resorts,  
 Ordains the Dances, and renews the Sports:  
 Where painted *Scythians*, mix'd with *Cretan* Bands,  
 Before the joyful Altars join their Hands.
- 210 Himself, on *Cynthus* walking, sees below  
 The merry Madnes of the sacred Show.  
 Green Wreaths of Bays his length of Hair inclose,  
 A Golden Fillet binds his awful Brows:  
 His Quiver sounds: Not less the Prince is seen
- 215 In manly Prefence, or in lofty Meen.  
 Now had they reach'd the Hills, and form'd the Seat  
 Of salvage Beasts, in Dens, their last Retreat;  
 The Cry pursues the Mountain-Goats; they bound  
 From Rock to Rock, and keep the craggy Ground:

Quite



To The Right Hon.  
Baron of Hudleigh



Hugh Lord Clifford  
in the County of Devon.

- 220 Quite otherwise the Stags, a trembling Train,  
In Herds unsingl'd, scour the dusty Plain;  
And a long Chace, in open view, maintain.  
The glad *Ascanius*, as his Courser guides,  
Spurs through the Vale; and these and those outrides.
- 225 His Horses flanks and sides are forc'd to feel  
The clanking last, and goring of the Steel.  
Impatiently he views the feeble Prey,  
Wishing some Nobler Beast to cross his way.  
And rather wou'd the tusky Boar attend,
- 230 Or see the Lyon from the Hills descend.  
Mean time, the gathering Clouds obscure the Skies;  
From Pole to Pole the forky Lightning flies;  
The rattling Thunders rowl; and *Juno* pours  
A wintry Deluge down; and founding Show'rs.
- 235 The Company dispers'd, to Coverts ride,  
And seek the homely Cotts, or Mountains hollow side.  
The rapid Rains, descending from the Hills,  
To rowling Torrents raise the creeping Rills.  
The Queen and Prince, as Love or Fortune guides,
- 240 One common Cavern in her Bosom hides.  
Then first the trembling Earth the signal gave;  
And flashing Fires enlighten all the Cave:  
Hell from below, and *Juno* from above,  
And howling Nymphs, were conscious to their Love.
- 245 From this ill Omen'd Hour, in Time arose  
Debate and Death, and all succeeding woes.  
The Queen whom sense of Honour cou'd not move  
No longer made a Secret of her Love;  
But call'd it Marriage, by that specious Name,
- 250 To veil the Crime and sanctifie the Shame.  
The loud Report through *Lybian* Cities goes;  
Fame, the great Ill, from small beginnings grows.

Swift

- Swift from the first; and ev'ry Moment brings  
New Vigour to her flights, new Pinions to her wings.
- 255 Soon grows the Pygmeo to Gygantic size;  
Her Feet on Earth, her Forehead in the Skies:  
Inrag'd against the Gods, revengful Earth  
Produc'd her last of the *Titanian* birth.  
Swift is her walk, more swift her winged haft:
- 260 A monstrous Fantom, horrible and vast;  
As many Plumes as raise her lofty flight,  
So many piercing Eyes enlarge her sight:  
Millions of opening Mouths to Fame belong;  
And ev'ry Mouth is furnish'd with a Tongue:
- 265 And round with listning Ears the flying Plague is hung.  
She fills the peaceful Universe with Cries;  
No Slumbers ever close her wakeful Eyes.  
By Day from lofty Tow'rs her Head she shews;  
And spreads through trembling Crowds disastrous News.
- 270 With Court Informers haunts, and Royal Spies;  
Things done relates, not done she feigns; and mingles Truth  
with Lies.  
Talk is her business, and her chief delight  
To tell of Prodiges, and cause affright.  
She fills the Peoples Ears with *Dido's* Name;
- 275 Who, lost to Honour, and the sense of Shame,  
Admits into her Throne and Nuptial Bed  
A wandring Guest, who from his Country fled:  
Whole days with him she passes in delights;  
And wafts in Luxury long Winter Nights.
- 280 Forgetful of her Fame, and Royal Trust;  
Dissolv'd in Ease, abandon'd to her Lust.  
The Goddess widely spreads the loud Report;  
And flies at length to King *Egybus's* Court.  
When first possess'd with this unwelcome News,
- 285 Whom did he not of Men and Gods accuse!

This

- This Prince, from ravish'd *Garamantis* born,  
A hundred Temples did with Spoils adorn,  
In *Ammon's* Honour, his Cœlestial Sire;  
A hundred Altars fed, with wakeful Fire:
- 290 And through his vast Dominions, Priests ordain'd,  
Whose watchful Care these holy Rites maintain'd.  
The Gates and Columns were with Garlands crown'd,  
And Blood of Victim Beasts enrich the Ground.  
He, when he heard a Fugitive cou'd move
- 295 The *Tyrian* Princess, who disdain'd his Love,  
His Breast with Fury burn'd, his Eyes with Fire;  
Mad with Despair, impatient with Desire.  
Then on the Sacred Altars pouring Wine,  
He thus with Pray'rs implor'd his Sire divine.
- 300 Great *Jove*, propitious to the *Moorish* Race,  
Who feast on painted Beds, with Off'rings grace  
Thy Temples, and adore thy Pow'r Divine  
With offer'd Victims, and with sparkling Wine:  
Seest thou not this? or do we fear in vain
- 305 Thy boasted Thunder, and thy thoughtless Reign?  
Do thy broad Hands the forky Lightnings lance,  
Thine are the Bolts, or the blind work of Chance?  
A wandring Woman builds, within our State,  
A little Town, bought at an ease Rate;
- 310 She pays me Homage, and my Grants allow,  
A narrow space of *Lybian* Lands to plough.  
Yet scorning me, by Passion blindly led,  
Admits a banish'd *Trojan* to her Bed:  
And now this other *Paris*, with his Train
- 315 Of conquer'd Cowards, must in *Affrick* reign!  
(Whom, what they are, their Looks and Garb confess;  
Their Locks with Oil perfum'd, their *Lydian* dress.)  
He takes the Spoil, enjoys the Princely Dame;  
And I, rejected I, adore an empty Name.

O o

His

- 320 His Vows, in haughty Terms, he thus prefer'd,  
 And held his Altar's Horns; the mighty Thund'rer heard,  
 Then cast his Eyes on *Carthage*, where he found  
 The lustful Pair, in lawless pleasure drown'd.  
 Lost in their Loves, insensible of Shame ;
- 325 And both forgetful of their better Fame.  
 He calls *Cyllenus* ; and the God attends ;  
 By whom his menacing Command he sends.  
 Go, mount the Western Winds, and cleave the Skie ;  
 Then, with a swift descent, to *Carthage* fly :
- 330 There find the *Trojan* Chief, who wastes his Days  
 In sloathful Riot, and inglorious Ease.  
 Nor minds the future City, giv'n by Fate ;  
 To him this Message from my Mouth relate.  
 Not so, fair *Venus* hop'd, when twice she won
- 335 Thy Life with Pray'rs ; nor promis'd such a Son.  
 Hers was a Heroe, destin'd to command  
 A Martial Race ; and rule the *Latian* Land.  
 Who shou'd his ancient Line from *Teucer* draw ;  
 And, on the conquer'd World, impose the Law.
- 340 If Glory cannot move a Mind so mean,  
 Nor future Praise, from fading Pleasure wean,  
 Yet why shou'd he defraud his Son of Fame ;  
 And grudge the *Romans* their Immortal Name !  
 What are his vain Designs ! what hopes he more,
- 345 From his long ling'ring on a hostile Shore ?  
 Regardless to redeem his Honour lost,  
 And for his Race to gain th' *Ausonian* Coast !  
 Bid him with Speed the *Tyrian* Court forsake ;  
 With this Command the slumb'ring Warrior wake.
- 350 *Hermes* obeys ; with Golden Pinions binds  
 His flying Feet, and mounts the Western Winds :  
 And whether o're the Seas or Earth he flies,  
 With rapid Force, they bear him down the Skies.

But



To John Walkeden of  
  
 of Inner Temple Esq.  
 NON EST MORTALE QUOD OPTO

But first he grasps within his awful Hand,  
 355 The mark of Sov'raign Pow'r, his Magick Wand:  
 With this, he draws the Ghosts from hollow Graves,  
 With this he drives them down the Stygian Waves;  
 With this he seals in Sleep, the wakeful fight;  
 And Eyes, though clos'd in Death restores to Light.  
 360 Thus arm'd, the God begins his Airy Race;  
 And drives the racking Clouds along the liquid Space.  
 Now sees the Tops of *Atlas*, as he flies;  
 Whose brawny Back supports the starry Skies:  
*Atlas*, whose Head with Piny Forests crown'd,  
 365 Is beaten by the Winds; with foggy Vapours bound.  
 Snows hide his Shoulders; from beneath his Chin  
 The Founts of rolling Streams their Race begin:  
 A beard of Yce on his large Breast depends:  
 Here pois'd upon his Wings, the God descends.  
 370 Then, rested thus, he from the tow'ring height  
 Plung'd downward, with precipitated Flight:  
 Lights on the Seas, and skims along the Flood:  
 As Water-fowl, who seek their fishy Food,  
 Less, and yet less, to distant Prospect show,  
 375 By turns they dance aloft, and dive below:  
 Like these, the steerage of his Wings he plies;  
 And near the surface of the Water flies.  
 'Till having pass'd the Seas, and cross'd the Sands,  
 He clos'd his Wings, and stoop'd on *Lybian* Lands:  
 380 Where Shepherds once were hous'd in homely Sheds,  
 Now Tow'rs within the Clouds, advance their Heads.  
 Arriving there, he found the *Trojan* Prince,  
 New Ramparts raising for the Town's defence:  
 A Purple Scarf, with Gold embroider'd o're,  
 385 (Queen *Dido's* Gift) about his Waste he wore;  
 A Sword with glitt'ring Gems diversify'd,  
 For Ornament, not use, hung idly by his side.

Then thus, with winged Words, the God began;  
 (Resuming his own Shape) degenerate Man,  
 390 Thou Woman's Property, what mak'st thou here,  
 These foreign Walls, and Tyrian Towers to rear?  
 Forgetful of thy own? All pow'rful *Jove*,  
 Who sways the World below, and Heav'n above,  
 Has sent me down, with this severe Command:  
 395 What means thy ling'ring in the *Lybian* Land?  
 If Glory cannot move a Mind so mean,  
 Nor future Praise, from sitting Pleasure wean,  
 Regard the Fortunes of thy rising Heir;  
 The promis'd Crown let young *Ascanius* wear.  
 400 To whom th' *African* Scepter, and the State  
 Of *Rome's* Imperial Name, is ow'd by Fate.  
 So spoke the God; and speaking took his flight,  
 Involv'd in Clouds; and vanish'd out of sight.  
 The Pious Prince was seiz'd with sudden Fear;  
 405 Mute was his Tongue, and upright stood his Hair:  
 Revolving in his Mind the stern Command,  
 He longs to fly, and loaths the charming Land.  
 What shou'd he say, or how shou'd he begin,  
 What Course, alas! remains, to steer between  
 410 Th' offended Lover, and the Pow'rful Queen!  
 This way, and that, he turns his anxious Mind,  
 And all Expedients tries, and none can find:  
 Fix'd on the Deed, but doubtful of the Means;  
 After long Thought to this Advice he leans.  
 415 Three Chiefs he calls, commands them to repair  
 The Fleet, and ship their Men with silent Care:  
 Some plausible Pretence he bids them find,  
 To colour what in secret he design'd.  
 Himself, mean time, the softest Hours wou'd chase,  
 420 Before the Love-sick Lady heard the News.

And

And move her tender Mind, by slow degrees,  
 To suffer what the Sov'raign Pow'r decrees:  
*Jove* will inspire him, when, and what to say:  
 They hear with Pleasure, and with haste obey.  
 425 But soon the Queen perceives the thin Disguise,  
 (What Arts can blind a jealous Woman's Eyes!)  
 She was the first to find the secret Fraud,  
 Before the fatal News was blaz'd abroad.  
 Love, the first Motions of the Lover hears,  
 430 Quick to preface, and ev'n in Safety fears.  
 Nor impious Fame was wanting to report  
 The Ships repair'd; the *Trojans* thick Resort,  
 And purpose to forsake the *Tyrian* Court. }  
 Frantick with Fear, impatient of the Wound,  
 435 And impotent of Mind, she roves the City round.  
 Less wild the *Bacchanalian* Dames appear,  
 When, from afar, their nightly God they hear, }  
 And houl about the Hills, and shake the wreathy Spear.  
 At length she finds the dear perfidious Man;  
 440 Prevents his form'd Excuse, and thus began.  
 Base and ungrateful, cou'd you hope to fly,  
 And undiscover'd scape a Lover's Eye!  
 Nor cou'd my Kindness your Compassion move,  
 Nor plighted Vows, nor dearer bands of Love!  
 445 Or is the Death of a despairing Queen  
 Not worth preventing, though too well foreseen?  
 Even when the Wintry Winds command your stay,  
 You dare the Tempests, and defie the Sea.  
 False, as you are, suppose you were not bound  
 450 To Lands unknown, and foreign Coasts to sound;  
 Were *Troy* restor'd, and *Priam's* happy Reign,  
 Now durst you tempe for *Troy*, the raging Main?  
 See, whom you fly; am I the Foe you shun?  
 Now by those holy Vows, so late begun,

By

- 455 By this right Hand, (since I have nothing more  
To challenge, but the Faith you gave before;) I beg you by these Tears too truly shed,  
By the new Pleasures of our Nuptial Bed;  
If ever *Dido*, when you most were kind,  
460 Were pleasing in your Eyes, or touch'd your Mind;  
By these my Pray'rs, if Pray'rs may yet have Place,  
Pity the Fortunes of a falling Race.  
For you I have provok'd a Tyrant's Hate,  
Incens'd the *Lybian*, and the *Tyrian* State;  
465 For you alone I suffer in my Fame;  
Bereft of Honour, and expos'd to Shame:  
Whom have I now to trust, (ungrateful Guest)  
That only Name remains of all the rest!  
What have I left, or whither can I fly;  
470 Must I attend *Pygmalion's* Cruelty!  
Or till *Hyarba* shall in Triumph lead  
A Queen, that proudly scorn'd his proffer'd Bed!  
Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty Flight,  
And left behind some Pledge of our delight,  
475 Some Babe to bless the Mother's mournful fight;  
Some young *Aeneas*, to supply your place;  
Whose Features might express his Father's Face;  
I should not then complain to live bereft  
Of all my Husband, or be wholly left.  
480 Here paus'd the Queen; unmov'd he holds his Eyes,  
By *Jove's* Command; nor suffer'd Love to rise,  
Tho' heaving in his Heart; and thus at length, replies.  
Fair Queen, you never can enough repeat  
Your boundless Favours, or I own my Debt;  
485 Nor can my Mind forget *Eliza's* Name,  
While vital Breath inspires this Mortal Frame.  
This, only let me speak in my Defence,  
I never hop'd a secret Flight from hence:

Much

- Much less pretended to the Lawful Claim  
490 Of Sacred Nuptials, or, a Husband's Name.  
For if indulgent Heav'n would leave me free,  
And not submit my Life to Fate's Decree,  
My Choice would lead me to the *Trojan* Shore,  
Those Reliques to review, their Dust adore;  
495 And *Priam's* ruin'd Palace to restore.  
But now the *Delphian Oracle* Commands,  
And Fate invites me to the *Latian* Lands.  
That is the promis'd Place to which I steer,  
And all my Vows are terminated there.  
500 If you, a *Tyrian*, and a Stranger born,  
With Walls and Tow'rs a *Lybian* Town adorn;  
Why may not we, like you, a Foreign Race,  
Like you seek shelter in a Foreign Place?  
As often as the Night obscures the Skies  
505 With humid Shades, or twinkling Stars arise,  
*Achilles* angry Ghost in Dreams appears;  
Chides my delay, and fills my Soul with fears:  
And young *Ascanius* justly may complain,  
Of his defrauded Fate, and destin'd Reign.  
510 Ev'n now the Herald of the Gods appear'd,  
Waking I saw him, and his Message heard.  
From *Jove* he came commission'd, Heav'nly bright  
With Radiant Beams, and manifest to Sight.  
The Sender and the Sent, I both attest,  
515 These Walls he enter'd, and those Words express'd.  
Fair Queen, oppose not what the Gods command;  
Forc'd by my Fate, I leave your happy Land.  
Thus, while he spoke, already She began,  
With sparkling Eyes, to view the guilty Man:  
520 From Head to Foot survey'd his Person o'er,  
Nor longer these outrageous Threats forbore.

Fausc

Falsè as thou art, and more than falsè, forsworn;  
 Not sprung from Noble Blood, nor Goddess-born,  
 But hewn from hardned Entrails of a Rock;  
 525 And rough *Hyracian* Tygers gave thee suck.  
 Why shou'd I fawn, what have I worse to fear?  
 Did he once look, or lent a list'ning Ear;  
 Sigh'd when I sob'd, or shed one kindly Tear?  
 All Symptoms of a basè Ungrateful Mind,  
 530 So foul, that which is worse, 'tis hard to find.  
 Of Man's Injustice, why shou'd I complain?  
 The Gods, and *Jove* himself behold in vain  
 Triumphant Treason, yet no Thunder flies:  
 Nor *Juno* views my Wrongs with equal Eyes;  
 535 Faithless is Earth, and Faithless are the Skies!  
 Justice is fled, and Truth is now no more;  
 I sav'd the Shipwrack'd Exile on my Shore:  
 With needful Food his hungry *Trojans* fed;  
 I took the Traytor to my Throne and Bed:  
 540 Fool that I was—'tis little to repeat  
 The rest, I stor'd and Rigg'd his ruin'd Fleet.  
 I rave, I rave: A God's Command he pleads,  
 And makes Heav'n accessory to his Deeds.  
 Now *Lycian* Lotts; and now the *Delian* God;  
 545 Now *Hermes* is employ'd from *Jove's* abode,  
 To warn him hence; as if the peaceful State  
 Of Heav'nly Pow'rs were touch'd with Humane Fate!  
 But go; thy flight no longer I detain;  
 Go seek thy promis'd Kingdom through the Main:  
 550 Yet if the Heav'ns will hear my Pious Vow,  
 The faithless Waves, not half so falsè as thou;  
 Or secret Sands, shall Sepulchers afford  
 To thy proud Vessels, and their perjur'd Lord.  
 Then shalt thou call on injur'd *Dido's* Name;  
 555 *Dido* shall come, in a black Sulph'ry flame;  
 When death has once dissolv'd her Mortal frame.

Shall smile to see the Traitor vainly weep,  
 Her angry Ghost arising from the Deep,  
 Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy Sleep.  
 560 At least my Shade thy Punishment shall know;  
 And Fame shall spread the pleasing News below.  
 Abruptly here she stops: Then turns away  
 Her loathing Eyes, and shuns the sight of Day.  
 Amaz'd he stood, revolving in his Mind  
 565 What Speech to frame, and what Excuse to find.  
 Her fearful Maids their fainting Mistres led;  
 And softly laid her on her Iv'ry Bed.  
 But good *Aeneas*, tho' he much desir'd  
 To give that Pity, which her Grief requir'd,  
 570 Tho' much he mourn'd, and labour'd with his Love,  
 Resolv'd at length, obeys the Will of *Jove*:  
 Reviews his Forces; they with early Care  
 Unmoor their Vessels, and for Sea prepare.  
 The Fleet is soon afloat, in all its Pride:  
 575 And well calk'd Gallies in the Harbour ride.  
 Then Oaks for Oars they fell'd; or as they stood,  
 Of its green Arms despoil'd the growing Wood.  
 Studious of Flight: The Beach is cover'd o're  
 With *Trojan* Bands that blacken all the Shore:  
 580 On ev'ry side are seen, descending down,  
 Thick swarms of Souldiers loaden from the Town.  
 Thus, in Battalia, march embody'd Ants,  
 Fearful of Winter, and of future Wants,  
 T' invade the Corn, and to their Cells convey  
 585 The plunder'd Forrage of their yellow Prey.  
 The sable Troops, along the narrow Tracks,  
 Scarce bear the weighty Burthen on their Backs:  
 Some set their Shoulders to the pond'rous Grain;  
 Some guard the Spoil, some lash the lagging Train;  
 590 All ply their sever'al Tasks, and equal Toil sustain.

- What Pangs the tender Breast of *Dido* tore,  
 When, from the Tow'r, she saw the cover'd Shore,  
 And heard the Shouts of Sailors from afar,  
 Mix'd with the Murmurs of the war'y War?  
 595 All pow'rful Love, what Changes canst thou cause  
 In Human Hearts, subjected to thy Laws!  
 Once more her haughty Soul the Tyrant bends;  
 To Pray'rs and mean Submissions she descends.  
 No female Arts or Aids she left untry'd,  
 600 Nor Counfels unexplor'd, before she dy'd.  
 Look, *Anna*, look; the *Trojans* crowd to Sea,  
 They spread their Canvafs, and their Anchors weigh.  
 The shouting Crew, their Ships with Garlands binds;  
 Invoke the Sea-Gods, and invite the Winds.  
 605 Cou'd I have thought this threatening Blow fo near,  
 My tender Soul had been forewarn'd to bear.  
 But do not you my laft Request deny,  
 With yon perfidious Man your Int'reft try;  
 And bring me News, if I muft live or dye. }  
 610 You are his Fav'rite, you alone can find  
 The dark recesses of his inmost Mind:  
 In all his trusted Secrets you have part,  
 And know the soft Approaches to his Heart.  
 Hafte then, and humbly feek my haughty Foe;  
 615 Tell him, I did not with the *Grecians* goe;  
 Nor did my Fleet againft his Friends employ,  
 Nor swore the Ruin of unhappy *Troy*.  
 Nor mov'd with Hands prophane his Father's Duft;  
 Why shou'd he then reject a fuit fo juft!  
 620 Whom does he fhun, and whither would he fly;  
 Can he this laft, this only Pray'r deny!  
 Let him at leaft his dang'rous Flight delay,  
 Wait better Winds, and hope a calmer Sea.

The

- The Nuptials he difclaims I urge no more;  
 625 Let him purfue the promis'd *Latian* Shore.  
 A fhort delay is all I ask him now,  
 A pause of Grief; an interval from Woe:  
 'Till my foft Soul be temper'd to fustain  
 Accustom'd Sorrows, and inur'd to Pain.  
 630 If you in Pity grant this one Request,  
 My Death fhall leave you of my Crown poffefs'd.  
 This mournful message, Pious *Anna* bears,  
 And feconds, with her own, her Sister's Tears:  
 But all her Arts are ftill employ'd in vain;  
 635 Again she comes, and is refus'd again.  
 His harden'd Heart nor Pray'rs nor Threatnings move;  
 Fate, and the God, had ftop'd his Ears to Love.  
 As when the Winds their airy Quarrel try,  
 Juffling from ev'ry quarter of the Sky;  
 640 This way and that, the Mountain Oak they bend,  
 His Boughs they fhatter, and his Branches rend;  
 With Leaves, and falling Maft, they fpread the Ground,  
 The hollow Vallies echo to the Sound:  
 Unmov'd, the Royal Plant their Fury mocks;  
 645 Or fhaken, clings more clofely to the Rocks:  
 Far as he fhoots his tow'ring Head on high,  
 So deep in Earth his fix'd Foundations lye.  
 No lefs a Storm the *Trojan* Heroe bears;  
 Thick Messages and loud Complaints he hears;  
 650 And bandy'd Words, ftill beating on his Ears. }  
 Sighs, Groans and Tears, proclaim his inward Pains,  
 But the firm purpofe of his Heart remains.  
 The wretched Queen, purfu'd by cruel Fate,  
 Begins at length the light of Heav'n to hate:  
 655 And loaths to live: Then dire Portents she fees,  
 To haften on the Death her Soul decrees.

P p 2

Strange

Strange to relate: for when before the Shrine  
 She pours, in Sacrifice, the Purple Wine,  
 The Purple Wine is turn'd to putrid Blood:  
 660 And the white offer'd Milk, converts to Mud.  
 This dire Prefage, to her alone reveal'd,  
 From all, and ev'n her Sister, she conceal'd.  
 A Marble Temple stood within the Grove,  
 Sacred to Death, and to her murder'd Love;  
 665 That honour'd Chappel she had hung around  
 With snowy Fleeces, and with Garlands crown'd:  
 Oft, when she visited this lonely Dome,  
 Strange Voices issu'd from her Husband's Tomb:  
 She thought she heard him summon her away;  
 670 Invite her to his Grave; and hide her stay.  
 Hourly 'tis heard, when with a boding Note  
 The solitary Screech-Owl strains her Throat:  
 And on a Chimney's top, or Turret's hight,  
 With Songs obscene, disturbs the Silence of the Night.  
 675 Besides, old Prophecies augment her Fears;  
 And stern *Aeneas* in her Dreams appears,  
 Unhainful as by Day: She seems alone,  
 To wander in her Sleep, thro ways unknown,  
 Guideless and dark: or, in a Desert Plain,  
 To seek her Subjects, and to seek in vain.  
 Like *Pentheus*, when distract'd with his Fear,  
 He saw two Suns, and double *Thebes* appear:  
 Or mad *Orestes*, when his Mother's Ghost  
 Shook in his Face, infernal Torches tost;  
 And shook her snaky locks: He shuns the sight,  
 Flies o're the Stage, surpris'd with mortal fright;  
 The Furies guard the Door; and intercept his flight.  
 Now, sinking underneath a load of Grief,  
 From Death alone, she seeks her last Relief:

The

690 The Time and Means, resolv'd within her Breast,  
 She to her mournful Sister, thus address'd.  
 (Dissembling hope, her cloudy front she clears,  
 And a false Vigour in her Eyes appears.)  
 Rejoice she said, instructed from above,  
 695 My Lover I shall gain, or lose my Love.  
 Nigh rising *Atlas*, next the falling Sun,  
 Long tracts of *Ethiopian* Clymates run:  
 There, a *Massilian* Priestess I have found,  
 Honour'd for Age; for Magick Arts renown'd:  
 700 Th' *Hesperian* Temple was her trusted Care;  
 'Twas she supply'd the wakeful Dragons Fare.  
 She Poppy-Seeds in Honey taught to steep;  
 Reclaim'd his Rage; and sooth'd him into sleep.  
 She watch'd the Golden Fruit; her Charms unbind  
 705 The Chains of Love; or fix them on the Mind.  
 She stops the Torrents, leaves the Channel dry;  
 Repels the Stars; and backward bears the Sky.  
 The yawning Earth rebellows to her Call;  
 Pale Ghosts ascend; and Mountain Ashes fall.  
 710 Witness, ye Gods, and thou my better part,  
 How loth I am to try this impious Art!  
 Within the secret Court, with silent Care,  
 Erect a lofty Pile, expos'd in Air:  
 Hang on the topmost part, the *Trojan* Vest;  
 715 Spoils, Arms, and Presents of my faithless Guest.  
 Next, under these, the bridal Bed be plac'd,  
 Where I my Ruin in his Arms embrac'd:  
 All Relicks of the Wretch are doom'd to Fire;  
 For so the Priestess, and her Charms require.  
 720 Thus far she said, and farther Speech forbears:  
 A Mortal Paleness in her Face appears:  
 Yet, the mistrustless *Ama*, could not find  
 The secret Fun'ral, in these Rites design'd;  
 Nor thought so dire a Rage possess'd her Mind.

- 725 Unknowing of a Train conceal'd so well,  
 She fear'd no worfe than when *Sichæus* fell:  
 Therefore obeys. The fatal Pile they rear,  
 Within the secret Court, expos'd in Air.  
 The cloven Holms and Pines are heap'd on high;
- 730 And Garlands on the hollow Spaces lye.  
 Sad *Cypres*, *Vervain*, *Eugh*, compose the Wreath;  
 And ev'ry baleful green denoting Death.  
 The Queen, determin'd to the fatal Deed,  
 The Spoils and Sword he left, in order spread:
- 735 And the Man's Image on the Nuptial Bed.  
 And now (the sacred Altars plac'd around)  
 The Priestess enters, with her Hair unbound,  
 And thrice invokes the Pow'rs below the Ground.  
 Night, *Erebus*, and *Chaos* she proclaims,
- 740 And threefold *Hecat*, with her hundred Names,  
 And three *Diana's*: next she sprinkles round,  
 With feign'd *Avernian* Drops, the hallow'd ground;  
 Culls hoary Simples, found by *Phæbe's* Light,  
 With brazen Sickles reap'd at Noon of Night.
- 745 Then mixes baleful Juices in the Bowl:  
 And cuts the Forehead of a new-born Fole;  
 Robbing the Mother's love. The destin'd Queen  
 Observes, assisting at the Rites obscene:  
 A leaven'd Cake in her devoted Hands
- 750 She holds, and next the highest Altar stands:  
 One tender Foot was shod, her other bare;  
 Girt was her gather'd Gown, and loose her Hair.  
 Thus dress'd, she summon'd with her dying Breath,  
 The Heav'ns and Planets conscious of her Death:
- 755 And ev'ry Pow'r, if any rules above,  
 Who mands, or who revenges injur'd Love:  
 'Twas dead of Night, when weary Bodies close  
 Their Eyes in balmy Sleep, and soft Repose:

The



To Henry Tasburgh  
 County of  
 Esq. of Bodney in y<sup>e</sup>  
 Norfolk.

- The Winds no longer whisper through the Woods,  
 760 Nor murmur'ring Tides disturb the gentle Floods.  
 The Stars in silent order mov'd around,  
 And Peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the ground.  
 The Flocks and Herds, and parti-colour'd Fowl;  
 Which haunt the Woods, or swim the weedy Pool;  
 765 Stretch'd on the quiet Earth securely lay,  
 Forgetting the past Labours of the day.  
 All else of Nature's common Gift partake;  
 Unhappy *Dido* was alone awake.  
 Nor Sleep nor Ease the Furious Queen can find,  
 770 Sleep fled her Eyes, as Quiet fled her mind.  
 Despair, and Rage, and Love, divide her heart;  
 Despair and Rage had some, but Love the greater part.  
 Then thus she said within her secret Mind:  
 What shall I do, what Succour can I find!  
 775 Become a Supplyant to *Hyarba's* Pride,  
 And take my turn, to Court and be deny'd!  
 Shall I with this ungrateful *Trojan* go,  
 Forsake an Empire, and attend a Foe?  
 Himself I refug'd, and his Train reliev'd;  
 780 'Tis true; but am I sure to be receiv'd?  
 An Exile follows whom a Queen reliev'd!  
 Can Gratitude in *Trojan* Souls have place!  
*Laomedon* still lives in all his Race!  
 Then, shall I seek alone the Churlish Crew,  
 785 Or with my Fleet their flying Sails pursue?  
 What force have I but those, whom scarce before  
 I drew reluctant from their Native Shore?  
 Will they again Embark at my desire,  
 Once more sustain the Seas, and quit their second Tyre?  
 790 Rather with Steel thy guilty Breast invade,  
 And take the Fortune thou thy self hast made.

Your

- Your pity, Sister, first seduc'd my Mind;  
 Or seconded too well, what I design'd.  
 These dear-bought Pleasures had I never known,  
 795 Had I continu'd free, and still my own;  
 Avoiding Love, I had not found Despair:  
 But shar'd with Salvage Beasts the Common Air.  
 Like them a lonely life I might have led,  
 Not mourn'd the Living, nor disturb'd the Dead.  
 800 These Thoughts she brooded in her anxious Breast;  
 On Board, the *Trojan* found more easie rest.  
 Resolv'd to sail, in Sleep he pass'd the Night,  
 And order'd all things for his early flight.  
 To whom once more the winged God appears;  
 805 His former Youthful Men and Shape he wears,  
 And with this new alarm invades his Ears.  
 Sleep't thou, O Goddess born! and can't thou drown  
 Thy needful Cares, so near a Hostile Town?  
 Beset with Foes; nor hear'st the Western Gales  
 810 Invite thy passage, and inspire thy sails?  
 She harbours in her Heart a furious hate;  
 And thou shalt find the dire Effects too late;  
 Fix'd on Revenge, and Obstinate to die:  
 Hasten swiftly hence, while thou hast pow'r to fly.  
 815 The Sea with Ships will soon be cover'd o'er,  
 And blazing Firebrands kindle all the Shore.  
 Prevent her rage, while Night obscures the Skies;  
 And sail before the purple Morn arise.  
 Who knows what Hazards thy Delay may bring?  
 820 Woman's a various and a changeful Thing.  
 Thus *Hermes* in the Dream; then took his flight,  
 Aloft in Air unseen; and mix'd with Night.  
 Twice warn'd by the Celestial Messenger,  
 The pious Pious arose with hasty fear:

Then

- 825 Then row'd his drowfie Train without delay,  
 Hasten to your banks; your crooked Anchors weigh;  
 And spread your flying Sails, and stand to Sea.  
 A God commands; he stood before my sight;  
 And urg'd us once again to speedy flight.  
 830 O sacred Pow'r, what Pow'r so e're thou art,  
 To thy blest Orders I resign my heart:  
 Lead thou the way; protect thy *Trojan* Bands;  
 And prosper the Design thy Will Commands.  
 He said, and drawing forth his flaming Sword,  
 835 His thund'ring Arm divides the many twisted Cord:  
 An emulating Zeal inspires his Train;  
 They run, they snatch; they rush into the main.  
 With headlong haste they leave the desert Shores,  
 And brush the liquid Seas with lab'ring Oars.  
 840 *Aurora* now had left her Saffron Bed,  
 And beams of early Light the Heav'ns o'respread,  
 When from a Tow'r the Queen, with wakeful Eyes,  
 Saw Day point upward from the rose Skies:  
 She look'd to Seaward, but the Sea was void,  
 845 And scarce in ken the sailing Ships descri'd:  
 Stung with despight, and furious with despair,  
 She struck her trembling Breast, and tore her Hair.  
 And shall th' ungrateful Traytor go, she said,  
 My Land forsaken, and my Love betray'd?  
 805 Shall we not Arm, not rush from ev'ry Street,  
 To follow, sink, and burn his perjur'd Fleet?  
 Hasten, haul my Gallies out, pursue the Foe:  
 Bring flaming Brands, set sail, and swiftly row.  
 What have I said? where am I? Fury turns  
 855 My Brain; and my disemper'd Bosom burns.  
 Then, when I gave my Person and my Throne,  
 This Hate, this Rage, had been more timely shown.

Q q

See

See now the promis'd Faith, the vaunted Name,  
 The Pious Man, who, rushing through the Flame,  
 860 Preserv'd his Gods; and to the *Phrygian* Shore  
 The Burthen of his feeble Father bore!  
 I shou'd have torn him piecemeal; strow'd in Floods  
 His scatter'd Limbs, or left expos'd in Woods:  
 Destroy'd his Friends and Son; and from the Fire  
 865 Have set the recking Boy before the Sire.  
 Events are doubtful, which on Battels wait;  
 Yet where's the doubt, to Souls secure of Fate!  
 My *Tyrians*, at their injur'd Queen's Command,  
 Had tosd their Fires amid the *Trojan* Band:  
 870 At once extinguish'd all the faithless Name;  
 And I my self, in vengeance of my Shame,  
 Had fall'n upon the Pile to mend the Fun'ral Flame.  
 Thou Sun, who view'st at once the World below,  
 Thou *Juno*, Guardian of the Nuptial Vow,  
 875 Thou *Hecat*, hearken from thy dark abodes;  
 Ye Furies, Fiends, and violated Gods,  
 All Pow'rs invok'd with *Dido's* dying breath,  
 Attend her Curfcs, and avenge her death.  
 If so the Fates ordain, and *Jove* commands,  
 880 Th' ungrateful Wretch should find the *Laiian* Lands,  
 Yet let a Race untam'd, and haughty Foes,  
 His peaceful Entrance with dire Arms oppose;  
 Oppress'd with Numbers in th' unequal Field,  
 His Men discourag'd, and himself expell'd,  
 885 Let him for Succour sue from place to place,  
 Torn from his Subjects, and his Son's embrace:  
 Firft let him see his Friends in Battel slain;  
 And their untimely Fate lament in vain:  
 And when, at length, the cruell War shall cease;  
 890 On hard Conditions may he buy his Peace.

Nor

Nor let him then enjoy supreme Command;  
 But fall untimely, by some hostile Hand:  
 And lye unbury'd on the barren Sand. }  
 These are my Pray'rs, and this my dying Will:  
 895 And you my *Tyrians* ev'ry Curfc fulfill.  
 Perpetual Hate, and mortal Wars proclaim,  
 Against the Prince, the People, and the Name.  
 These grateful Off'rings on my Grave bestow;  
 Nor League, nor Love, the jarring Nations know:  
 Now, and from hence in ev'ry future Age,  
 900 When Rage excites your Arms, and Strength supplies the  
 Rage:  
 Rise some Avenger of our *Lybian* Blood,  
 With Fire and Sword pursue the perjurd Brood:  
 Our Arms, our Seas, our Shores, oppos'd to theirs,  
 905 And the same hate descend on all our Heirs.  
 This said, within her anxious Mind she weighs  
 The Means of cutting short her odious Days.  
 Then to *Sichens*'s Nurse, she briefly said,  
 (For when she left her Country, hers was dead)  
 910 Go *Barce*, call my Sister; let her Care  
 The solemn Rites of Sacrifice prepare:  
 The Sheep, and all th' attoncing Off'rings bring;  
 Sprinkling her Body from the Crystal Spring  
 With living Drops: then let her come, and thou  
 915 With sacred Fillets, bind thy hoary Brow.  
 Thus will I pay my Vows, to *Stygian Jove*;  
 And end the Cares of my disastrous Love.  
 Then cast the *Trojan* Image on the Fire;  
 And as that burns, my Passion shall expire.  
 920 The Nurse moves onward, with officious Care,  
 And all the speed her aged Limbs can bear.  
 But furious *Dido*, with dark Thoughts involv'd,  
 Shook at the mighty Mischief she resolv'd.

Q 1 2

With

- With livid Spots distinguisht was her Face,  
 925 Red were her rowling Eyes, and discompos'd her Pace:  
 Ghastly she gaz'd, with Pain she drew her Breath,  
 And Nature shiver'd at approaching Death.  
 Then swiftly to the fatal place she pass'd;  
 And mounts the Fun'ral Pile, with furious haste.  
 930 Unsheaths the Sword the Trojan left behind,  
 (Not for so dire an Enterprize design'd.)  
 But when she view'd the Garments loosely spread,  
 Which once he wore, and saw the conscious Bed,  
 She paus'd, and, with a Sigh, the Robes embrac'd;  
 935 Then on the Couch her trembling Body cast,  
 Repress'd the ready Tears, and spoke her last.  
 Dear Pledges of my Love, while Heav'n so pleas'd,  
 Receive a Soul, of Mortal Anguish eas'd:  
 My fatal Course is finish'd, and I go  
 940 A glorious Name, among the Ghosts below.  
 A lofty City by my Hands is rais'd;  
*Pygmalion* punish'd, and my Lord appeas'd.  
 What cou'd my Fortune have afforded more,  
 Had the false Trojan never touch'd my Shore!  
 945 Then kiss'd the Couch, and must I die, she said;  
 And unreveng'd; 'tis doubly to be dead!  
 Yet ev'n this Death with Pleasure I receive;  
 On any Terms, 'tis better than to live.  
 These Flames, from far, may the false Trojan view;  
 950 These boding Omens his base flight pursue.  
 She said, and struck: Deep enter'd in her side  
 The piercing Steel, with reeking Purple dy'd:  
 Clog'd in the Wound the cruel Weapon stands;  
 The spouting Blood came streaming on her Hands.  
 955 Her sad Attendants saw the deadly Stroke,  
 And with loud Cries the founding Palace strook.

Distracted

- Distracted from the fatal sight they fled;  
 And thro the Town the dismal Rumor spread,  
 First from the frighted Court, the Yell began,  
 960 Redoubled thence from House to House it ran:  
 The groans of Men, with Shrieks, Laments, and Cries  
 Of mixing Women, mount the vaulted Skies.  
 Not less the Clamour, than if ancient Tyre,  
 Or the new Carthage, set by Foes on Fire,  
 965 The rowling Ruin, with their lov'd Abodes,  
 Involv'd the blazing Temples of their Gods.  
 Her Sister hears, and, furious with Despair,  
 She beats her Breast, and rends her yellow Hair:  
 And calling on *Eliza's* Name aloud,  
 970 Runs breathless to the Place, and breaks the Crowd.  
 Was all that Pomp of Woe for this prepar'd,  
 These Fires, this Fun'ral Pile, these Altars rear'd;  
 Was all this Train of Plots contriv'd, said she,  
 All only to deceive unhappy me?  
 975 Which is the worst, didst thou in Death pretend  
 To scorn thy Sister, or delude thy Friend!  
 Thy summon'd Sister, and thy Friend had come:  
 One Sword had serv'd us both, one common Tomb.  
 Was I to raise the Pile, the Pow'rs invoke,  
 980 Not to be present at the fatal Stroke?  
 At once thou hast destroy'd thy self and me;  
 Thy Town, thy Senate, and thy Colony!  
 Bring Water, bathe the Wound, while I in death  
 Lay close my Lips to hers; and catch the flying Breath.  
 985 This said, she mounts the Pile with eager haste,  
 And in her Arms the gasping Queen embrac'd:  
 Her Temples chaf'd, and her own Garments tore  
 To stanch the streaming Blood, and cleanse the Gore.  
 Thrice *Dido* try'd to raise her drooping Head,  
 990 And fainting thrice, fell grov'ling on the Bed.

Thrice

Thrice op'd her heavy Eyes, and sought the Light,  
 But having found it, sicken'd at the sight;  
 And clos'd her Lids at last, in endless Night.  
 Then *Juno*, grieving that she shou'd sustain  
 995 A Death so ling'ring, and so full of Pain;  
 Sent *Iris* down, to free her from the Strife  
 Of lab'ring Nature, and dissolve her Life.  
 For since she dy'd, not doom'd by Heav'ns Decree,  
 Or her own Crime; but Human Casualty;  
 1000 And rage of Love, that plung'd her in Despair,  
 The Sisters had not cut the topmost Hair;  
 Which *Proserpine*, and they can only know;  
 Nor made her sacred to the Shades below.  
 Downward the various Goddesses took her flight;  
 1005 And drew a thousand Colours from the Light:  
 Then stood above the dying Lover's Head,  
 And said, I thus devote thee to the dead.  
 This Off'ring to the Infernal Gods I bear:  
 Thus while she spoke, she cut the fatal Hair;  
 1010 The struggling Soul was loos'd; and Life dissolv'd in Air.

*The Fifth Book of the Æneis.*

**The Argument.**

*Æneas setting sail from Africk, is driven by a Storm on the Coasts of Sicily: Where he is hospitably receiv'd by his friend Acestes, King of part of the Island, and born of Trojan Parentage. He applies himself to celebrate the Memory of his Father with Divine Honours: And accordingly institutes Funeral Games, and appoints Prizes for those who shou'd conquer in them. While the Ceremonies were performing, Juno sends Iris to persuade the Trojan Women to burn the Ships, who upon her instigation set fire to them, which burnt four, and would have consum'd the rest, had not Jupiter by a miraculous Shower extinguish'd it. Upon this Æneas by the advice of one of his Generals, and a Vision of his Father, builds a City for the Women, Old Men, and others, who were either usit for War, or weary of the Voyage, and sails for Italy: Venus procures of Neptune a safe Voyage for him and all his Men, excepting only his Pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately lost.*

- M**Ean time the Trojan cuts his war'ry way,  
 Fix'd on his Voyage, thro the curling Sea:  
 Then, casting back his Eyes, with dire Amaze,  
 Sees on the Punic Shore the mounting Blaze.  
 5 The Cause unknown; yet his presaging Mind,  
 The Fate of *Dido* from the Fire divin'd:  
 He knew the stormy Souls of Woman-kind:  
 What secret Springs their eager Passions move,  
 How capable of Death for injur'd Love.  
 10 Dire Auguries from hence the Trojans draw;  
 'Till neither Fires, nor shining Shores they saw.  
 Now Seas and Skies, their Prospect only bound;  
 An empty space above, a floating Field around.  
 But soon the Heav'ns with shadows were o'respread;  
 15 A swelling Cloud hung hov'ring o're their Head:

Livid



To the most Illustrious  
 S<sup>t</sup> Albans Master  
 Captaine of y<sup>e</sup> Hon<sup>ble</sup>



Prince Charles Duke of  
 Falconer to his Ma<sup>ty</sup> and  
 Band of Gen<sup>l</sup> Pensioners

Livid it look'd, (the threatening of a Storm;)
   
Then Night and Horror Ocean's Face deform.
   
The Pilot, *Palinurus*, cry'd aloud,
   
What Gufts of Weather from that gath'ring Cloud
   
20 My Thoughts preſage; e're yet the Tempeſt roars,
   
Stand to your Tackle, Mates, and ſtretch your Oars;
   
Contract your ſwelling Sails, and luff to Wind:
   
The frighted Crew perform the Task assign'd.
   
Then, to his fearful Chief, not Heav'n, ſaid he,
   
25 Tho' *Jove* himſelf ſhou'd promiſe *Italy*,
   
Can ſtem the Torrent of this raging Sea.
   
Mark how the ſhifting Winds from Weſt ariſe,
   
And what collected Night involves the Skies!
   
Nor can our ſhaken Veſſels live at Sea,
   
30 Much leſs againſt the Tempeſt force their way;
   
'Tis Fate diverts our Courſe; and Fate we muſt obey.
   
Not far from hence, if I obſerv'd aright
   
The ſouthing of the Stars, and Polar Light,
   
*Sicilia* lies; whoſe hoſpitable Shores
   
35 In ſafety we may reach with ſtrugling Oars.
   
*Aeneas* then reply'd, too ſure I find,
   
We ſtrive in vain againſt the Seas, and Wind:
   
Now ſhift your Sails: What place can pleaſe me more
   
Than what you promiſe, the *Sicilian* Shore;
   
40 Whoſe hallow'd Earth *Anchiſes* Bones contains,
   
And where a Prince of *Trojan* Lineage reigns?
   
The Courſe reſolv'd, before the Weſtern Wind
   
They ſcut amain; and make the Port assign'd.
   
Mean time *Aceſtes*, from a lofty Stand,
   
45 Beheld the Fleet deſcending on the Land;
   
And not unmindful of his ancient Race,
   
Down from the Cliff he ran with eager Pace;
   
And held the Heroe in a ſtrict Embrace.

Of

Of a rough *Lybian* Bear the Spoils he wore;
   
And either Hand a pointed Jav'lin bore.
   
50 His Mother was a Dame of *Dardan* Blood;
   
His Sire *Crimſus*, a *Sicilian* Flood;
   
He welcomes his returning Friends aſhore
   
With plenteous Country Cates; and homely Store.
   
55 Now, when the following Morn had chaſ'd away
   
The flying Stars, and light reſtor'd the Day,
   
*Aeneas* call'd the *Trojan* Troops around;
   
And thus beſpoke them from a riſing Ground.
   
Off-ſpring of Heav'n, Divine *Dardanian* Race,
   
60 The Sun revolving thro' th' Ethernal Space,
   
The ſhining Circle of the Year has fill'd,
   
Since firſt this Iſle my Father's Aſhes held:
   
And now the riſing Day renews the Year,
   
(A Day for ever ſad, for ever dear,)
   
65 This wou'd I celebrate with Annual Games,
   
With Gifts on Altars pil'd, and holy Flames,
   
Tho' baniſh'd to *Cetulia's* barren Sands,
   
Caught on the *Grecian* Seas, or hoſtile Lands:
   
But ſince this happy Storm our Fleet has driv'n,
   
70 (Not, as I deem, without the Will of Heav'n,)
   
Upon theſe friendly Shores, and flow'ry Plains,
   
Which hide *Anchiſes*, and his bleſt Remains;
   
Let us with Joy perform his Honours due;
   
And pray for proſp'rous Winds, our Voyage to renew.
   
75 Pray, that in Towns, and Temples of our own,
   
The Name of great *Anchiſes* may be known;
   
And yearly Games may ſpread the Gods renown.
   
Our Sports, *Aceſtes* of the *Trojan* Race,
   
With royal Gifts, ordain'd, is pleas'd to grace:
   
80 Two Steers on ev'ry Ship the King beſtows;
   
His Gods and ours, ſhall ſhare your equal Vows.

R r

Besides,

Befides, if nine days hence, the rofy Morn  
 Shall with unclouded Light the Skies adorn,  
 That Day with folemn Sports I mean to grace;  
 85 Light Gallies on the Seas, fhall run a wat'ry Race.  
 Some fhall in Swiftnefs for the Goal contend,  
 And others try the twanging Bow to bend:  
 The ftrong with Iron Gauntlets arm'd fhall ftand,  
 Oppos'd in Combat on the yellow Sand.  
 90 Let all be prefent at the Games prepar'd;  
 And joyful Victors wait the Juft Reward.  
 But now affift the Rites, with Garlands crown'd;  
 He faid, and firft his Brows with Myrtle bound.  
 Then *Helymus*, by his Example led,  
 95 And old *Aceftes*, each adorn'd his Head;  
 Thus, young *Afcanius*, with a fprightly Grace,  
 His Temples ty'd, and all the *Trojan* Race.  
*Æneas* then advanc'd amidft the Train,  
 By thoufands follow'd thro' the fruitful Plain,  
 100 To great *Anchifes* Tomb: Which when he found,  
 He pour'd to *Bacchus*, on the hallow'd Ground,  
 Two Bowls of fparkling Wine, of Milk two more,  
 And two from offer'd Bulls of Purple Gore.  
 With Rofes then the Sepulchre he ftrow'd;  
 105 And thus, his Father's Ghoft befpoke aloud.  
 Hail, O ye Holy Manes; hail again  
 Paternal Athes, now review'd in vain!  
 The Gods permitted not, that you, with me,  
 Shou'd reach the promis'd Shores of *Italy*;  
 110 Or *Tiber's* Flood, what Flood fo e're it be.  
 Scarce had he finish'd, when, with fpeckled Pride,  
 A Serpent from the Tomb began to glide;  
 His huge Bulk on fev'n high Volumes roll'd;  
 Blue was his breadth of Back, but ftreak'd with fcaly Gold:

Thus

115 Thus riding on his Curls, he feem'd to pafs  
 A rowling Fire along; and finge the Grafs.  
 More various Colours thro' his Body run,  
 Than *Iris* when her Bow imbibes the Sun;  
 Betwixt the rifing Altars, and around,  
 120 The facred Monfter fhout along the Ground;  
 With harmlefs play amidft the Bowls he pafs'd;  
 And with his lolling Tongue afay'd the Tafte:  
 Thus fed with Holy Food, the wond'rous Gueft  
 Within the hollow Tomb retir'd to reft.  
 125 The Pious Prince, surpris'd at what he view'd,  
 The Fun'ral Honours with more Zeal renew'd:  
 Doubtful if this the Place's Genius were,  
 Or Guardian of his Father's Sepulchre.  
 Five Sheep, according to the Rites, he flew;  
 130 As many Swine, and Steers of fable Hue;  
 New gen'rous Wine he from the Goblets pour'd,  
 And call'd his Fathers Ghoft, from Hell reftor'd.  
 The glad Attendants in long Order come,  
 Off'ring their Gifts at great *Anchifes* Tomb:  
 135 Some add more Oxen, fome divide the Spoil,  
 Some place the Chargers on the graffy Soil;  
 Some blow the Fires and offer'd Entrails broil.  
 Now came the Day defir'd; the Skies were bright  
 With rofy Luftre of the rifing Light:  
 140 The bord'ring People, rowz'd by founding Fame  
 Of *Trojan* Feafts, and great *Aceftes* Name;  
 The crowded Shore with Acclamations fill,  
 Part to behold, and part to prove their Skill.  
 And firft the Gifts in Publick view they place,  
 145 Green Lawrel Wreaths, and Palm, (the Victors grace:)  
 Within the Circle, Arms and Tripods lye;  
 Ingotts of Gold, and Silver, heap'd on high;  
 And Vests embroider'd of the *Tyrian* dye.

R r 2

The

- The Trumpet's clangor then the Feast proclaims;  
 150 And all prepare for their appointed Games.  
 Four Gallies first, which equal Rowers bear,  
 Advancing, in the wat'ry Lifts appear.  
 The speedy Dolphin, that out-strips the Wind,  
 Bore *Mnestheus*, Author of the *Mænian* kind:  
 155 *Gyas*, the vast *Chymæra's* Bulk commands,  
 Which rising like a tow'ring City stands:  
 Three *Trojans* tug at ev'ry lab'ring Oar;  
 Three Banks in three degrees the Sailors bore;  
 Beneath their sturdy Stroaks the Billows roar.
- 160 *Sergesthus*, who began the *Sergian* Race,  
 In the great *Centaur* took the leading Place:  
*Claonthus* on the Sea-green *Scylla* stood;  
 From whom *Cluentius* draws his *Trojan* Blood.  
 Far in the Sea, against the foaming Shoar,  
 165 There stands a Rock; the raging Billows roar  
 Above his Head in Storms; but when 'tis clear,  
 Uncurl their ridgy Backs, and at his Foot appear.  
 In Peace below the gentle Waters run;  
 The Cormorants above, lye basking in the Sun.
- 170 On this the Heroe fix'd an Oak in sight,  
 The mark to guide the Mariners aright.  
 To bear with this, the Seamen stretch their Oars;  
 Then round the Rock they steer, and seek the former Shoars.  
 The Lots decide their place; above the rest,
- 175 Each Leader shining in his *Tyrian* Vest:  
 The common Crew, with Wreaths of Poplar Boughs,  
 Their Temples crown, and shade their sweaty Brows.  
 Besmear'd with Oil, their naked Shoulders shine;  
 All take their Seats, and wait the sounding sign.
- 180 They gripe their Oars, and ev'ry panting Breast  
 Is rais'd by turns with Hope, by turns with Fear depress'd.

The



To the Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup>  
 Earle of Torrington &



Arthur Herbert  
 Baron of Torbay

The clangor of the Trumpet gives the Sign,  
 At once they start, advancing in a Line:  
 With shouts the Sailors rend the starry Skys,  
 185 Lash'd with their Oars, the smoaky Billows rise;  
 Sparkles the briny Main, and the vex'd Ocean fries.  
 Exact in time, with equal Strokes they row;  
 At once the brushing Oars, and brazen prow  
 Dash up the sandy Waves, and ope the Depths below. }  
 190 Not fiery Coursers, in a Chariot Race,  
 Invade the Field with half so swift a Pace.  
 Not the fierce Driver with more Fury lends  
 The sounding Lash; and, ere the Stroke descends, }  
 Low to the Wheels his pliant Body bends.  
 195 The partial Crowd their Hopes and Fears divide;  
 And aid, with eager shouts, the favour'd Side,  
 Cries, Murmurs, Clamours, with a mixing Sound,  
 From Woods to Woods, from Hills to Hills rebound.  
 Amidst the loud Applauses of the Shore,  
 200 *Gyas* outstrip'd the rest, and sprung before;  
*Cloanthus*, better mann'd, pursu'd him fast;  
 But his o're-masted Gally check'd his Haste.  
 The *Centaur*, and the Dolphin, brush the brine  
 With equal Oars, advancing in a Line:  
 205 And now the mighty *Centaur* seems to lead,  
 And now the speedy Dolphin gets a head:  
 Now Board to Board the rival Vessels row;  
 The Billows lave the Skies, and Ocean groans below.  
 They reach'd the Mark; proud *Gyas* and his Train,  
 210 In Triumph rode the Victors of the Main:  
 But steering round, he charg'd his Pilot stand  
 More close to Shore, and skim along the Sand.  
 Let others bear to Sea: *Meneas* heard,  
 But secret selves too cautiously he fear'd: }  
 215 And fearing, fought the Deep; and still aloof he steer'd. }  
 With

With louder Cries the Captain call'd again;  
 Bear to the rocky Shore, and shun the Main.  
 He spoke, and speaking at his stern he saw  
 The bold *Claonthus* near the Shelvings draw;  
 220 Betwixt the mark and him the *Sylla* stood,  
 And in a closer Compass plow'd the Flood,  
 He pass'd the Mark; and wheeling got before;  
*Gyas* blasphem'd the Gods, devoutly swore,  
 Cry'd out for Anger, and his Hair he tore.  
 225 Mindless of others Lives, (so high was grown  
 His rising Rage,) and careless of his own:  
 The trembling Dotard to the Deck he drew,  
 Then hoisted up, and over-board he threw,  
 This done he seiz'd the Helm; his Fellows cheer'd;  
 230 Turn'd short upon the Shelves, and madly steer'd.  
 Hardly his Head, the plunging Pilot rears,  
 Clog'd with his Cloaths, and cumber'd with his Years:  
 Now dropping wet, he climbs the Cliff with Pain;  
 The Crowd that saw him fall, and float again,  
 235 Shout from the distant Shore; and loudly laught,  
 To see his heaving Breast discharge the briny Draught.  
 The following Centaur, and the Dolphin's Crew,  
 Their vanish'd hopes of Victory renew:  
 While *Gyas* lags, they kindle in the Race,  
 240 To reach the Mark; *Sergesthus* takes the place:  
*Mnestheus* pursues; and while around they wind,  
 Comes up, not half his Gally's length behind.  
 Then, on the Deck amidst his Mates appear'd,  
 And thus their drooping Courages he cheer'd.  
 245 My Friends, and *Hector's* Followers heretofore;  
 Exert your Vigour, tug the lab'ring Oar;  
 Stretch to your Stroaks, my still unconquer'd Crew,  
 Whom from the flaming Walls of *Troy* I drew.

In

In this, our common Int'rest, let me find  
 250 That strength of Hand, that courage of the Mind,  
 As when you stem'd the strong *Malean* Flood,  
 And o're the *Syrtes* broken Billows row'd.  
 I seek not now the foremost Palm to gain;  
 Tho yet — But ah, that haughty Wife is vain!  
 255 Let those enjoy it whom the Gods ordain.  
 But to be last, the Lags of all the Race,  
 Redeem your selves and me from that Disgrace.  
 Now one and all, they tug amain; they row  
 At the full stretch, and shake the Brazen Prow.  
 260 The Sea beneath 'em sinks; their lab'ring sides  
 Are swell'd, and *Swear* runs gutt'ring down in Tides.  
 Chance aids their daring with unhop'd Success;  
*Sergesthus*, eager with his Beak, to prefs  
 Betwixt the Rival Gally and the Rock;  
 265 Shuts up th' unwieldy Centaur in the Lock.  
 The Vessel struck, and with the dreadful shock  
 Her Oars she shiver'd, and her Head she broke.  
 The trembling Rowers from their Banks arise,  
 And anxious for themselves renounce the Prize.  
 270 With Iron Poles they heave her off the Shores;  
 And gather, from the Sea, their floating Oars.  
 The Crew of *Mnestheus*, with elated Minds,  
 Urge their Success, and call the willing Winds:  
 Then ply their Oars, and cut their liquid way;  
 275 In larger Compass on the roomy Sea.  
 As when the Dove her Rocky Hold forsakes,  
 Row'd in a Fright, her sounding Wings she shakes  
 The Cavern rings with clatt'ring; out she flies,  
 And leaves her Callow Care, and cleaves the Skies;  
 280 At first she flutters; but at length she springs,  
 To smother flight, and shoots upon her Wings:

So

- So *Mneſtheus* in the *Dolphin* cuts the Sea,  
 And flying with a force, that force aſſiſts his Way.  
*Sergeſthus* in the *Centaur* ſoon he paſſ'd,  
 285 Wedg'd in the Rocky Shoals, and ſticking faſt.  
 In vain the Victor he with Cries implores,  
 And practices to row with ſhatter'd Oars.  
 Then *Mneſtheus* bears with *Gyas*, and out-flies:  
 The Ship without a Pilot yields the Prize.  
 290 Unvanquiſh'd *Sylla* now alone remains;  
 Her he purſues; and all his vigour ſtrains.  
 Shouts from the favouring Multitude ariſe,  
 Applauding Echo to the Shouts replies;  
 Shouts, Wiſhes, and Applauſe run rattling through the Skies. }  
 295 Theſe Clamours with diſdain the *Sylla* heard;  
 Much grudg'd the Praise, but more the robd Reward:  
 Reſolv'd to hold their own, they mend their pace;  
 All obſtinate to dye, or gain the Race.  
 Raiſ'd with Succels, the *Dolphin* ſwiftly ran,  
 300 (For they can Conquer who believe they can:)  
 Both urge their Oars, and Fortune both ſupplies;  
 And both, perhaps had ſhar'd an equal Prize;  
 When to the Seas *Cloanthus* holds his Hands,  
 And Succour from the Watry Pow'rs Demands:  
 305 Gods of the liquid Realms, on which I row,  
 If giv'n by you, the Lawrel bind my Brow,  
 Aſſiſt to make me guilty of my Vow.  
 A Snow-white Bull ſhall on your Shore be ſlain,  
 His offer'd Entrails caſt into the Main;  
 310 And ruddy Wine from Golden Goblets thrown,  
 Your grateful Gift and my Return ſhall own.  
 The Quire of Nymphs, and *Phorcus* from below,  
 With Virgin *Panopea*, heard his Vow;  
 And old *Portunus*, with his breadth of Hand,  
 315 Puſh'd on, and ſped the Gally to the Land.

Swift

- Swift as a Shaft, or winged Wind, ſhe flies;  
 And darting to the Port, obtains the Prize.  
 The Herald ſummons all, and then proclaims  
*Cloanthus* Conqueror of the Naval Games.  
 320 The Prince with Lawrel crowns the Victor's Head,  
 And three fat Steers are to his Veſſel led;  
 The Ships Reward: with gen'rous Wine beſide;  
 And Sums of Silver, which the Crew divide.  
 The Leaders are diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt;  
 325 The Victor honour'd with a nobler Veſt:  
 Where Gold and Purple ſtrive in equal Rows;  
 And Needle-work its happy Coſt beſtows.  
 There, *Ganymede* is wrought with living Art,  
 Chafing thro' *Ida's* Groves the trembling Hart:  
 330 Breathleſs he ſeems, yet eager to purſue;  
 When from aloft, deſcends in open view,  
 The Bird of *Jove*; and ſowling on his Prey,  
 With crooked Tallons bears the Boy away.  
 In vain, with liſted Hands, and gazing Eyes,  
 335 His Guards behold him ſoaring thro' the Skies;  
 And Dogs purſue his Flight, with imitated Cries.  
*Mneſtheus* the ſecond Victor was declar'd;  
 And ſummon'd there, the ſecond Prize he ſhar'd.  
 A Coat of Mail, which brave *Demoleus* bore;  
 340 More brave *Aeneas* from his Shoulders tore;  
 In ſingle Combat on the *Trojan* Shore.  
 This was ordain'd for *Mneſtheus* to poſſeſs;  
 In War for his Defence; for Ornament in Peace.  
 Rich was the Gift, and glorious to behold;  
 345 But yet ſo pond'rous with its Plates of Gold,  
 That ſcarce two Servants cou'd the Weight ſuſtain;  
 Yet, loaded thus, *Demoleus* o're the Plain  
 Purſu'd, and lightly ſeiz'd the *Trojan* Train.

S f

The

The Third succeeding to the last Reward,  
 350 Two goodly Bowls of Massy Silver shar'd ;  
 With Figures prominent, and richly wrought :  
 And two Bras Caldrons from *Dodona* brought.  
 Thus, all rewarded by the Heroe's hands,  
 Their conqu'ring Temples bound with Purple Bands.  
 355 And now *Sergesthus*, clearing from the Rock,  
 Brought back his Gally shatter'd with the shock.  
 Forlorn the look'd, without an aiding Oar ;  
 And howted, by the Vulgar, made to Shoar.  
 As when a Snake, surpris'd upon the Road,  
 360 Is crush'd athwart her Body by the load  
 Of heavy Wheels, or with a Mortal Wound  
 Her Belly bruis'd, and trodden to the Ground :  
 In vain, with loosn'd curls, she crawls along,  
 Yet fierce above, she brandishes her Tongue :  
 365 Glares with her Eyes, and bristles with her Scales,  
 But groveling in the Dust, her parts unfound she trails.  
 So slowly to the Port the *Centaur* tends,  
 But what she wants in Oars, with Sails amends :  
 Yet, for his Gally sav'd, the grateful Prince,  
 370 Is pleas'd th' unhappy Chief to recompence.  
*Phloe*, the *Cretan* Slave, rewards his Care,  
 Beauteous her self, with lovely Twins, as fair.  
 From thence his way the *Trojan* Heroe bent,  
 Into the neighb'ring Plain, with Mountains pent ;  
 375 Whose sides were shaded with surrounding Wood :  
 Full in the midst of this fair Vally stood  
 A Native Theatre, which rising slow,  
 By just degrees, o're-look'd the Ground below.  
 High on a Sylvan Throne the Leader sat ;  
 380 A num'rous Train attend in Solemn State ;  
 Here those, that in the rapid Course delight,  
 Desire of Honour, and the Prize invite.

The

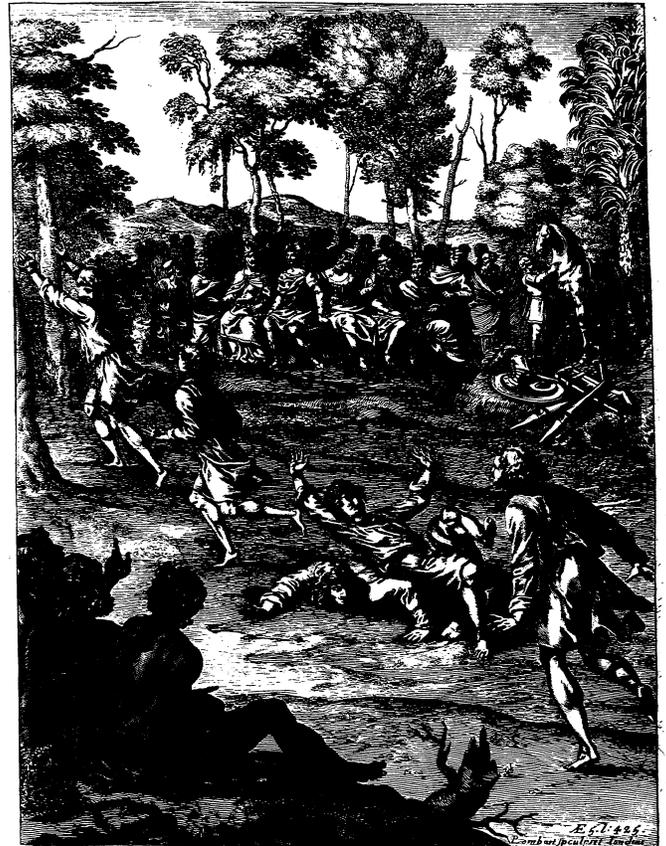
The Rival Runners, without Order stand,  
 The *Trojans*, mix'd with the *Sicilian* Band.  
 385 First *Nisus*, with *Euryalus*, appears,  
*Euryalus* a Boy of blooming Years ;  
 With sprightly Grace, and equal Beauty crown'd :  
*Nisus*, for Friendship to the Youth, renown'd.  
*Dioces*, next, of *Priam's* Royal Race,  
 390 Then *Salus*, join'd with *Patron* took their Place :  
 But *Patron* in *Arcadia* had his Birth,  
 And *Salus* his, from *Acaronian* Earth.  
 Then two *Sicilian* Youths, the Names of these  
 Swift *Helymus*, and lovely *Panopes* :  
 395 Both jolly Huntmen, both in Forests bred,  
 And owning old *Aestes* for their Head.  
 With sev'ral others of Ignobler Name,  
 Whom Time has not deliver'd o're to Fame.  
 To these the Heroe thus his Thoughts explain'd,  
 400 In Words, which gen'ral Approbation gain'd.  
 One common Largest is for all design'd :  
 The Vanquish'd and the Victor shall be join'd.  
 Two Darts of polish'd Steel, and *Gnosian* Wood,  
 A Silver'd studded Ax alike bestow'd.  
 405 The foremost three have Olive Wreaths decreed ;  
 The first of these obtains a stately Steed  
 Adorn'd with Trappings ; and the next in Fame,  
 The Quiver of an *Amazonian* Dame ;  
 With feather'd *Thracian* Arrows well supply'd,  
 410 A Golden Belt shall gird his Manly side ;  
 Which with a sparkling Diamond shall be ty'd :  
 The third this *Grecian* Helmet shall content.  
 He said ; to their appointed Base they went :  
 With beating Hearts th' expected Sign receive,  
 415 And, starting all at once, the Barrier leave.

S f 2

Spread

- Spread out, as on the winged Winds, they flew,  
 And seiz'd the distant Goal with greedy view.  
 Shot from the Crowd, swift *Nisus* all o're-pas'd;  
 Nor Storms, nor Thunder, equal half his haste.
- 420 The next, but tho' the next, yet far dis-join'd,  
 Came *Salius*, and *Euryalus* behind;  
 Then *Helymus*, whom young *Diores* ply'd,  
 Step after step, and almost side by side:  
 His Shoulders pressing, and in longer Space,
- 425 Had won, or left at least a dubious Race.  
 Now spent, the Goal they almost reach at last,  
 When eager *Nisus*, hapless in his haste,  
 Slip'd first, and slipping, fell upon the Plain,  
 Soak'd with the Blood of Oxen, newly slain:
- 430 The careless Victor had not mark'd his way;  
 But treading where the treach'rous Puddle lay,  
 His Heels flew up; and on the grassy Floor,  
 He fell, besmear'd with Filth, and Holy Gore.  
 Not mindless then, *Euryalus*, of thee,
- 435 Nor of the Sacred Bonds of Amity;  
 He strove th' immediate Rival's hope to cross;  
 And caught the Foot of *Salius* as he rose:  
 So *Salius* lay extended on the Plain;  
*Euryalus* springs out, the Prize to gain;
- 440 And leaves the Crowd; applauding Peals attend  
 The Victor to the Goal, who vanquish'd by his Friend.  
 Next *Helymus*, and then *Diores* came;  
 By two Misfortunes made the third in Fame.  
 But *Salius* enters; and, exclaiming loud
- 445 For Justice, deafens, and disturbs the Crowd:  
 Urges his Cause may in the Court be heard;  
 And pleads the Prize is wrongfully conferr'd.  
 But Favour for *Euryalus* appears;  
 His blooming Beauty, with his tender Tears,

Had



To Anthony Hammond, of Somersham  
 in the County of Huntingdon Esq<sup>r</sup>.

- 450 Had brib'd the Judges to protect his Claim ;  
 Besides *Diores* does as loud exclaim :  
 Who vainly reaches at the last Reward,  
 If the first Palm on *Salus* be conferr'd.  
 Then thus the Prince ; let no Disputes arise :
- 455 Where Fortune plac'd it, I award the Prize.  
 But Fortune's Errors give me leave to mend,  
 At least to pity my deserving Friend.  
 He said, and from among the Spoils, he draws,  
 (Pond'rous with shaggy Main, and Golden Paws)
- 460 A Lyon's Hide ; to *Salus* this he gives :  
*Nisus*, with Envy sees the Gift, and grieves.  
 If such Rewards to vanquish'd Men are due,  
 He said, and Falling is to rife by you,  
 What Prize may *Nisus* from your Bounty claim,
- 465 Who merited the first Rewards and Fame ?  
 In falling, both an equal Fortune try'd ;  
 Wou'd Fortune for my Fall so well provide !  
 With this he pointed to his Face, and show'd  
 His Hands, and all his Habit smear'd with Blood.
- 470 Th' indulgent Father of the People smil'd ;  
 And caus'd to be produc'd an ample Shield ;  
 Of wond'rous Art by *Didymaon* wrought,  
 Long since from *Neptune's* Bars in Triumph brought.  
 This giv'n to *Nisus* ; he divides the rest ;
- 475 And equal Justice, in his Gifts, express'd  
 The Race thus ended, and Rewards bestow'd ;  
 Once more the Prince bespeaks th' attentive Crowd.  
 If there be here, whose dauntless Courage dare  
 In Gauntlet fight, with Limbs and Body bare,
- 480 His Opposite sustain in open view,  
 Stand forth the Champion ; and the Games renew.  
 Two Prizes I propose, and thus divide,  
 A Bull with gilded Horns, and Fillets ty'd,

Shall

- Shall be the Portion of the conqu'ring Chief:  
 485 A Sword and Helm shall cheer the Loser's Grief.  
 Then haughty *Dares* in the Lifts appears;  
 Stalking he strides, his Head erected bears:  
 His nervous Arms the weighty Gauntlet wield;  
 And loud Applauses echo thro' the Field.  
 490 *Dares* alone, in Combat us'd to stand  
 The match of mighty *Paris* hand to hand:  
 The fame, at *Hector's* Fun'rals undertook  
 Gygantick *Butes*, of th' *Amician* Stock;  
 And by the Stroak of his resistless Hand,  
 495 Stretch'd the vast Bulk upon the yellow Sand.  
 Such *Dares* was; and such he strode along,  
 And drew the Wonder of the gazing Throng.  
 His brawny Back, and ample Breast he shows;  
 His lifted Arms around his Head he throws;  
 500 And deals, in whistling Air, his empty Blows.  
 His Match is fought; but thro' the trembling Band,  
 Not one dares answer to the proud Demand.  
 Prefuming of his Force, with sparkling Eyes,  
 Already he devours the promis'd Prize.  
 505 He claims the Bull with awless Insolence;  
 And having seiz'd his Horns, accosts the Prince.  
 If none my matchless Valour dares oppose,  
 How long shall *Dares* wait his dastard Foes?  
 Permit me, Chief, permit without Delay,  
 510 To lead this uncontended Gift away.  
 The Crowd assents; and, with redoubled Cries,  
 For the proud Challenger demands the Prize.  
*Acestes*, fir'd with just Disdain, to see  
 The Palm usurp'd without a Victory;  
 515 Reproch'd *Entellus* thus, who fate beside,  
 And heard, and saw unmov'd, the *Trojan's* Pride:

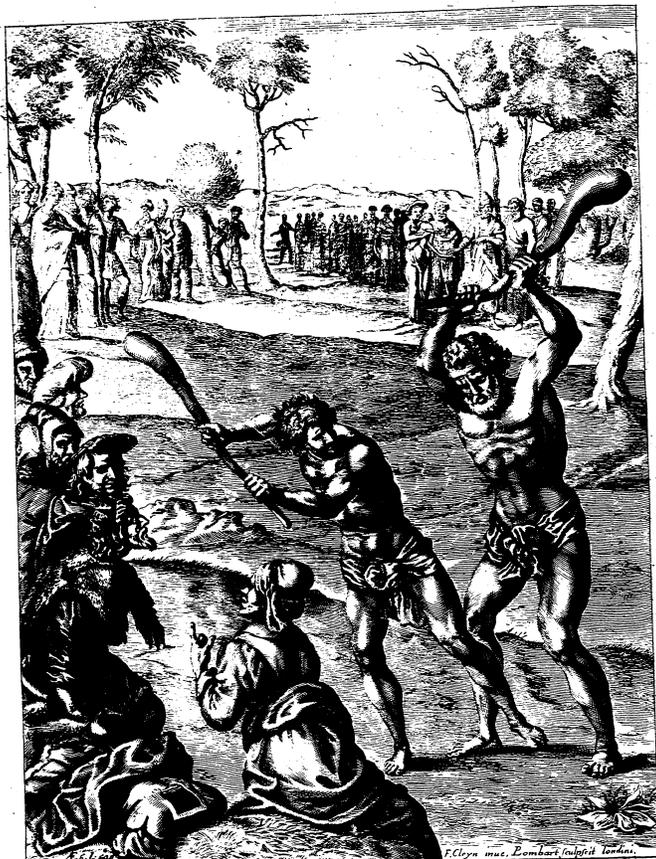
Once

- Once, but in vain, a Champion of Renown,  
 So tamely can you bear the ravish'd Crown?  
 A Prize in triumph born before your fight,  
 520 And shun for fear the danger of the Fight?  
 Where is our *Eryx* now, the boasted Name,  
 The God who taught your thund'ring Arm the Game;  
 Where now your baffled Honour, where the Spoil  
 That fill'd your House, and Fame that fill'd our Isle?  
 525 *Entellus*, thus: My Soul is still the same,  
 Unmov'd with Fear, and mov'd with Martial Fame:  
 But my chill Blood is curdled in my Veins;  
 And scarce the Shadow of a Man remains.  
 Oh, cou'd I turn to that fair Prime again,  
 530 That Prime, of which this Boaster is so vain,  
 The Brave who this decrepid Age defies,  
 Shou'd feel my force, without the promis'd Prize:  
 He said, and rising at the word, he threw  
 Two pond'rous Gauntlets down, in open view:  
 535 Gauntlets, which *Eryx* wont in Fight to wield,  
 And stealth his hands with in the lifted field.  
 With Fear and Wonder seiz'd, the Crowd beholds  
 The Gloves of Death, with sev'n distinguish'd folds,  
 Of tough Bull Hides; the space within is spread  
 540 With Iron, or with loads of heavy Lead.  
*Dares* himself was daunted at the sight,  
 Renounc'd his Challenge, and refus'd to fight.  
 Astonish'd at their weight the Heroe stands,  
 And seiz'd the pond'rous Engins in his hands.  
 545 What had your wonder, said *Entellus*, been,  
 Had you the Gauntlets of *Acides* seen,  
 Or view'd the stern debate on this unhappy Green!  
 These which I bear, your Brother *Eryx* bore,  
 Still mark'd with batter'd Brains, and mingled Gore.

With

- 550 With these he long sustain'd th' *Herculean* Arm;  
 And these I wielded while my Blood was warm:  
 This languish'd Frame, while better Spirits fed,  
 Ere Age unstrung my Nerves, or Time o'refnow'd my  
 Head.  
 But if the Challenger these Arms refuse,
- 555 And cannot wield their weight, or dare not use;  
 If great *Aeneas*, and *Acestes* joyn  
 In his Request, these Gauntlets I resign:  
 Let us with equal Arms perform the Fight,  
 And let him leave to Fear, since I resign my Right.
- 560 This said, *Entellus* for the Strife prepares;  
 Strip'd of his quilted Coat, his Body bares:  
 Compos'd of mighty Bones and Brawn, he stands,  
 A goodly tow'ring Obj'ct on the Sands.  
 Then just *Aeneas* equal Arms supply'd,
- 565 Which round their Shoulders to their Wrists they ty'd.  
 Both on the tiptoe stand, at full extent,  
 Their Arms aloft, their Bodies inly bent;  
 Their Heads from aiming Blows they bear a far;  
 With clashing Gauntlets then provoke the War.
- 570 One on his Youth and pliant Limbs relies;  
 One on his Sinews, and his Gyant sizz.  
 The last is stiff with Age, his Motion slow,  
 He heaves for Breath, he staggers to and fro;  
 And Clouds of issuing Smoak his Nostrils loudly blow. }
- 575 Yet equal in Success, they ward, they strike;  
 Their ways are different, but their Art alike.  
 Before, behind, the blows are dealt; around  
 Their hollow sides the rattling Thumps resound.  
 A Storm of Strokes, well meant, with fury flies,
- 580 And errs about their Temples, Ears, and Eyes.  
 Nor always errs; for oft the Gauntlet draws  
 A sweeping stroke, along the crackling Jaws.

Heavy



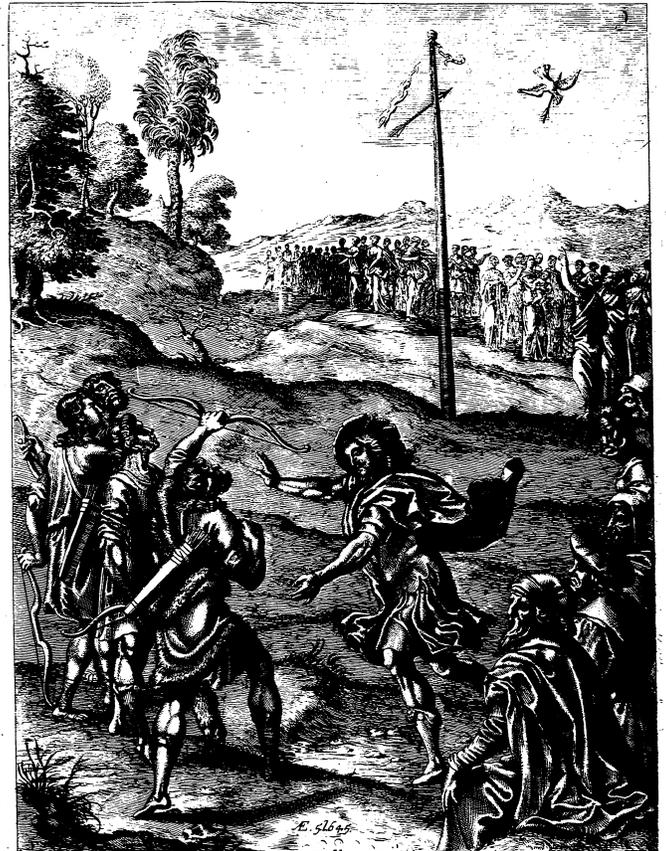
To Henry S<sup>c</sup> John of  
  
 Lydiard Tregoze Esq<sup>r</sup>.

Heavy with Age, *Entellus* stands his Ground,  
 But with his warping Body wards the Wound.  
 585 His Hand, and watchful Eye keep even pace;  
 While *Dares* traverses, and shifts his place.  
 And like a Captain, who beleaguers round,  
 Some strong built Cattle, on a rising Ground,  
 Views all th' approaches with observing Eyes,  
 590 This, and that other part, in vain he tries;  
 And more on Industry, than Force relies.  
 With Hands on high, *Entellus* threatens the Foe;  
 But *Dares* watch'd the Motion from below,  
 And slip'd aside, and shun'd the long descending Blow.  
 595 *Entellus* wafts his Forces on the Wind;  
 And thus deluded of the Stroke design'd,  
 Headlong, and heavy fell: his ample Breast,  
 And weighty Limbs, his ancient Mother prefs'd.  
 So falls a hollow Pine, that long had stood  
 600 On *Ida's* height, or *Erymanthus* Wood,  
 Torn from the Roots: the diff'ring Nations rise,  
 And Shouts, and mingl'd Murmurs, rend the Skies.  
*Acestes* runs, with eager haste, to raise  
 The fall'n Companion of his youthful Days:  
 605 Dauntless he rose, and to the Fight return'd:  
 With shame his glowing Cheeks, his Eyes with fury burn'd.  
 Disdain, and conscious Virtue fir'd his Breast;  
 And with redoubled Force his Foe he prefs'd.  
 He lays on load with either Hand, amain,  
 610 And headlong drives the *Trojan* o're the Plain.  
 Nor stops, nor stays; nor rest, nor Breath allows,  
 But Storms of Strokes descend about his Brows;  
 A rattling Tempest, and a Hail of Blows.  
 But now the Prince, who saw the wild Increase  
 615 Of Wounds, commands the Combatants to cease:  
 And bounds *Entellus* Wrath, and bids the Peace.

T E

First

First to the *Trojan* spent with Toil he came,  
 And sooth'd his Sorrow for the suffer'd Shame.  
 What Fury seiz'd my Friend, the Gods, said he,  
 620 To him propitious, and averc'd to thee,  
 Have giv'n his Arm superior Force to thine ;  
 'Tis Madnes to contend with Strength Divine.  
 The Gauntlet Fight thus ended, from the Shore,  
 His faithful Friends unhappy *Dares* bore :  
 625 His Mouth and Nostrils, pour'd a Purple Flood ;  
 And pounded Teeth, came rushing with his Blood.  
 Faintly he stagger'd thro the hissing Throng ;  
 And hung his Head, and trail'd his Legs along.  
 The Sword and Casque, are carry'd by his Train ;  
 630 But with his Foe the Palm and Ox remain.  
 The Champion, then, before *Aeneas* came,  
 Proud of his Prize ; but prouder of his Fame ;  
 O Goddess-born, and you *Dardanian* Host,  
 Mark with Attention, and forgive my Boast :  
 635 Learn what I was, by what remains ; and know  
 From what impending Fate, you sav'd my Foe.  
 Sternly he spoke ; and then confronts the Bull ;  
 And, on his ample Forehead, aiming full,  
 The deadly Stroke descending, pierc'd the Skull. }  
 640 Down drops the Beast ; nor needs a second Wound :  
 But sprawls in pangs of Death ; and spurns the Ground.  
 Then, thus : In *Dares* stead I offer this ;  
*Eryx*, accept a nobler Sacrifice :  
 Take the last Gift my wither'd Arms can yield,  
 645 Thy Gauntlets I resign ; and here renounce the Field.  
 This done, *Aeneas* orders, for the close,  
 The strife of Archers, with contending Bows.  
 The Mast, *Sergesthus* shatter'd Gally bore,  
 With his own Hands, he raises on the Shore.



To Stephen Waller



Dr. of Laws

- 650 A flutt'ring Dove upon the Top they tye,  
 The living Mark, at which their Arrows fly.  
 The rival Archers in a Line advance;  
 Their turn of Shooting to receive from Chance.  
 A Helmet holds their Names : The Lots are drawn,
- 655 On the first Scroll was read *Hippocoon* :  
 The People shout ; upon the next was found  
 Young *Mneſtheus*, late with Naval Honours crown'd.  
 The third contain'd *Eurytion*'s Noble Name,  
 Thy Brother, *Pandarus*, and next in Fame :
- 660 Whom *Pallas* urg'd the Treaty to confound,  
 And send among the *Greeks* a feather'd Wound.  
*Aceſtes* in the bottom, laſt remain'd ;  
 Whom not his Age from Youthful Sports refrain'd.  
 Soon, all with Vigour bend their truſty Bows,
- 665 And from the Quiver each his Arrow choſe,  
*Hippocoon*'s was the firſt : with forceful ſway  
 It flew, and, whizzing, cut the liquid way :  
 Fix'd in the Maſt the feather'd Weapon ſtands,  
 The fearful Pidgeon flutters in her Bands ;
- 670 And the Tree trembled : and the ſhouting Cries  
 Of the pleas'd People, rend the vaulted Skies.  
 Then *Mneſtheus* to the head his Arrow drove,  
 With liſted Eyes ; and took his Aim above ;  
 But made a glancing Shot, and miſ'd the Dove. }
- 675 Yet miſ'd ſo narrow, that he cut the Cord  
 Which faſten'd, by the Foot, the fitting Bird.  
 The Captive thus releas'd, away ſhe flies,  
 And beats with clapping Wings, the yielding Skies.  
 His Bow already bent, *Eurytion* ſtood,
- 680 And having firſt invok'd his Brother God,  
 His winged Shaft with eager haſte he ſped ;  
 The fatal Meſſage reach'd her as ſhe fled :

She leaves her Life aloft, she strikes the Ground;  
 And renders back the Weapon in the Wound.  
 685 *Acestes* grudging at his Lot, remains,  
 Without a Prize to gratify his Pains.  
 Yet shooting upward, sends his Shaft, to show  
 An Archer's Art, and boast his twanging Bow.  
 The pointed Arrow gave a dire Portent;  
 690 And later Augures judge from this Event.  
 Chaf'd by the speed, it fir'd; and as it flew,  
 A Trail of following Flames, ascending drew:  
 Kindling they mount; and mark the thiny Way:  
 Across the Skies as falling Meteors play,  
 695 And vanish into Wind; or in a Blaze decay.  
 The *Trojans* and *Sicilians* wildly stare:  
 And trembling, turn their Wonder into Pray'r.  
 The *Dardan* Prince put on a smiling Face,  
 And strain'd *Acestes* with a close Embrace:  
 700 Then hon'ring him with Gifts above the rest,  
 Turn'd the bad Omen, nor his Fears confess'd.  
 The Gods, said he, this Miracle have wrought;  
 And order'd you the Prize without the Lot.  
 Accept this Goblet rough with figur'd Gold,  
 705 Which *Thracian Cisseus* gave my Sire of old:  
 This Pledge of ancient Amity receive,  
 Which to my second Sire I justly give.  
 He said, and with the Trumpets chearful sound,  
 Proclaim'd him Victor, and with Lawrel crown'd.  
 710 Nor good *Eurytion* envy'd him the Prize;  
 Tho' he transfix'd the Pidgeon in the Skies.  
 Who cut the Line, with second Gifts was grac'd;  
 The third was his, whose Arrow pierc'd the Mast.  
 The Chief, before the Games were wholly done,  
 715 Call'd *Periphantes*, Tutor to his Son;

And

And whisper'd thus; with speed *Ascanius* find,  
 And if his Childish Troop be ready join'd;  
 On Hors.-back let him grace his Grandfire's Day,  
 And lead his Equals arm'd, in just Array.  
 720 He said, and calling out, the Cirque he clears,  
 The Crowd withdrawn, an open Plain appears.  
 And now the Noble Youths, of Form Divine,  
 Advance before their Fathers, in a Line:  
 The Riders grace the Steeds; the Steeds with Glory shine. }  
 725 Thus marching on, in Military Pride,  
 Shouts of Applause resound from side to side.  
 Their Casques, adorn'd with Lawrel Wreaths, they wear.  
 Each brandishing aloft a Cornel Spear.  
 Some at their Backs their gilded Quivers bore;  
 730 Their Chains of burnish'd Gold hung down before.  
 Three graceful Troops they form'd upon the Green;  
 Three graceful Leaders at their Head were seen;  
 Twelve follow'd ev'ry Chief, and left a Space between. }  
 The first young *Priam* led; a lovely Boy,  
 Whose Grandfire was th' unhappy King of *Troy*:  
 735 His Race in after times was known to Fame,  
 New Honours adding to the *Latian* Name;  
 And well the Royal Boy his *Thracian* Steed became.  
 White were the Fetlocks of his Feet before;  
 740 And on his Front a snowy Star he bore:  
 Then beauteous *Atys*, with *Iulus* bred,  
 Of equal Age, the second Squadron led.  
 The last in Order, but the first in place,  
 First in the lovely Features of his Face;  
 745 Rode fair *Ascanius* on a fiery Steed,  
 Queen *Dido's* Gift, and of the *Tyrian* breed.  
 Sure Coursers for the rest the King ordains;  
 With Golden Bits adorn'd, and Purple Reins.

The

- The pleas'd Spectators peals of Shouts renew ;  
 750 And all the Parents in the Children view:  
 Their Make, their Motions, and their sprightly Grace;  
 And Hopes and Fears alternate in their Face.  
 Th' unfledg'd Commanders, and their Martial Train,  
 First make the Circuit of the sandy Plain,  
 755 Around their Sires: And at th' appointed Sign,  
 Drawn up in beauteous Order form a Line:  
 The second Signal sounds; the Troop divides,  
 In three distinguish'd parts, with three distinguish'd Guides.  
 Again they close, and once again dis-join,  
 760 In Troop to Troop oppos'd, and Line to Line.  
 They meet, they wheel, they throw their Darts afar  
 With harmless Rage, and well dissembled War.  
 Then in a round the mingl'd Bodies run;  
 Flying they follow, and pursuing shun.  
 765 Broken they break, and rallying, they renew  
 In other Forms the Military shew.  
 At last, in order, undiscern'd they join;  
 And march together, in a friendly Line.  
 And, as the *Cretan* Labyrinth of old,  
 770 With wand'ring Ways, and many a winding fold,  
 Involv'd the weary Feet, without redress,  
 In a round Error, which deny'd recess;  
 So fought the *Trojan* Boys in warlike Play,  
 Turn'd, and return'd, and still a diff'rent way.  
 775 Thus Dolphins, in the Deep,\* each other chase,  
 In Circles, when they swim around the wat'ry Race.  
 This Game, these Caroufels *Ascanius* taught;  
 And, building *Alba*, to the *Latins* brought.  
 Shew'd what he learn'd: The *Latin* Sires impart,  
 780 To their succeeding Sons, the graceful Art:  
 From these Imperial *Rome* receiv'd the Game;  
 Which *Troy*, the Youths the *Trojan* Troop, they name.

Thus



To y<sup>e</sup> most Illustrious Prince William  
Duke of Gloucester &c.

- Thus far the sacred Sports they celebrate:  
But Fortune soon resum'd her ancient hate.  
785 For while they pay the dead his Annual dues,  
Those envy'd Rites *Saturnian Juno* views.  
And sends the Goddess of the various bow,  
To try new Methods of Revenge below:  
Supplies the Winds to wing her Airy way;  
790 Where in the Port secure the Navy lay.  
Swiftly fair *Iris* down her Arch descends;  
And undiscern'd her fatal Voyage ends.  
She saw the gathering Crowd; and gliding thence,  
The desert Shore, and Fleet without defence.  
795 The *Trojan* Matrons on the Sands alone,  
With Sighs and Tears, *Anchises* death bemoan.  
Then, turning to the Sea their weeping Eyes,  
Their pity to themselves, renews their Cries.  
Alas! said one, what Oceans yet remain  
800 For us to sail; what Labours to sustain!  
All take the Word; and with a gen'ral groan,  
Implore the Gods for Peace; and Places of their own.  
The Goddess, great in Mischief, views their pains;  
And in a Woman's Form her heav'nly Limbs restrains.  
805 In Face and Shape, old *Beroe* she became,  
*Doriclus* Wife, a venerable Dame;  
Once blest'd with Riches, and a Mother's Name.  
Thus chang'd, amidst the crying Crow'd she ran,  
Mix'd with the Matrons, and these words began.  
810 O wretched we, whom not the *Grecian* Pow'r,  
Nor Flames destroy'd, in *Troy's* unhappy hour!  
O wretched we, reserv'd by Cruel Fate,  
Beyond the Ruins of the sinking State!  
Now sev'n revolving Years are wholly run,  
815 Since this improsp'rous Voyage we begun:

Since

Since told from Shores to Shores, from Lands to Lands,  
 Inhospitable Rocks and barren Sands ;  
 Wand'ring in Exile, through the stormy Sea,  
 We search in vain for flying *Italy*.

820 Now Cast by Fortune on this kindred Land,  
 What thou'd our Rest, and rising Walls withstand, }  
 Or hinder here to fix our banish'd Band?  
 O, Country lost, and Gods redeem'd in vain,  
 If still in endless Exile we remain!

825 Shall we no more the *Trojan* Walls renew,  
 Or Streams of some dissabl'd *Simois* view!  
 Hasten, joyn with me, th' unhappy Fleet consume:  
*Cassandra* bids, and I declare her doom.  
 In sleep I saw her; she supply'd my hands,

830 (For this I more than dreamt) with flaming Brands:  
 With these, said she, these wand'ring Ships destroy;  
 These are your fatal Seats, and this your *Troy*. }  
 Time calls you now, the precious Hour employ.  
 Slack not the good Presage, while Heav'n inspires!

835 Our Minds to dare, and gives the ready Fires.  
 See *Neptune's* Altars minister their Brands;  
 The God is pleas'd; the God supplies our hands.  
 Then, from the Pile, a flaming Firr she drew,  
 And, told in Air, amidst the Gallies threw.

840 Wrap'd in a maze, the Matrons wildly stare:  
 Then *Pyrgo*, reverenc'd for her hoary Hair,  
*Pyrgo*, the Nurse of *Priam's* num'rous Race,  
 No *Beroe* this, tho she belies her Face:  
 What Terrours from her frowning Front arise;

845 Behold a Goddess in her ardent Eyes!  
 What Rays around her heav'nly Face are seen,  
 Mark her Majestick Voice, and more than mortal Meen!  
*Beroe* but now I left; whom pin'd with pain,  
 Her Age and Anguish from these Rites detain.

She

850 She said; the Matrons, seiz'd with new Amaze,  
 Rowl their malignant Eyes, and on the Navy gaze.  
 They fear, and hope, and neither part obey:  
 They hope the fated Land, but fear the fatal Way.  
 The Goddess, having done her Task below,

855 Mounts up on equal Wings, and bends her painted Bow.  
 Struck with the sight, and seiz'd with Rage Divine;  
 The Matrons prosecute their mad Design:  
 They shriek aloud, they snatch, with Impious Hands,  
 The food of Altars, Firs, and flaming Brands.

860 Green Leaves, and Saplings, mingled in their haste,  
 And smoaking Torches on the Ships they cast.  
 The Flame, unstop'd at first, more Fury gains;  
 And *Vulcan* rides at large with looser'd Reins:  
 Triumphant to the painted Sterns he soars,

865 And seizes in his way, the Banks, and crackling Oars.  
*Eumelus* was the first, the News to bear,  
 While yet they crowd the Rural Theatre.  
 Then what they hear, is witness'd by their Eyes;  
 A storm of Sparkles, and of Flames arise.

870 *Ascanius* took th' Alarm, while yet he led  
 His early Warriors on his prancing Steed.  
 And spurring on, his Equals soon o'repas'd,  
 Nor cou'd his frighted Friends reclaim his haste.  
 Soon as the Royal Youth appear'd in view,

875 He sent his Voice before him as he flew;  
 What Madness moves you, Matrons, to destroy  
 The last Remainers of unhappy *Troy*!  
 Not hostile Fleets, but your own hopes you burn,  
 And on your Friends, your fatal Fury turn.

880 Behold your own *Ascanius*: while he said,  
 He drew his glittering Helmet from his Head;  
 In which the Youths to sportful Arms he led.

U u

By

By this, *Aeneas* and his Train appear;  
 And now the Women, seiz'd with Shame and Fear,  
 885 Dispers'd, to Woods and Caverns take their Flight;  
 Abhor their Actions, and avoid the Light:  
 Their Friends acknowledge, and their Error find;  
 And shake the Goddess from their alter'd Mind.  
 Not so the raging Fires their Fury cease;  
 890 But lurking in the Seams, with seeming Peace,  
 Work on their way, amid the smouldring Tow,  
 Sure in Destruction, but in Motion slow.  
 The silent Plague, thro' the green Timber eats,  
 And vomits out a tardy Flame, by fits.  
 895 Down to the Keels, and upward to the Sails,  
 The Fire descends, or mounts; but still prevails:  
 Nor Buckets pour'd, nor strength of Human Hand,  
 Can the victorious Element withstand.  
 The Pious Heroe rends his Robe, and throws  
 900 To Heav'n his Hands, and with his Hands his Vows.  
 O *Jove*, he cry'd, if Pray'rs can yet have place;  
 If thou abhorr'st not all the *Dardan* Race;  
 If any spark of Pity still remain;  
 If Gods are Gods, and not invoc'd in vain;  
 905 Yet spare the Relicks of the *Trojan* Train.  
 Yet from the Flames our burning Vessels free:  
 Or let thy Fury fall alone on me.  
 At this devoted Head thy Thunder throw,  
 And send the willing Sacrifice below.  
 910 Scarce had he said, when Southern Storms arise,  
 From Pole to Pole, the forky Lightning flies;  
 Loud rattling shakes the Mountains, and the Plain:  
 Heav'n bellies downward, and descends in Rain.  
 Whole Sheets of Water from the Clouds are sent,  
 915 Which hissing thro' the Planks, the Flames prevent:

And

And stop the fiery Pest: Four Ships alone  
 Burn to the wast; and for the Fleet atone.  
 But doubtful thoughts the Hero's Heart divide,  
 If he should still in *Sicily* reside,  
 920 Forgetful of his Fates; or tempt the Main,  
 In hope the promis'd *Italy* to gain.  
 Then *Nautes*, old, and wise, to whom alone  
 The Will of Heav'n, by *Pallas* was fore-shown;  
 Vers'd in Portents, experienc'd and inspir'd,  
 925 To tell Events, and what the Fates requir'd:  
 Thus while he stood, to neither part inclin'd,  
 With chearful Words reliev'd his lab'ring Mind.  
 O Goddess-born, resign'd in ev'ry state,  
 With Patience bear, with Prudence push your Fate.  
 930 By suff'ring well, our Fortune we subdue;  
 Fly when she frowns, and when she calls pursue.  
 Your Friend *Acestes* is of *Trojan* Kind,  
 To him disclose the Secrets of your Mind:  
 Trust in his Hands your old and useless Train,  
 935 Too numerous for the Ships which yet remain:  
 The feeble, old, indulgent of their Ease,  
 The Dames who dread the Dangers of the Seas,  
 With all the dastard Crew, who dare not stand  
 The shock of Battel with your Foes by Land;  
 940 Here you may build a common Town for all;  
 And from *Acestes* name, *Acesta* call.  
 The Reasons, with his Friend's Experience join'd,  
 Encourag'd much, but more disturb'd his Mind.  
 'Twas dead of Night; when to his slum'ring Eyes,  
 945 His Father's Shade descended from the Skies;  
 And thus he spoke: O more than vital Breath  
 Lov'd while I liv'd, and dear ev'n after Death;  
 O Son, in various Toils and Troubles tost,  
 The King of Heav'n employs my careful Ghost

U u 2

On

- 950 On his Commands; the God who say'd from Fire  
Your flaming Fleet, and heard your just desire:  
The Wholsom Counsel of your Friend receive;  
And here, the Coward Train, and Women leave:  
The chosen Youth, and those who nobly dare,  
955 Transport; to tempt the Dangers of the War.  
The stern *Italians* will their Courage try;  
Rough are their Manners, and their Minds are high.  
But first to *Pluto's* Palace you shall go,  
And seek my Shade among the blest below.
- 960 For not with impious Ghosts my Soul remains,  
Nor suffers, with the Damn'd, perpetual Pains;  
But breaths the living Air of soft *Elysian* Plains.  
The chaste *Sybilla* shall your steps convey;  
And Blood of offer'd Victims free the way.
- 965 There shall you know what Realms the Gods assign;  
And learn the Fates and Fortunes of your Line.  
But now, farewell; I vanish with the Night;  
And feel the blast of Heav'n's approaching Light:  
He said, and mix'd with Shades, and took his airy flight.
- 970 Whether so fast, the filial Duty cry'd,  
And why, ah why, the wish'd Embrace deny'd!  
He said, and rose: as holy Zeal inspires  
He rakes hot Embers, and renews the Fires.  
His Country Gods and *Vesta*, then adores
- 975 With Cakes and Incense; and their Aid implores.  
Next, for his Friends, and Royal Host he sent,  
Reveal'd his Vision and the Gods intent,  
With his own Purpose: All, without delay,  
The Will of *Jove*, and his Desires obey.
- 980 They list with Women each degenerate Name,  
Who dares not hazard Life, for future Fame.  
These they cashier; the brave remaining few,  
Oars, Banks, and Cables half consum'd renew.

The

- The Prince designs a City with the Plough;  
985 The Lots their sev'ral Terments allow.  
This part is nam'd from *Ilium*, that from *Troy*;  
And the new King ascends the Throne with Joy.  
A chosen Senate from the People draws;  
Appoints the Judges, and ordains the Laws.
- 990 Then on the top of *Eryx*, they begin  
To raise a Temple to the *Paphian* Queen:  
*Anchises*, last, is honour'd as a God,  
A Priest is added, annual Gifts bestow'd;  
And Groves are planted round his blest Abode,
- 995 Nine days they pass in Feasts, their Temples crown'd;  
And fumes of Incense in the Fanes abound.  
Then, from the South arose a gentle Breeze,  
That curl'd the smoothness of the glassy Seas:  
The rising Winds, a ruffling Gale afford,
- 1000 And call the merry Matriners aboard:  
Now loud Laments along the Shores resound;  
Of parting Friends in close Embraces bound.  
The trembling Women, the degenerate Train,  
Who shun'd the frightful dangers of the Main;
- 1005 Ev'n those desire to sail, and take their share  
Of the rough Passage, and the promis'd War.  
Whom Good *Aeneas* cheats; and recommends  
To their new Master's Care, his fearful Friends.  
On *Eryx* Altars three fat Calves he lays;
- 1010 A Lamb new fall'n to the stormy Seas;  
Then slips his Haulers; and his Anchors weighs:  
High on the Deck, the Godlike Heroe stands;  
With Olive crown'd; a Charger in his Hands;  
Then cast the reeking Entrails in the brine,
- 1015 And pour'd the Sacrifice of Purple Wine.  
Fresh Gales arise, with equal Strokes they vye;  
And brush the buxom Seas, and o're the Billows fly.

Mean

Mean time the Mother-Goddess, full of Fears,  
 To Neptune thus address'd, with tender Tears.  
 1020 The Pride of Jove's Imperious Queen, the Rage,  
 The malice which no Suff'rings can assuage,  
 Compel me to these Pray'rs : Since neither Fate,  
 Nor Time, nor Pity, can remove her hate.  
 Ev'n Jove is thwarted by his haughty Wife ;  
 1025 Still vanquish'd, yet she still renews the Strife.  
 As if 'twere little to consume the Town  
 Which aw'd the World ; and wore th' Imperial Crown :  
 She prosecutes the Ghost of Troy with Pains ;  
 And gnaws, ev'n to the Bones, the last Remains.  
 1030 Let her the Causes of her Hatred tell ;  
 But you can witness its Effects too well.  
 You saw the Storm she rais'd on Lybian Floods,  
 That mix'd the mounting Billows with the Clouds.  
 When, bribing Eolus, she shook the Main ;  
 1035 And mov'd Rebellion in your wat'ry Reign.  
 With Fury she possess'd the Dardan Dames ;  
 To burn their Fleet with execrable Flames.  
 And forc'd Æneas, when his Ships were lost,  
 To leave his Foll'wers on a Foreign Coast.  
 1040 For what remains, your Godhead I implore ;  
 And trust my Son to your protecting Pow'r.  
 If neither Jove's, nor Fate's decree withstand,  
 Secure his Passage to the Latian Land.  
 Then thus the mighty Ruler of the Main,  
 1045 What may not Venus hope, from Neptune's Reign ?  
 My Kingdom claims your Birth : my late Defence  
 Of your indanger'd Fleet, may claim your Confidence.  
 Nor less by Land than Sea, my Deeds declare,  
 How much your lov'd Æneas is my Care.  
 1050 Thrice Xanthus, and thee Simois I attest :  
 Your Trojan Troops, when proud Achilles press'd,

And



To Edmond Waller Esq. of Beaconsfield in the  
County of Bucks Esq.

Æn. V. Æ N E I S.

And drove before him headlong on the Plain  
 And dash'd against the Walls the trembling Trojans;  
 When Floods were fill'd with bodies of the slain.  
 1055 When Crimfon Xanthus, doubtful of his way,  
 Stood up on ridges to behold the Sea;  
 New heaps came tumbling in, and choak'd his way:  
 When your *Aeneas* fought, but fought with odds  
 Of Force unequal, and unequal Gods;  
 1060 I spread a Cloud before the Victor's fight,  
 Sustain'd the vanquish'd, and secur'd his flight.  
 Ev'n then secur'd him, when I fought with joy  
 The vow'd destruction of ungrateful *Troy*.  
 My Will's the same: Fair Goddesses fear no more,  
 1065 Your Fleet shall safely gain the *Latiun Shore*:  
 Their lives are giv'n; one destin'd Head alone  
 Shall perish, and for Multitudes atone.  
 Thus having arm'd with Hopes her anxious Mind,  
 His finny Team *Saturnian Neptune* join'd.  
 1070 Then, adds the foamy Bridle to their Jaws;  
 And to the loos'n'd Reins permits the Laws.  
 High on the Waves his Azure Car he guides,  
 Its Axles thunder, and the Sea subsides;  
 And the smooth Ocean rows her silent Tides.  
 1075 The Tempests fly before their Father's face,  
 Trains of inferiour Gods his Triumph grace;  
 And Monster Whales before their Master play,  
 And Quires of Tritons crowd the wavy way.  
 The Martial'd Pow'rs, in equal Troops divide,  
 1080 To right and left: the Gods his better side  
 Inclose, and on the worse the Nymphs and Nereids ride.  
 Now smiling Hope, with sweet Vicissitude,  
 Within the Hero's Mind, his Joys renew'd.  
 He calls to raise the Masts, the Shears display;  
 1085 The Cheerful Crew with diligence obey;  
 They scud before the Wind, and sail in open Sea.

A Head of all the Master Pilot steers,  
 And as he leads, the following Navy veers.  
 The Steeds of Night had travell'd half the Sky,  
 1090 The drowzy Rowers on their Benches lye;  
 When the soft God of Sleep, with ease flight,  
 Descends, and draws behind a trail of Light.  
 Thou *Palinurus* art his destin'd Prey;  
 To thee alone he takes his fatal way.  
 1095 Dire Dreams to thee, and Iron Sleep he bears;  
 And lighting on thy Prow, the Form of *Phorbas* wears.  
 Then thus the Traytor God began his Tale:  
 The Winds, my Friend, inspire a pleasing gale;  
 The Ships, without thy Care, securely sail. }  
 1100 Now steal an hour of sweet Repose; and I  
 Will take the Rudder, and thy room supply.  
 To whom the yawning Pilot, half asleep;  
 Me dost thou bid to trust the treach'rous Deep!  
 The Harlot-smiles of her dissembling Face,  
 1105 And to her Faith commit the *Trojan* Race?  
 Shall I believe the *Syren* South again,  
 And, oft betray'd, not know the Monster Main?  
 He said, his fasten'd hands the Rudder keep,  
 And fix'd on Heav'n, his Eyes repel invading Sleep.  
 1110 The God was wroth, and at his Temples threw  
 A Branch in *Lethe* dip'd, and drunk with *Stygian* Dew:  
 The Pilot, vanquish'd by the Pow'r Divine,  
 Soon clos'd his swimming Eyes, and lay supine.  
 Scarce were his Limbs extended at their length,  
 1115 The God, insulting with superiour Strength,  
 Fell heavy on him, plung'd him in the Sea,  
 And, with the Stern, the Rudder tore away.  
 Headlong he fell, and struggling in the Main,  
 Cry'd out for helping hands, but cry'd in vain:

The

1120 The Victor *Damon* mounts obscure in Air;  
 While the Ship fails without the Pilot's care.  
 On *Neptune's* Faith the floating Fleet relies;  
 But what the Man forfook, the God supplies; }  
 And o're the dang'rous Deep secure the Navy flies.  
 1125 Glides by the *Syren's* Cliffs, a shelvy Coast,  
 Long infamous for Ships, and Sailors lost;  
 And white with Bones: Th' impetuous Ocean roars;  
 And Rocks rebellow from the founding Shores.  
 The watchful Heroe felt the knocks; and found  
 1130 The tossing Vessel sail'd on shoaly Ground.  
 Sure of his Pilot's loss, he takes himself  
 The Helm, and steers aloof, and shuns the Shelf.  
 Inly he griev'd; and groaning from his Breast,  
 Deplor'd his Death; and thus his Pain express'd:  
 1135 For Faith repos'd on Seas, and on the flatt'ring Sky,  
 Thy naked Corps is doom'd, on Shores unknown to lye.

X x

The

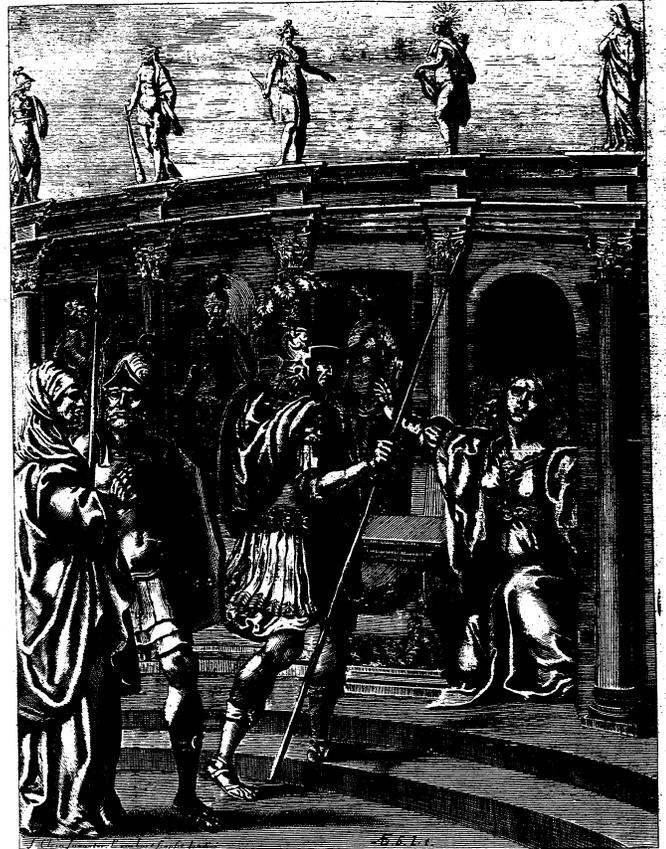
*The Sixth Book of the Æneis.*

**The Argument.**

*The Sibyl foretels Æneas the Adventures he should meet with in Italy. She attends him to Hell; describing to him the various Scenes of that Place, and conducting him to his Father Anchises. Who instructs him in those sublime Mysteries of the Soul of the World, and the Transmigration: And shews him that glorious Race of Heroes, which was to descend from him, and his Posterity.*

**H**E said, and wept: Then spread his Sails before  
 The Winds, and reach'd at length the *Cuman* Shore:  
 Their Anchors drop'd, his Crew the Vessels moor.  
 They turn their Heads to Sea; their Sterns to Land;  
 5 And greet with greedy Joy th' *Italian* Strand.  
 Some strike from clashing Flints their fiery Seed;  
 Some gather Sticks, the kindled Flames to feed:  
 Or search for hollow Trees, and fell the Woods,  
 Or trace thro' Valleys the discover'd Floods.  
 10 Thus, while their sev'ral Charges they fulfil,  
 The Pious Prince ascends the sacred Hill  
 Where *Phœbus* is ador'd; and seeks the Shade,  
 Which hides from sight, his venerable Maid.  
 Deep in a Cave the Sibyl makes abode;  
 15 Thence full of Fate returns, and of the God.  
 Thro' *Trinia's* Grove they walk; and now behold,  
 And enter now, the Temple roof'd with Gold.  
 When *Dedalus*, to shun the *Cretan* Shore,  
 His heavy Limbs on jointed Pinions bore,  
 20 (The first who sail'd in Air,) 'tis sung by Fame,  
 To the *Cumean* Coast at length he came;  
 And, here alighting, built this costly Frame.

Inscrib'd



To y<sup>e</sup> Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> Basil Earle of Denbigh Vis-  
 count Fielding Baron  Norwenham: Padox & S<sup>r</sup> Lis  
 HONOR VIRTUTIS PREMIVM

- Inscrib'd to *Phœbus*, here he hung on high  
 The steerage of his Wings, that cut the Sky :  
 Then o're the lofty Gate his Art embos'd  
 25 *Androgeos* Death, and Off'rings to his Ghost.  
 Sev'n Youths from *Athens* yearly sent, to meet  
 The Fate appointed by revengeful *Creet*.  
 And next to these the dreadful Urn was plac'd,  
 30 In which the destin'd Name by Lots were cast :  
 The mournful Parents stand around in Tears ;  
 And rising *Creet* against their Shore appears.  
 There too, in living Sculpture, might be seen  
 The mad Affection of the *Cretan* Queen :  
 35 Then how she cheats her bellowing Lover's Eye:  
 The rushing leap, the doubtful Progeny,  
 The lower part a Beast, a Man above,  
 The Monument of their polluted Love.  
 Nor far from thence he grav'd the wond'rous Maze ;  
 40 A thousand Doors, a thousand winding Ways ;  
 Here dwells the Monster, hid from Human View,  
 Not to be found, but by the faithful Clue :  
 'Till the kind Artist, mov'd with Pious Grief,  
 Lent to the loving Maid this last Relief.  
 45 And all those erring Paths describ'd so well,  
 That *Theseus* conquer'd, and the Monster fell.  
 Here hapless *Icarus* had found his part ;  
 Had not the Father's Grief restrain'd his Art.  
 He twice essay'd to cast his Son in Gold ;  
 50 Twice from his Hands he drop'd the forming Mould.  
 All this with wond'ring Eyes *Æneas* view'd :  
 Each varying Object his Delight renew'd.  
 Prepar'd to read the rest, *Achates* came,  
 And by his side the mad divining Dame ;  
 55 The Priestess of the God, *Deiphobe* her Name.



Inſcrib'd to *Phœbus*, here he hung on high  
 The ſteerage of his Wings, that cut the Sky :  
 25 Then o're the lofty Gate his Art embos'd  
*Androgos* Death, and Off'rings to his Ghoſt.  
 Sev'n Youths from *Athens* yearly ſent, to meet  
 The Fate appointed by revengeful *Creet*.  
 And next to theſe the dreadful Urn was plac'd,  
 30 In which the deſtin'd Name by Lots were caſt :  
 The mournful Parents ſtand around in Tears ;  
 And riſing *Creet* againſt their Shore appears.  
 There too, in living Sculpture, might be ſeen  
 The mad Affection of the *Cretan* Queen :  
 35 Then how ſhe cheats her bellowing Lover's Eye:  
 The ruſhing leap, the doubtful Progeny,  
 The lower part a Beaſt, a Man above,  
 The Monument of their polluted Love.  
 Nor far from thence he grav'd the wond'rous Maze ;  
 40 A thouſand Doors, a thouſand winding Ways ;  
 Here dwells the Monſter, hid from Human View,  
 Not to be found, but by the faithful Clue :  
 'Till the kind Artiſt, mov'd with Pious Grief,  
 Lent to the loving Maid this laſt Relief.  
 45 And all thoſe erring Paths deſcrib'd ſo well,  
 That *Theſeus* conquer'd, and the Monſter fell.  
 Here hapleſs *Icarus* had found his part ;  
 Had not the Father's Grief reſtrain'd his Art.  
 He twice eſlay'd to caſt his Son in Gold ;  
 50 Twice from his Hands he drop'd the forming Mould.  
 All this with wond'ring Eyes *Aeneas* view'd :  
 Each varying Object his Delight renew'd.  
 Prepar'd to read the reſt, *Achates* came,  
 And by his ſide the mad divining Dame ;  
 55 The Prieſteſs of the God, *Deiphobe* her Name.

- Time suffers not, she said, to feed your Eyes  
 With empty Pleasures: haste the Sacrifice.  
 Sev'n Bulls yet unyok'd, for *Phœbus* chuse,  
 And for *Diana* sev'n unspotted Ewes.
- 60 This said, the Servants urge the Sacred Rites;  
 While to the Temple she the Prince invites.  
 A spacious Cave, within its farthest part,  
 Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious Art.  
 Thro' the Hills hollow sides: Before the place,
- 65 A hundred Doors a hundred Entries grace:  
 As many Voices issue; and the sound  
 Of Sibyl's Words as many times rebound.  
 Now to the Mouth they come: Aloud she cries,  
 This is the time, enquire your Destinies.
- 70 He comes, behold the God! Thus while she said,  
 (And shivering at the sacred Entry staid)  
 Her Colour chang'd, her Face was not the same,  
 And hollow Groans from her deep Spirit came.  
 Her Hair stood up; convulsive Rage possess'd
- 75 Her trembling Limbs, and heav'd her lab'ring Breast.  
 Greater than Human Kind she seem'd to look:  
 And with an Accent, more than Mortal, spoke.  
 Her staring Eyes with sparkling Fury rowl;  
 When all the God came rushing on her Soul.
- 80 Swiftly she turn'd, and foaming as she spoke,  
 Why this Delay, she cry'd; the Powers invoke.  
 Thy Prayers alone can open this abode,  
 Else vain are my Demands, and dumb the God.  
 She said no more: The trembling *Trojans* hear;
- 85 O're-spread with a damp Sweat, and holy Fear.  
 The Prince himself, with awful Dread possess'd,  
 His Vows to great *Apollo* thus address'd.  
 Indulgent God, propitious Power to *Troy*,  
 Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy;

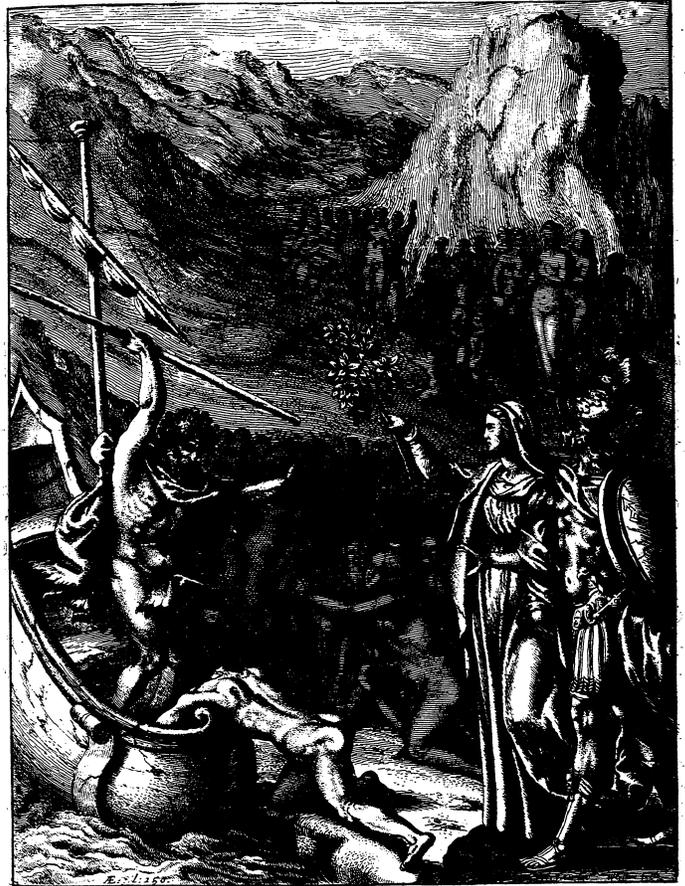
Directed

- 90 Directed by whose Hand, the *Dardan* Dart  
 Pierc'd the proud *Grecian's* only Mortal part:  
 Thus far, by Fates Decrees, and thy Commands,  
 Through ambient Seas, and thro' devouring Sands,  
 Our exil'd Crew has fought th' *Aufonian* Ground:
- 95 And now, at length, the flying Coast is found.  
 Thus far the Fate of *Troy*, from place to place,  
 With Fury has pursu'd her wand'ring Race:  
 Here cease ye Powers, and let your Vengeance end,  
*Troy* is no more, and can no more offend.
- 100 And thou, O sacred Maid, inspir'd to see  
 Th' Event of things in dark Futurity;  
 Give me, what Heav'n has promis'd to my Fate,  
 To conquer and command the *Latian* State:  
 To fix my wand'ring Gods; and find a place
- 105 For the long Exiles of the *Trojan* Race.  
 Then shall my grateful Hands a Temple rear  
 To the twin Gods, with Vows and solemn Prayers;  
 And Annual Rites, and Festivals, and Games,  
 Shall be perform'd to their auspicious Names.
- 110 Nor shalt thou want thy Honours in my Land,  
 For there thy faithful Oracles shall stand,  
 Preserv'd in Shrines: and ev'ry Sacred Lay,  
 Which, by thy Mouth, *Apollo* shall convey.  
 All shall be treasur'd, by a chosen Train
- 115 Of holy Priests, and ever shall remain.  
 But, oh! commit not thy prophetic Mind  
 To fitting Leaves, the sport of ev'ry Wind:  
 Left they disperse in Air our empty Fate:  
 Write not, but, what the Powers ordain, relate.
- 120 Struggling in vain, impatient of her Load,  
 And lab'ring underneath the ponderous God,  
 The more she strove to shake him from her Breast,  
 With more, and far superior Force he press'd:

Commands

- Commands his Entrance, and without Controul,  
 125 Usurps her Organs, and inspires her Soul.  
 Now, with a furious Blast, the hundred Doors  
 Ope of themselves; a rushing Wirlwind roars  
 Within the Cave; and Sibyl's Voice restores.
- Escap'd the Dangers of the war'ry Reign,  
 130 Yet more, and greater Ills, by Land remain.  
 The Coast so long desir'd, (nor doubt th' Event)  
 Thy Troops shall reach, but having reach'd, repent.  
 Wars, horrid Wars I view; a field of Blood;  
 And *Tyber* rolling with a Purple Flood.
- 135 *Simois* nor *Xanthus* shall be wanting there;  
 A new *Achilles* shall in Arms appear:  
 And he, too, Goddess-born: fierce *Juno's* Hate,  
 Added to hostile Force, shall urge thy Fate.  
 To what strange Nations shalt not thou resort,  
 140 Driv'n to sollicite Aid at ev'ry Court!  
 The Cause the same which *Ilium* once oppress'd,  
 A foreign Mistress, and a foreign Guest.  
 But thou, secure of Soul, unbent with Woes,  
 The more thy Fortune frowns, the more oppose.
- 145 The dawns of thy Safety, shall be shown,  
 From whence thou least shalt hope, a *Grecian* Town.  
 Thus, from the dark Recess, the Sibyl spoke,  
 And the resisting Air the Thunder broke;  
 The Cave rebellow'd; and the Temple shook.
- 150 Th' ambiguous God, who rul'd her lab'ring Breast,  
 In these mysterious Words his Mind exprest:  
 Some Truths reveal'd, in Terms involv'd the rest.  
 At length her Fury fell; her foaming ceas'd,  
 And, ebbing in her Soul, the God decreas'd.
- 155 Then thus the Chief: no Terror to my view,  
 No frightful Face of Danger can be new.

Inur'd



To S<sup>r</sup> Fleetwood  
 Gent: Usher of y<sup>e</sup> Sheppard Knight,  
 Black-Rods

Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare,  
 The Fates, without my Pow'r, shall be without my Care.  
 This let me crave, since near your Grove the Road  
 160 To Hell lies open, and the dark Abode,  
 Which *Acheron* furrounds, th'innavigable Flood:  
 Conduct me thro' the Regions void of Light,  
 And lead me longing to my Father's fight.  
 For him, a thousand Dangers I have fought;  
 165 And, rushing where the thickest *Grecians* fought,  
 Safe on my Back the sacred Burthen brought.  
 He, for my sake, the raging Ocean try'd,  
 And Wrath of Heav'n; my still auspicious Guide,  
 And bore beyond the strength decrepid Age supply'd.  
 170 Of since he breath'd his last, in dead of Night,  
 His reverend Image stood before my fight;  
 Enjoin'd to seek below, his holy Shade;  
 Conducted there, by your unerring aid.  
 But you, if pious Minds by Pray'rs are won,  
 175 Oblige the Father, and protect the Son.  
 Yours is the Pow'r; nor *Proserpine* in vain  
 Has made you Priests of her nightly Reign.  
 If *Orpheus*, arm'd with his enchanting Lyre,  
 The ruthless King with Pity could inspire;  
 180 And from the Shades below redeem his Wife:  
 If *Pollux*, off'ring his alternate Life,  
 Cou'd free his Brother; and can daily go  
 By turns aloft, by turns descend below:  
 Why name I *Theseus*, or his greater Friend,  
 185 Who trod the downward Path, and upward cou'd ascend!  
 Not less than theirs, from *Jove* my Lineage came:  
 My Mother greater, my Descent the same.  
 So pray'd the *Trojan* Prince; and while he pray'd  
 His Hand upon the holy Altar laid.

Then

- 190 Then thus reply'd the Prophetess Divine:  
 O Goddess born! of Great *Anchises* Line;  
 The Gates of Hell are open Night and day;  
 Smooth the Descent, and easie is the Way:  
 But, to return, and view the chearful Skies;  
 195 In this the Task, and mighty Labour lies.  
 To few great *Jupiter* imparts this Grace:  
 And those of shining Worth, and Heav'nly Race.  
 Betwixt those Regions, and our upper Light,  
 Deep Forrests, and impenetrable Night  
 200 Possess the middle space: Th' Infernal Bounds  
*Cocytus*, with his sable Waves, surrounds.  
 But if so dire a Love your Soul invades;  
 As twice below to view the trembling Shades;  
 If you so hard a Toil will undertake,  
 205 As twice to pass th' innavigable Lake,  
 Receive my Counsel. In the Neighb'ring Grove  
 There stands a Tree; the Queen of *Stygian Jove*  
 Claims it her own; thick Woods, and gloomy Night,  
 Conceal the happy Plant from Humane sight.  
 210 One Bough it bears; but, wond'rous to behold;  
 The ductile Rind, and Leaves, of Radiant Gold:  
 This, from the vulgar Branches must be torn,  
 And to fair *Proserpine*, the Present born:  
 Ere leave be giv'n to tempt the neather Skies:  
 215 The first thus rent, a second will arise;  
 And the same Metal the same room supplies.  
 Look round the Wood, with lifted Eyes, to see  
 The lurking Gold upon the fatal Tree:  
 Then rend it off, as holy Rites command:  
 220 The willing Metal will obey thy hand,  
 Following with ease, if favour'd by thy Fate,  
 Thou art foredoom'd to view the *Stygian* State:

if

- If not, no labour can the Tree constrain:  
 And strength of stubborn Arms, and Steel are vain.  
 225 Besides, you know not, while you here attend  
 Th' unworthy Fate of your unhappy Friend:  
 Breathless he lies: And his unbury'd Ghost,  
 Depriv'd of Fun'ral Rites, pollutes your Host.  
 Pay first his Pious Dues: And for the dead,  
 230 Two sable Sheep around his Herse be led.  
 Then, living Turfs upon his Body lay;  
 This done, securely take the destin'd Way,  
 To find the Regions destitute of Day.  
 She said: and held her Peace. *Aeneas* went  
 235 Sad from the Cave, and full of Discontent;  
 Unknowing whom the sacred Sibyl meant.  
*Achates*, the Companion of his Brest,  
 Goes grieving by his side; with equal Cares oppress'd.  
 Walking, they talk'd, and fruitlessly divin'd  
 240 What Friend, the Priests by those Words design'd.  
 But soon they found an Object to deplore;  
*Misenus* lay extended on the Shore.  
 Son to the God of Winds; none so renown'd,  
 The Warrior Trumpet in the Field to sound:  
 245 With breathing Brass to kindle fierce Alarms;  
 And rouze to dare their Fate, in honourable Arms.  
 He serv'd great *Hector*; and was ever near;  
 Not with his Trumpet only, but his Spear.  
 But, by *Pelides* Arms, when *Hector* fell,  
 250 He chose *Aeneas*, and he chose as well.  
 Swoln with Applause, and aiming still at more,  
 He now provokes the Sea Gods from the Shore;  
 With Envy *Triton* heard the Martial found,  
 And the bold Champion, for his Challenge, drown'd.  
 255 Then cast his mangled Carcass on the Strand:  
 The gazing Crowd around the Body stand.

Y y

All

- All weep, but most *Æneas* mourns his Fate;  
 And hastens to perform the Funeral state.  
 In Altar-wife, a stately Pile they rear;
- 260 The Basis broad below, and top advanc'd in Air.  
 An ancient Wood, fit for the Work design'd,  
 (The shady Covert of the Salvage Kind)  
 The *Trojans* found: The founding Axe is ply'd:  
 Firs, Pines, and Pitch-Trees, and the tow'ring Pride
- 265 Of Forest Ashes, feel the fatal Stroke:  
 And piercing Wedges cleave the stubborn Oak.  
 Huge Trunks of Trees, fell'd from the steepy Crown  
 Of the bare Mountains, rowl with Ruin down.  
 Arm'd like the rest the *Trojan* Prince appears:
- 270 And, by his pious Labour, urges theirs.  
 Thus while he wrought, revolving in his Mind,  
 The ways to compass what his Wife design'd,  
 He cast his Eyes upon the gloomy Grove;  
 And then with Vows implor'd the Queen of Love.
- 275 O may thy Pow'r, propitious still to me,  
 Conduct my steps to find the fatal Tree,  
 In this deep Forest; since the Sibyl's Breath  
 Foretold, alas! too true, *Misenus* Death.  
 Scarce had he said, when fall before his sight
- 280 Two Doves, descending from their Airy Flight,  
 Secure upon the grassy Plain alight. }  
 He knew his Mother's Birds: and thus he pray'd:  
 Be you my Guides, with your auspicious Aid:  
 And lead my Footsteps, 'till the Branch be found,
- 285 Whose glittering Shadow guilds the sacred Ground:  
 And thou, great Parent! with Cœlestial Care,  
 In this Distress, be present to my Pray'r.  
 Thus having said, he stop'd: With watchful sight,  
 Observing still the motions of their Flight.

What



To Sir Tho. Dyke of Horsham in y<sup>e</sup>  
 County of Sussex-Bar<sup>t</sup>.



To Mrs Anne Baynard, Daughter of D.<sup>o</sup> Edw.<sup>d</sup>  
 Baynard of the Family of Leckham  
 in County of Wilts

290 What course they took, what happy Signs they shew.  
 They fed, and flutt'ring by degrees, withdrew  
 Still farther from the Place; but still in view.  
 Hopping, and flying, thus they led him on  
 To the slow Lake; whose baleful Stench to shun,  
 295 They wing'd their Flight aloft; then, stooping low,  
 Perch'd on the double Tree, that bears the golden Bough.  
 Thro' the green Leafs the glitt'ring Shadows glow;  
 As on the sacred Oak, the wintry Mistleto:  
 Where the proud Mother views her precious Brood;  
 300 And happier Branches, which she never sow'd.  
 Such was the glitt'ring; such the ruddy Rind,  
 And dancing Leaves, that wanton'd in the Wind.  
 He seiz'd the shining Bough with griping hold;  
 And rent away, with ease, the ling'ring Gold.  
 305 Then, to the Sibyl's Palace bore the Prize.  
 Mean time, the Trojan Troops, with weeping Eyes,  
 To dead *Misenus* pay his Obsèques.  
 First, from the Ground, a lofty Pile they rear,  
 Of Pitch-trees, Oaks, and Pines, and unctuous Firr:  
 310 The Fabrick's Front with Cypres Twigs they strew;  
 And stick the sides with Boughs of baleful Yeugh.  
 The topmost part, his glitt'ring Arms adorn;  
 Warm Waters, then, in brazen Caldrons born,  
 Are pour'd to wash his Body, Joint by Joint:  
 315 And fragrant Oils the stiffen'd Limbs anoint.  
 With Groans and Cries *Misenus* they deplore:  
 Then on a Bier, with Purple cover'd o're,  
 The breathless Body, thus bewail'd, they lay:  
 And fire the Pile, their Faces turn'd away:  
 320 (Such reverend Rites their Fathers us'd to pay.)  
 Pure Oyl, and Incense, on the Fire they throw:  
 And Fat of Victims, which his Friends bestow.

These Gifts, the greedy Flames to Dust devour;  
 These, on the living Coals, red Wine they pour:  
 325 And last, the Relicks by themselves dispose;  
 Which in a brazen Urn the Priests inclose.  
 Old *Chorineus* compass'd thrice the Crew;  
 And dip'd an Olive Branch in holy Dew;  
 Which thrice he sprinkl'd round; and thrice aloud  
 330 Invok'd the dead, and then dismiss'd the Crowd.  
 But good *Aeneas* order'd on the Shore  
 A stately Tomb; whose top a Trumpet bore:  
 A Soldier's Fauchion, and a Sea-man's Oar.  
 Thus was his Friend interr'd: And deathless Fame  
 335 Still to the lofty Cape consigns his Name.  
 These Rites perform'd, the Prince, without delay,  
 Hastes to the neather World, his destin'd Way.  
 Deep was the Cave; and downward as it went  
 From the wide Mouth, a rocky rough Descent;  
 340 And here th' access a gloomy Grove defends;  
 And there th' unnavigable Lake extends.  
 O're whose unhappy Waters, void of Light,  
 No Bird pretumes to steer his Airy Flight;  
 Such deadly Stenches from the depth arise,  
 345 And steaming Sulphur, that infects the Skies.  
 From hence the *Grecian* Bards their Legends make,  
 And give the name *Avernus* to the Lake.  
 Four fable Bullocks, in the Yoke untaught,  
 For Sacrifice the pious Heroe brought.  
 350 The Priestests pours the Wine betwixt their Horns:  
 Then cuts the curling Hair; that first Oblation burns.  
 Invoking *Hecate* hither to repair;  
 (A pow'rful Name in Hell, and upper Air.)  
 The sacred Priests with ready Knives bereave  
 355 The Beasts of Life; and in full Bowls receive

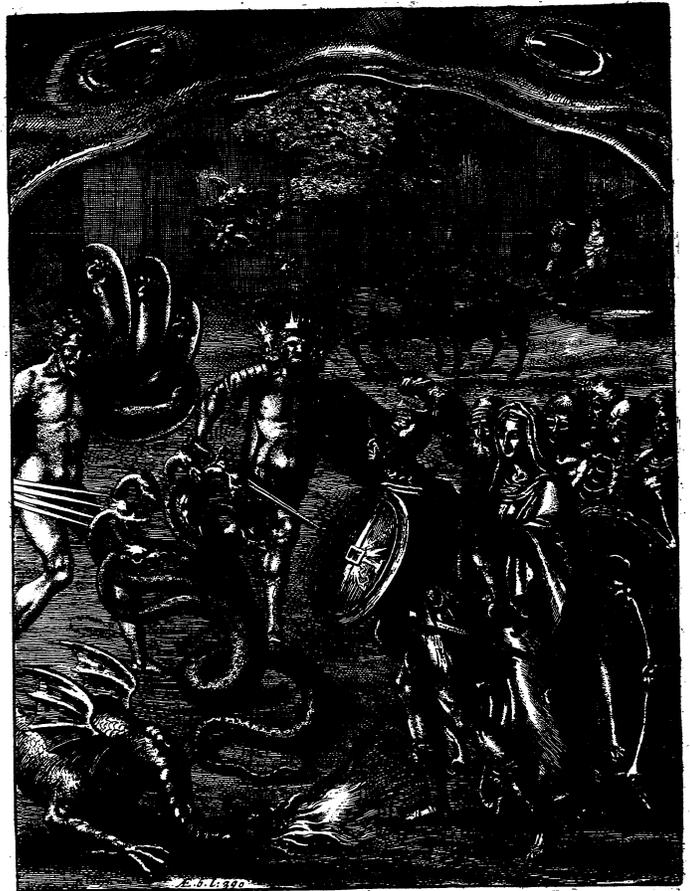
The

The streaming Blood: A Lamb to Hell and Night,  
 (The fable Wool without a streak of white)  
*Aeneas* offers: And, by Fates decree,  
 A barren Heifer, *Proserpine* to thee.  
 360 With Holocausts he *Pluto's* Altar fills:  
 Sev'n brawny Bulls with his own Hand he kills:  
 Then on the broiling Entrails Oyl he pours;  
 Which, ointed thus, the raging Flame devours.  
 Late, the Nocturnal Sacrifice begun;  
 365 Nor ended, 'till the next returning Sun.  
 Then Earth began to bellow, Trees to dance;  
 And howling Dogs in glimm'ring Light advance;  
 E're *Hecate* came: Far hence be Souls prophane,  
 The Sibyl cry'd, and from the Grove abstain.  
 370 Now, *Trojan*, take the way thy Fates afford:  
 Assume thy Courage, and unsheath thy Sword.  
 She said, and pass'd along the gloomy Space:  
 The Prince pursu'd her Steps with equal pace.  
 Ye Realms, yet unreveal'd to human fight,  
 375 Ye Gods, who rule the Regions of the Night,  
 Ye gliding Ghosts, permit me to relate  
 The mystick Wonders of your silent State.  
 Obscure they went thro dreery Shades, that led  
 Along the waste Dominions of the dead:  
 380 Thus wander Travellers in Woods by Night,  
 By the Moon's doubtful, and malignant Light:  
 When *Jove* in dusky Clouds involves the Skies;  
 And the faint Crescent shoots by fits before their Eyes.  
 Just in the Gate, and in the Jaws of Hell,  
 385 Revengeful Cares, and fullen Sorrows dwell;  
 And pale Diseases, and repining Age;  
 Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted rage.  
 Here Toils, and Death, and Death's half-brother, Sleep,  
 Forms terrible to view, their Centry keep:

With

- 390 With anxious Pleasures of a guilty Mind,  
 Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind :  
 The Furies Iron Beds, and Strife that shakes  
 Her hissing Tresfes, and unfolds her Snakes.  
 Full in the midst of this infernal Road,
- 395 An Elm displays her dusky Arms abroad ;  
 The God of Sleep there hides his heavy Head :  
 And empty Dreams on ev'ry Leaf are spread.  
 Of various Forms unnumber'd Specters more ;  
*Centaur's*, and double Shapes, besiege the Door :
- 400 Before the Passage horrid *Hydra* stands,  
 And *Briareus* with all his hundred Hands :  
*Gorgons*, *Geryon* with his triple Frame,  
 And vain *Chimera* vomits empty Flame.  
 The Chief unheath'd his shining Steel, prepar'd,
- 405 Tho seiz'd with sudden Fear, to force the Guard.  
 Off'ring his brandish'd Weapon at their Face ;  
 Had not the Sibyl stop'd his eager Pace,  
 And told him what those empty Fantomes were ;  
 Forms without Bodies, and impassive Air.
- 410 Hence to deep *Acheron* they take their way ;  
 Whose troubled Eddies, thick with Ooze and Clay,  
 Are whirl'd aloft, and in *Cocytus* loft :  
 There *Charon* stands, who rules the dreary Coaft :  
 A fordid God ; down from his hoary Chin
- 415 A length of Beard descends ; uncomb'd, unclean :  
 His Eyes, like hollow Furnaces on Fire :  
 A Girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene Attire.  
 He spreads his Canvas, with his Pole he steers ;  
 The Freights of flitting Ghosts in his thin Bottom beats.
- 420 He look'd in Years ; yet in his Years were seen  
 A youthful Vigour, and Autumnal green.  
 An Airy Crowd came rushing where he stood ;  
 Which fill'd the Margin of the fatal Flood.

Husbands



To John Lenknor Esq.  
 County of  
 West Deane in the  
 County of  
 Sussex

- Husbands and Wives, Boys and unmarry'd Maids;  
 425 And mighty Heroes more Majestick Shades.  
 And Youths, intomb'd before their Fathers Eyes,  
 With hollow Groans, and Shrieks, and feeble Cries:  
 Thick as the Leaves in Autumn strow the Woods:  
 Or Fowls, by Winter forc'd, forsake the Floods,  
 430 And wing their hasty flight to happier Lands:  
 Such, and so thick, the shiv'ring Army stands:  
 And press for passage with extended hands. }  
 Now these, now those, the furly Boatman bore:  
 The rest he drove to distance from the Shore.  
 435 The Heroe, who beheld with wond'ring Eyes,  
 The Tumult mix'd with Shrieks, Laments, and Cries;  
 Ask'd of his Guide, what the rude Concourse meant?  
 Why to the Shore the thronging People bent?  
 What Forms of Law, among the Ghosts were us'd?  
 440 Why some were ferry'd o're, and some refus'd?  
 Son of *Achilles*, Offspring of the Gods,  
 The Sibyl said; you see the *Stygian* Floods,  
 The Sacred Stream, which Heav'n's Imperial State  
 Attests in Oaths, and fears to violate.  
 445 The Ghosts rejected, are th' unhappy Crew  
 Depriv'd of Sepulchers, and Fun'ral due.  
 The Boatman *Charon*; those, the bury'd host,  
 He Ferries over to the Farther Coast.  
 Nor dares his Transport Vessel cross the Waves,  
 450 With such whose Bones are not compos'd in Graves.  
 A hundred years they wander on the Shore,  
 At length, their Pennance done, are wafted o're.  
 The *Trojan* Chief his forward pace repress'd;  
 Revolving anxious Thoughts within his Breast.  
 455 He saw his Friends, who whelm'd beneath the Waves,  
 Their Fun'ral Honours claim'd, and ask'd their quiet  
 Graves.

The

The lost *Leucaspis* in the Crowd he knew;  
 And the brave Leader of the *Lycian* Crew:  
 Whom, on the *Tyrrhene* Seas, the Tempests met;  
 460 The Sailors-mast'rd, and the Ship o'reset.  
 Amidst the Spirits *Palinurus* prest'd;  
 Yet fresh from life; a new admitted Guest.  
 Who, while he steering view'd the Stars, and bore  
 His Course from *Africk*, to the *Latian* Shore,  
 465 Fell headlong down. The *Trojan* fix'd his view;  
 And scarcely through the gloom the fallen Shadow knew.  
 Then thus the Prince. What envious Pow'r, O Friend,  
 Brought your lov'd life to this disastrous end?  
 For *Phæbus*, ever true in all he said,  
 470 Has, in your fate alone, my Faith betray'd?  
 The God foretold you shou'd not die, before  
 You reach'd, secure from Seas, th' *Italian* Shore?  
 Is this th' unerring Pow'r? The Ghost reply'd,  
 Nor *Phæbus* flatter'd, nor his Answers ly'd;  
 475 Nor envious Gods have sent me to the Deep:  
 But while the Stars, and course of Heav'n I keep,  
 My weary'd Eyes were seiz'd with fatal sleep.  
 I fell; and with my weight, the Helm constrain'd,  
 Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain'd.  
 480 Now by the Winds, and raging Waves, I swear,  
 Your Safety, more than mine, was then my Care:  
 Left, of the Guide bereft, the Rudder lost,  
 Your Ship shou'd run against the rocky Coast.  
 Three blust'ring Nights, born by the Southern blast,  
 485 I floated; and discover'd Land at last:  
 High on a Mounting Wave, my head I bore:  
 Forcing my Strength, and gath'ring to the Shore:  
 Panting, but but past the danger, now I seiz'd  
 The Craggy Cliffs, and my tyr'd Members eas'd:

While,

485 While, cumber'd with my dropping Cloaths, I lay,  
 The cruel Nation, covetous of Prey,  
 Stain'd with my Blood th' inhospitable Coast:  
 And now, by Winds and Waves, my lifeless Limbs are tost.  
 Which O avert, by yon *Ethereal* Light.  
 490 Which I have lost, for this eternal Night:  
 Or if by dearer eyes you may be won,  
 By your dead Sire, and by your living Son,  
 Redeem from this Reproach, my wand'ring Ghost;  
 Or with your Navy seek the *Velin* Coast:  
 500 And in a peaceful Grave my Corps compose:  
 Or, if a nearer way your Mother shows,  
 Without whose Aid, you durst not undertake  
 This frightful Passage o're the *Stygian* Lake;  
 Lend to this Wretch your Hand, and waite him o're  
 505 To the sweet Banks of yon forbidden Shore.  
 Scarce had he said, the Prophetess began;  
 What Hopes delude thee, miserable Man?  
 Think'st thou thus unintomb'd to cross the Floods,  
 To view the Furies, and *Infernal* Gods;  
 510 And visit, without leave, the dark abodes?  
 Attend the term of long revolving Years:  
 Fate, and the dooming Gods, are deaf to Tears.  
 This Comfort of thy dire Misfortune take;  
 The Wrath of Heav'n, inflicted for thy sake,  
 515 With Vengeance shall pursue th' inhumane Coast.  
 Till they propitiate thy offended Ghost,  
 And raise a Tomb, with Vows, and solemn Pray'r,  
 And *Palinurus* name the Place shall bear.  
 This calm'd his Cares: sooth'd with his future Fame;  
 520 And pleas'd to hear his propagated Name.  
 Now nearer to the *Stygian* Lake they draw:  
 Whom from the Shore, the surly Boatman saw:

Z z

Observ'd

Observ'd their Passage thro' the shady Wood;  
 And mark'd their near Approaches to the Flood:  
 525 Then thus he call'd aloud, inflam'd with Wrath;  
 Mortal, what e're, who this forbidden Path  
 In Arms presum'pt to tread, I charge thee stand,  
 And tell thy Name, and Buis'ness in the Land.  
 Know this, the Realm of Night; the *Stygian* Shore:  
 530 My Boat conveys no living Bodies o're:  
 Nor was I pleas'd great *Thetis* once to bear;  
 Who forc'd a Passage with his pointed Spear;  
 Nor strong *Alcides*, Men of mighty Fame;  
 And from th' immortal Gods their Lineage came.  
 535 In Fetters one the barking Porter ty'd,  
 And took him trembling from his Sov'raign's side:  
 Two fought by Force to seize his beauteous Bride.  
 To whom the Sibyl thus, compose thy Mind:  
 Nor Frauds are here contriv'd, nor Force design'd.  
 540 Still may the Dog the wand'ring Troops constrain  
 Of Airy Ghosts; and vex the guilty Train;  
 And with her grisly Lord his lovely Queen remain:  
 The *Trojan* Chief, whose Lineage is from *Jove*,  
 Much fam'd for Arms, and more for filial Love,  
 545 Is sent to seek his Sire, in your *Elisian* Grove.  
 If neither Piety, nor Heav'n's Command,  
 Can gain his Passage to the *Stygian* Strand,  
 This fatal Present shall prevail, at least;  
 Then shew'd the shining Bough, conceal'd within her Vest.  
 550 No more was needful: for the gloomy God  
 Stood mute with Awe, to see the Golden Rod:  
 Admir'd the destin'd Off'ring to his Queen;  
 (A venerable Gift so rarely seen.)  
 His Fury thus appeas'd, he puts to Land:  
 555 The Ghosts forsake their Seats, at his Command:

He

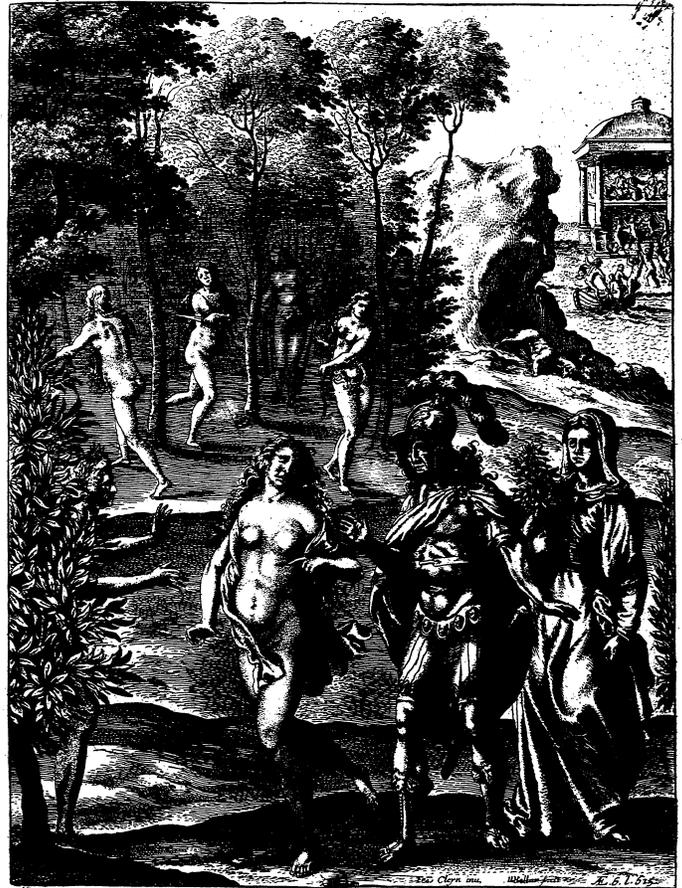
He clears the Deck, receives the mighty Freight,  
 The leaky Vessel groans beneath the weight.  
 Slowly he sails; and scarcely stems the Tides:  
 The pressing Water pours within her sides.  
 560 His Passengers at length are wafted o're;  
 Expos'd in muddy Weeds, upon the miry Shore.  
 No sooner landed, in his Den they found  
 The triple Porter of the *Stygian* Sound:  
 Grim *Cerberus*, who soon began to rear  
 565 His crested Snakes, and arm'd his bristling Hair.  
 The prudent Sibyl had before prepar'd  
 A Sop, in Honey steep'd, to charm the Guard.  
 Which, mix'd with pow'rful Drugs, she cast before  
 His greedy grinning Jaws, just op'd to roar:  
 570 With three enormous Mouths he gapes; and streight,  
 With Hunger prest, devours the pleasing Bait.  
 Long draughts of Sleep his monstrous Limbs enslave;  
 He reels, and falling, fills the spacious Cave.  
 The Keeper charm'd, the Chief without Delay  
 575 Pass'd on, and took th' irremovable way.  
 Before the Gates, the Cries of Babes new born,  
 Whom Fate had from their tender Mothers torn,  
 Assault his Ears: Then those, whom Form of Laws  
 Condemn'd to die, when Traitors judg'd their Cause:  
 580 Nor want they Lots, nor Judges to review  
 The wrongful Sentence, and award a new.  
*Minos*, the strict Inquisitor, appears;  
 And Lives and Crimes, with his Assessor, hears:  
 Round, in his Urn, the blended Balls he rows;  
 585 Absolves the Just, and dooms the Guilty Souls.  
 The next in Place, and Punishment, are they  
 Who prodigally throw their Souls away.  
 Fools, who repining at their wretched State,  
 And loathing anxious life, suborn'd their Fate.

Z z 2

With

- 590 With late Repentance, now they wou'd retrieve  
 The Bodies they forfook, and wish to live.  
 Their Pains and Poverty desire to bear,  
 To view the Light of Heav'n, and breath the vital Air:  
 But Fate forbids; the *Stygian* Floods oppose;
- 595 And, with nine circling Streams, the captive Souls inclose.  
 Not far from thence, the mournful Fields appear;  
 So call'd from Lovers that inhabit there.  
 The Souls, whom that unhappy Flame invades,  
 In secret Solitude, and Myrtle Shades,
- 600 Make endless Moans, and pining with Desire,  
 Lament too late, their unextinguish'd Fire.  
 Here *Procris*, *Eryphile* here, he found  
 Baring her Breast, yet bleeding with the Wound  
 Made by her Son. He saw *Pasiphae* there,
- 605 With *Phædra's* Ghost, a foul incestuous pair;  
 Chast *Laodamia*, with *Evadne*, moves:  
 Unhappy both; but loyal in their Loves.  
*Ceneus*, a Woman once, and once a Man,  
 But ending in the Sex the first began.
- 610 Not far from these *Phœnician Dido* stood;  
 Fresh from her Wound, her Bosom bath'd in Blood.  
 Whom, when the *Trojan* Heroe hardly knew,  
 Obscure in Shades, and with a doubtful view,
- 615 (Doubtful as he who sees thro' dusky Night,  
 Or thinks he sees the Moon's uncertain Light :)  
 With Tears he first approach'd the sullen Shade;  
 And, as his Love inspir'd him, thus he said.  
 Unhappy Queen! then is the common breath
- 620 Of Rumour true, in your reported Death,  
 And I, alas, the Cause! by Heav'n, I vow,  
 And all the Pow'rs that rule the Realms below,

Unwilling



To John Pulteney  
 of the Parish  
 of St. James's  
 Westminster Esq.

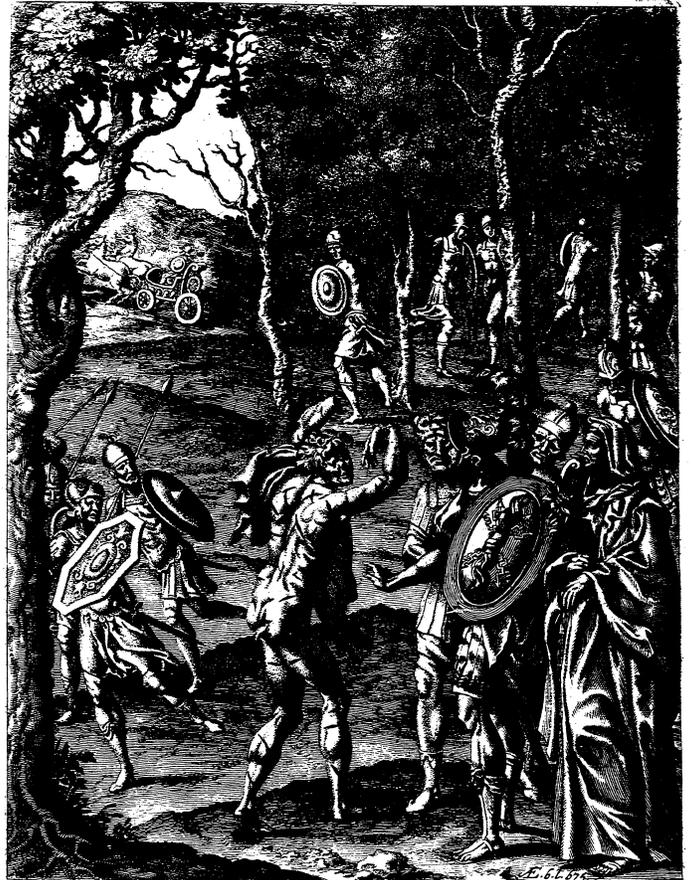
Unwilling I forfook your friendly State:  
 Commanded by the Gods, and forc'd by Fate.  
 625 Those Gods, that Fate, whose unresist'd Might  
 Have sent me to these Regions, void of Light,  
 Thro' the vast Empire of eternal Night,  
 Nor dar'd I to presume, that, press'd with Grief,  
 My Flight should urge you to this dire Relief.  
 630 Stay, stay your Steps, and listen to my Vows:  
 'Tis the last Interview that Fate allows!  
 In vain he thus attempts her Mind to move,  
 With Tears, and Pray'rs, and late repenting Love.  
 Disdainfully she look'd; then turning round,  
 635 But fix'd her Eyes unmov'd upon the Ground.  
 And, what he says, and swears, regards no more  
 Than the deaf Rocks, when the loud Billows roar.  
 But whirl'd away, to shun his hateful sight,  
 Hid in the Forest, and the Shades of Night.  
 640 Then sought *Sichæus*, thro' the shady Grove,  
 Who answer'd all her Cares, and equal'd all her Love.  
 Some pious Tears the pitying Heroe paid;  
 And follow'd with his Eyes the sitting Shade.  
 Then took the forward Way, by Fate ordain'd,  
 645 And, with his Guide, the farther Fields attain'd;  
 Where, sever'd from the rest, the Warrior Souls remain'd.)  
*Tideus* he met, with *Meleager's* Race;  
 The Pride of Armies, and the Souldier's Grace;  
 And pale *Adrastus* with his ghastly Face.  
 650 Of *Trojan* Chiefs he view'd a numerous Train:  
 All much lamented, all in Battel slain.  
*Glaucus* and *Medon*, high above the rest,  
*Antenor's* Sons, and *Ceres* sacred Priest:  
 And proud *Idæus*, *Priam's* Charioteer;  
 655 Who shakes his empty Reins, and aims his Airy Spear.

The

The gladfome Ghosts, in circling Troops, attend,  
And with unweary'd Eyes behold their Friend.  
Delight to hover near; and long to know  
What buis'ness brought him to the Realms below.

- 660 But *Argive* Chiefs, and *Agamemnon's* Train,  
When his refulgent Arms flash'd thro' the shady Plain,  
Fled from his well known Face, with wonted Fear,  
As when his thund'ring Sword, and pointed Spear,  
Drove headlong to their Ships, and glean'd the routed Reer.)
- 665 They rais'd a feeble Cry, with trembling Notes:  
But the weak Voice deceiv'd their gasping Throats.  
Here *Priam's* Son, *Deiphobus*, he found:  
Whose Face and Limbs were one continu'd Wound.  
Dishonest, with lop'd Arms, the Youth appears:  
670 Spoil'd of his Nose, and shorten'd of his Ears.  
He scarcely knew him, striving to disown  
His blotted Form, and blushing to be known.  
And therefore first began. O *Teser's* Race,  
Who durst thy faultless Figure thus deface?
- 675 What heart cou'd wish, what hand inflict this dire Disgrace?  
Twas fam'd, that in our last and fatal Night,  
Your single Prowess long sustain'd the Fight:  
Till tir'd, not forc'd, a glorious Fate you chose:  
And fell upon a Heap of slaughter'd Foes.
- 680 But in remembrance of so brave a Deed,  
A Tomb, and Fun'ral Honours I decreed:  
Thrice call'd your *Manes*, on the *Trojan* Plains:  
The place your Armour, and your Name retains.  
Your Body too I fought; and had I found,  
685 Design'd for Burial in your Native Ground.  
The Ghost reply'd, your Piety has paid  
All needful Rites, to rest my wand'ring Shade:  
But cruel Fate, and my more cruel Wife,  
To *Grecian* Swords betray'd my sleeping Life.

These



To Christopher Knight Esq of Chanton in  
Hants shire

- 690 These are the Monuments of *Helen's* Love:  
 The Shame I bear below, the Marks I bore above.  
 You know in what deluding Joys we past  
 The Night, that was by Heav'n decreed our last.  
 For when the fatal Horse, descending down,  
 695 Pregnant with Arms, o'whelm'd th' unhappy Town;  
 She feign'd Nocturnal Orgyes: left my Bed,  
 And, mix'd with *Trojan* Dames, the Dances led.  
 Then, waving high her Torch, the Signal made,  
 Which rouz'd the *Grecians* from their Ambuscade.  
 700 With Watching overworn, with Cares oppress'd,  
 Unhappy I had laid me down to rest;  
 And heavy Sleep my weary Limbs possess'd.  
 Mean time my worthy Wife, our Arms mislay'd;  
 And from beneath my head my Sword convey'd:  
 705 The Door unlatch'd; and with repeated calls,  
 Invites her former Lord within my walls.  
 Thus in her Crime her confidence she plac'd:  
 And with new Treasons wou'd redeem the past.  
 What need I more, into the Room they ran;  
 710 And meanly murder'd a defenceless Man.  
*Ulysses*, basely born, first led the way:  
 Avenging Pow'rs! with Justice if I pray,  
 That Fortune be their own another day.  
 But answer you; and in your turn relate,  
 715 What brought you, living, to the *Stygian* State?  
 Driv'n by the Winds and Errors of the Sea,  
 Or did you Heav'n's Superior Doom obey?  
 Or tell what other Chance conducts your way?  
 To view, with Mortal Eyes, our dark Retreats,  
 720 Tumults and Torments of th' Infernal Seats?  
 While thus, in talk, the flying Hours they pass,  
 The Sun had finish'd more than half his Race:

And

- And they, perhaps, in Words and Tears had spent  
The little time of stay, which Heav'n had lent.
- 725 But thus the Sibyl chides their long delay;  
Night rushes down, and headlong drives the Day:  
Tis here, in different Paths, the way divides:  
The right, to *Pluto's* Golden Palace guides:  
The left to that unhappy Region tends,  
730 Which to the depth of *Tartarus* descends;  
The Seat of Night profound, and punish'd Fiends. }  
Then thus *Deiphobus*: O Sacred Maid!  
Forbear to chide; and be your Will Obey'd:  
Lo to the secret Shadows I retire,
- 735 To pay my Penance till my Years expire.  
Proceed Auspicious Prince, with Glory Crown'd,  
And born to better Fates than I have found.  
He said; and while he said, his Steps he turn'd  
To Secret Shadows; and in silence Mourn'd.
- 740 The Heroe, looking on the left, esp'y'd  
A lofty Tow'r, and strong on ev'ry side  
With treble Walls, which *Phlegethon* surrounds,  
Whose fiery Flood the burning Empire bounds:  
And pres'd betwixt the Rocks, the bellowing noise resounds. }
- 745 Wide is the fronting Gate, and rais'd on high  
With Adamantine Columns, threats the Sky.  
Vain is the force of Man, and Heav'n's as van,  
To crush the Pillars which the Pile sustain.  
Sublime on these a Tow'r of Steel is rear'd;
- 750 And dire *Typhoe* there keeps the Ward.  
Girt in her sanguine Gown, by Night and Day,  
Observant of the Souls that pass the downward way:  
From hence are heard the Groans of Ghosts, the pains  
Of sounding Lashes, and of dragging Chains.
- 755 The *Trojan* stood astonish'd at their Cries;  
And ask'd his Guide, from whence those Yells arise?

And

- And what the Crimes and what the Tortures were,  
And loud Laments that rent the liquid Air?  
She thus reply'd: The chaste and holy Race,  
760 Are all forbidden this polluted Place.  
But *Hecate*, when she gave to rule the Woods,  
Then led me trembling thro' these dire Abodes:  
And taught the Tortures of th' avenging Gods. }  
These are the Realms of unrelenting Fate:  
765 And awful *Rhadamanthus* rules the State.  
He hears and judges each committed Crime;  
Enquires into the Manner, Place, and Time.  
The conscious Wretch must all his Acts reveal:  
Loath to confess, unable to conceal:  
770 From the first Moment of his vital Breath,  
To his last Hour of unrepenting Death.  
Straight, o're the guilty Ghost, the Fury shakes  
The sounding Whip, and brandishes her Snakes:  
And the pale Sinner, with her Sisters, takes. }
- 775 Then, of it self, unfolds th' Eternal Door:  
With dreadful Sounds the brazen Hinges roar.  
You see, before the Gate, what stalking Ghost  
Commands the Guard, what Centries keep the Post:  
More formidable *Hydra* stands within;
- 780 Whose Jaws with Iron Teeth severely grin.  
The gaping Gulph, low to the Centre lies;  
And twice as deep as Earth is distant from the Skies.  
The Rivals of the Gods, the *Titan* Race,  
Here sing'd with Lightning, rowl within th' unfathom'd space.
- 785 Here lye th' *Aean* Twins, (I saw them both)  
Enormous Bodies, of Gigantick Growth;  
Who dar'd in Fight the Thund'rer to defy;  
Affect his Heav'n, and force him from the Sky.  
*Salmones*, suffering cruel Pains, I found,
- 790 For emulating *Jove*; the rattling Sound

A a a

Of

Of Mimick Thunder, and the glittering Blaze  
 Of pointed Lightnings, and their forky Rays.  
 Through *Elys*, and the *Grecian* Towns he flew :  
 Th' audacious Wretch four fiery Courfers drew :  
 795 He wav'd a Torch aloft, and, madly vain,  
 Sought Godlike Worship from a Servile Train.  
 Ambitious Fool, with horny Hoofs to pass  
 O're hollow Arches, of refounding Bras ;  
 To rival Thunder, in its rapid Course :  
 800 And imitate inimitable Force.  
 But he, the King of Heav'n, obscure on high,  
 Bar'd his red Arm, and launching from the Sky  
 His writen Bolt, not shaking empty Smoak,  
 Down to the deep Abyss the flaming Felon strook.  
 805 There *Tityus* was to see ; who took his Birth  
 From Heav'n, his Nursing from the foodful Earth.  
 Here his Gygantic Limbs, with large Embrace,  
 Infold nine Acres of Infernal Space.  
 A rav'nous Vulture in his open'd side,  
 810 Her crooked Beak and cruel Tallons try'd :  
 Still for the growing Liver dig'd his Breast ;  
 The growing Liver still supply'd the Feast.  
 Still are his Entrails fruitful to their Pains :  
 Th' immortal Hunger lasts, th' immortal Food remains.  
 815 *Ixion* and *Perithous* I cou'd name ;  
 And more *Theffalian* Chiefs of mighty Fame.  
 High o're their Heads a mould'ring Rock is plac'd,  
 That promises a fall ; and shakes at ev'ry Blast.  
 They lye below, on Golden Beds display'd,  
 820 And genial Feasts, with Regal Pomp, are made.  
 The Queen of Furies by their sides is set ;  
 And snatches from their Mouths th' untasted Meat.  
 Which, if they touch, her hissing Snakes she rears :  
 Tossing her Torch, and thund'ring in their Ears.

Then

825 Then they, who Brothers better Claim difown,  
 Expel their Parents, and usurp the Throne ;  
 Defraud their Clients, and to Lucre fold,  
 Sit brooding on unprofitable Gold :  
 Who dare not give, and ev'n refuse to lend  
 830 To their poor Kindred, or a wanting Friend :  
 Vast is the Throng of these ; nor less the Train  
 Of lustful Youths, for foul Adultery slain.  
 Hofts of Deserters, who their Honour sold,  
 And basely broke their Faith for Bribes of Gold :  
 835 All these within the Dungeon's depth remain :  
 Despairing Pardon, and expecting Pain.  
 Ask not what Pains ; nor farther seek to know  
 Their Process, or the Forms of Law below.  
 Some rowl a weighty Stone ; some laid along,  
 840 And bound with burning Wires, on Spokes of Wheels are  
 hung.  
 Unhappy *Thebesus*, doom'd for ever there,  
 Is fix'd by Fate on his Eternal Chair :  
 And wretched *Phlegias* warns the World with Cries ;  
 (Cou'd Warning make the World more just or wise.)  
 845 Learn Righteousness, and dread th' avenging Deities.  
 To Tyrants others have their Country fold,  
 Imposing Foreign Lords, for Foreign Gold :  
 Some have old Laws repeal'd, new Statutes made ;  
 Not as the People pleas'd, but as they paid.  
 850 With Incest some their Daughters Bed prophan'd,  
 All dar'd the worst of Ills, and what they dar'd, attain'd.  
 Had I a hundred Mouths, a hundred Tongues,  
 And Throats of Bras, inspir'd with Iron Lungs,  
 I could not half those horrid Crimes repeat :  
 855 Nor half the Punishments those Crimes have met.  
 But let us haste our Voyage to pursue,  
 The Walls of *Pluto's* Palace are in view.

A a a 2

The

- The Gate, and Iron Arch above it, stands :  
 On Anvils labour'd by the Cyclops Hands.  
 860 Before our farther way the Fates allow,  
 Here must we fix on high the Golden Bough.  
 She said, and thro' the gloomy Shades they pass,  
 And chose the middle Path : Arriv'd at last,  
 The Prince, with living Water, sprinkl'd o're  
 865 His Limbs, and Body ; then approach'd the Door.  
 Possess'd the Porch, and on the Front above  
 He fix'd the fatal Bough, requir'd by Pluto's Love.  
 These Holy Rites perform'd, they took their Way,  
 Where long extended Plains of Pleasure lay.  
 870 The verdant Fields with those of Heav'n may vie ;  
 With Æther vested, and a Purple Sky :  
 The blissful Seats of Happy Souls below :  
 Stars of their own, and their own Suns they know.  
 Their Airy Limbs in Sports they exercise,  
 875 And, on the Green, contend the Wrestler's Prize.  
 Some, in Heroick Verse, divinely sing ;  
 Others in artful Measures lead the ring.  
 The Thracian Bard, surrounded by the rest,  
 There stands conspicuous in his flowing Vest.  
 880 His flying Fingers, and harmonious Quill,  
 Strike sev'n distinguish'd Notes, and sev'n at once they fill.  
 Here found they Teucer's old Heroick Race ;  
 Born better times and happier Years to grace.  
 Assaracus and Ius here enjoy  
 885 Perpetual Fame, with him who founded Troy.  
 The Chief beheld their Chariots from afar ;  
 Their shining Arms, and Coursers train'd to War :  
 Their Lances fix'd in Earth, their Steeds around,  
 Free from their Harness, graze the flow'ry Ground.  
 890 The love of Horses which they had, alive,  
 And care of Chariots, after Death survive.

Some

- Some chearful Souls, were feasting on the Plain ;  
 Some did the Song, and some the Choir maintain.  
 Beneath a Laurel Shade, where mighty Po  
 895 Mounts up to Woods above, and hides his Head below.  
 Here Patriots live, who, for their Countries good,  
 In fighting Fields, were prodigal of Blood :  
 Priests of unblemish'd Lives here make Abode ;  
 And Poets worthy their inspiring God :  
 900 And searching Wits, of more Mechanick parts,  
 Who grac'd their Age with new invented Arts.  
 Those who, to worth, their Bounty did extend ;  
 And those who knew that Bounty to commend.  
 The Heads of these with holy Fillets bound ;  
 905 And all their Temples were with Garlands crown'd.  
 To these the Sibyl thus her Speech address'd :  
 And first, to him surrounded by the rest ;  
 Tow'ring his Height, and ample was his Breast ;  
 Say happy Souls, Divine Musæus say,  
 910 Where lives Anchises, and where lies our Way  
 To find the Heroe, for whose only sake  
 We sought the dark Abodes, and cross'd the bitter Lake ?  
 To this the Sacred Poet thus reply'd ;  
 In no fix'd place the Happy Souls reside.  
 915 In Groves we live ; and lye on mossy Beds  
 By Crystal Streams, that murmur through the Meads :  
 But pass yon easie Hill, and thence descend,  
 The Path conducts you to your Journeys end.  
 This said, he led them up the Mountains brow,  
 920 And shews them all the shining Fields below ;  
 They wind the Hill, and thro' the blissful Meadows go.  
 But old Anchises, in a flow'ry Vale,  
 Review'd his muster'd Race ; and took the Tale.  
 Those Happy Spirits, which ordain'd by Fate,  
 925 For future Beings, and new Bodies wait.

With

With studious Thought observ'd th' illustrious Throng;  
 In Nature's Order as they pass'd along.  
 Their Names, their Fates, their Conduct, and their Care,  
 In peaceful Senates, and successful War.

930 He, when *Æneas* on the Plain appears,  
 Meets him with open Arms, and falling Tears.  
 Welcome, he said, the Gods undoubted Race,  
 O long expected to my dear Embrace;  
 Once more 'tis giv'n me to behold your Face!

935 The Love, and Pious Duty which you pay,  
 Have pass'd the Perils of so hard a way.  
 'Tis true, computing times, I now believ'd  
 The happy Day approach'd; nor are my Hopes deceiv'd.  
 What length of Lands, what Oceans have you pass'd,  
 940 What Storms sustain'd, and on what Shores been cast?  
 How have I fear'd your Fate! But fear'd it most,  
 When Love assail'd you, on the *Lybian* Coast.  
 To this, the Filial Duty thus replies;  
 Your sacred Ghost, before my sleeping Eyes,

945 Appear'd; and often urg'd this painful Enterprize.  
 After long toffing on the *Tyrrhene* Sea,  
 My Navy rides at Anchor in the Bay.  
 But reach your Hand, oh Parent Shade, nor shun  
 The dear Embraces of your longing Son!

950 He said; and falling Tears his Face bedew:  
 Then thrice, around his Neck, his Arms he threw;  
 And thrice the fitting Shadow slip'd away;  
 Like Winds, or empty Dreams that fly the Day.  
 Now in a secret Vale, the *Trojan* sees

955 A separate Grove, thro' which a gentle Breeze  
 Plays with a passing Breath, and whispers thro' the Trees.  
 And just before the Confines of the Wood,  
 The gliding *Lethe* leads her silent Flood.

About

About the Boughs an Airy Nation flew,  
 960 Thick as the humming Bees, that hunt the Golden Dew;  
 In Summer's heat, on tops of Lillies feed,  
 And creep within their Bells, to suck the balmy Seed.  
 The winged Army roams the Fields around;  
 The Rivers and the Rocks remurmur to the sound.

965 *Æneas* wond'ring stood: Then ask'd the Cause,  
 Which to the Stream the Crowding People draws.  
 Then thus the Sire. The Souls that through the Flood  
 Are thost, to Whom, by Fate, are other Bodies ow'd:  
 In *Lethe's* Lake they long Oblivion takt;

970 Of future Life secure, forgetful of the Past.  
 Long has my Soul desir'd this time, and place,  
 To set before your sight your glorious Race.  
 That this presaging Joy may fire your Mind,  
 To seek the Shores by Destiny design'd.

975 O Father, can it be, that Souls sublime,  
 Return to visit our Terrestrial Clime?  
 And that the Gen'rous Mind, releas'd by Death,  
 Can Covet lazy Limbs, and Mortal Breath?  
*Anchises* then, in order, thus begun

980 To clear those Wonders to his Godlike Son.  
 Know first, that Heav'n, and Earth's compacted Frame,  
 And flowing Waters, and the starry Flame,  
 And both the Radiant Lights, one Common Soul  
 Inspires, and feeds, and animates the whole.

985 This Active Mind infus'd through all the Space,  
 Unites and mingles with the mighty Mass.  
 Hence Men and Beasts the Breath of Life obtain;  
 And Birds of Air, and Monsters of the Main.  
 Th' Etherial Vigour is in all the same,

990 And every Soul is fill'd with equal Flame:  
 As much as Earthy Limbs, and gross alloy  
 Of Mortal Members, subject to decay,  
 Blunt not the Beams of Heav'n and edge of Day.

From this course Mixture of Terrestrial parts,  
 995 Desire, and Fear, by turns possess their Hearts:  
 And Grief, and Joy: Nor can the groveling Mind,  
 In the dark Dungeon of the Limbs confin'd,  
 Assert the Native Skies; or own its heav'nly Kind.  
 Nor Death it self can wholly wash their Stains;  
 1000 But long contracted Filth, ev'n in the Soul remains.  
 The Reliques of inveterate Vice they wear;  
 And Spots of Sin obscene, in ev'ry Face appear.  
 For this are various Penances enjoin'd;  
 And some are hung to bleach, upon the Wind;  
 1005 Some plung'd in Waters, others purg'd in Fires,  
 Till all the Dregs are drain'd: and all the Rust expires:  
 All have their *Manes*, and those *Manes* bear:  
 The few, so cleans'd to these Abodes repair:  
 And breath, in ample Fields, the soft *Elysian* Air.  
 1010 Then are they happy, when by length of time  
 The Scurf is worn away, of each committed Crime.  
 No Speck is left, of their habitual Stains;  
 But the pure Æther of the Soul remains.  
 But, when a Thousand rowling Years are past,  
 1015 (So long their Punishments and Penance last)  
 Whole Droves of Minds are, by the driving God,  
 Compell'd to drink the deep *Lethæan* Flood:  
 In large forgetful draughts to steep the Cares  
 Of their past Labours, and their Irkſom Years.  
 1020 That, unrememb'ring of its former Pain,  
 The Soul may suffer mortal Flesh again.  
 Thus having said, the Father Spirit, leads  
 The Priests and his Son through Swarms of Shades.  
 And takes a rising Ground, from thence to see  
 1025 The long Procession of his Progeny.  
 Survey (pursu'd the Sire) this airy Throng;  
 As, offer'd to thy view, they pass along.

These

These are th' *Italian* Names, which Fate will join  
 With ours, and graff upon the *Trojan* Line.  
 1030 Observe the Youth who first appears in fight;  
 And holds the nearest Station to the Light:  
 Already seems to snuff the vital Air;  
 And leans just forward, on a shining Spear,  
*Silvius* is he: thy last begotten Race;  
 1035 But first in order sent, to fill thy place,  
 An *Alban* Name; but mix'd with *Dardan* Blood;  
 Born in the Covert of a shady Wood:  
 Him fair *Lavinia*, thy surviving Wife,  
 Shall breed in Groves, to lead a solitary Life.  
 1040 In *Alba* he shall fix his Royal Seat:  
 And, born a King, a Race of Kings beget.  
 Then *Procas*, Honour of the *Trojan* Name,  
*Cappys*, and *Numitor*, of endless Fame.  
 A second *Silvius* after these appears;  
 1045 *Silvius Æneas*, for thy Name he bears.  
 For Arms and Justice equally renown'd;  
 Who, late restor'd, in *Alba* shall be crown'd.  
 How great they look, how vig'rously they wield  
 Their weighty Lances, and sustain the Shield!  
 1050 But they, who crown'd with Oaken Wreaths appear,  
 Shall *Gabian* Walls, and strong *Fidena* rear:  
*Nomentum*, *Bola*, with *Pometia*, found;  
 And raise *Colatian* Towers on Rocky Ground.  
 All these shall then be Towns of mighty Fame;  
 1055 Tho' now they lye obscure; and Lands without a Name.  
 See *Romulus* the great, born to restore  
 The Crown that once his injur'd Grandfire wore.  
 This Prince, a Priestess of our Blood shall bear;  
 And like his Sire in Arms he shall appear.  
 1060 Two rising Crests his Royal Head adorn;  
 Born from a God, himself to Godhead born.

B b b

His

His Sire already signs him for the Skies,  
 And marks his Seat amidst the Deities,  
 Auspicious Chief! thy Race in times to come  
 1065 Shall spread the Conquests of Imperial Rome.  
 Rome whose ascending Tow'rs shall Heav'n invade;  
 Involving Earth and Ocean in her Shade,  
 High as the Mother of the Gods in place;  
 And proud, like her, of an Immortal Race.  
 1070 Then when in Pomp she makes the Phrygian round;  
 With Golden Turrets on her Temples crown'd:  
 A hundred Gods her sweeping Train supply;  
 Her Offspring all, and all command the Sky.  
 Now fix your Sight, and stand intent, to see  
 1075 Your Roman Race, and Julian Progeny.  
 The mighty *Cæsar* waits his vital Hour;  
 Impatient for the World, and grasps his promis'd Pow'r.  
 But next behold the Youth of Form Divine,  
*Cæsar* himself, exalted in his Line;  
 1080 *Augustus*, promis'd oft, and long foretold,  
 Sent to the Realm that *Saturn* rul'd of old;  
 Born to restore a better Age of Gold.  
*Affrick*, and *India*, shall his Pow'r obey,  
 He shall extend his propagated Sway,  
 1085 Beyond the Solar Year; without the starry Way.  
 Where *Atlas* turns the rowling Heav'ns around;  
 And his broad Shoulders with their Lights are crown'd.  
 At his fore-seen Approach, already quake  
 The *Caspian* Kingdoms, and *Meotian* Lake.  
 1090 Their Seers behold the Tempest from afar;  
 And threatening Oracles denounce the War.  
*Nile* hears him knocking at his sev'nfold Gates;  
 And seeks his hidden Spring, and fears his Nephew's Fates,  
 Nor *Hercules* more Lands or Labours knew,  
 1095 Not tho' the brazen-footed Hind he slew;

Freed



To Robert Harley  
 in y<sup>e</sup> County  
  
 of Bramton Castle  
 of Herford Esq<sup>s</sup>

Freed *Erymanthus* from the foaming Boar,  
 And dip'd his Arrows in *Lernean* Gore.  
 Nor *Bacchus*, turning from his *Indian* War,  
 By Tygers drawn triumphant in his Car,  
 1100 From *Nisus* top descending on the Plains ;  
 With curling Vines around his purple Reins.  
 And doubt we yet thro' Dangers to pursue  
 The Paths of Honour, and a Crown in view ?  
 But what's the Man, who from afar appears,  
 1105 His Head with Olive crown'd, his Hand a Center bears ?  
 His hoary Beard, and holy Vestments bring  
 His loft Idea back : I know the *Roman* King.  
 He shall to peaceful *Rome* new Laws ordain :  
 Call'd from his mean abode, a Scepter to sustain.  
 1110 Him, *Tullus* next in Dignity succeeds ;  
 An active Prince, and prone to Martial Deeds.  
 For fighting Fields his Troops he shall prepare,  
 Disus'd to Toils, and Triumphs of the War.  
 By dint of Sword his Crown he shall increase ;  
 1115 And scour his Armour from the Rust of Peace.  
 Whom *Ancus* follows, with a fawning Air ;  
 But vain within, and proudly popular.  
 Next view the *Tarquin* Kings : Th' avenging Sword  
 Of *Brutus*, justly drawn, and *Rome* restor'd.  
 1120 He first renews the Rods, and Axe severe ;  
 And gives the Consuls Royal Robes to wear.  
 His Sons, who seek the Tyrant to sustain,  
 And long for Arbitrary Lords again,  
 With Ignominy scourg'd, in open fight,  
 1125 He dooms to Death deserv'd ; asserting Publick Right.  
 Unhappy Man, to break the Pious Laws  
 Of Nature, pleading in his Children's Cause !  
 Howe're the doubtful Fact is understood,  
 'Tis Love of Honour, and his Country's good :  
 1130 The Consul, not the Father, sheds the Blood.

- Behold *Torquatus* the same Track pursue ;  
 And next, the three devoted *Decij* view.  
 The *Druſan* Line, *Camillus* loaded home  
 With Standards well redeem'd, and foreign Foes o'recome.
- 1135 The Pair you ſee in equal Armour ſhine ;  
 (Now, Friends below, in cloſe Embraces join :  
 But when they leave the ſhady Realms of Night,  
 And, cloath'd in Bodies, breath your upper Light,)  
 With mortal Hate each other ſhall purſue :
- 1140 What Wars, what Wounds, what Slaughter ſhall enſue !  
 From *Alpine* Heights the Father firſt deſcends ;  
 His Daughter's Husband in the Plain attends :  
 His Daughter's Husband arms his Eaſtern Friends. }  
 Embrace again, my Sons, be Foes no more :
- 1145 Nor ſtain your Country with her Childrens Gore.  
 And thou, the firſt, lay down thy lawleſs claim ;  
 Thou, of my Blood, who bear'ſt the *Julian* Name.  
 Another comes, who ſhall in Triumph ride ;  
 And to the Capitol his Chariot guide ;
- 1150 From conquer'd *Corinth*, rich with *Grecian* Spoils.  
 And yet another, fam'd for Warlike Toils,  
 On *Argos* ſhall impoſe the *Roman* Laws :  
 And, on the *Greeks*, revenge the *Trojan* Cauſe :  
 Shall drag in Chains their *Achillean* Race ;
- 1155 Shall vindicate his Anceſtors Diſgrace : }  
 And *Pallas*, for her violated Place.  
 Great *Cato* there, for Gravity renown'd,  
 And conquer'ing *Coffus* goes with Lawrels crown'd.  
 Who can omit the *Gracchi*, who declare
- 1160 The *Scipio's* Worth, thoſe Thunderbolts of War,  
 The double Bane of *Carthage* ? Who can ſee,  
 Without eſteem for virtuous Poverty,  
 Severe *Fabritius*, or can ceaſe t' admire  
 The Ploughman Conſul in his Courſe Attire !

Tir'd

- 1165 Tir'd as I am, my Praise the *Fabij* claim ;  
 And thou great Heroe, greateſt of thy Name ;  
 Ordain'd in War to ſave the ſinking State,  
 And, by Delays, to put a ſtop to Fate !  
 Let others better mold the running Maſs  
 Of Metals, and inform the breathing Braſs ; }  
 And ſoften into Fleſh a Marble Face :  
 Plead better at the Bar ; deſcribe the Skies,  
 And when the Stars deſcend, and when they riſe.  
 But, *Rome*, 'tis thine alone, with awful ſway, }  
 1175 To rule Mankind ; and make the World obey ; }  
 Diſpoſing Peace, and War, thy own Maſtick Way.  
 To tame the Proud, the fetter'd Slave to free ;  
 Theſe are Imperial Arts, and worthy thee.  
 He pauſ'd : And while with wond'ring Eyes they view'd
- 1180 The paſſing Spirits, thus his Speech renew'd.  
 See great *Marcellus* ! how, untir'd in Toils,  
 He moves with Manly grace, how rich with Regal Spoils !  
 He, when his Country, (threaten'd with Alarms,)  
 Requires his Courage, and his Conqu'ring Arms,  
 1185 Shall more than once the *Punic* Bands affright :  
 Shall kill the *Gauliſh* King in ſingle Fight :  
 Then, to the Capitol in Triumph move,  
 And the third Spoils ſhall grace *Feretrian* Jove.  
*Æneas*, here, beheld of Form Divine
- 1190 A Godlike Youth, in glitt'ring Armour ſhine :  
 With great *Marcellus* keeping equal pace ;  
 But gloomy were his Eyes, dejected was his Face :  
 He ſaw, and, wond'ring, ask'd his airy Guide,  
 What, and of whence was he, who preſ'd the Hero's ſide ?
- 1195 His Son, or one of his Illuſtrious Name,  
 How like the former, and almoſt the ſame :  
 Obſerve the Crowds that compaſs him around ;  
 All gaze, and all admire, and raiſe a ſhout'ing ſound :  
 But

But

But hovering Mists around his Brows are spread,  
 1200 And Night, with sable Shades, involves his Head.  
 Seek not to know (the Ghost reply'd with Tears)  
 The Sorrows of thy Sons, in future Years.  
 This Youth (the blissful Vision of a day)  
 Shall just be shown on Earth, and snatch'd away.  
 1205 The Gods too high had rais'd the Roman State;  
 Were but their Gifts as permanent as great.  
 What groans of Men shall fill the *Martian* Field!  
 How fierce a Blaze his flaming Pile shall yield!  
 What Fun'ral Pomp shall floating *Tiber* see,  
 1210 When, rising from his Bed, he views the sad Solemnity!  
 No Youth shall equal hopes of Glory give:  
 No Youth afford so great a Cause to grieve.  
 The *Trojan* Honour, and the *Roman* Boast;  
 Admir'd when living, and Ador'd when lost!  
 1215 Mirror of ancient Faith in early Youth!  
 Undaunted Worth, Inviolable Truth!  
 No Foe unpunish'd in the fighting Field,  
 Shall dare thee Foot to Foot, with Sword and Shield.  
 Much less, in Arms oppose thy matchless Force,  
 1220 When thy sharp Spurs shall urge thy foaming Horse.  
 Ah, cou'dst thou break through Fates severe Decree,  
 A new *Marcellus* shall arise in thee!  
 Full Canisters of fragrant Lillies bring,  
 Mix'd with the Purple Roses of the Spring:  
 1225 Let me with Fun'ral Flow'rs his Body strow;  
 This Gift which Parents to their Children owe,  
 This unavailing Gift, at least I may bestow!  
 Thus having said, He led the Heroe round  
 The confines of the blest *Elysian* Ground.  
 1230 Which, when *Anchises* to his Son had shown,  
 And fir'd his Mind to mount the promis'd Throne,

He

He tells the future Wars, ordain'd by Fate;  
 The Strength and Customs of the *Latian* State:  
 The Prince, and People: And fore-arms his Care  
 1235 With Rules, to push his Fortune, or to bear.  
 Two Gates the silent Houfe of Sleep adorn;  
 Of polish'd Iv'ry this, that of transparent Horn:  
 Of various things discoursing as he pass'd,  
*Anchises* hither bends his Steps at last.  
 1240 Then, through the Gate of Iv'ry, he dismiss'd  
 His valiant Offspring, and Divining Guest.  
 Straight to the Ships *Aeneas* took his way;  
 Embarqu'd his Men, and skim'd along the Sea:  
 Still Coasting, till he gain'd *Cajeta's* Bay:  
 1245 At length on Oozy ground his Gallies moor:  
 Their Heads are turn'd to Sea, their Sterns to Shoar.

The

*The Seventh Book of the Æneis.*

**The Argument.**

*King Latinus entertains Æneas, and promises him his only Daughter, Lavinia, the Heiress of his Crown. Turnus being in Love with her, favour'd by her Mother, and stir'd up by Juno, and Alceto, breaks the Treaty which was made, and engages in his Quarrel, Mezentius, Camilla, Meffapus, and many others of the Neighbouring Princes; whose Forces and the Names of their Commanders are here particularly related.*

- A**ND thou, O Matron of Immortal Fame!  
Here Dying, to the Shore hast left thy Name:  
Cajeta still the place is call'd from thee,  
The Nurse of great Æneas Infancy.
- 5 Here rest thy Bones in rich *Hesperia's* Plains,  
Thy Name ('tis all a Ghost can have) remains.  
Now, when the Prince her Fun'ral Rites had paid,  
He plough'd the *Tyrrhene* Seas with Sails display'd.  
From Land a gentle Breeze arose by Night,
- 10 Serenely shone the Stars, the Moon was bright,  
And the Sea trembled with her Silver Light.  
Now near the Shelves of *Circe's* Shores they run,  
(*Circe* the rich, the Daughter of the Sun)  
A dang'rous Coast: The Goddess waits her Days
- 15 In joyous Songs, the Rocks rebound her Lays:  
In spinning, or the Loom, she spends the Night,  
And Cedar Brands supply her Father's Light.  
From hence were heard, (rebellowing to the Main,)  
The Roars of Lyons that refuse the Chain,
- 20 The Grunts of Bristled Boars, and Groans of Bears,  
And Herds of Howling Wolves that stun the Sailors Ears.  
These



To the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> Henry Earl of Romney Viscount  
Sydney of Shipby Baron  
of the Ordinance & Warden  
Earle of Romney Viscount  
Milton Master Generall  
of the Cinque Ports &c

- These from their Caverns, at the close of Night,  
 Fill the sad Isle with Horror and Affright.  
 Darkling they mourn their Fate, whom *Circe's* Pow'r  
 25 (That watch'd the Moon, and Planetary Hour)  
 With Words and wicked Herbs, from Human Kind  
 Had alter'd, and in Brutal Shapes confin'd.  
 Which Monsters, left the *Trojans* pious Host  
 Shou'd bear, or touch upon th' enchanted Coast ;  
 30 Propitious *Neptune* steer'd their Course by Night,  
 With rising Gales, that sped their happy Flight.  
 Supply'd with these, they skim the sounding Shore,  
 And hear the swelling Surges vainly roar.  
 Now when the rosy Morn began to rise,  
 35 And wav'd her Saffron Streamer thro' the Skies ;  
 When *Thetis* blush'd in Purple, not her own,  
 And from her Face the breathing Winds were blown:  
 A sudden Silence fate upon the Sea,  
 And sweeping Oars, with Strugling, urge their Way.  
 40 The *Trojan*, from the Main beheld a Wood,  
 Which thick with Shades, and a brown Horror, stood :  
 Betwixt the Trees the *Tyber* took his Course,  
 With Whirlpools dimpled ; and with downward Force,  
 That drove the Sand along, he took his Way,  
 45 And row'd his yellow Billows to the Sea.  
 About him, and above, and round the Wood,  
 The Birds that haunt the Borders of his Flood ;  
 That bath'd within, or bask'd upon his side,  
 To tuneful Songs their narrow Throats apply'd.  
 50 The Captain gives Command, the joyful Train  
 Glide thro' the gloomy Shade, and leave the Main.  
 Now, *Erato*, thy Poet's Mind inspire,  
 And fill his Soul with thy Cœlestial Fire.  
 Relate what *Latium* was, her ancient Kings :  
 55 Declare the past, and present State of things,

C c c

When

- When first the Trojan Fleet *Ansonia* fought ;  
 And how the Rivals lov'd, and how they fought.  
 These are my Theme, and how the War began,  
 And how concluded by the Godlike Man.
- 60 For I shall sing of Battels, Blood, and Rage,  
 Which Princes, and their People did engage :  
 And haughty Souls, that mov'd with mutual Hate,  
 In fighting Fields pursu'd and found their Fate :  
 That rouz'd the *Tyrrhene* Realm with loud Alarms.
- 65 And peaceful *Italy* involv'd in Arms.  
 A larger Scene of Action is display'd,  
 And, rising hence, a greater Work is weigh'd.  
*Latinus* old and mild, had long possess'd  
 The *Latian* Scepter, and his People blest'd :
- 70 His Father *Faunus* : a *Laurentian* Dame  
 His Mother, fair *Marica* was her Name.  
 But *Faunus* came from *Picus*, *Picus* drew  
 His Birth from *Saturn*, if Records be true.  
 Thus King *Latinus*, in the third Degree,
- 75 Had *Saturn* Author of his Family.  
 But this old peaceful Prince, as Heav'n decreed,  
 Was blest'd with no Male Issue to succeed :  
 His Sons in blooming Youth were snatch'd by Fate ;  
 One only Daughter heir'd the Royal State.
- 80 Fir'd with her Love, and with Ambition led,  
 The neighb'ring Princes court her nuptial Bed.  
 Among the Crowd, but far above the rest,  
 Young *Turnus* to the Beauteous Maid address'd.  
*Turnus*, for great Descent, and graceful Meen,
- 85 Was first, and favour'd by the *Latian* Queen :  
 With him she strove to join *Lavinia's* Hand :  
 But dire Portents the purpos'd Match withstand.  
 Deep in the Palace, of long Growth there stood  
 A Lawrels Trunk, a venerable Wood ;

Where

- 90 Where Rites Divine were paid ; whose holy Hair  
 Was kept, and cut with superstitious Care.  
 This Plant *Latinus*, when his Town he wall'd,  
 Then found, and from the Tree *Laurentum* call'd :  
 And last in Honour of his new Abode,
- 95 He vow'd the Lawrel, to the Lawrel's God.  
 It happen'd once, (a boding Prodigy,)  
 A swarm of Bees, that cut the liquid Sky,  
 Unknown from whence they took their airy flight,  
 Upon the topmost Branch in Clouds alight :
- 100 There, with their clasping Feet together clung,  
 And a long Cluster from the Lawrel hung.  
 An ancient Augur prophecy'd from hence :  
 Behold on *Latian* Shores a foreign Prince !  
 From the same parts of Heav'n his Navy stands,
- 105 To the same parts on Earth : his Army lands ;  
 The Town he conquers, and the Tow'r commands. }  
 Yet more, when fair *Lavinia* fed the Fire  
 Before the Gods, and stood beside her Sire ;  
 Strange to relate, the Flames, involv'd in Smoke
- 110 Of Incense, from the sacred Altar broke ;  
 Caught her dishevell'd Hair, and rich Attire ;  
 Her Crown and Jewels crackled in the Fire :  
 From thence the fuming Trail began to spread,  
 And lambent Glories danc'd about her Head.
- 115 This new Portent the Seer with Wonder views ;  
 Then pausing, thus his Prophecy renews.  
 The Nymph who scatters flaming Fires around,  
 Shall shine with Honour, shall herself be crown'd :  
 But, caus'd by her irrevocable Fate,
- 120 War shall the Country waste, and change the State.  
*Latinus*, frighted with this dire Offent,  
 For Counsel to his Father *Faunus* went :

C c c 2

And

- And fought the Shades renown'd for Prophecy,  
Which near *Albunea's* sulph'rous Fountain lye.
- 125 To these the *Latian*, and the *Sabine* Land  
Fly, when distress'd, and thence Relief demand.  
The Priest on Skins of Off rings takes his Ease;  
And nightly Visions in his Slumber sees:  
A swarm of thin aerial Shapes appears,
- 130 And, flutt'ring round his Temples, deafs his Ears:  
These he consults, the future Fates to know,  
From Pow'rs above, and from the Fiends below.  
Here, for the Gods advice, *Latinus* flies,  
Off ring a hundred Sheep for Sacrifice:
- 135 Their woolly Fleeces, as the Rites requir'd,  
He laid beneath him, and to Rest retir'd.  
No sooner were his Eyes in Slumber bound,  
When, from above, a more than Mortal Sound  
Invades his Ears; and thus the Vision spoke:
- 140 Seek not, my Seed, in *Latian* Bands to Yoke  
Our fair *Lavinia*, nor the Gods provoke.  
A foreign Son upon thy Shore descends,  
Whose Martial Fame from Pole to Pole extends.  
His Race in Arms, and Arts of Peace renown'd,
- 145 Not *Latium* shall contain, nor *Europe* bound:  
'Tis theirs what e're the Sun surveys around.  
These Answers in the silent Night receiv'd,  
The King himself divulg'd, the Land believ'd:  
The Fame through all the Neighb'ring Nations flew,
- 150 When now the *Trojan* Navy was in view.  
Beneath a shady Tree the Heroe spread  
His Table on the Turf, with Cakes of Bread;  
And, with his Chiefs, on Forest Fruits he fed.  
They sate, and (not without the God's Command)
- 155 Their homely Fare dispatch'd; the hungry Band

Invade



To Anthony Henley of  Grange in Hampshire Esq.

Invade their Trenchers next, and soon devour,  
 To mend the scanty Meal, their Cakes of Flow'r.  
*Aeneas* this observ'd, and, smiling, said,  
 See, we devour the Plates on which we fed.  
 160 The Speech had Omen, that the *Trojan* Race  
 Shou'd find Repose, and this the Time and Place.  
*Aeneas* took the Word, and thus replies;  
 (Confessing Fate with Wonder in his Eyes)  
 All hail, O Earth! all hail my household Gods,  
 165 Behold the destin'd place of your Abodes!  
 For thus *Anchises* prophesy'd of old,  
 And this our fatal place of Rest foretold.  
 " When on a Foreign Shore, instead of Meat,  
 " By Famine forc'd, your Trenchers you shall eat;  
 170 " Then Ease your weary *Trojans* will attend:  
 " And the long Labours of your Voyage end.  
 " Remember on that happy Coast to build:  
 " And with a Trench inclose the fruitful Field.  
 This was that Famine, this the fatal place,  
 175 Which ends the Wand'ring of our exil'd Race.  
 Then, on to Morrow's Dawn, your Care employ,  
 To search the Land, and where the Cities lye,  
 And what the Men; but give this Day to Joy.  
 Now pour to *Jove*, and after *Jove* is blest,  
 180 Call great *Anchises* to the Genial Feast:  
 Crown high the Goblets with a chearful Draught;  
 Enjoy the present Hour, adjourn the future Thought.  
 Thus having said, the Heroe bound his Brows.  
 With leafy Branches, then perform'd his Vows:  
 185 Adoring first the Genius of the Place;  
 Then Earth, the Mother of the Heav'nly Race;  
 The Nymphs, and native Godheads yet unknown,  
 And Night, and all the Stars that guild her fable Throne.

And

- And ancient *Cybel*, and *Idean Jove* ;  
 190 And last his Sire below, and Mother Queen above.  
 Then Heav'n's high Monarch thundred thrice aloud,  
 And thrice he shook aloft, a Golden Cloud.  
 Soon thro' the joyful Camp a Rumor flew,  
 The time was come their City to renew :  
 195 Then ev'ry Brow with chearful Green is crown'd,  
 The Feasts are doubl'd, and the Bowls go round.  
 When next the rosie Morn difelos'd the Day,  
 The Scouts to sev'ral parts divide their Way,  
 To learn the Natives Names, their Towns, explore  
 200 The Coasts, and Trendings of the crooked Shore :  
 Here *Tyber* flows, and here *Nomicus* stands,  
 Here warlike *Latins* hold the happy Lands.  
 The Pious Chief, who fought by peaceful Ways,  
 To found his Empire, and his Town to raise ;  
 205 A hundred Youths from all his Train elects ;  
 And to the *Latian* Court their Course directs :  
 (The spacious Palace where their Prince resides ;)  
 And all their heads with Wreaths of Olive hides.  
 They go commission'd to require a Peace ;  
 210 And carry Presents to procure Access.  
 Thus while they speed their Pace, the Prince designs  
 His new elected Seat, and draws the Lines :  
 The *Trojans* round the place a Rampire cast,  
 And Palisades about the Trenches plac'd.  
 215 Mean time the Train, proceeding on their way,  
 From far the Town, and lofty Tow'rs survey :  
 At length approach the Walls : without the Gate  
 They see the Boys, and *Latian* Youth debate  
 The Martial Prizes on the dusty Plain ;  
 220 Some drive the Cars, and some the Coursers rein :  
 Some bend the stubborn Bow for Victory ;  
 And some with Darts their active Sinews try.

A

- A posting Messenger dispatch'd from hence,  
 Of this fair Troop advis'd their aged Prince ;  
 225 That foreign Men, of mighty Stature, came,  
 Uncouth their Habit, and unknown their Name.  
 The King ordains their entrance, and ascends  
 His Regal Seat, surrounded by his Friends.  
 The Palace built by *Picus*, vast and Proud,  
 230 Supported by a hundred Pillars stood  
 And round incompas'd with a rising Wood.  
 The Pile o'relook'd the Town, and drew the sight ;  
 Surpriz'd at once with Reverence and Delight.  
 There Kings receiv'd the Marks of Sov'raign Pow'r :  
 235 In State the Monarchs march'd, the Licitors bore  
 Their Awful Axes, and the Rods before.  
 Here the Tribunal stood, the House of Pray'r ;  
 And here the sacred Senators repair :  
 All at large Tables, in long order set,  
 240 A Ram their Off'ring, and a Ram their Meat.  
 Above the Portal, Carv'd in Cedar Wood,  
 Plac'd in their Ranks, their Godlike Grandfires stood.  
 Old *Saturn*, with his crooked Scythe, on high ;  
 And *Italus*, that led the Colony :  
 245 And ancient *Janus*, with his double Face,  
 And Bunch of Keys, the Porter of the place.  
 There good *Sabinus*, planter of the Vines,  
 On a short Pruning-hook his Head reclines :  
 And studiously surveys his gen'rous Wines.  
 250 Then Warlike Kings, who for their Country fought,  
 And honourable Wounds from Battel brought.  
 Around the Posts hung Helmets, Darts, and Spears ;  
 And Captive Chariots, Axes, Shields, and Bars,  
 And broken Beaks of Ships, the Trophies of their Wars.  
 255 Above the rest, as Chief of all the Band,  
 Was *Picus* plac'd, a Buckler in his hand ;  
 His other wav'd a long divining Wand.

- Girt in his Gabin Gown the Heroe fate:  
 Yet could not with his Art avoid his Fate.  
 260 For *Circe* long had lov'd the Youth in vain,  
 Till Love, refus'd, converted to Disdain:  
 Then mixing pow'rful Herbs, with Magic Art,  
 She chang'd his Form, who cou'd not change his heart.  
 Constrain'd him in a Bird, and made him fly,  
 265 With party-colour'd Plumes, a Chattering Pyc.  
 On this high Temple, on a Chair of State,  
 The Seat of Audience, old *Latinus* fate;  
 Then gave admiffion to the *Trojan* Train,  
 And thus, with pleasing accents, he began.  
 270 Tell me, ye *Trojans*, for that Name you own,  
 Nor is your Courfe upon our Coasts unknown;  
 Saw what you seek, and whither were you bound?  
 Were you by frefes of Weather caft a-ground?  
 Such dangers as on Seas are often feen,  
 275 And oft befall to miserable Men?  
 Or come, your Shipping in our Ports to lay,  
 Spent and disabl'd in fo long a way?  
 Say what you want, the *Latians* you fhall find  
 Not forc'd to Goodnefs, but by Will inclin'd:  
 280 For fince the time of *Saturn's* holy Reign,  
 His Hospitable Customs we retain.  
 I call to mind, but (Time the Tale has worn,)  
 Th' *Arivaci* told; that *Dardanus*, tho' born  
 On *Latian* Plains, yet fought the *Phrygian* Shore,  
 285 And *Samothracia*, *Samos* call'd before:  
 From *Tufcan Coritum* he claim'd his Birth,  
 But after, when exempt from Mortal Earth,  
 From thence afcended to his kindred Skies,  
 A God, and as a God augments their Sacrifice.  
 290 He faid. *Ilioneus* made this Reply,  
 O King, of *Fannus* Royal Family!

Nor



To George Stepney Esq. His Ma.<sup>ties</sup> Envoy Extra.  
 to Severall Princes in Germany and one of  
 the Council of Trade,

Not Wint'ry Winds to *Latium* forc'd our way,  
 Nor did the Stars our wand'ring Course betray.  
 Willing we fought your Shores, and hither bound,  
 295 The Port so long desir'd, at length we found.  
 From our sweet Homes and ancient Realms expell'd,  
 Great as the greatest that the Sun beheld.  
 The God began our Line, who rules above,  
 And as our Race, our King descends from *Jove* :  
 300 And hither are we come, by his Command,  
 To crave Admission in your happy Land.  
 How dire a Tempest, from *Mycenæ* pour'd,  
 Our Plains, our Temples, and our Town devour'd ;  
 What was the Waste of War, what fierce Alarms  
 305 Shook *Asia's* Crown with *European* Arms ;  
 Ev'n such have heard, if any such there be,  
 Whose Earth is bounded by the frozen Sea :  
 And such as born beneath the burning Sky,  
 And sultry Sun betwixt the Tropicks lye.  
 310 From that dire Deluge, through the wat'ry Waste,  
 Such length of Years, such various Perils past :  
 At last escap'd, to *Latium* we repair,  
 To beg what you without your Want may spare ;  
 The common Water, and the common Air. }  
 315 Sheds which our selves will build, and mean abodes,  
 Fit to receive and serve our banish'd Gods.  
 Nor our Admission shall your Realm disgrace,  
 Nor length of time our Gratitude efface.  
 Besides, what endless Honour you shall gain  
 320 To save and shelter *Troy's* unhappy Train.  
 Now, by my Sov'raign, and his Fate I swear,  
 Renown'd for Faith in Peace, for Force in War ;  
 Oft our Alliance other Lands desir'd,  
 And what we seek of you, of us requir'd.

- 325 Despise not then, that in our Hands we bear  
These Holy Boughs, and sue with Words of Pray'r.  
Fate and the Gods, by their supreme Command,  
Have doom'd our Ships to seek the *Latian* Land.  
To these abodes our Fleet *Apollo* sends;
- 330 Here *Dardanus* was born, and hither tends:  
Where *Thyſcan Tyber* rowls with rapid Force,  
And where *Nomicus* opes his Holy Source.  
Besides our Prince presents, with his Request,  
Some small Remains of what his Sire possess'd.
- 335 This Golden Charger, snatch'd from burning *Troy*,  
*Anchises* did in Sacrifice employ:  
This Royal Robe, and this *Tiara* wore  
Old *Priam*, and this Golden Scepter bore  
In full Assemblies, and in solemn Games;
- 340 These Purple Vests were weav'd by *Dardan* Dames.  
Thus while he spoke, *Latinus* rowld around  
His Eyes, and fix'd a while upon the Ground.  
Intent he seem'd, and anxious in his Breast;  
Not by the Scepter mov'd, or Kingly Vest:
- 345 But pond'ring future Things of wond'rous Weight;  
Succession, Empire, and his Daughter's Fate:  
On these he mus'd within his thoughtful Mind;  
And then revolv'd what *Faunus* had divin'd.  
This was the Foreign Prince, by Fate decreed
- 350 To share his Scepter, and *Lavinia's* Bed:  
This was the Race, that sure Portents foreflew  
To sway the World, and Land and Sea subdue.  
At length he rais'd his chearful Head, and spoke:  
The Pow'rs, said he, the Pow'rs we both invoke.
- 355 To you, and yours, and mine, propitious be,  
And firm our Purpose with their Augury.  
Have what you ask; your Presents I receive,  
Land where, and when you please, with ample Leave:

Partake

- Partake and use my Kingdom as your own;
- 360 All shall be yours, while I command the Crown.  
And if my wish'd Alliance please your King,  
Tell him he shou'd not fend the Peace, but bring:  
Then let him not a Friend's Embraces fear;  
The Peace is made when I behold him here.
- 365 Besides this Answer, tell my Royal Guest,  
I add to his Commands, my own Request:  
One only Daughter heirs my Crown and State,  
Whom, not our Oracles, nor Heav'n, nor Fate,  
Nor frequent Prodigies permit to join
- 370 With any Native of th' *Ausonian* Line.  
A foreign Son-in-Law shall come from far,  
(Such is our Doom) a Chief renown'd in War:  
Whose Race shall bear aloft the *Latian* Name,  
And through the conquer'd World diffuse our Fame.
- 375 Himself to be the Man the Fates require,  
I firmly judge, and what I judge, desire.  
He said, and then on each bestow'd a Steed;  
Three hundred Horses, in high Stables f.d,  
Stood ready, shining all, and smoothly dress'd;
- 380 Of these he chose the fairest and the best,  
To mount the *Trojan* Troop; at his Command,  
The Steeds caparison'd with Purple stand;  
With Golden Trappings, glorious to behold,  
And champ betwixt their Teeth the foaming Gold.
- 385 Then to his absent Guest the King decreed  
A pair of Coursers born of Heav'nly Breed:  
Who from their Nostrils breath'd Etherial Fire;  
Whom *Circe* stole from her Coelestial Sire:  
By substituting Mares, produc'd on Earth,
- 390 Whose Wombs conceiv'd a more than Mortal Birth.  
These draw the Chariot which *Latinus* sends;  
And the rich Present to the Prince commends.

D d d 2

Sublime

- Sublime on stately Steeds the *Trojans* born,  
To their expecting Lord with Peace return.
- 395 But jealous *Juno*, from *Pachynus* height,  
As she from *Argos* took her airy Flight,  
Beheld, with envious Eyes, this hateful Sight.  
She saw the *Trojan*, and his joyful Train  
Descend upon the Shore, desert the Main ;
- 400 Design a Town, and with unhop'd Success  
Th' Embassadors return with promis'd Peace.  
Then pierc'd with Pain, she shook her haughty Head,  
Sigh'd from her inward Soul ; and thus she said.  
O hated Off-spring of my *Phrygian* Foes !
- 405 O Fates of *Troy*, which *Juno's* Fates oppose !  
Cou'd they not fall unpy'd, on the Plain,  
But slain revive, and taken, scape again ?  
When execrable *Troy* in *Athes* lay,  
Thro' Fires, and Swords, and Seas, they forc'd their Way.
- 410 Then vanquish'd *Juno* must in vain contend,  
Her Rage disarm'd, her Empire at an end.  
Breathless and tir'd, is all my Fury spent,  
Or does my glutted Spleen at length relent ?  
As if 'twere little from their Town to chafe,
- 415 I thro' the Seas pursu'd their exil'd Race:  
Ingag'd the Heav'n's, oppos'd the Stormy Main ;  
But Billows roar'd, and Tempests rag'd in vain.  
What have my *Scylla's* and my *Sirtes* done,  
When these they overpass, and those they shun ?
- 420 On *Tyber's* Shores they land, secure of Fate,  
Triumphant o're the Storms and *Juno's* Hate.  
*Mars* cou'd in mutual Blood the *Centaur's* bath,  
And *Jove* himself gave way to *Cynthia's* Wrath ;  
Who sent the tusky Boar to *Calydon* :
- 425 What great Offence had either People done ?

But

- But I, the Comfort of the Thunderer,  
Have wag'd a long and unsuccessful War :  
With various Arts and Arms in vain have toil'd,  
And by a Mortal Man at length am foil'd.
- 430 If native Pow'r prevail not, shall I doubt  
To seek for needful Succour from without :  
If *Jove* and Heav'n my just Desires deny,  
Hell shall the Pow'r of Heav'n and *Jove* supply.  
Grant that the Fates have firm'd, by their Decree,
- 435 The *Trojan* Race to reign in *Italy* ;  
At least I can defer the Nuptial Day,  
And with protracted Wars the Peace delay :  
With Blood the dear Alliance shall be bought ;  
And both the People to Destruction brought.
- 440 So shall the Son-in-Law, and Father join,  
With Ruin, War, and Waste of either Line.  
O fatal Maid ! thy Marriage is endow'd  
With *Phrygian*, *Latian*, and *Rutulian* Blood !  
*Bellona* leads thee to thy Lover's Hand,
- 445 Another Queen brings forth another Brand ;  
To burn with foreign Fires her native Land !  
A second *Paris*, diff'ring but in Name,  
Shall fire his Country with a second Flame.  
Thus having said, she sinks beneath the Ground,
- 450 With furious haste, and shoots the *Stygian* Sound ;  
To rowze *Alecto* from th' Infernal Seat  
Of her dire Sisters, and their dark Retreat.  
This Fury, fit for her Intent, she chose ;  
One who delights in Wars, and Human Woes.
- 455 Ev'n *Pluto* hates his own mishapen Race :  
Her Sister-Furies fly her hideous Face :  
So frightful are the Forms the Monster takes,  
So fierce the Hisings of her speckled Snakes.

Her

- Her *Juno* finds, and thus inflames her Spight :
- 460 O Virgin Daughter of Eternal Night,  
Give me this once thy Labour, to sustain  
My Right, and execute my just disdain.  
Let not the *Trojans*, with a feign'd Pretence  
Of proffer'd Peace, delude the *Latian* Prince :
- 465 Expel from *Italy* that odious Name,  
And let not *Juno* suffer in her Fame.  
'Tis thine to ruin Realms, o'return a State,  
Betwixt the dearest Friends to raise Debate ;  
And kindle kindred Blood to mutual Hate.
- 470 Thy Hand o're Towns the fun'ral Torch displays,  
And forms a thousand Ills ten thousand Ways.  
Now shake from out thy fruitful Breast, the Seeds  
Of Envy, Discord, and of Cruel Deeds :  
Confound the Peace establish'd, and prepare
- 475 Their Souls to Hatred, and their Hands to War.  
Smear'd as she was with black *Gorgonian* Blood,  
The Fury sprang above the *Stygian* Flood :  
And on her wicker Wings, sublime through Night,  
She to the *Latian* Palace took her Flight.
- 480 There fought the Queen's Apartment, stood before  
The peaceful Threshold, and besieg'd the Door.  
Restless *Amata* lay, her swelling Breast  
Fir'd with Disdain for *Turnus* dispossest,  
And the new Nuptials of the *Trojan* Guest.
- 485 From her black bloody Locks the Fury shakes  
Her darling Plague, the Fav'rite of her Snakes :  
With her full Force she threw the pois'nous Dart,  
And fix'd it deep within *Amata's* Heart.  
That thus envenom'd she might kindle Rage,
- 490 And sacrifice to Strife her House and Husbands Age.  
Unseen, unfelt, the fiery Serpent skims  
Betwixt her Linnen, and her naked Limbs.

His

- His baleful Breath inspiring, as he glides,  
Now like a Chain around her Neck he rides ;
- 495 Now like a Fillet to her Head repairs,  
And with his Circling Volumes folds her Hairs :  
At first the silent Venom slid with ease,  
And seiz'd her cooler Senses by degrees ;  
Then ere th' infected Mass was fir'd too far,
- 500 In Plaintive Accents she began the War :  
And thus bespoke her Husband ; Shall, she said,  
A wandring Prince enjoy *Lavinia's* Bed ?  
If Nature plead not in a Parent's Heart,  
Pity my Tears, and pity her Desert :
- 505 I know, my dearest Lord, the time will come,  
You wou'd, in vain, reverse your Cruel doom :  
The faithless Pirate soon will set to Sea,  
And bear the Royal Virgin far away !  
A Guest like him, a *Trojan* Guest before,
- 510 In shew of friendship, fought the *Spartan* Shore ;  
And ravish'd *Helen* from her Husband bore.  
Think on a King's inviolable Word ;  
And think on *Turnus*, her once plighted Lord :  
To this false Foreigner you give your Throne,
- 515 And wrong a Friend, a Kinsman, and a Son.  
Resume your ancient Care ; and if the God  
Your Sire, and you, resolve on Foreign Blood :  
Know all are Foreign, in a larger Sense,  
Not born your Subjects, or deriv'd from hence.
- 520 Then if the Line of *Turnus* you retrace ;  
He springs from *Inachus* of *Argive* Race.  
But when she saw her Reasons idly spent,  
And cou'd not move him from his fix'd Intent ;  
She flew to rage ; for now the Snake possess'd
- 525 Her vital parts, and poison'd all her Breast ;

She

- Her *Juno* finds, and thus inflames her Spight :  
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 Give me this once thy Labour, to sustain  
 My Right, and execute my just disdain.  
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 Of proffer'd Peace, delude the *Latian* Prince :  
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 Of Envy, Discord, and of Cruel Deeds :  
 Confound the Peace establish'd, and prepare  
 475 Their Souls to Hatred, and their Hands to War.  
 Smear'd as she was with black *Gorgonian* Blood,  
 The Fury sprang above the *Stygian* Flood :  
 And on her wicker Wings, sublime through Night,  
 She to the *Latian* Palace took her Flight.  
 480 There fought the Queen's Apartment, stood before  
 The peaceful Threshold, and besieg'd the Door.  
 Restless *Amata* lay, her swelling Breast  
 Fir'd with Disdain for *Turnus* dispossess'd,  
 And the new Nuptials of the *Trojan* Guest.  
 485 From her black bloody Locks the Fury shakes  
 Her darling Plague, the Fav'rite of her Snakes :  
 With her full Force she threw the poisonous Dart,  
 And fix'd it deep within *Amata's* Heart.  
 That thus envenom'd she might kindle Rage,  
 490 And sacrifice to Strife her House and Husbands Age.  
 Unseen, unfelt, the fiery Serpent skims  
 Betwixt her Linnen, and her naked Limbs.

His

- His baleful Breath inspiring, as he glides,  
 Now like a Chain around her Neck he rides ;  
 495 Now like a Fillet to her Head repairs,  
 And with his Circling Volumes folds her Hairs :  
 At first the silent Venom slid with ease,  
 And seiz'd her cooler Senses by degrees ;  
 Then e're th' infected Mass was fir'd too far,  
 500 In Plaintive Accents she began the War :  
 And thus bespoke her Husband, Shall, she said,  
 A wandring Prince enjoy *Lavinia's* Bed ?  
 If Nature plead not in a Parent's Heart,  
 Pity my Tears, and pity her Desert :  
 505 I know, my dearest Lord, the time will come,  
 You wou'd, in vain, reverse your Cruel doom :  
 The faithless Pirate soon will set to Sea,  
 And bear the Royal Virgin far away !  
 A Guest like him, a *Trojan* Guest before,  
 510 In shew of friendship, fought the *Spartan* Shore ;  
 And ravish'd *Helen* from her Husband bore.  
 Think on a King's inviolable Word,  
 And think on *Turnus*, her once plighted Lord :  
 To this false Foreigner you give your Throne,  
 515 And wrong a Friend, a Kinsman, and a Son.  
 Resume your ancient Care ; and if the God  
 Your Sire, and you, resolve on Foreign Blood :  
 Know all are Foreign, in a larger Sense,  
 Not born your Subjects, or deriv'd from hence.  
 520 Then if the Line of *Turnus* you retrace ;  
 He springs from *Inachus* of *Argive* Race.  
 But when she saw her Reasons idly spent,  
 And cou'd not move him from his fix'd Intent ;  
 She flew to rage ; for now the Snake possess'd  
 525 Her vital parts, and poison'd all her Breast ;

She

- She raves, she runs with a distracted pace,  
 And fills, with horrid howls, the public Place.  
 And, as young Striplings whip the Top for sport,  
 On the smooth Pavement of an empty Court ;  
 530 The wooden Engine flies and whirls about,  
 Admir'd, with Clamours, of the Beardless rout ;  
 They lash aloud, each other they provoke,  
 And lend their little Souls at ev'ry stroke :  
 Thus fares the Queen, and thus her fury blows  
 535 Amidst the Crowd, and kindles as she goes.  
 Nor yet content, she strains her Malice more,  
 And adds new Ills to those contriv'd before :  
 She flies the Town, and, mixing with a throng  
 Of madding Matrons, bears the Bride along :  
 540 Wand'ring through Woods and Wilds, and devious ways,  
 And with these Arts the Trojan Match delays.  
 She feign'd the Rites of Bacchus ! cry'd aloud,  
 And to the Buxom God the Virgin vow'd.  
*Evoe*, O Bacchus thus began the Song,  
 545 And *Evoe* ! answer'd all the Female Throng :  
 O Virgin ! worthy thee alone, she cry'd ;  
 O worthy thee alone, the Crew reply'd.  
 For thee she feeds her Hair, she leads thy Dance,  
 And with thy winding Ivy crowns her Lance.  
 550 Like fury seiz'd the rest ; the progress known,  
 All seek the Mountains, and forsake the Town :  
 All Clad in Skins of Beasts the Jav'lin bear,  
 Give to the wanton Winds their flowing Hair :  
 And shrieks and howlings rend the passive Air.  
 555 The Queen, her self, inspir'd with Rage Divine,  
 Shook high above her head a flaming Pine :  
 Then rowl'd her haggard Eyes around the throng,  
 And sung, in *Turnus* Name, the Nuptial Song :



To Coll<sup>l</sup> Thomas Farrington of the  
 Parish of St. James's Westminster.

To ye *Latian* Dames, if any here

- 560 Hold, your unhappy Queen, *Amata*, dear ;  
 If there be here, the said, who dare maintain  
 My Right, nor think the Name of Mother vain :  
 Unbind your Fillets, loose your flowing Hair,  
 And *Orgies*, and Nocturnal Rites prepare.
- 565 *Amata's* Breast the Fury thus invades,  
 And fires with Rage, amid the *Silvan* Shades.  
 Then when she found her *Venom* spread so far,  
 The Royal House embroil'd in Civil War :  
 Rais'd on her dusky Wings she cleaves the Skies,
- 570 And seeks the Palace where young *Turnus* lies.  
 His Town, as Fame reports, was built of old  
 By *Danae*, pregnant with Almighty Gold :  
 Who fled her Father's Rage, and with a Train  
 Of following *Argives*, thro' the stormy Main,
- 575 Driv'n by the *Southern* Blasts, was fated here to reign. }  
 'Twas *Ardua* once, now *Ardea's* Name it bears :  
 Once a fair City, now consum'd with Years.  
 Here in his lofty Palace *Turnus* lay,  
 Betwixt the Confines of the Night and Day,
- 580 Secure in Sleep: The Fury laid aside }  
 Her Looks and Limbs, and with new methods try'd,  
 The foulness of th' infernal Form to hide.  
 Prop'd on a Staff, she takes a trembling Meen,  
 Her Face is furrow'd, and her Front obscene :
- 585 Deep dinted Wrinkles on her Cheek she draws,  
 Sunk are her Eyes, and toothless are her Jaws :  
 Her hoary Hair with holy Fillets bound,  
 Her Temples with an Olive Wreath are crown'd.  
 Old *Chalibe*, who kept the sacred Fane
- 590 Of *Juno*, now she seem'd, and thus began, }  
 Appearing in a Dream, to rouse the careless Man.

E c c

Shall

- Shall *Turnus* then such endless Toil sustain,  
 In fighting Fields, and conquer Towns in vain:  
 Win, for a *Trojan* Head to wear the Prize,  
 595 Usurp thy Crown, enjoy thy Victories?  
 The Bride and Scepter which thy Blood has bought,  
 The King transfers, and Foreign Heirs are sought:  
 Go now, deluded Man, and seek again  
 New Toils, new Dangers on the dusty Plain.  
 600 Repel the *Tuscan* Foes, their City seize,  
 Protect the *Latians* in luxurious Ease.  
 This Dream all-pow'rful *Juno* sends, I bear  
 Her mighty Mandates, and her Words you hear.  
 Hasten, arm your *Ardians*, issue to the Plain,  
 605 With Fate to friend, assault the *Trojan* Train:  
 Their thoughtless Chiefs, their painted Ships that lye  
 In *Tyber's* Mouth, with Fire and Sword destroy.  
 The *Latian* King, unless he shall submit,  
 Own his old Promise, and his new forget;  
 610 Let him, in Arms, the Pow'r of *Turnus* prove,  
 And learn to fear whom he disdains to Love.  
 For such is Heav'n's Command. The youthful Prince  
 With Scorn reply'd, and made this bold Defence.  
 You tell me, Mother, what I knew before,  
 615 The *Phrygian* Fleet is landed on the Shore:  
 I neither fear, nor will provoke the War;  
 My Fate is *Juno's* most peculiar Care.  
 But Time has made you dote, and vainly tell  
 Of Arms imagin'd, in your lonely Cell:  
 620 Go, be the Temple and the Gods your Care,  
 Permit to Men the Thought of Peace and War.  
 These haughty Words *Alecto's* Rage provoke,  
 And frighted *Turnus* trembled as the spoke.  
 Her Eyes grow stiffen'd, and with Sulphur burn,  
 625 Her hideous Looks, and hellish Form return:

Her

- Her curling Snakes, with Hissings fill the Place,  
 And open all the Furies of her Face:  
 Then, darting Fire from her malignant Eyes,  
 She cast him backward as he strove to rise,  
 630 And, ling'ring, sought to frame some new Replies.  
 High on her Head she rears two twisted Snakes,  
 Her Chains she rattles, and her Whip she shakes;  
 And churning bloody Foam, thus loudly speaks.  
 Behold whom Time has made to dote, and tell  
 635 Of Arms, imagin'd in her lonely Cell:  
 Behold the Fates Infernal Minister;  
 War, Death, Destruction, in my Hand I bear.  
 Thus having said, her smould'ring Torch impress'd,  
 With her full Force, she plung'd into his Breast.  
 640 Aghast he wak'd, and, starting from his Bed,  
 Cold Sweat, in clammy Drops, his Limbs o'respread.  
 Arms, Arms, he cries, my Sword and Shield prepare;  
 He breaths Defiance, Blood, and Mortal War.  
 So when with crackling Flames a Cauldron fries,  
 645 The bubbling Waters from the Bottom rise:  
 Above the Brims they force their fiery way;  
 Black Vapours climb aloft, and cloud the Day.  
 The Peace polluted thus, a chosen Band  
 He first commissions to the *Latian* Land;  
 650 In threatenng Embassy: Then rais'd the rest,  
 To meet in Arms th' intruding *Trojan* Guest:  
 To force the Foes from the *Lavinian* Shore,  
 And *Italy's* indanger'd Peace restore.  
 Himself alone, an equal March he boasts,  
 655 To fight the *Phrygian* and *Ausonian* Hoasts.  
 The Gods invoc'd, the *Rutulii* prepare  
 Their Arms, and warm each other to the War.  
 His Beauty these, and those his blooming Age,  
 The rest his House, and his own Fame engage.

E c c 2

While

- 660 While *Turnus* urges thus his Enterprife;  
 The *Stygian* Fury to the *Trojans* flies:  
 New Frauds invents, and takes a steepy Strand,  
 Which overlooks the Vale with wide Command;  
 Where fair *Ascanius*, and his youthful Train,  
 665 With Horns and Hounds a hunting Match ordain,  
 And pitch their Toils around the shady Plain.  
 The Fury fires the Pack; they snuff, they vent,  
 And fill their hungry Nostrils with the Scent.  
 'Twas of a well grown Stag, whose Antlers rise  
 670 High o're his Front, his Beams invade the Skies:  
 From this light Cause, th' Infernal Maid prepares  
 The Country Churls to Mischief, Hate, and Wars.  
 The stately Beast, the Two *Tyrreide* bred,  
 Snatch'd from his Dam, and the tame Youngling fed.  
 675 Their Father *Tyrreus* did his Fodder bring,  
*Tyrreus*, chief Ranger to the *Latian* King:  
 Their Sister *Sibbia* cherish'd with her Care  
 The little Wanton, and did Wreaths prepare  
 To hang his budding Horns: with Ribbons ty'd  
 680 His tender Neck, and comb'd his silken Hide;  
 And bath'd his Body. Patient of Command,  
 In time he grew, and growing us'd to Hand.  
 He waited at his Master's Board for Food;  
 Then fought his salvage Kindred in the Wood:  
 685 Where grazing all the Day, at Night he came  
 To his known Lodgings, and his Country Dame.  
 This household Beast that us'd the Woodland Grounds,  
 Was view'd at first by the young Hero's Hounds;  
 As down the Stream he swam, to seek Retreat  
 690 In the cool Waters, and to quench his Heat.  
*Ascanius* young, and eager of his Game,  
 Soon bent his Bow, uncertain in his Aim:

But



To y<sup>ble</sup> Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> Lady  
 to Charles Earle of  
 Mary Sackville daughter  
 Dorset & Middlesex

But the dire Fiend the fatal Arrow guides,  
 Which pierc'd his Bowels thro' his panting sides.  
 695 The bleeding Creature issues from the Floods,  
 Possess'd with Fear, and seeks his known abodes;  
 His old familiar Hearth, and household Gods.  
 He falls, he fills the Houſe with heavy Groans,  
 Implores their Pity, and his Pain bemoans.  
 700 Young *Sibilla* beats her Breast, and cries aloud  
 For Succour, from the clownish Neighbourhood:  
 The Churls aſſemble; for the Fiend, who lay  
 In the cloſe Woody Covert, urg'd their way.  
 One with a Brand, yet burning from the Flame;  
 705 Arm'd with a knotty Club, another came:  
 What e're they catch or find, without their Care,  
 Their Fury makes an Instrument of War.  
*Tyrrheus*, the Foſter-Father of the Beaſt,  
 Then clench'd a Hatchet in his horny Fiſt:  
 710 But held his Hand from the deſcending Stroke,  
 And left his Wedge within the cloven Oak,  
 To whet their Courage, and their Rage provoke.  
 And now the Goddeſs, exercis'd in Ill,  
 Who watch'd an Hour to work her impious Will,  
 715 Aſcends the Roof, and to her crook'd Horn,  
 Such as was then by *Latiàn* Shepherds born,  
 Adds all her Breath, the Rocks and Woods around,  
 And Mountains, tremble at th' infernal Sound.  
 The Sacred Lake of *Tivvia* from afar,  
 720 The *Veline* Fountains, and ſulphureous *Nar*,  
 Shake at the baleful Blaſt, the Signal of the War.  
 Young Mothers wildly ſtare, with Fear poſſeſs'd,  
 And ſtrain their helpleſs Infants to their Breast.  
 The Clowns, a boiſt'rous, rude, ungovern'd Crew,  
 725 With furious haſte to the loud Summons flew.

The

The Pow'rs of *Troy* then issuing on the Plain,  
With fresh Recruits their youthful Chief sustain:  
Not theirs a raw and unexperienc'd Train,  
But a firm Body of embattel'd Men.

730 At first, while Fortune favour'd neither side,  
The Fight with Clubs and burning Brands was try'd:  
But now, both Parties reinfor'd, the Fields  
Are bright with flaming Swords and brazen Shields.  
A shining Harveft either Host displays,

735 And shoots against the Sun with equal Rays.  
Thus when a black-brow'd Gust begins to rise,  
White Foam at first on the curl'd Ocean fries;  
Then roars the Main, the Billows mount the Skies:  
'Till by the Fury of the Storm full blown,

740 The muddy Bottom o're the Clouds is thrown.  
First *Amon* falls, old *Tyrrheus* eldest Care,  
Pierc'd with an Arrow from the distant War:  
Fix'd in his Throat the flying Weapon stood,  
And stop'd his Breath, and drank his vital Blood.

745 Huge Heaps of slain above the Body rise;  
Among the rest, the rich *Galefus* lyes:  
A good old Man, while Peace he preach'd in vain,  
Amidst the Madness of th' unruly Train.  
Five Heards, five bleating Flocks his Pastures fill'd,

750 His Lands a hundred Yoke of Oxen till'd.  
Thus, while in equal Scales their Fortune stood,  
The Fury bath'd them in each others Blood.  
Then having fix'd the Fight, exulting flies,  
And bears fulfill'd her Promise to the Skies.

755 To *Juno* thus she speaks; Behold, 'tis done,  
The Blood already drawn, the War begun;  
The Discord is compleat, nor can they cease  
The dire Debate, nor you command the Peace.

Now

Now since the *Latian* and the *Trojan* Brood

760 Have tasted Vengeance, and the Sweets of Blood;  
Speak, and my Pow'r shall add this Office more:  
The Neighb'ring Nations of th' *Ausonian* Shore  
Shall hear the dreadful Rumour, from afar,  
Of arm'd Invasion, and embrace the War.

765 Then *Juno* thus; The grateful Work is done,  
The Seeds of Discord sow'd, the War begun:  
Frauds, Fears, and Fury have possess'd the State,  
And fix'd the Causes of a lasting Hate:  
A bloody *Hymen* shall th' Alliance join

770 Betwixt the *Trojan* and *Ausonian* Line:  
But thou with Speed to Night and Hell repair,  
For not the Gods, nor angry *Jove* will bear  
Thy lawless wand'ring walks, in upper Air.

Leave what remains to me. *Saturnia* said:  
775 The sullen Fiend her founding Wings display'd;  
Unwilling left the Light, and sought the neather Shade.

In midst of *Italy*, well known to Fame,  
There lies a Lake, *Amsanctus* is the Name,  
Below the lofty Mounts: On either side  
780 Thick Forrests, the forbidden Entrance hide:  
Full in the Centre of the sacred Wood  
An Arm arises of the *Stygian* Flood;  
Which, breaking from beneath with bellowing sound,  
Whirls the black Waves and rattling Stones around.

785 Here *Pluto* pants for Breath from out his Cell,  
And opens wide the grinning Jaws of Hell.  
To this Infernal Lake the Fury flies;  
Here hides her hated Head, and frees the lab'ring Skies.

*Saturnian Juno* now, with double Care,  
790 Attends the fatal Procefs of the War.  
The Clowns return'd, from Battel bear the slain,  
Implore the Gods, and to their King complain.

The

The Corps of *Amon* and the rest are shown,  
 Shrieks, Clamours, Murmurs fill the frighted Town.  
 795 Ambitious *Turnus* in the Press appears,  
 And, aggravating Crimes, augments their Fears:  
 Proclaims his Private Injuries aloud,  
 A Solemn Promise made, and disavow'd;  
 A foreign Son is fought, and a mix'd Mungril Brood.  
 800 Then they, whose Mothers, frantick with their Fear,  
 In Woods and Wilds the Flags of *Bacchus* bear,  
 And lead his Dances with dishevell'd hair;  
 Increase the Clamour, and the War demand,  
 (Such was *Amata's* Interest in the Land)  
 805 Against the Public Sanctions of the Peace,  
 Against all Omens of their ill Success;  
 With Fates averse, the Rout in Arms resort,  
 To Force their Monarchy, and insult the Court.  
 But like a Rock unmov'd, a Rock that braves  
 810 The raging Tempest and the rising Waves,  
 Prop'd on himself he stands: His solid sides  
 Wash off the Sea-weeds, and the founding Tides:  
 So stood the Pious Prince unmov'd: and long  
 Sustain'd the madness of the noise Throng.  
 815 But when he found that *Juno's* Pow'r prevail'd,  
 And all the Methods of cool Counsel fail'd,  
 He calls the Gods to witness their offence,  
 Disclaims the War, asserts his Innocence.  
 Hurry'd by Fate, he cries, and born before  
 820 A furious Wind, we leave the faithful Shore:  
 O more than Madmen! you your selves shall bear  
 The guilt of Blood and Sacrilegious War:  
 Thou, *Turnus*, shalt atone it by thy Fate,  
 And pray to Heav'n for Peace, but pray too late.  
 825 For me, my stormy Voyage at an end,  
 I to the Port of Death securely tend.

The

The Fun'ral Pomp which to your Kings you pay,  
 Is all I want, and all you take away.  
 He said no more, but in his Walls confin'd,  
 830 Shut out the Woes which he too well divid:  
 Nor with the rising Storm wou'd vainly strive,  
 But left the Helm, and let the Vessel drive.  
 A solemn Custom was observ'd of old,  
 Which *Latium* held, and now the *Romans* hold;  
 835 Their Standard, when in fighting Fields they rear  
 Against the fierce *Hircanians*, or declare  
 The *Scythian*, *Indian*, or *Arabian* War:  
 Or from the boasting *Parthians* wou'd regain  
 Their Eagles lost in *Carrhae's* bloody Plain:  
 840 Two Gates of Steel (the Name of *Mars* they bear)  
 And still are worship'd with religious Fear;  
 Before his Temple stand: The dire abode,  
 And the fear'd Issues of the furious God,  
 Are fenc'd with Brazen Bolts, without the Gates,  
 845 The wary Guardian *Janus* doubly waits.  
 Then, when the sacred Senate votes the Wars,  
 The *Roman* Consul their Decree declares,  
 And in his Robes the founding Gates unbars.  
 The Youth in Military Shouts arise,  
 850 And the loud Trumpets break the yielding Skies.  
 These Rites of old by Sov'raign Princes us'd,  
 Were the King's Office, but the King refus'd.  
 Deaf to their Cries, nor wou'd the Gates unbar  
 Of sacred Peace, or loose th' imprison'd War:  
 855 But hid his Head, and, safe from loud Alarms,  
 Abhor'd the wicked Ministry of Arms.  
 Then Heav'n's Imperious Queen came down from high;  
 At her Approach the Brazen Hinges fly,  
 The Gates are forc'd, and ev'ry falling Bar,  
 860 And like a Tempest issues out the War.

Fff

The

The peaceful Cities of th' *Ausonian* Shore,  
 Lull'd in their Ease, and undisturb'd before ;  
 Are all on Fire, and some with studious Care,  
 Their restiff Steeds in sandy Plains prepare :

865 Some their soft Limbs in painful Marches try,  
 And War is all their Wish, and Arms the gen'ral Cry.  
 Part scour the rusty Shields with Seam, and part  
 New grind the blunted Ax, and point the Dart :  
 With Joy they view the waving Ensigns fly,

870 And hear the Trumpet's Clangor pierce the Sky.  
 Five Cities forge their Arms : th' *Atinian* Pow'rs,  
*Antenna*, *Tybur* with her lofty Tow'rs,  
*Ardea* the proud, the *Crustumarian* Town :  
 All these of old were places of Renown.

875 Some hammer Helmets for the fighting Field,  
 Some twine young Sallows to support the Shield ;  
 The Croslet some, and some the Cuishes mould,  
 With Silver plated, and with ductile Gold.  
 The rustick Honours of the Scythe and Share,

880 Give place to Swords and Plumes, the Pride of War.  
 Old Fauchions are new temper'd in the Fires :  
 The founding Trumpet ev'ry Soul inspires.  
 The Word is giv'n, with eager Speed they lace  
 The shining Head-piece, and the Shield embrace.

885 The neighing Steeds are to the Chariot ty'd,  
 The trusty Weapon fits on ev'ry side.  
 And now the mighty Labour is begun,  
 Ye Muses open all your *Helicon*.  
 Sing you the Chiefs that sway'd th' *Ausonian* Land,

890 Their Arms, and Armies under their Command :  
 What Warriours in our ancient Clime were bred,  
 What Soldiers follow'd, and what Heroes led.  
 For well you know, and can record alone,  
 What Fame to future times conveys but darkly down.

*Mezentius*

895 *Mezentius* first appear'd upon the Plain,  
 Scorn fate upon his Brows, and four Disdain ;  
 Defying Earth and Heav'n : *Etruria* lost,  
 He brings to *Turmus*'s Aid his baffled Host.  
 The charming *Lausus*, full of youthful Fire,  
 900 Rode in the Rank, and next his fullen Sire :  
 To *Turmus* only second in the Grace  
 Of Manly Meen, and features of the Face.  
 A skilful Horseman, and a Huntsman bred,  
 With Fates averte a thousand Men he led :

905 His Sire unworthy of so brave a Son,  
 Himself well worthy of a happier Throne.  
 Next *Aventinus* drives his Chariot round  
 The *Latian* Plains, with Palms and Lawrels crown'd.  
 Proud of his Steeds he smoaks along the Field,

910 His Father's *Hydra* fills his ample Shield.  
 A hundred Serpents hiss about the Brims ;  
 The Son of *Hercules* he justly seems,  
 By his broad Shoulders and Gigantick Limbs.  
 Of Heav'nly part, and part of Earthly Blood,

915 A mortal Woman mixing with a God.  
 For strong *Alcides*, after he had slain  
 The triple *Geryon*, drove from conquer'd *Spain*  
 His captive Herds, and thence in Triumph led ;  
 On *Tuscan Tyber*'s flow'ry Banks they fed.

920 Then on Mount *Aventine*, the Son of *Jove*  
 The Priestess *Rhea* found, and forc'd to Love.  
 For Arms his Men long Piles and Jav'lins bore,  
 And Poles with pointed Steel their Foes in Battel gore.  
 Like *Hercules* himself, his Son appears,

925 In Salvage Pomp a Lyon's Hide he wears ;  
 About his Shoulders hangs the shaggy Skin,  
 The Teeth, and gaping Jaws severely grin.

F f f 2

Thus

- Thus like the God his Father, homely drest,  
He strides into the Hall, a horrid Guest.
- 930 Then two Twin-Brothers from fair *Tybur* came,  
(Which from their Brother *Tybur*s took the Name,)  
Fierce *Coras*, and *Catillus*, void of Fear,  
Arm'd *Argive* Horse they led, and in the Front appear.  
Like Cloud-born *Centaurs*, from the Mountain's height,
- 935 With rapid Course descending to the Fight;  
They rush along, the rattling Woods give way,  
The Branches bend before their sweepy Sway.  
Nor was *Prænestæ's* Founder wanting there,  
Whom Fame reports the Son of *Mulciber* :
- 940 Found in the Fire, and foster'd in the Plains ;  
A Shepherd and a King at once he reigns,  
And leads to *Turnus* Aid his Country Swains.  
His own *Prænestæ* sends a chosen Band,  
With those who plough *Saturnia's Sabine* Land :
- 945 Besides the Succour which cold *Anien* yields,  
The Rocks of *Hernicus*, and rofic Fields ;  
*Anagnia* fat, and Father *Amasene*,  
A num'rous Rout, but all of naked Men :  
Nor Arms they wear, nor Swords and Bucklers wield,
- 950 Nor drive the Chariot thro' the dusty Field :  
But whirl from Leathern Slings huge Balls of Lead ;  
And Spoils of yellow Wolves adorn their Head :  
The Left Foot naked, when they march to fight,  
But in a Bull's raw Hide they sheath the Right.
- 955 *Messapus* next, (great *Neptune* was his Sire)  
Secure of Steel, and fated from the Fire ;  
In Pomp appears: And with his Ardour warms  
A heartless Train, unexercis'd in Arms :  
The just *Faliscans* he to Battel brings,  
960 And those who live where Lake *Cimonia* springs ;

And

- And where *Feronia's* Grove and Temple stands,  
Who till *Fescennian* or *Flavinian* Lands :  
All these in order march, and marching sing  
The warlike Actions of their Sea-born King.
- 965 Like a long Team of Snowy Swans on high,  
Which clap their Wings, and cleave the liquid Sky,  
When homeward from their war'y Pastures born,  
They sing, and *Asia's* Lakes their Notes return.  
Not one who heard their Musick from afar,
- 970 Wou'd think these Troops an Army train'd to War :  
But Flocks of Fowl, that when the Tempests roar,  
With their hoarse gabbling seek the silent Shoar.  
Then *Clausus* came, who led a num'rous Band  
Of Troops embody'd, from the *Sabine* Land :
- 975 And in himself alone, an Army brought,  
'Twas he the noble *Claudian* Race begot :  
The *Claudian* Race, ordain'd, in times to come,  
To share the Greatness of Imperial *Rome*.  
He led the *Cures* forth of old Renown,
- 980 *Mutuscans* from their Olive-bearing Town ;  
And all th' *Eretian* Pow'rs : Besides a Band  
That follow'd from *Velinum's* dewy Land :  
And *Amiternian* Troops, of mighty Fame,  
And Mountaineers, that from *Severus* came.
- 985 And from the craggy Cliffs of *Tetrica*,  
And those where yellow *Tyber* takes his way,  
And where *Himella's* wanton Waters play.  
*Casperia* sends her Arms, with those that lye  
By *Fabaris*, and fruitful *Foruli* :
- 990 The warlike Aids of *Horta* next appear,  
And the cold *Nursians* come to close the Reer :  
Mix'd with the Natives born of *Latine* Blood,  
Whom *Allia* washes with her fatal Flood.

Not

Not thicker Billows beat the *Lybian* Main,  
 995 When pale *Orion* sets in wintry Rain;  
 Not thicker Harvests on rich *Hermus* rise,  
 Or *Lycian* Fields, when *Phœbus* burns the Skies;  
 Than stand these Troops: Their Bucklers ring around,  
 Their Trampling turns the Turf, and shakes the solid Ground.  
 1000 High in his Chariot then *Halefus* came,  
 A Foe by Birth to *Troy's* unhappy Name:  
 From *Agamemnon* born; to *Turnus* Aid,  
 A thousand Men the youthful *Heroc* led;  
 Who till the *Maffick* Soil, for Wine renown'd,  
 1005 And fierce *Auruncans* from their Hilly Ground:  
 And those who live by *Sidicinan* Shores,  
 And where, with shoaly Foorde *Vulturius* roars;  
*Cales* and *Ofca's* old Inhabitants,  
 And rough *Saticulans* inur'd to Wants:  
 1010 Light demi-Launces from afar they throw,  
 Fasten'd with Leathern Thongs to gaul the Foe.  
 Short crooked Swords in clofer Fight they wear,  
 And on their warding Arm light Bucklers bear.  
 Nor *Oebalus*, shalt thou be left unsung,  
 1015 From Nymph *Semethis* and old *Telon* sprung:  
 Who then in *Teleboan Capri* reign'd,  
 But that short Isle th' ambitious Youth disdain'd;  
 And o're *Campagna* stretch'd his ample Sway;  
 Where swelling *Sarnus* seeks the *Tyrrhene* Sea:  
 1020 O're *Batulum*, and where *Abella* sees,  
 From her high Tow'rs, the Harvest of her Trees.  
 All these (as was the *Teuton* use of old)  
 Wield Brazen Swords, and Brazen Bucklers hold:  
 Sling weighty Stones when from afar they fight;  
 1025 Their Casques are Cork, a Covering thick and light.  
 Next these in Rank, the warlike *Ufens* went,  
 And led the Mountain Troops that *Nursia* sent.

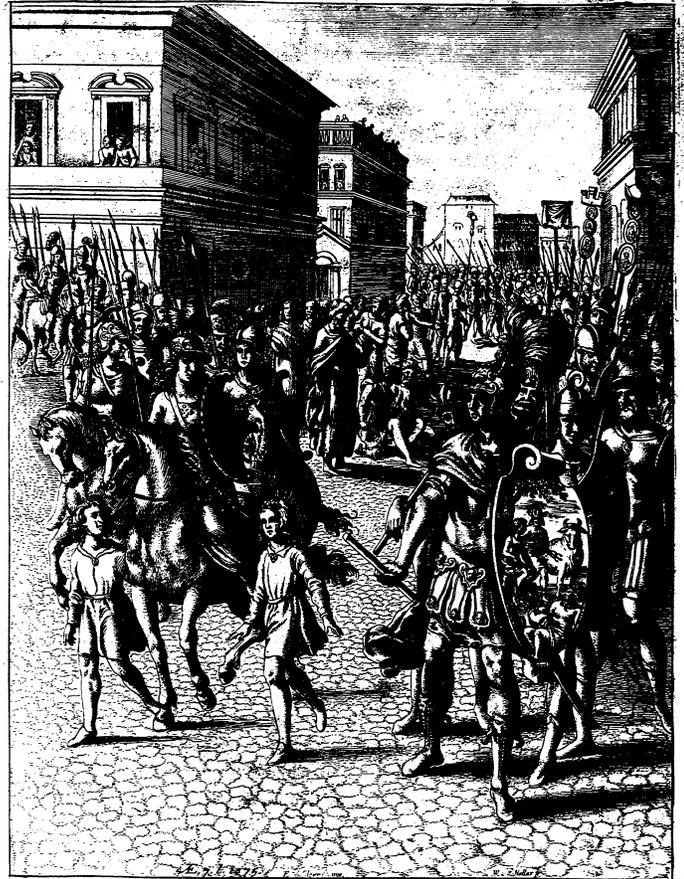
The

The rude *Equicole* his Rule obey'd,  
 Hunting their Sport, and Plund'ring was their Trade.  
 1030 In Arms they plough'd, to Battel still prepar'd,  
 Their Soil was barren, and their Hearts were hard.  
*Umbro* the Priest the proud *Marrubians* led,  
 By King *Archippus* sent to *Turnus* aid;  
 And peaceful Olives crown'd his hoary head. }  
 1035 His Wand and holy Words, the *Viper's* rage,  
 And venom'd wounds of Serpents, cou'd affwage.  
 He, when he pleas'd with powerful Juice to steep  
 Their Temples, shut their Eyes in pleasing Sleep.  
 But vain were *Marfan* Herbs, and Magick Art,  
 1040 To cure the Wound giv'n by the *Dardan* Dart:  
 Yet his untimely Fate, th' *Angitian* Woods  
 In sighs remurmur'd, to the *Fucine* Floods.  
 The Son of fam'd *Hippolitus* was there;  
 Fam'd as his Sire, and as his Mother fair.  
 1045 Whom in *Egerian* Groves *Aricia* bore,  
 And nurs'd his Youth along the Marthy Shore:  
 Where great *Diana's* peaceful Altars flame,  
 In fruitful Fields, and *Virbius* was his Name.  
*Hippolitus*, as old Records have said,  
 1050 Was by his Stepdam fought to share her Bed:  
 But when no Female Arts his Mind cou'd move,  
 She turn'd to furious Hate her impious Love.  
 Torn by Wild Horses on the sandy Shore,  
 Another's Crimes th' unhappy Hunter bore;  
 1055 Glutting his Father's Eyes with guileless gore.  
 But chaste *Diana*, who his death deplor'd,  
 With *Æsculapian* Herbs his life restor'd.  
 Then *Jove*, who saw from high, with just disdain,  
 The dead inspir'd with Vital Breath again,  
 1060 Struck to the Center with his flaming Dart  
 Th' unhappy Founder of the Godlike Art.

But

But *Trivia* kept in secret Shades alone,  
 Her care, *Hippolitus*, to Fate unknown;  
 And call'd him *Virbius* in th' *Egerian* Grove:  
 1065 Where then he liv'd obscure, but safe from *Jove*.  
 For this, from *Trivia's* Temple and her Wood,  
 Are Coursers driv'n, who shed their Matter's Blood;  
 Affrighted by the Monsters of the Flood.  
 His Son, the Second *Virbius*, yet retain'd  
 1070 His Fathers Art, and Warrior Steeds he rein'd.  
 Amid the Troops, and like the leading God,  
 High o're the rest in Arms the Graceful *Tiurnus* rode:  
 A triple Pile of Plumes his Crest adorn'd,  
 On which with belching Flames *Chimera* burn'd:  
 1075 The more the Winds his kindled Course inspire,  
 The more with fury burn'd the blazing Fire.  
 Fair *Io* grac'd his Shield, but *Io* now  
 With Horns exalted stands, and seems to lowe:  
 (A noble charge) her Keeper by her side,  
 1080 To watch her Walks his hundred Eyes apply'd.  
 And on the Brims her Sire, the war'ry God,  
 Row'd from a Silver Urn his Crystal Flood.  
 A Cloud of Foot succeeds, and fills the Fields  
 With Swords and pointed Spears, and clat'ring Shields;  
 1085 Of *Argives*, and of old *Sicanian* Bands,  
 And those who Plow the rich *Sutulian* Lands;  
*Auruncan* Youth and those *Sacra*na yields,  
 And the proud *Labicans* with painted Shields.  
 And those who near *Nuimic*an Streams reside,  
 1090 And those whom *Tyber's* holy Forests hide;  
 Or *Circes* Hills from the main Land divide.  
 Where *Ufens* glides along the lowly Lands,  
 Or the black Water of *Pomptina* stands.  
 Last from the *Volsicians* fair *Camilla* came;  
 1095 And led her warlike Troops, a Warriour Dame:

Unbred



To Charles Fox of the Parish of  
 St. Martins in the City of London Esq.

Unbred to Spinning, in the Loom unskill'd,  
She chose the nobler *Pallas* of the Field.  
Mix'd with the first, the fierce *Virago* fought,  
Sustain'd the Toils of Arms, the Danger fought :  
1200 Outstrip'd the Winds in speed upon the Plain,  
Flew o're the Fields, nor hurt the bearded Grain :  
She swept the Seas, and as the skim'd along,  
Her flying Feet unbath'd on Billows hung.  
Men, Boys, and Women stupid with Surprise,  
1205 Where e're she passes, fix their wond'ring Eyes :  
Longing they look, and gaping at the Sight,  
Devour her o're and o're with vast Delight.  
Her Purple Habit fits with such a Grace  
On her smooth Shoulders, and so suits her Face :  
1210 Her Head with Ringlets of her Hair is crown'd,  
And in a Golden Caul the Curls are bound.  
She shakes her Myrtle Jav'lin : And, behind,  
Her *Lycian* Quiver dances in the Wind.

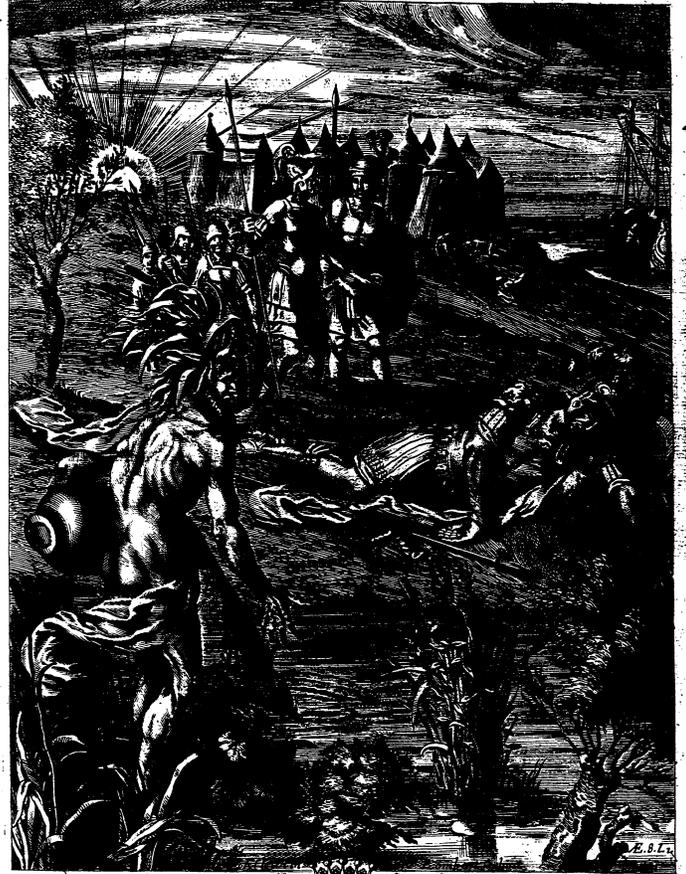
*The Eighth Book of the Æneis.*

**The Argument.**

*The War being now begun, both the Generals make all possible Preparations. Turnus sends to Diomeces. Æneas goes in Person to beg Succours from Evander and the Tuscans. Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with Men, and sends his Son Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the Request of Venus, makes Arms for her Son Æneas, and draws on his Shield the most memorable Actions of his Posterity.*

- W**hen Turnus had assembled all his Pow'rs;  
 His Standard planted on Laurentum's Tow'rs;  
 When now the sprightly Trumpet, from afar,  
 Had giv'n the Signal of approaching War,  
 5 Had rous'd the neighing Steeds to scour the Fields,  
 While the fierce Riders clatter'd on their Shields,  
 Trembling with Rage, the *Latian* Youth prepare  
 To join th' Allies, and headlong rush to War.  
 Fierce *Ufens*, and *Messapus*, led the Crowd;  
 10 With bold *Mezentius*, who blasphem'd aloud.  
 These, thro the Country took their waulful Course;  
 The Fields to forage, and to gather Force.  
 Then *Venus* to *Diomed* they send,  
 To beg his Aid *Ausonia* to defend:  
 15 Declare the common Danger, and inform  
 The *Grecian* Leader of the growing Storm:  
*Æneas* landed on the *Latian* Coast,  
 With banish'd Gods, and with a baffled Hoast;  
 Yet now aspir'd to Conquest of the State;  
 And claim'd a Title from the Gods and Fate.  
 20 What num'rous Nations in his Quarrel came,  
 And how they spread his formidable Name:

What



To y<sup>e</sup> Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> Tho Earle of Ailesbury &  
 Elgin Viscount Bruce of  
 of Whorleton Shelton  
 and Kintofs &c.

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 Amphill Baron Bruce  
 and Kerles &c.*



- What he design'd, what Mischiefs might arise,  
If Fortune favour'd his first Enterprife,  
25 Was left for him to weigh : whose equal Fears,  
And common Interest was involv'd in theirs.  
While *Turnus* and th' Allies thus urge the War,  
The *Trojan* floating in a Flood of Care,  
Beholds the Tempest which his Foes prepare. }  
30 This way and that he turns his anxious Mind ;  
Thinks, and rejects the Counsels he design'd.  
Explores himself in vain, in ev'ry part,  
And gives no rest to his distracted Heart.  
So when the Sun by Day, or Moon by Night,  
35 Strike, on the polish'd Bras, their trembling Light,  
The glittering Species here and there divide ;  
And cast their dubious Beams from side to side :  
Now on the Walls, now on the Pavement play,  
And to the Ceiling flash the glaring Day.  
40 'Twas Night : And weary Nature lul'd asleep  
The Birds of Air, and Fishes of the Deep ;  
And Beasts, and Mortal Men : The *Trojan* Chief  
Was laid on *Tyber's* Banks, oppress'd with Grief,  
And found in silent Slumber late Relief. }  
45 Then, thro' the Shadows of the Poplar Wood,  
Arose the Father of the *Roman* Flood ;  
An Azure Robe was o're his Body spread,  
A Wreath of shady Reeds adorn'd his Head :  
Thus, manifest to Sight, the God appear'd.  
50 And with these pleasing Words his Sorrow cheer'd.  
Undoubted Off-spring of *Ethereal* Race,  
O long expected in this promis'd Place,  
Who, thro the Foes, hast born thy banish'd Gods,  
Restor'd them to their Hearths, and old Abodes ;  
55 This is thy happy Home ! The Clime where Fate  
Ordains thee to restore the *Trojan* State.

- Fear not, the War shall end in lasting Peace ;  
 And all the Rage of haughty *Juno* cease.  
 And that this nightly Vision may not seem
- 60 Th' Effect of Fancy, or an idle Dream,  
 A Sow beneath an Oak shall lye along ;  
 All white her self, and white her thirty Young-  
 When thirty rowling Years have run their Race,  
 Thy Son, *Ascanius*, on this empty Space,
- 65 Shall build a Royal Town, of lasting Fame ;  
 Which from this Omen shall receive the Name.  
 Time shall approve the Truth : For what remains,  
 And how with sure Success to crown thy Pains,  
 With Patience next attend. A banisht'd Band,
- 70 Driv'n with *Evander* from th' *Arcadian* Land,  
 Have planted here : and plac'd on high their Walls ;  
 Their Town the Founder, *Palanteum* calls :  
 Deriv'd from *Pallas*, his great Grandfire's Name :  
 But the fierce *Lations* old Possession claim :
- 75 With War infesting the new Colony ;  
 These make thy Friends, and on their Aid rely.  
 To thy free Passage I submit my Streams :  
 Wake Son of *Venus* from thy pleasing Dreams ;  
 And, when the setting Stars are lost in Day,
- 80 To *Juno's* Pow'r thy just Devotion pay.  
 With Sacrifice the wrathful Queen appease ;  
 Her Pride at length shall fall, her Fury cease.  
 When thou return'st victorious from the War,  
 Perform thy Vows to me with grateful Care.
- 85 The God am I, whose yellow Water flows  
 Around these Fields, and fattens as it goes :  
*Tyber* my Name : among the rowling Floods,  
 Renown'd on Earth, esteem'd among the Gods.  
 This is my certain Seat : In Times to come,
- 90 My Waves shall wash the Walls of mighty *Rome*.

He

- He said ; and plung'd below, while yet he spoke :  
 His Dream *Aeneas* and his Sleep forfook.  
 He rose, and looking up, beheld the Skies  
 With Purple blushing, and the Day arise.
- 95 Then, Water in his hollow Palm he took,  
 From *Tyber's* Flood ; and thus the Pow'rs bespoke.  
*Laurentian* Nymphs, by whom the Streams are fed,  
 And Father *Tyber*, in thy sacred Bed  
 Receive *Aeneas* ; and from Danger keep.
- 100 Whatever Fount, whatever holy deep,  
 Conceals thy wat'ry Stores ; where e're they rise,  
 And, bubbling from below, salute the Skies :  
 Thou King of horned Floods, whose plenteous Urn  
 Suffices Fatness to the fruitful Corn,
- 105 For this thy kind Compassion of our Woes,  
 Shalt share my Morning Song, and Ev'ning Vows.  
 But, oh ! be present to thy Peoples Aid ;  
 And firm the gracious Promise thou hast made.  
 Thus having said, two Gallies, from his Stores,
- 110 With Care he chufes ; Mans, and fits with Oars.  
 Now on the Shore the fatal Swine is found :  
 Wond'rous to tell ; she lay along the Ground :  
 Her well fed Offspring at her Udders hung ;  
 She white her self, and white her thirty young.
- 115 *Aeneas* takes the Mother, and her Brood,  
 And all on *Juno's* Altar are bestow'd.  
 The following Night, and the succeeding Day,  
 Propitious *Tyber* smoooth'd his wat'ry Way :  
 He rowld his River back ; and pois'd he stood ;
- 120 A gentle Swelling, and a peaceful Flood.  
 The *Trojans* mount their Ships ; they put from Shore,  
 Born on the Waves, and scarcely dip an Oar.  
 Shouts from the Land give Omen to their Course ;  
 And the pitch'd Vessels glide with ease Force.

The

- 125 The Woods and Waters, wonder at the Gleam  
Of Shields, and painted Ships, that stem the Stream.  
One Summer's Night, and one whole Day they pass,  
Betwixt the green-wood Shades; and cut the liquid Glass.  
The fiery Sun had finish'd half his Race;
- 130 Look'd back, and doubted in the middle Space:  
When they from far beheld the rising Tow'rs,  
The Tops of Sheds, and Shepherds lowly Bow'rs:  
Thin as they stood, which, then of homely Clay,  
Now rise in Marble, from the Roman Sway.
- 135 These Cots, (*Evander's* Kingdom, mean and poor)  
The Trojan saw; and turn'd his Ships to Shore.  
'Twas on a solemn Day: Th' *Arcadian* States,  
The King and Prince without the City Gates,  
Then paid their Off'rings in a sacred Grove,
- 140 To *Hercules*, the Warrior Son of *Jove*.  
Thick Clouds of rowling Smoke involve the Sky:  
And Fat of Entrails on his Altar fry.  
But when they saw the Ships that stemm'd the Flood,  
And glitter'd thro' the Covert of the Wood,
- 145 They rose with Fear, and left th' unfinish'd Feast:  
'Till dauntless *Pallas* reassur'd the rest,  
To pay the Rites. Himself without delay  
A Jav'lin seiz'd, and singly took his Way.  
Then gain'd a rising Ground; and call'd from far.
- 150 Resolve me, Strangers, whence, and what you are;  
Your Business here; and bring you Peace or War?  
High on the Stern, *Aeneas* took his Stand,  
And held a Branch of Olive in his Hand;  
While thus he spoke. The *Phrygians* Arms you see;
- 155 Expell'd from *Troy*, provok'd in *Italy*  
By *Latian* Foes, with War unjustly made:  
At first affianc'd, and at last betray'd.

Bear

- This Message bear: The *Trojans* and their Chief  
Bring holy Peace; and beg the King's Relief.
- 160 Struck with so great a Name, and all on fire,  
The Youth Replies, Whatever you require,  
Your Fame exacts: Upon our Shores descend,  
A welcome Guest, and what you wish, a Friend.  
He said; and downward halting to the Strand,
- 165 Embrac'd the Stranger Prince, and join'd his Hand.  
Conducted to the Grove, *Aeneas* broke  
The silence first, and thus the King bespoke.  
Best of the *Greeks*, to whom, by Fates Command,  
I bear these peaceful Branches in my hand;
- 170 Undaunted I approach you; though I know  
Your Birth is *Grecian*, and your Land my Foe:  
From *Atræus* tho' your ancient Lineage came;  
And both the Brother Kings your Kindred claim:  
Yet, my self-conscious Worth, your high Renown,
- 175 Your Vertue, through the Neighbouring Nations blown,  
Our Fathers mingl'd Blood, *Apollo's* Voice,  
Have led me hether, less by Need than Choice.  
Our Founder *Dardanus*, as Fame has sung,  
And *Greeks* acknowledge, from *Electra* sprung:
- 180 *Electra* from the Loins of *Atlas* came;  
*Atlas* whose Head sustains the Starry Frame.  
Your Sire is *Mercury*; whom long before  
On cold *Cyllene's* top fair *Maja* bore.  
*Maja* the fair, on Fame if we rely;
- 185 Was *Atlas* Daughter, who sustains the Sky.  
Thus from one common Source our Streams divide:  
Ours is the *Trojan*, yours th' *Arcadian* side.  
Rais'd by these Hopes, I sent no News before:  
Nor ask'd your leave, nor did your Faith implore;
- 190 But come, without a Pledg, my own Ambassador.

The

The same *Rutulians*, who with Arms pursue  
 The *Trojan* Race, are equal Foes to you.  
 Our Host expell'd, what farther Force can stay  
 The Victor Troops from Universal Sway?  
 195 Then will they stretch their Pow'r athwart the Land;  
 And either Sea from side to side command.  
 Receive our offer'd Faith: and give us thine;  
 Ours is a gen'rous, and experienc'd Line:  
 We want not Hearts, nor Bodies for the War;  
 200 In Council cautious, and in Fields we dare.  
 He said; and while he spoke, with piercing Eyes,  
*Evander* view'd the Man with vast surprize.  
 Pleas'd with his Action, ravish'd with his Face,  
 Then answer'd briefly, with a Royal grace.  
 205 O Valiant Leader of the *Trojan* Line,  
 In whom the Features of thy Father shine;  
 How I recall *Anchises*, how I see  
 His Motions, Meen, and all my Friend in thee!  
 Long tho it be, 'tis fresh within my Mind,  
 210 When *Priam*, to his Sister's Court design'd  
 A welcome Visit, with a friendly stay;  
 And, through th' *Arcadian* Kingdom took his way.  
 Then, past a Boy, the callow Down began  
 To shade my Chin, and call me first a Man.  
 215 I saw the shining Train, with vast delight,  
 And *Priam's* goodly Person pleas'd my sight:  
 But great *Anchises*, far above the rest,  
 With awful Wonder fir'd my Youthful Breast.  
 I long'd to join, in Friendship's holy Bands,  
 220 Our mutual Hearts, and plight our mutual Hands.  
 I first accosted him: I su'd, I fought,  
 And, with a loving force, to *Pheneus* brought.  
 He gave me, when at length constrain'd to go,  
 A *Lycian* Quiver, and a *Gnosian* Bow:

A

225 A Vest embroyer'd, glorious to behold,  
 And two rich Bridles, with their Bits of Gold,  
 Which my Son's Courfers in obedience hold.  
 The League you ask I offer, as your Right:  
 And when to Morrow's Sun reveals the Light,  
 230 With swift Supplies you shall be sent away:  
 Now celebrate, with us, this solemn Day;  
 Whose Holy Rites admit no long Delay.  
 Honour our Annual Feast; and take your Seat  
 With friendly Welcome, at a homely Treat.  
 235 Thus having said, the Bowls (remov'd for Fear)  
 The Youths replac'd; and soon restor'd the Chear.  
 On fods of Turf he set the Souldiers round;  
 A Maple Throne, rais'd higher from the Ground,  
 Receiv'd the *Trojan* Chief: And o're the Bed,  
 240 A Lyon's shaggy Hide for Ornament they spread.  
 The Loaves were serv'd in Canisters; the Wine  
 In Bowls, the Priest renew'd the Rites Divine:  
 Boil'd Entrails are their Food; and Beefs continu'd Chine.  
 But, when the Rage of Hunger was repress'd,  
 245 Thus spoke *Evander* to his Royal Guest.  
 These Rites, these Altars, and this Feast, O King,  
 From no vain Fears, or Superstition spring:  
 Or blind Devotion, or from blinder Chance;  
 Or heady Zeal, or brutal Ignorance:  
 250 But, sav'd from Danger, with a grateful Sence,  
 The Labours of a God we recompence.  
 See, from afar, yon Rock that mates the Sky;  
 About whose Feet such Heaps of Rubbish lye:  
 Such indigested Ruin; bleak and bare,  
 255 How desart now it stands, expos'd in Air!  
 'Twas once a Robber's Den; inclos'd around  
 With living Stone, and deep beneath the Ground.

H h h

The

The Monster *Cacus*, more than half a Beast,  
 This Hold, impervious to the Sun, possess'd.  
 265 The Pavement ever foul with Human Gore;  
 Heads, and their mangled Members, hung the Door.  
*Vulcan* this Plague begot: And, like his Sire,  
 Black Clouds he belch'd, and flakes of livid Fire.  
 Time, long expected, eas'd us of our Load:  
 270 And brought the needful Prefence of a God.  
 Th' avenging Force of *Hercules*, from *Spain*,  
 Arriv'd in Triumph, from *Geryon* slain;  
 Thrice liv'd the Gyant, and thrice liv'd in vain.  
 His Prize, the lowing Herds, *Acides* drove  
 275 Near *Tyber's* Bank, to graze the shady Grove.  
 Allur'd with Hope of Plunder, and intent  
 By Force to rob, by Fraud to circumvent;  
 The brutal *Cacus*, as by Chance they stray'd,  
 Four Oxen thence, and four fair Kine convey'd.  
 280 And, left the printed Footsteps might be seen,  
 He drag'd 'em backwards to his rocky Den.  
 The Tracks averse, a lying Notice gave;  
 And led the Searcher backward from the Cave.  
 Mean time the Herdsman *Heroe* shifts his place:  
 285 To find fresh Pasture, and untrodden Grass.  
 The Beasts, who mis'd their Mates, fill'd all around  
 With Bellowings, and the Rocks restor'd the Sound.  
 One Heifer who had heard her Love complain,  
 Roar'd from the Cave; and made the Project vain.  
 290 *Acides* found the Fraud: With Rage he shook,  
 And tofs'd about his Head his knotted Oak.  
 Swift as the Winds, or *Scythian* Arrows flight,  
 He clomb, with eager haste, th' Aerial height.  
 Then first we saw the Monster mend his Pace:  
 295 Fear in his Eyes, and Paleness in his Face,

Confess'd

Confess'd the Gods approach: Trembling he springs,  
 As Terror had increas'd his Feet with Wings:  
 Nor stay'd for Stairs; but down the Depth he threw  
 His Body; on his Back the Door he drew.  
 300 The Door, a Rib of living Rock; with Pains  
 His Father hew'd it out, and bound with Iron Chains.  
 He broke the heavy Lincks; the Mountain clos'd;  
 And Bars and Leavers to his Foe oppos'd.  
 The Wretch had hardly made his Dungeon fast;  
 305 The fierce Avenger came with bounding haste:  
 Survey'd the Mouth of the forbidden hold;  
 And here and there his raging Eyes he rowl'd.  
 He gnash'd his Teeth; and thrice he compass'd round  
 With winged speed the Circuit of the Ground.  
 310 Thrice at the Cavern's Mouth he pull'd in vain,  
 And, panting, thrice desist'd from his Pain.  
 A pointed flinty Rock, all bare, and black,  
 Grew gibbous from behind the Mountains Back:  
 Owls, Ravens, all ill Omens of the Night,  
 315 Here built their Nests, and hether wing'd their Flight.  
 The leaning Head hung threat'ning o're the Flood:  
 And nodded to the left: The *Heroe* stood  
 Adverse, with planted Feet, and from the right,  
 Tugg'd at the solid Stone with all his might.  
 320 Thus heav'd, the fix'd Foundations of the Rock  
 Gave way: Heav'n echo'd at the rattling Shock.  
 Tumbling it choak'd the Flood: On either side  
 The Banks leap backward; and the Streams divide.  
 The Sky shrunk upward with unusual Dread:  
 325 And trembling *Tyber* div'd beneath his Bed.  
 The Court of *Cacus* stands reveal'd to fight;  
 The Cavern glares with new admitted Light.  
 So the pent Vapours with a rumbling Sound  
 Heave from below; and rend the hollow Ground:

H h h 2

A

- 330 A founding Flaw succeeds: And from on high,  
The Gods, with Hate beheld the neather Sky:  
The Ghosts repine at violated Night;  
And curse th' invading Sun; and sicken at the sight.  
The graceless Monster caught in open Day,  
335 Inclos'd, and in Despair to fly away;  
Howls horrible from underneath, and fills  
His hollow Palace, with unmanly Yells.  
The Heroe stands above; and from afar  
Plies him with Darts, and Stones, and distant War.  
340 He, from his Nostrils, and huge Mouth, expires  
Black Clouds of Smoke, amidst his Father's Fires.  
Gath'ring, with each repeated Blast, the Night:  
To make uncertain Aim, and erring Sight.  
The wrathful God, then plunges from above,  
And where in thickest Waves the Sparkles drove,  
345 There lights, and wades thro Fumes, and gropes his Way;  
Half sing'd, half stifled, 'till he grasps his Prey.  
The Monster, spewing fruitless Flames, he found;  
He squeez'd his Throat, he writh'd his Neck around, }  
350 And in a Knot his crippled Members bound.  
Then, from their Sockets, tore his burning Eyes;  
Rowld on a heap the breathless Robber lyes.  
The Doors, unbarr'd, receive the rushing Day;  
And thorough Lights disclose the ravish'd Prey.  
355 The Bulls redeem'd, breathe open Air agen;  
Next, by the Feet, they drag him from his Den.  
The wond'ring Neighbourhood, with glad surprize,  
Behold his shagged Breast, his Gyant Size,  
His Mouth that flames no more, and his, extinguish'd Eyes. }  
360 From that auspicious Day, with Rites Divine,  
We worship at the Hero's Holy Shrine.  
*Potitius* first ordain'd these annual Vows,  
As Priests, were added the *Pinarium* Houfe:

Who

- Who rais'd this Altar in the Sacred Shade;  
365 Where Honours, ever due, for ever shall be paid.  
For these Deserts, and this high Virtue shown,  
Ye warlike Youths, your Heads with Garlands crown.  
Fill high the Goblets with a sparkling Flood:  
And with deep Draughts invoke our common God.  
370 This said, a double Wreath *Evander* twin'd:  
And Poplars black and white his Temples bind.  
Then Brims his ample Bowl: With like Design  
The rest invoke the Gods, with sprinkled Wine.  
Mean time the Sun descended from the Skies;  
375 And the bright Evening-Star began to rise.  
And now the Priests, *Potitius* at their Head,  
In Skins of Beasts involv'd, the long Procession led:  
Held high the flaming Tapers in their Hands;  
As Custom had prescrib'd their holy Bands:  
380 Then with a second Course the Tables load:  
And with full Chargers offer to the God.  
The *Saly* sing; and cense his Altars round  
With *Saban* Smoke, their Heads with Poplar bound.  
One Choire of old, another of the young;  
385 To dance, and bear the Burthen of the Song.  
The Lay records the Labours, and the Praise,  
And all th' Immortal Acts of *Hercules*.  
First, how the mighty Babe, when swath'd in Bands,  
The Serpents strangled, with his Infant Hands:  
390 Then, as in Years, and marchless Force he grew,  
Th' *Oechalian* Walls, and *Trojan* overthrew.  
Besides a thousand Hazards they relate,  
Procur'd by *Juno's*, and *Euristheus's* Hare.  
Thy Hands, unconquer'd Heroe, cou'd subdue  
395 The Cloud-born *Centaurs*, and the Monster Crew.  
Nor thy resiftless Arm the Bull withstood:  
Nor He the roaring Terror of the Wood.

The

The triple Porter of the *Stygian* Seat,  
 With lolling Tongue, lay fawning at thy Feet :  
 400 And, seiz'd with Fear, forgot his mangled Meat.  
 Th' *Infernal* Waters trembled at thy Sight ;  
 Thee, God, no face of Danger cou'd Affright.  
 Not huge *Typhæus*, nor th' unnumber'd Snake,  
 Increas'd with hissing Heads, in *Lerna's* Lake.  
 405 Hail *Jove's* undoubted Son! An added Grace  
 To Heav'n, and the great Author of thy Race.  
 - Receive the grateful Off'rings, which we pay,  
 And smile propitious on thy solemn Day.  
 In Numbers, thus, they sung: Above the rest,  
 410 The Den, and Death of *Cacus* crown the Feast.  
 The Woods to hollow Vales convey the Sound ;  
 The Vales to Hills, and Hills the Notes rebound.  
 The Rites perform'd, th' chearful Train retire.  
 Betwixt young *Pallas*, and his aged Sire  
 415 The *Trojan* pass'd, the City to survey ;  
 And pleasing Talk beguil'd the tedious Way.  
 The Stranger cast around his curious Eyes ;  
 New Objects viewing still, with new Surprise.  
 With greedy Joy enquires of various Things ;  
 420 And Acts and Monuments of Ancient Kings.  
 Then thus the Founder of the *Roman* Tow'rs :  
 These Woods were first the Seat of *Silvan* Pow'rs,  
 Of Nymphs, and Fauns, and fulvage Men, who took  
 Their Birth from Trunks of Trees, and stubborn Oak.  
 425 Nor Laws they knew, nor Manners, nor the Care  
 Of lab'ring Oxen, or the shining Share :  
 Nor Arts of Gain, nor what they gain'd to spare.  
 Their Exercise the Chase : the running Flood  
 Supply'd their Thirst ; the Trees supply'd their Food.  
 430 Then *Saturn* came, who fled the Pow'r of *Jove*,  
 Robb'd of his Realms, and banish'd from above.

The



To the Hon<sup>ble</sup> Robert Bruce Second son to  
 Robert late Earle of Arlesbury

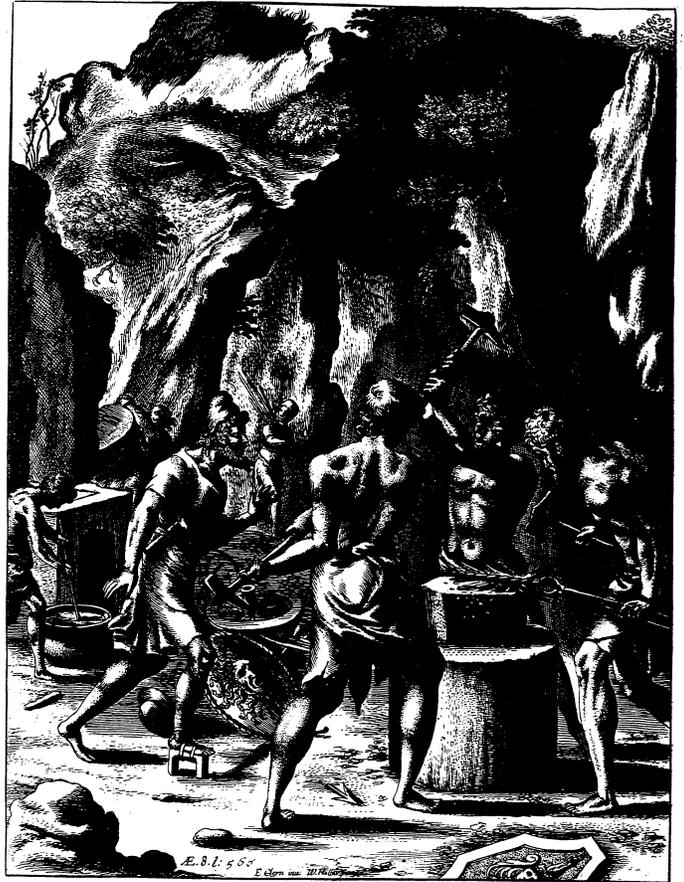
The Men, dispers'd on Hills, to Towns he brought,  
 And Laws ordain'd, and Civil Customs taught:  
 And *Latium* call'd the Land where safe he lay,  
 435 From his Undeuous Son, and his Usurping Sway.  
 With his mild Empire, Peace and Plenty came:  
 And hence the Golden Times deriv'd their name.  
 A more degenerate, and discolour'd Age,  
 Succeeded this, with Avarice and Rage.  
 440 Th' *Aufonians*, then, and bold *Sicanians* came;  
 And *Saturn's* Empire often chang'd the name.  
 Then Kings, Gygantick *Tybris*, and the rest,  
 With Arbitrary Sway the Land oppress'd.  
 For *Tyber's* flood was *Albula* before:  
 445 Till, from the Tyrants Fate, his name it bore.  
 I last arriv'd, driv'n from my native home,  
 By Fortun's Pow'r, and Fate's resistless Doom.  
 Long to's'd on Seas I fought this happy Land:  
 Warn'd by my Mother Nymph, and call'd by Heav'n's  
 Command.  
 450 Thus, walking on, he spoke: and shew'd the Gate,  
 Since call'd *Carmentis* by the Roman State;  
 Where stood an Altar, Sacred to the Name  
 Of old *Carmenta*, the Prophetick Dame:  
 Who to her Son foretold th' *Aeneas* Race,  
 455 Sublime in Fame, and *Rome's* Imperial Place.  
 Then shews the Forest, which in after times,  
 Fierce *Romulus*, for perpetrated Crimes,  
 A Sacred Refuge made: with this, the Shrine  
 Where *Pan* below the Rock had Rites Divine.  
 460 Then tells of *Argus* death, his murder'd Guest,  
 Whose Grave, and Tomb, his Innocence attest.  
 Thence, to the steep *Tarpeian* Rock he leads;  
 Now Roof'd with Gold; then thatch'd with homely Reeds.  
 A Reverent fear (such Superstition reigns  
 465 Among the rude) ev'n then possess'd the Swains.

Some God they knew, what God they cou'd not tell,  
 Did there amidst the sacred horror dwell.  
 Th' *Arcadians* thought him *Jove*; and said they saw  
 The mighty Thund'rer with Majestick awe;  
 470 Who took his Shield, and dealt his Bolts around;  
 And scatter'd Tempests on the reeking Ground.  
 Then saw two heaps of Ruins; once they stood  
 Two stately Towns, on either side the Flood.  
*Saturnia's* and *Janicula's* Remains:  
 475 And, either place, the Founder's Name retains.  
 Discourfing thus together, they resort  
 Where poor *Evander* kept his Country Court.  
 They view'd the ground of *Rome's* litigious Hall;  
 Once Oxen low'd, where now the Lawyers bawl.  
 480 Then, stooping, through the Narrow Gate they prefs'd,  
 When thus the King bespoke his *Trojan* Guest.  
 Mean as it is, this Palace, and this Door,  
 Receiv'd *Aleides*, then a Conquerour.  
 Dare to be poor: accept our homely Food  
 485 Which feasted him; and emulate a God.  
 Then, underneath a lowly Roof, he led  
 The weary Prince; and laid him on a Bed:  
 The stuffing Leaves, which Hides of Bears o'respread. }  
 Now Night had shed her silver Dews around,  
 490 And with her sable Wings embrac'd the Ground,  
 When Love's fair Goddess, anxious for her Son,  
 (New Tumult rising, and new Wars begun)  
 Couch'd with her Husband, in his Golden Bed,  
 With these alluring Words invokes his aid.  
 495 And, that her pleasing Speech his Mind may move,  
 Inspires each accent with the Charms of Love.  
 While Cruel Fate conspir'd with *Grecian* Pow'rs,  
 To level with the Ground the *Trojan* Towns;

I ask'd not Aid th' unhappy to restore:  
 500 Nor did the Succour of thy Skill implore.  
 Nor urg'd the Labours of my Lord in vain;  
 A sinking Empire longer to sustain.  
 Tho' much I ow'd to *Priam's* House; and more  
 The Dangers of *Æneas* did deplore.  
 505 But now by *Jove's* Command, and Fates Decree,  
 His Race is doom'd to reign in *Italy*;  
 With humble Suit I beg thy needful Art,  
 O still propitious Pow'r, that rules my Heart!  
 A Mother kneels a suppliant for her Son.  
 510 By *Thetis* and *Aurora* thou wert won  
 To forge impenetrable Shields; and grace,  
 With fated Arms, a less illustrious Race.  
 Behold, what haughty Nations are combin'd  
 Against the Relicks of the *Phrygian* Kind;  
 515 With Fire and Sword my People to destroy,  
 And conquer *Venus* twice, in conqu'ring *Troy*.  
 She said; and strait her Arms, of snowy hue,  
 About her unresolving Husband threw.  
 Her soft Embraces soon infuse Desire:  
 520 His Bones and Marrow sudden Warmth inspire;  
 And all the Godhead feels the wonted Fire. }  
 Not half so swift the rattling Thunder flies,  
 Or forked Lightnings flash along the Skies.  
 The Goddess, proud of her successful Wiles,  
 525 And conscious of her Form, in secret Smiles.  
 Then thus, the Pow'r, obnoxious to her Charms,  
 Panting, and half dissolving in her Arms:  
 Why seek you Reasons for a Cause so just;  
 Or your own Beauties, or my Love distrust?  
 530 Long since, had you requir'd my helpful Hand,  
 Th' Artificer, and Art you might command,

- To labour Arms for *Troy* : Nor *Jove*, nor Fate,  
 Confin'd their Empire to so short a Date.  
 And, if you now desire new Wars to wage,  
 535 My Skill I promise; and my Pains engage.  
 Whatever melting Metals can conspire,  
 Or breathing Bellows, or the forming Fire,  
 Is freely yours: Your anxious Fears remove:  
 And think no Task is difficult to Love.  
 540 Trembling he spoke; and eager of her Charms,  
 He snatch'd the willing Goddess to his Arms;  
 'Till in her Lap infus'd, he lay possess'd  
 Of full Desire, and sunk to pleasing Rest.  
 Now when the Night her middle race had rode;  
 545 And his first Slumber had refresh'd the God;  
 The time when early Housewives leave the Bed,  
 And living Embers on the Hearth they spread;  
 Supply the Lamp, and call the Maids to rise,  
 With yawning Mouths, and with half open'd Eyes;  
 550 They ply the Distaff by the winking Light;  
 And to their daily Labour add the Night.  
 Thus frugally they earn their Childrens Bread:  
 And uncorrupted keep the Nuptial Bed,  
 Not less concern'd, nor at a later Hour,  
 555 Rose from his downy Couch the forging Pow'r.  
 Sacred to *Vulcan's* Name an Isle there lay,  
 Betwixt *Sicilia's* Coasts and *Lipare*;  
 Rais'd high on smoking Rocks, and deep below,  
 In hollow Caves the Fires of *Ætna* glow.  
 560 The Cyclops here their heavy Hammers deal;  
 Loud Strokes, and hissings of tormented Steel  
 Are heard around: The boiling Waters roar;  
 And smoaky Flames thro' fuming Tunnels soar.  
 Hether, the Father of the Fire, by Night,  
 565 Through the brown Air precipitates his Flight.

On



To Christopher Rich  of Grays Inn Esq

On their Eternal Anvils here he found  
 The Brethren beating, and the Blows go round:  
 A load of pointleſs Thunder now there lies  
 Before their Hands, to ripen for the Skies:  
 570 Theſe Darts, for angry *Jove*, they dayly caſt:  
 Conſum'd on Mortals with prodigious waſte.  
 Three Rays of writhen Rain, of Fire three more,  
 Of winged *Southern Winds*, and cloudy Store  
 As many parts, the dreadful Mixture frame:  
 575 And Fears are added, and avenging Flame.  
 Interior Miniſters, for *Mars* repair  
 His broken Axeltrees, and blunted War:  
 And ſend him forth agen, with furbith'd Arms,  
 To wake the lazy War, with Trumpets loud Alarms.  
 580 The reſt reſtore the ſcaly Snakes, that fold  
 The Shield of *Pallas*; and renew their Gold.  
 Full on the Creſt the *Gorgon's* Head they place,  
 With Eyes that rowl in Death, and with diſtorted Face.  
 My Sons, ſaid *Vulcan*, ſet your Tasks aſide,  
 585 Your Strength, and Maſter Skill, muſt now be try'd.  
 Arms, for a Heroe forge: Arms that require  
 Your Force, your Speed, and all your forming Fire.  
 He ſaid: They ſet their former Work aſide:  
 And their new Toils with eager haſte divide.  
 590 A Flood of molten Silver, Braſs, and Gold,  
 And deadly Steel, in the large Furnace rowl'd;  
 Of this, their artful Hands a Shield prepare;  
 Alone ſufficient to ſuſtain the War.  
 Sev'n Orbs within a ſpacious round they cloſe;  
 595 One ſtirſ the Fire, and one the Bellows blows.  
 The hiſſing Steel is in the Smithy drown'd;  
 The Grot with beaten Anvils groans around.  
 By turns their Arms advance, in equal time:  
 By turns their Hands deſcend, and Hammers chime.

- 600 They turn the glowing Maf, with crooked Tong: The fiery Work proceeds, with Rustick Songs. While, at the Lemnian God's Command, they urge Their Labours thus, and ply th' Eolian Forge: The chearful Morn salutes Evander's Eyes;
- 605 And Songs of chirping Birds invite to rise. He leaves his lowly Bed; his Buskins meet Above his Ankle; Sandals sheath his Feet: He sets his trusty Sword upon his side; And o're his Shoulder throws a Panther's Hide.
- 610 Two Menial Dogs before their Master preſs'd: Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his Kingly Guest. Mindful of promis'd Aid, he mends his Pace: But meets Æneas in the middle Space. Young Pallas did his Father's Steps attend;
- 615 And true Achates waited on his Friend. They join their Hands; a secret Seat they chuse; Th' Arcadian first, their former Talk renews. Undaunted Prince, I never can believe The Trojan Empire lost, while you survive.
- 620 Command th' Assistance of a faithful Friend: But feeble are the Succours I can send. Our narrow Kingdom, here the Tyber bounds; That other side the Latian State surrounds; Insults our Walls, and wastes our fruitful Grounds.
- 625 But mighty Nations I prepare, to join Their Arms with yours, and aid your just Design. You come, as by your better Genius sent: And Fortune seems to favour your intent. Not far from hence there stands a Hilly Town,
- 630 Of ancient Building, and of high Renown; Torn from the Tuscan, by the Lydian Race; Who gave the Name of Cere, to the Place

Once

- Once *Agylina* call'd: It flourish'd long In Pride of Wealth; and warlike People strong.
- 635 Till curs'd *Mezentius*, in a fatal Hour, Assum'd the Crown, with Arbitrary Pow'r. What Words can paint those execrable Times; The Subjects Suff'rings, and the Tyrant's Crimes! That Blood, those Murthers, O ye Gods replace
- 640 On his own Head, and on his impious Race! The living, and the Dead, at his Command Were coupled, Face to Face, and Hand to Hand: Till choak'd with Stench, in loath'd Embraces ty'd, The ling'ring Wretches pin'd away, and dy'd.
- 645 Thus plung'd in Ills, and meditating more, The People's Patience tyr'd, no longer bore The raging Monster: But with Arms beset His House, and Vengeance and Destruction threat. They fire his Palace: While the Flame ascends,
- 650 They force his Guards; and execute his Friends. He cleaves the Crowd; and favour'd by the Night, To *Turnus's* friendly Court directs his flight. By just Revenge the *Tuscans* set on Fire, With Arms, their King to Punishment require:
- 655 Their num'rous Troops, now muster'd on the Strand, My Counsel shall submit to your Command. Their Navy swarms upon the Coasts: They cry To hoist their Anchors; but the Gods deny. An ancient Augur, skill'd in future Fate,
- 660 With these foreboding Words restrains their Hate. Ye brave in Arms, ye Lydian Blood, the Flow'r Of *Tuscan* Youth, and choice of all their Pow'r, Whom just Revenge against *Mezentius* arms, To seek your Tyrant's Death, by lawful Arms:
- 665 Know this; no Native of our Land may lead This pow'rful People: Seek a Foreign Head.

Aw'd

- Aw'd with these Words, in Camps they still abide;  
 And wait with longing Looks their promis'd Guide.  
*Tarchon*, the *Tuscan* Chief, to me has sent  
 670 Their Crown, and ev'ry Regal Ornament:  
 The People join their own with his Desire;  
 And All, my Conduct, as their King, require.  
 But the chill Blood that creeps within my Veins,  
 And Age, and lifeless Limbs unfit for Pains,  
 675 And a Soul conscious of its own Decay,  
 Have forc'd me to refuse Imperial Sway.  
 My *Pallas* were more fit to mount the Throne;  
 And shou'd, but he's a *Sabine* Mother's Son;  
 And half a Native: But in you combine  
 680 A Manly Vigour, and a Foreign Line.  
 Where Fate and smiling Fortune shew the Way,  
 Pursue the ready Path to Sov'rain Sway.  
 The Staff of my declining Days, my Son,  
 Shall make your good or ill Success his own.  
 685 In fighting Fields from you shall learn to dare:  
 And serve the hard Apprentiship of War.  
 Your matchless Courage, and your Conduct view;  
 And early shall begin to admire and copy you.  
 Besides, two hundred Horse he shall command:  
 690 Tho' few, a warlike and well chosen Band.  
 These in my Name are lifted: And my Son  
 As many more has added in his own.  
 Scarce had he said; *Achates* and his Guest,  
 With downcast Eyes their silent Grief express:  
 695 Who short of Succours; and in deep Despair,  
 Shook at the dismal Prospect of the War.  
 But his bright Mother, from a breaking Cloud,  
 To cheer her Issue, thunder'd thrice aloud.  
 Thrice, forky Lightning flash'd along the Sky;  
 700 And *Tyrrhene* Trumpets thrice were heard on high.

Then,

- Then, gazing up, repeated Peals they hear:  
 And, in a Heav'n serene, refulgent Arms appear,  
 Red'ning the Skies, and glittering all around,  
 The temper'd Metals clash; and yield a Silver sound.  
 705 The rest stood trembling, struck with awe divine,  
*Aeneas* onely conscious to the Sign:  
 Prefag'd th' Event; and joyful view'd, above,  
 Th' accomplish'd Promise of the Queen of Love.  
 Then, to th' *Arcadian* King: This Prodigy  
 710 (Dismiss your Fear) belongs alone to me.  
 Heav'n calls me to the War: Th' expected Sign  
 Is giv'n of promis'd Aid, and Arms Divine.  
 My Goddess-Mother; whose Indulgent Care,  
 Foresaw the Dangers of the growing War;  
 715 This Omen gave; when Bright *Vulcanian* Arms,  
 Fated from force of Steel by *Stygian* Charms,  
 Suspended, shone on high: She then foreshow'd  
 Approaching Fights, and Fields to float in Blood.  
*Turnus* shall dearly pay for Faith forsworn;  
 720 And Corps, and Swords, and Shields, on *Tyber* born,  
 Shall choak his Flood: Now sound the loud Alarms;  
 And *Latian* Troops prepare your perjurd Arms.  
 He said; and rising from his homely Throne,  
 The Solemn Rites of *Hercules* begun;  
 725 And on his Altars wak'd the sleeping Fires:  
 Then chearful to his Household-Gods retires.  
 There offers chosen Sheep: Th' *Arcadian* King  
 And *Trojan* Youth the same Oblations bring.  
 Next of his Men, and Ships, he makes review,  
 730 Draws out the best, and ablest of the Crew.  
 Down with the falling Stream the Refuse run:  
 To raise with joyful News his drooping Son.  
 Steeds are prepar'd to mount the *Trojan* Band;  
 Who wait their Leader to the *Tyrrhene* Land.

A

- 735 A sprightly Courser, fairer than the rest,  
The King himself presents his Royal Guest.  
A Lyons Hide his Back and Limbs infold;  
Precious with studded work, and Paws of Gold.  
Fame through the little City spreads aloud  
740 Th' intended March, amid the fearful Crowd:  
The Matrons beat their Breasts; dissolve in Tears;  
And double their Devotion in their Fears.  
The War at hand appears with more affright:  
And rises ev'ry Moment to the sight.  
745 Then, old *Evander*, with a close embrace,  
Strain'd his departing Friend; and Tears o're-flow his Face:  
Wou'd Heav'n, said he, my strength and youth recall,  
Such as I was beneath *Preneſte's* Wall;  
Then when I made the foremost Foes retire,  
750 And set whole heaps of conquer'd Shields on Fire.  
When *Herilus* in single Fight I slew;  
Whom with three lives *Feronia* did endure:  
And thrice I sent him to the *Stygian* Shore;  
Till the last Ebbing Soul return'd no more:  
755 Such, if I stood renew'd, not these Alarms,  
Nor Death, shou'd rend me from my *Pallas* arms:  
Nor proud *Mergentius*, thus unpunish'd, boast  
His Rapes and Murthers on the *Tuscan* Coast.  
Ye Gods! and mighty *Jove*, in pity bring  
760 Relief, and hear a Father, and a King.  
If Fate and you, reserve these Eyes, to see  
My Son return with peace and Victory;  
If the lov'd Boy shall bless his Father's fight;  
If we shall meet again with more delight;  
765 Then draw my Life in length, let me sustain,  
In hopes of his Embrace, the worst of Pain.  
But if your hard Decrees, which O I dread,  
Have doom'd to death his undeserving head;

This

- This, O this very Moment, let me die;  
770 While Hopes and Fears in equal ballance lye.  
While yet Posselt of all his Youthful Charms,  
I strain him close within these Aged Arms:  
Before that fatal news my Soul shall wound!  
He said, and, swooning, sunk upon the ground;  
775 His Servants bore him off: And softly laid  
His languish'd Limbs upon his homely Bed.  
The Horsemen march; the Gates are open'd wide;  
*Æneas* at their head, *Achates* by his side.  
Next these the *Trojan* Leaders rode along:  
780 Last, follows in the Reer, th' *Arcadian* Throng.  
Young *Pallas* shone conspicuous o're the rest;  
Gilded his Arms, Embroider'd was his Vest.  
So, from the Seas, exerts his radiant head  
The Star, by whom the Lights of Heav'n are led:  
785 Shakes from his roſie Locks the perly Dewes;  
Dispels the darkness, and the Day renews.  
The trembling Wives, the Walls and Turrets crowd;  
And follow, with their Eyes, the dusty Cloud:  
Which Winds disperse by fits; and shew from far  
790 The blaze of Arms, and Shields, and shining War.  
The Troops, drawn up in beautiful Array,  
O're heathy Plains pursue the ready way.  
Repeated peals of showts are heard around:  
The Neighing Coursers answer to the sound:  
795 And shake with horny Hoofs the solid ground.  
A greenwood Shade, for long Religion known,  
Stands by the Streams that wash the *Tuscan* Town:  
Incompas'd round with gloomy Hills above,  
Which add a holy horror to the Grove.  
800 The first Inhabitants, of *Grecian* Blood,  
That sacred Forest to *Sybanus* vow'd:

K k k

The

- The Guardian of their Flocks, and Fields ; and pay  
 Their due Devotions on his annual day.  
 Not far from hence, along the River's side,  
 805 In Tents secure, the *Tuscan* Troops abide ;  
 By *Tarchon* led. Now, from a rising ground,  
*Aeneas* cast his wond'ring Eyes around ;  
 And all the *Tyrrhene* Army had in fight,  
 Stretch'd on the spacious Plain from left to right.  
 810 Thether his warlike Train the *Trojan* led ;  
 Refresh'd his Men, and weary'd Horſes fed.  
 Mean time the Mother Goddess, crown'd with Charms,  
 Breaks through the Clouds, and brings the fated Arms.  
 Within a winding Vale she finds her Son,  
 815 On the cool Rivers' Banks, retir'd alone.  
 She shews her heav'nly Form, without disguise,  
 And gives her self to his desiring Eyes.  
 Behold, she said, perform'd, in ev'ry part  
 My promise made, and *Vulcan's* labour'd Art.  
 820 Now seek, secure, the *Latian* Enemy ;  
 And haughty *Turnus* to the Field defy.  
 She said : And having first her Son embrac'd ;  
 The radiant Arms beneath an Oak she plac'd.  
 Proud of the Gift, he rowl'd his greedy sight  
 825 Around the Work, and gaz'd with vast delight.  
 He lifts, he turns, he poizes, and admires  
 The Crested Helm, that vomits radiant Fires :  
 His hands the fatal Sword, and Corslet hold :  
 One keen with temper'd Steel, one stiff with Gold.  
 830 Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright :  
 So shines a Cloud, when edg'd with adverse Light.  
 He shakes the pointed Spear ; and longs to try  
 The plated Cuirſes, on his manly thigh,  
 But most admires the Shields Mysterious mould,  
 835 And *Roman* Triumphs rising on the Gold.

For



To S<sup>r</sup> Godfrey Kneller, Knight  
 Principall Painter to his Majesty

- For those, emboss'd, the Heav'nly Smith had wrought,  
 (Not in the Rolls of future Fate untaught,)  
 The Wars in Order, and the Race Divine  
 Of Warriors, issuing from the *Julian* Line.
- 840 The Cave of *Mars* was dress'd with mossy Greens :  
 There, by the Wolf, were laid the Martial Twins.  
 Intrepid on her swelling Dugs they hung ;  
 The foster Dam loll'd out her fawning Tongue :  
 They suck'd secure, while bending Back her Head,
- 845 She lick'd their tender Limbs ; and form'd them as they fed.  
 Not far from thence new *Rome* appears, with Games  
 Projected for the Rape of *Sabine* Dames.  
 The Pit resounds with Shrieks : A War succeeds,  
 For breach of Publick Faith, and unexempl'd Deeds.
- 850 Here for Revenge the *Sabine* Troops contend :  
 The *Romans* there with Arms the Prey defend.  
 Weary'd with tedious War, at length they cease ;  
 And both the Kings and Kingdoms plight the Peace.  
 The friendly Chiefs, before *Jove's* Altar stand ;
- 855 Both arm'd, with each a Charger in his Hand :  
 A fatted Sow, for Sacrifice is led ;  
 With Imprecations on the perjurd Head.  
 Near this, the Traytor *Metius*, stretch'd between  
 Four fiery Steeds, is dragg'd along the Green ;
- 860 By *Tullus* doom : The Brambles drink his Blood ;  
 And his torn Limbs are left, the Vulture's Food.  
 There, *Porfena* to *Rome* proud *Tarquin* brings ;  
 And wou'd by Force restore the banish'd Kings.  
 One Tyrant, for his fellow Tyrant fights :
- 865 The *Roman* Youth assert their Native Rights.  
 Before the Town the *Tuscan* Army lies :  
 To win by Famine, or by Fraud surprife.  
 Their King, half threat'ning, half disdain'g stood :  
 While *Cocles* broke the Bridge ; and stem'd the Flood.

- 870 The Captive Maids there tempt the raging Tide:  
Scap'd from their Chains, with *Clelia* for their Guide.  
High on a Rock Heroick *Manlius* stood;  
To guard the Temple, and the Temple's God:  
Then *Rome* was poor; and there you might behold
- 875 The Palace, thatch'd with Straw, now roof'd with Gold.  
The Silver Goofe before the shining Gate  
There flew; and by her Cackle, fav'd the State.  
She told the *Gauls* approach: Th' approaching *Gauls*,  
Obscure in Night, ascend, and seize the Walls.
- 880 The Gold, dissembl'd well their yellow Hair:  
And Golden Chains on their white Necks they wear.  
Gold are their Vests: Long *Alpine* Spears they wield:  
And their left Arm sustains a length of Shield.  
Hard by, the leaping *Salian* Priests advance:
- 885 And naked thro' the Streets the mad *Luperci* dance:  
In Caps of Wool. The Targets dropt from Heav'n:  
Here modest Matrons in soft Litters driv'n,  
To pay their Vows in solemn Pomp appear:  
And odorous Gums in their chaff Hands they bear.
- 890 Far hence remov'd, the *Stygian* Seats are seen:  
Pains of the damn'd, and punish'd *Caitline*:  
Hung on a Rock the Traytor; and around,  
The Furies hissing from the neather Ground.  
Apart from these, the happy Souls, he draws:
- 895 And *Cato's* holy Ghost, dispensing Laws.  
Betwixt the Quarters, flows a Golden Sea:  
But foaming Surges, there, in Silver play.  
The dancing Dolphins, with their Tails, divide  
The glit'ring Waves; and cut the precious Tide.
- 900 Amid the Main, two mighty Fleets engage  
Their Brazen Beaks; oppos'd with equal Rage.  
*Aethiops*, surveys the well disputed Prize:  
*Leucate's* war'ry Plain, with foamy Billows fries.

Young

- Young *Cæsar*, on the Stern, in Armour bright;  
905 Here leads the *Romans* and their Gods to fight:  
His beamy Temples shoot their Flames afar;  
And o're his Head is hung the *Julian* Star.  
*Agrippa* seconds him, with prosp'rous Gales:  
And, with propitious Gods, his Foes affails.
- 910 A Naval Crown, that binds his Manly Brows,  
The happy Fortune of the Fight forethows.  
Rang'd on the Line oppos'd, *Antonius* brings  
*Barbarian* Aids, and Troops of *Eastern* Kings.  
Th' *Arabians* near, and *Bactrians* from afar,
- 915 Of Tongues discordant, and a mingled War.  
And, rich in gaudy Robes, amidst the Strife,  
His ill Fate follows him; th' *Egyptian* Wife.  
Moving they fight: With Oars, and forky Prows,  
The Froth is gather'd; and the Water glows.
- 920 It seems, as if the *Cyclades* again  
Were rooted up, and juttled in the Main:  
Or floating Mountains, floating Mountains meet:  
Such is the fierce Encounter of the Fleet.  
Fire-balls are thrown; and pointed Jav'lins fly:
- 925 The Fields of *Neptune* take a Purple Dye.  
The Queen her self, amidst the loud Alarms,  
With Cymbals to's'd her fainting Souldiers warms.  
Fool as the was; who had not yet divin'd  
Her cruel Fate; nor saw the Snakes behind.
- 930 Her Country Gods, the Monsters of the Sky,  
Great *Neptune*, *Pallas*, and Love's Queen, defy.  
The Dog *Anubis* barks, but barks in vain;  
Nor longer dares oppose th' Ætherial Train.  
*Mars*, in the middle of the shining Shield
- 935 Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid Field.  
The *Dire* sowle from Heav'n, with swift Descent:  
And Discord, dy'd in Blood, with Garments rent,

Divides

- Divides the Preace: Her Steps, *Bellona* treads,  
 And shakes her Iron Rod above their Heads.
- 940 This seen, *Apollo*, from his *Aethian* height,  
 Pours down his Arrows: At whose winged flight  
 The trembling *Indians*, and *Egyptians* yield:  
 And soft *Sabeans* quit the warry Field.  
 The fatal Mistress hoists her silken Sails;
- 945 And, shrinking from the Fight, invokes the Gales.  
 Aghast the looks; and heaves her Breast, for Breath:  
 Panting, and pale with fear of future Death.  
 The God had figur'd her, as driv'n along,  
 By Winds and Waves; and scudding thro' the Throng.
- 950 Just opposite, sad *Nilus*, opens wide  
 His Arms, and ample Bosom, to the Tide.  
 And spreads his Mantle o're the winding Coast:  
 In which he wraps his Queen, and hides the flying Hoard.  
 The Victor, to the Gods his Thanks exprefs'd:
- 955 And *Rome* triumphant, with his Presence blefs'd,  
 Three hundred Temples in the Town he plac'd:  
 With Spoils and Altars ev'ry Temple grac'd.  
 Three shining Nights, and three succeeding Days,  
 The Fields resound with Shouts; the Streets with Præses;
- 960 The Domes with Songs, the Theatres with Plays.  
 All Altars flame: Before each Altar lies,  
 Drench'd in his Gore, the destin'd Sacrifice.  
 Great *Cæsar* sits sublime upon his Throne;  
 Before *Apollo's* Porch of *Parian* Stone:
- 965 Accepts the Presents vow'd for Victory;  
 And hangs the monumental Crowns on high.  
 Vast Crowds of vanquish'd Nations march along:  
 Various in Arms, in Habit, and in Tongue.  
 Here, *Mulciber* assigns the proper Place
- 970 For *Carians*, and th' ungirt *Numidian* Race;

Then

- Then ranks the *Thracians* in the second Row;  
 With *Scythians*, expert in the Dart and Bow.  
 And here the tam'd *Euphrates* humbly glides;  
 And there the *Rhine* submits her swelling Tides.
- 975 And proud *Araxes*, whom no Bridge cou'd bind:  
 The *Danes* unconquer'd Offspring, march behind;  
 And *Morini*, the last of Human Kind.
- These Figures, on the Shield divinely wrought,  
 By *Vulcan* labour'd, and by *Venus* brought,
- 980 With Joy and Wonder fill the Hero's thought.  
 Unknown the Names, he yet admires the Grace;  
 And bears aloft the Fame, and Fortune of his Race.

The

*The Ninth Book of the Æneis.*

**The Argument.**

*Turnus takes Advantage of Æneas's Absence, fires some of his Ships, (which are transform'd into Sea-Nymphs) and assaults his Camp. The Trojans reduc'd to the last Extremities, send Nisus and Euryalus to recall Æneas; which furnishes the Poet with that admirable Episode of their Friendship, Generosity; and the conclusion of their Adventures.*

While these Affairs in distant Places pass'd,  
 The various Iris Juno sends with haste,  
 To find bold Turnus, who, with anxious Thought,  
 The secret Shade of his great Grandfire sought.  
 5 Retir'd alone she found the daring Man;  
 And op'd her roscie Lips, and thus began.  
 What none of all the Gods cou'd grant thy Vows;  
 That, Turnus, this auspicious Day bestows.  
 Æneas, gone to seek th' Arcadian Prince,  
 10 Has left the Trojan Camp without defence;  
 And, short of Succours there; employs his Pains  
 In Parts remote to raise the Tuscan Swains:  
 Now snatch an Hour that favours thy Designs,  
 Unite thy Forces, and attack their Lines.  
 15 This said, on equal Wings she pois'd her Weight,  
 And form'd a radiant Rainbow in her flight.  
 The Daunian Heroe lifts his Hands and Eyes;  
 And thus invokes the Goddesses as she flies.  
 Iris, the Grace of Heav'n, what Pow'r Divine  
 20 Has sent thee down, thro' dusky Clouds to shine?  
 See they divide; immortal Day appears;  
 And glittering Planets dancing in their Spheres!

With



To the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup>  
 Sunderland L.<sup>d</sup> Chamberlain  
 Majesty's Household &c.

Robert Earle of  
 Berlarne of his  
 Household &c.

- With Joy, these happy Omens I obey,  
 And follow to the War, the God that leads the Way.
- 25 Thus having said, as by the Brook he stood,  
 He scoop'd the Water from the Crystal Flood;  
 Then with his Hands the drops to Heav'n he throws,  
 And loads the Pow'rs above with offer'd Vows.  
 Now march the bold Confederates thro' the Plain;
- 30 Well hors'd, well clad, a rich and shining Train:  
*Messapus* leads the Van; and in the Rear,  
 The Sons of *Tyrrheus* in bright Arms appear.  
 In the Main Battel, with his flaming Crest,  
 The mighty *Turnus* towers above the rest:
- 35 Silent they move; majestically flow,  
 Like ebbing *Nile*, or *Ganges* in his flow.  
 The *Trojans* view the dusky Cloud from far;  
 And the dark Menace of the distant War.  
*Caicus* from the Rampire saw it rise,
- 40 Blackning the Fields, and thickning thro' the Skies.  
 Then to his Fellows thus aloud he calls,  
 What rowling Clouds, my Friends, approach the Walls?  
 Arm, arm, and man the Works; prepare your Spears,  
 And pointed Darts; the *Latian* Hoast appears.
- 45 Thus warn'd, they shut their Gates; with Shouts ascend  
 The Bulwarks, and secure their Foes attend.  
 For their wise Gen'ral with foreseeing Care,  
 Had charg'd them not to tempt the doubtful War:  
 Nor, tho' provok'd, in open Fields advance;
- 50 But close within their Lines attend their chance.  
 Unwilling, yet they keep the strict Command;  
 And stoutly wait in Arms the Hostile Band.  
 The fiery *Turnus* flew before the rest,  
 A Pye-ball'd Steed of *Thracian* Strain he press'd;
- 55 His Helm of massy Gold; and Crimfon was his Crest. }

With twenty Horſe to ſecond his Deſigns,  
 An unexpected Foe, he fac'd the Lines.  
 Is there, he ſaid, in Arms who bravely dare,  
 His Leader's Honour, and his Danger ſhare?  
 60 Then, ſpurring on, his brandiſh'd Dart he threw,  
 In ſign of War, applauding Shouts enſue.  
 Amaz'd to find a daſtard Race that run  
 Behind the Rampires, and the Battel ſhun,  
 He rides around the Camp, with rowling Eyes,  
 65 And ſtops at ev'ry Poſt; and ev'ry Paſſage tries.  
 So roams the nightly Wolf about the Fold,  
 Wet with deſcending Show'rs, and ſtiff with cold;  
 He howls for Hunger, and he grins for Pain;  
 His gnawing Teeth are exercis'd in vain:  
 70 And impotent of Anger, finds no way  
 In his diſtended Paws to graſp the Prey.  
 The Mothers liſten; but the bleating Lambs  
 Securely ſwig the Dug, beneath the Dams.  
 Thus ranges eager *Tarnus* o're the Plain,  
 75 Sharp with Deſire, and furious with Diſdain:  
 Surveys each Paſſage with a piercing Sight;  
 To force his Foes in equal Field to fight.  
 Thus, while he gazes round, at length he ſpies  
 Where, ſenc'd with ſtrong Redoubts, their Navy lies;  
 80 Cloſe underneath the Walls: The waſhing Tyde  
 Secures from all approach this weaker ſide.  
 He takes the wiſh'd Occaſion; fills his Hand  
 With ready Fires, and ſhakes a flaming Brand:  
 Urg'd by his Preſence, ev'ry Soul is warm'd,  
 85 And ev'ry Hand with kindled Firrs is arm'd.  
 From the fir'd Pines the ſcatt'ring Sparkles fly;  
 Fat Vapours mix'd with Flames involve the Sky.  
 What Pow'r, O Muſes, cou'd avert the Flame  
 Which threaten'd, in the Fleet, the *Trojan* Name!

Tell:

90 Tell: For the Fact thro' length of Time obſcure,  
 Is hard to Faith; yet ſhall the Fame endure.  
 'Tis ſaid, that when the Chief prepar'd his flight,  
 And fell'd his Timber from Mount *Idæ*'s height,  
 The Grandam Goddeſs then approach'd her Son,  
 95 And with a Mother's Maſteſty begun.  
 Grant me, ſhe ſaid, the ſole Requeſt I bring,  
 Since conquer'd Heav'n has own'd you for its King:  
 On *Idæ*'s Brows, for Ages paſt, there ſtood,  
 With Firrs and Maples fill'd, a ſhady Wood:  
 100 And on the Summit roſe a Sacred Grove,  
 Where I was worſhipp'd with Religious Love;  
 Thoſe Woods, that Holy Grove, my long delight,  
 I gave the *Trojan* Prince, to ſpeed his flight.  
 Now fill'd with Fear, on their behalf I come;  
 105 Let neither Winds o'reſet, nor Waves intomb  
 The floating Foreſts of the Sacred Pine;  
 But let it be their Safety to be mine.  
 Then thus reply'd her awful Son; who rowls  
 The radiant Stars, and Heav'n and Earth controuls;  
 110 How dare you, Mother, endleſs Date demand,  
 For Veſſels moulded by a Mortal Hand?  
 What then is Fate? Shall bold *Aeneas* ride  
 Of Safety certain, on th' uncertain Tide?  
 Yet what I can, I grant: When, waſted o're,  
 115 The Chief is landed on the *Latian* Shore,  
 Whatever Ships eſcape the raging Storms,  
 At my Command ſhall change their fading Forms  
 To Nymphs Divine: and plow the wat'ry Way,  
 Like *Dotis*, and the Daughters of the Sea.  
 120 To ſeal his ſacred Vow, by *Styx* he ſwore,  
 The Lake of liquid Pitch, the dreery Shore;  
 And *Phlegethon*'s innavigable Flood,  
 And the black Regions of his Brother God:  
 He ſaid; and ſhook the Skies with his Imperial Nod.

L I I 2

} And

- 125 And now at length the number'd Hours were come,  
Prefix'd by Fate's irrevocable Doom,  
When the great Mother of the Gods was free  
To save her Ships, and finish *Jove's* Decree.  
First, from the Quarter of the Morn, there sprung  
130 A Light that sign'd the Heav'ns, and shot along :  
Then from a Cloud, fring'd round with Golden Fires,  
Were Timbrels heard, and *Berecynthian* Quires :  
And last a Voice, with more than Mortal Sounds,  
Both Hosts in Arms oppos'd, with equal Horror wounds.  
135 O *Trojan* Race, your needles Aid forbear ;  
And know my Ships are my peculiar Care.  
With greater ease the bold *Rutalian* may,  
With hissing Brands, attempt to burn the Sea,  
Than fidge my sacred Pines. But you my Charge,  
140 Loos'd from your crooked Anchors lanch at large,  
Exalted each a Nymph : Forfake the Sand,  
And swim the Seas, at *Cybele's* Command.  
No sooner had the Goddess ceas'd to speak,  
When lo, th' obedient Ships, their Haulers break ;  
145 And, strange to tell, like Dolphins in the Main,  
They plunge their Prows, and dive, and spring again :  
As many beauteous Maids the Billows sweep,  
As rode before tall Vessels on the Deep.  
The Foes, surpriz'd with Wonder, stood aghast,  
150 *Messapus* curb'd his fiery Courser's haste ;  
Old *Tyber* roar'd ; and raising up his Head,  
Call'd back his Waters to their Oozy Bed.  
*Turnus* alone, undaunted, bore the Shock ;  
And with these Words his trembling Troops bespoke.  
155 These Monsters for the *Trojans* Fate are meant,  
And are by *Jove* for black Prefages sent.  
He takes the Cowards last Relief away ;  
For fly they cannot ; and, constrain'd to stay,  
Must yield unfought, a base inglorious Prey.



To Thomas Foley Junr.  
the County of



of Great Witley Court, in  
Worcester Esq.

- 160 The liquid half of all the Globe, is lost ;  
 Heav'n shuts the Seas, and we secure the Coast.  
 Theirs is no more, than that small spot of Ground,  
 Which Millions of our Martial Troops surround.  
 Their Fates I fear not ; or vain Oracles ;
- 165 'Twas giv'n to *Venus*, they shou'd cross the Seas :  
 And land secure upon the *Latian* Plains,  
 Their promis'd Hour is pass'd, and mine remains.  
 'Tis in the Fate of *Turnus*, to destroy  
 With Sword and Fire the faithless Race of *Troy*.
- 170 Shall such Affronts as these, alone inflame  
 The *Grecian* Brothers, and the *Grecian* Name ?  
 My Cause and theirs is one ; a fatal Strife,  
 And final Ruin, for a ravish'd Wife.  
 Was't not enough, that, punish'd for the Crime,
- 175 They fell ; but will they fall a second Time ?  
 One wou'd have thought they paid enough before,  
 To curse the costly Sex ; and durst offend no more.  
 Can they securely trust their feeble Wall,  
 A slight Partition, a thin Interval,
- 180 Betwixt their Fate and them ; when *Troy*, tho' built  
 By Hands Divine, yet perish'd by their Guilt ?  
 Lend me, for once, my Friends, your valiant Hands,  
 To force from out their Lines these daftard Bands.  
 Less than a thousand Ships will end this War ;
- 185 Nor *Vulcan* needs his fated Arms prepare.  
 Let all the *Tuscans*, all th' *Arcadians* join,  
 Nor these, nor those shall frustrate my Design.  
 Let them not fear the Treasons of the Night ;  
 The robb'd *Palladium*, the pretended flight :
- 190 Our Onset shall be made in open Light.  
 No wooden Engine shall their Town betray,  
 Fires they shall have around, but Fires by Day.

- No Grecian Babes before their Camp appear,  
Whom *Hector's* Arms detain'd, to the tenth tardy Year.
- 195 Now, since the Sun is rowling to the *West*,  
Give we the silent Night to needful Rest :  
Refresh your Bodies, and your Arms prepare,  
The Morn shall end the small Remains of War.  
The Post of Honour to *Messapus* falls,
- 200 To keep the Nightly Guard ; to watch the Walls ;  
To pitch the Fires at Distances around,  
And close the *Trojans* in their scanty Ground.  
Twice seven *Rutulian* Captains ready stand ;  
And twice seven hundred Horse these Chiefs command :
- 205 All clad in shining Arms the Works invest ;  
Each with a radiant Helm, and waving Crest  
Stretch'd at their length, they press the grassy Ground ;  
They laugh, they sing, the jolly Bowls go round :  
With Lights, and chearful Fires renew the Day ;
- 210 And pass the wakeful Night in Feasts and Play.  
The *Trojans*, from above, their Foes beheld ;  
And with arm'd Legions all the Rampires fill'd :  
Seiz'd with Affright, their Gates they first explore,  
Join Works to Works with Bridges ; Tow'r to Tow'r :
- 215 Thus all things needful for Defence, abound ;  
*Mnestheus*, and brave *Serephus* walk the round :  
Commission'd by their Absent Prince, to share  
The common Danger, and divide the Care.  
The Souldiers draw their Lots ; and as they fall,
- 220 By turns relieve each other on the Wall.  
Nigh where the Foes their utmost Guards advance,  
To watch the Gate, was warlike *Nisus* chance.  
His Father *Hyracus* of Noble Blood,  
His Mother was a Hunt'refs of the Wood :
- 225 And sent him to the Wars ; well cou'd he bear  
His Lance in fight, and dart the flying Spear :

But

- But better skill'd unerring Shafts to send :  
Beside him stood *Euryalus* his Friend.  
*Euryalus*, than whom the *Trojan* Hoast
- 230 No fairer Face, or sweeter Air could boast.  
Scarce had the Down to shade his Checks begun ;  
One was their Care, and their Delight was one.  
One Common hazard in the War they shar'd ;  
And now were both by choice upon the Guard.
- 235 Then *Nisus*, thus: Or do the Gods inspire  
This warmth, or make we Gods of our Desire ?  
A gen'rous ardour boils within my Breast,  
Eager of Action, Enemy to Rest :  
This urges me to fight, and fires my Mind,
- 240 To leave a memorable Name behind.  
Thou seest the Foe secure : how faintly shine  
Their scatter'd Fires ! the most in Sleep supine ;  
Along the ground, an easy Conquest lye ;  
The wakeful few, the fuming Flaggon ply :
- 245 All hush'd around. Now hear what I revolve ;  
A Thought unripe ; and scarcely yet resolve .  
Our absent Prince both Camp and Council mourn ;  
By Message both wou'd hasten his return :  
If they confer what I demand, on thee,
- 250 (For Fame is Recompence enough for me)  
Methinks, beneath yon Hill, I have espy'd  
A way that safely will my passage guide.  
*Euryalus* stood list'ning while he spoke ;  
With love of Praise, and noble Envy struck ;
- 245 Then to his ardent Friend expos'd his Mind :  
All this alone, and leaving me behind,  
Am I unworthy, *Nisus*, to be join'd ?  
Think'st thou I can my share of Glory yield,  
Or send thee unassisted to the Field ?

Not

- 260 Not so my Father taught my Childhood Arms;  
 Born in a Siege, and bred among Alarms!  
 Nor is my Youth unworthy of my Friend,  
 Nor of the Heav'n-born Heroe I attend.  
 The thing call'd Life, with ease I can disclaim;
- 265 And think it over sold to purchase Fame.  
 Then *Nisus*, thus; alas! thy tender years  
 Wou'd minister new matter to my Fears:  
 So may the Gods, who view this friendly Strife,  
 Restore me to thy lov'd Embrace with life,
- 270 Condemn'd to pay my Vows (as sure I trust,) -  
 This thy Request is Cruel and Unjust.  
 But if some Chance, as many Chances are,  
 And doubtful Hazards in the deeds of War;  
 If one shou'd reach my Head, there let it fall,
- 275 And spare thy Life; I wou'd not perish all.  
 Thy bloomy Youth deserves a longer date;  
 Live thou to mourn thy Love's unhappy Fate:  
 To bear my mangled Body from the Foe;  
 Or buy it back, and Fun'ral Rites bestow.
- 280 Or if hard Fortune shall those Dues deny,  
 Thou canst at least an empty Tomb supply.  
 O let not me the Widows Tears renew;  
 Nor let a Mother's Curse my Name pursue;  
 Thy Pious Parent, who, for love of thee,
- 285 Forsook the Coasts of friendly *Sicily*,  
 Her Age, committing to the Seas and Wind,  
 When ev'ry weary Matron staid behind.  
 To this, *Euryalus*, you plead in vain,  
 And but protract the Cause you cannot gain:
- 290 No more delays, but haste. With that he wakes  
 The nodding Watch; each to his Office takes.  
 The Guard reliev'd, the gen'rous Couple went  
 To find the Council at the Royal Tent.

All

- All Creatures else forgot their daily Care;  
 295 And Sleep, the common Gift of Nature, share:  
 Except the *Trojan* Peers, who wakeful fate  
 In nightly Council for th' indanger'd State.  
 They vote a Message to their absent Chief;  
 Shew their Distress; and beg a swift Relief.
- 300 Amid the Camp a silent Seat they chose,  
 Remote from Clamour, and secure from Foes.  
 On their left Arms their ample Shields they bear,  
 The right reclin'd upon the bending Spear.  
 Now *Nisus* and his Friend approach the Guard,
- 305 And beg Admission, eager to be heard: }  
 Th' Affair important, not to be deferr'd.  
*Ascanius* bids 'em be conducted in;  
 Ord'ring the more experienc'd to begin.  
 Then *Nisus* thus. Ye Fathers lend your Ears;
- 310 Nor judge our bold Attempt beyond our Years.  
 The Foe securely drench'd in Sleep and Wine,  
 Neglect their Watch; the Fires but thinly shine:  
 And where the Smoke, in cloudy Vapours flies,  
 Cov'ring the Plain, and curling to the Skies,
- 315 Betwixt two Paths, which at the Gate divide, }  
 Close by the Sea, a Passage we have spy'd,  
 Which will our way to great *Aeneas* guide.  
 Expect each Hour to see him safe again,  
 Loaded with Spoils of Foes in Battel slain.
- 320 Snatch we the lucky Minute while we may:  
 Nor can we be mistaken in the way;  
 For hunting in the Vale, we both have seen  
 The rising Turrets, and the Stream between;  
 And know the winding Course, with ev'ry Ford.
- 325 He ceas'd: And old *Aethes* took the Word.  
 Our Country Gods, in whom our Trust we place,  
 Will yet from Ruin save the *Trojan* Race:

M m m

While

- While we behold such dauntless Worth appear  
 In dawning Youth; and Souls so void of Fear.
- 330 Then, into Tears of Joy the Father broke;  
 Each in his longing Arms by Turns he took:  
 Panted and paus'd; and thus again he spoke.  
 Ye brave young Men, what equal Gifts can we,  
 In recompence of such Desert, decree?
- 335 The greatest, sure, and best you can receive,  
 The Gods, and your own conscous Worth will give.  
 The rest our grateful Gen'ral will bestow;  
 And young *Ascanius* 'till his Manhood owe.  
 And I, whose Welfare in my Father lies,
- 340 *Ascanius* adds, by the great Deities,  
 By my dear Country, by my household Gods,  
 By hoary *Vesta's* Rites, and dark Abodes,  
 Adjure you both; (on you my Fortune stands,  
 That and my Faith I plight into your Hands:)
- 345 Make me but happy in his safe Return,  
 Whose wanted Presence I can only mourn;  
 Your common Gift shall two large Goblets be,  
 Of Silver, wrought with curious Imagery;  
 And high emboss'd, which, when old *Priam* reign'd,
- 350 My conqu'ring Sire at sack'd *Arisea* gain'd.  
 And more, two Tripods cast in antick Mould,  
 With two great Talents of the finest Gold:  
 Beside a costly Bowl, ingrav'd with Art,  
 Which *Dido* gave, when first she gave her Heart.
- 355 But if in conquer'd *Italy* we reign,  
 When Spoils by Lot the Victor shall obtain;  
 Thou saw'st the Courser by proud *Turnus* press'd,  
 That, *Nisus*, and his Arms, and nodding Crest,  
 And Shield, from Chance exempt, shall be thy Share;
- 360 Twelve lab'ring Slaves, twelve Handmaids young and fair,  
 All clad in rich Attire, and train'd with Care.

And

- And last, a *Latian* Field with fruitful Plains;  
 And a large Portion of the King's Domains.  
 But thou, whose Years are more to mine ally'd,  
 365 No Fate my vow'd Affection shall divide  
 From thee, Heroick Youth; be wholly mine:  
 Take full Possession; all my Soul is thine.  
 One Faith, one Fame, one Fate shall both attend;  
 My Life's Companion, and my Bosom Friend.
- 370 My Peace shall be committed to thy Care,  
 And to thy Conduct, my Concerns in War.  
 Then thus the young *Euryalus* reply'd;  
 Whatever Fortune, good or bad betide,  
 The same shall be my Age, as now my Youth;
- 375 No time shall find me wanting to my Truth.  
 This only from your Goodness let me gain;  
 (And this ungranted, all Rewards are vain)  
 Of *Priam's* Royal Race my Mother came;  
 And sure the best that ever bore the Name:
- 380 Whom neither *Troy*, nor *Sicily* could hold  
 From me departing, but o'repent, and old,  
 My Fate she follow'd; ignorant of this,  
 Whatever Danger, neither parting Kiss,  
 Nor pious Blessing taken, her I leave;
- 385 And, in this only Act of all my Life deceive.  
 By this right Hand, and conscous Night I swear,  
 My Soul so sad a farewell could not bear.  
 Be you her Comfort; fill my vacant place,  
 (Permit me to presume so great a Grace)
- 390 Support her Age, forsaken and distress'd,  
 That hope alone will fortifie my Breast  
 Against the worst of Fortunes, and of Fears.  
 He said: The mov'd Assistants melt in Tears.  
 Then thus *Ascanius*, (wonder-struck to see  
 395 That Image of his filial Piety;)

M m m 2

So

So great Beginnings, in so green an Age,  
 Exact the Faith, which I again engage.  
 Thy Mother all the Dues shall justly claim  
*Creusa* had; and only want the Name.  
 400 What'ere Event thy bold Attempt shall have,  
 'Tis Merit to have born a Son so brave.  
 Now by my Head, a sacred Oath, I swear,  
 (My Father us'd it) what returning here  
 Crown'd with Success, I for thy self prepare,  
 405 That, if thou fail, shall thy lov'd Mother share.  
 He said; and weeping while he spoke the Word,  
 From his broad Belt he drew a shining Sword,  
 Magnificent with Gold. *Lycan* made,  
 And in an Iv'ry Scabbard sheath'd the Blade:  
 410 This was his Gift: Great *Mnestheus* gave his Friend  
 A Lyon's Hide, his Body to defend:  
 And good *Aetbes* furnish'd him beside,  
 With his own trusty Helm, of Temper try'd.  
 Thus arm'd they went. The Noble *Trojans* wait  
 415 Their issuing forth, and follow to the Gate.  
 With Prayers and Vows, above the rest appears  
*Ascanius*, manly far beyond his Years.  
 And Messages committed to their Care,  
 Which all in Winds were lost, and fitting Air.  
 420 The Trenches first they pass'd: Then took their Way  
 Where their proud Foes in pitch'd Pavilions lay;  
 To many fatal, ere themselves were slain:  
 They found the careless Hoast dispers'd upon the Plain.  
 Who gorg'd, and drunk with Wine, supinely snore;  
 425 Unharnas'd Chariots stand along the Shore:  
 Amidst the Wheels and Reins, the Goblet by,  
 A Medley of Debauch and War they lye.  
 Observing *Nisus* shew'd his Friend the fight;  
 Behold a Conquest gain'd without a Fight.

Occasion



To y<sup>h</sup> Hon<sup>ble</sup> Colonel,  George Chotmondeley  
 Colonel of his Majesty's Troop of Granadier  
 Guards & Groome of his Maj<sup>ties</sup> Bedchamber,

- 430 Occasion offers, and I stand prepar'd ;  
 There lies our Way ; be thou upon the Guard,  
 And look around ; while I securely go,  
 And a new Passage, thro the sleeping Foe.  
 Softly he spoke ; then striding, took his way,  
 435 With his drawn Sword, where haughty *Rhæmus* lay :  
 His Head rais'd high, on Tapestry beneath,  
 And heaving from his Breast, he drew his Breath :  
 A King and Prophet by King *Turnus* lov'd ;  
 But Fate by Prescience cannot be remov'd.  
 440 Him, and his sleeping Slaves he slew. Then spies  
 Where *Rhæmus*, with his rich Retinue lies :  
 His Armor-bearer first, and next he kills  
 His Charioteer, intrench'd betwixt the Wheels  
 And his lov'd Horfes : Last invades their Lord ;  
 445 Full on his Neck he drives the fatal Sword :  
 The gasping Head flies off ; a Purple flood  
 Flows from the Trunk, that welters in the Blood :  
 Which by the spurning Heels, dispers'd around,  
 The Bed besprinkles, and bedews the Ground.  
 450 *Lamus* the bold, and *Lamyris* the strong,  
 He slew ; and then *Serranus* fair and young :  
 From Dice and Wine the Youth retir'd to Rest,  
 And puff'd the fummy God from out his Breast :  
 Ev'n then he dreamt of Drink and lucky Play ;  
 455 More lucky had it lasted 'till the Day.  
 The famish'd Lyon thus, with Hunger bold ;  
 O'releaps the Fences of the Nightly Fold ;  
 And tears the peaceful Flocks : With silent Awe  
 Trembling they lye, and pant beneath his Paw.  
 460 Nor with less Rage *Euryalus* employs  
 The wrathful Sword, or fewer Foes destroys :  
 But on th' ignoble Crowd his Fury flew :  
 He *Fadus*, *Hebesus*, and *Rhetus* slew.

Oppress'd

- Oppress'd with heavy Sleep the former fall,  
 465 But *Rhætus* wakeful, and observing all :  
 Behind a spacious Jarr he slink'd for fear ;  
 The fatal Iron found, and reach'd him there.  
 For as he rose, it pierc'd his naked side ;  
 And reeking, thence return'd in Crimson dy'd.  
 470 The Wound pours out a Stream of Wine and Blood,  
 The Purple Soul comes floating in the flood.  
 Now where *Messapus* Quarter'd they arrive ;  
 The Fires were fainting there, and just alive.  
 The Warriour-Horses ty'd in order fed ;  
 475 *Nisus* observ'd the Discipline, and said,  
 Our eager thirst of Blood may both betray ;  
 And see the scatter'd Streaks of dawning day,  
 Foe to Nocturnal Thefts : No more, my Friend,  
 Here let our glutted Execution end :  
 480 A Lane through slaughter'd Bodies we have made :  
 The bold *Euryalus*, tho' loath, obey'd.  
 Of Arms, and Arras, and of Plate they find  
 A precious load ; but these they leave behind.  
 Yet fond of gaudy Spoils the Boy wou'd stay  
 485 To make the rich Caparison his prey,  
 Which on the steed of conquer'd *Rhannes* lay.  
 Nor did his Eyes less longingly behold  
 The Girdle-Belt, with Nails of burnish'd Gold.  
 This Present *Cedæus* the Rich, bestow'd  
 490 On *Remulus*, when Friendship first they vow'd :  
 And absent, join'd in hospitable eyes ;  
 He dying, to his Heir bequeath'd the Prize :  
 Till by the Conqu'ring *Ardean* Troops oppress'd.  
 He fell ; and they the Glorious Gift possess'd.  
 495 These Glit'ring Spoils (now made the Victor's gain)  
 He to his body suits ; but suits in vain.

*Messapus*

- Messapus* Helm he finds among the rest,  
 And laces on, and wears the waving Crest.  
 Proud of their Conquest, prouder of their Prey,  
 500 They leave the Camp ; and take the ready way.  
 But far they had not pass'd, before they spy'd  
 Three hundred Horse with *Volsens* for their Guide.  
 The Queen a Legion to King *Turnus* sent,  
 But the swift Horse the slower Foot outwent ;  
 505 And now advancing, fought the Leader's Tent.  
 They saw the Pair ; for thro' the doubtful shade  
 His shining Helm *Euryalus* betray'd,  
 On which the Moon with full reflexion play'd.  
 'Tis not for nought, cry'd *Volsens*, from the Crow'd,  
 510 These Men go there ; then rais'd his Voice aloud :  
 Stand, stand ; why thus in Arms, and whither bent ;  
 From whence, to whom, and on what Errand sent ?  
 Silent they scud away, and haste their flight,  
 To Neighb'ring Woods, and trust themselves to night.  
 515 The speedy Horse all passages belay,  
 And spur their smoaking Seeds to Cross their way ;  
 And watch each Entrance of the winding Wood ;  
 Black was the Forest, thick with Beech it stood :  
 Horrid with Fern, and intricate with Thorn,  
 520 Few Paths of Humane Feet or Tracks of Beasts were worn.  
 The darkness of the Shades, his heavy Prey,  
 And Fear, misled the Younger from his way.  
 But *Nisus* hit the Turns with happier haste,  
 And thoughtless of his Friend, the Forest pass'd :  
 525 And *Alban* Plains, from *Alba's* Name so call'd,  
 Where King *Latinus* then his Oxen stall'd.  
 Till turning at the length, he stood his ground,  
 And mis'd his Friend, and cast his Eyes around ;  
 Ah Wretch, he cry'd, where have I left behind  
 530 Th' unhappy Youth, where shall I hope to find ?

Or

Or what way take! again He ventures back:  
 And treads the Mazes of his former track.  
 He winds the Wood, and list'ning hears the noise  
 Of trampling Coursers, and the Riders voice.  
 535 The sound approach'd, and suddenly he view'd  
 The Foes inclosing, and his Friend pursu'd:  
 Forelay'd and taken, while he strove in vain,  
 The shelter of the friendly Shades to gain.  
 What shou'd he next attempt! what Arms employ,  
 540 What fruitless Force to free the Captive Boy?  
 Or desperate shou'd he rush and lose his Life,  
 With odds oppress'd, in such unequal strife?  
 Resolv'd at length, his pointed Spear he shook;  
 And casting on the Moon a mournful look,  
 545 Guardian of Groves, and Goddess of the Night;  
 Fair, Queen, he said, direct my Dart aright:  
 If e're my Pious Father for my sake  
 Did grateful Off'rings on thy Altars make,  
 Or I increas'd them with my Silvan toils,  
 550 And hung thy Holy Roofs, with Salvage Spoils;  
 Give me to scatter these. Then from his Ear  
 He seiz'd, and aim'd, and lanch'd the trembling Spear.  
 The deadly Weapon, hissing from the Grove,  
 Impetuous on the back of *Submo* drove:  
 555 Pierc'd his thin Armour, drank his Vital Blood,  
 And in his Body left the broken Wood.  
 He staggers round, his Eyeballs roll in Death,  
 And with short sobs he gasps away his Breath.  
 All stand amaz'd; a second Jav'lin flies,  
 560 With equal strength, and quivers through the Skies;  
 This through thy Temples, *Tagus*, forc'd the way,  
 And in the Brain-pan warmly bury'd lay.  
 Fierce *Volsens* foams with Rage, and gazing round,  
 Descry'd not him who gave the Fatal Wound:

Nor

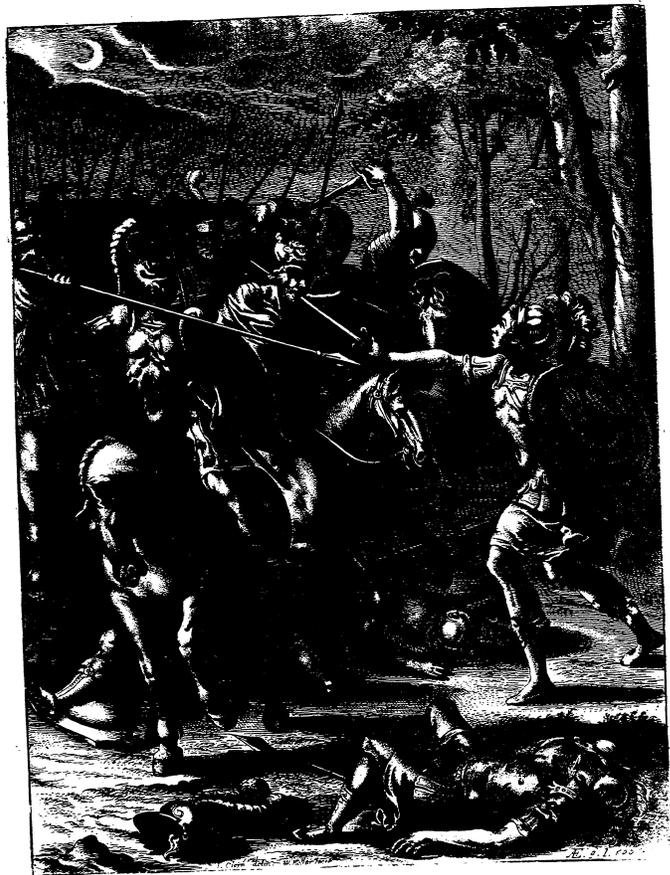


To S<sup>r</sup> Jo<sup>h</sup>n Perivale,  
in the County of



Bar<sup>o</sup> of Barton  
Corke in Ireland.

- 565 Nor knew to fix Revenge: but thou, he cries,  
Shalt pay for both, and at the Pris'ner flies,  
With his drawn Sword: Then struck with deep Despair,  
That cruel fight the Lover cou'd not bear:  
But from his Covert rush'd in open view,
- 570 And sent his Voice before him as he flew,  
Me, me, he cry'd, turn all your Swords alone  
On me; the Fact confess'd, the Fault my own:  
He neither cou'd nor durst, the guiltless Youth,  
Ye Moon and Stars bear Witnesses to the Truth!
- 575 His only Crime, (if Friendship can offend),  
Is too much Love; to his unhappy Friend.  
Too late he speaks; the Sword, which Fury guides,  
Driv'n with full Force, had pierc'd his tender Sides:  
Down fell the beauteous Youth; the yawning Wound
- 580 Gush'd out a Purple Stream, and stain'd the Ground.  
His snowy Neck reclines upon his Breast,  
Like a fair Flow'r by the keen Share oppress'd:  
Like a white Poppy sinking on the Plain,  
Whose heavy Head is overcharg'd with Rain.
- 585 Despair, and Rage, and Vengeance justly vow'd,  
Drove *Nisus* headlong on the hostile Crowd:  
*Volsens* he seeks; on him alone he bends;  
Born back, and bor'd, by his surrounding Friends,  
Onward he press'd: and kept him still in fight;
- 590 Then whirl'd aloft his Sword, with all his might:  
Th' unnering Steel defended while he spoke;  
Pierc'd his wide Mouth, and thro' his Weazon broke:  
Dying, he flew; and stagg'ring on the Plain,  
With smimming Eyes he sought his Lover slain:
- 595 Then quiet on his bleeding Bosom fell;  
Content in Death, to be reveng'd so well.  
O happy Friends! for if my Verse can give  
Immortal Life, your Fame shall ever live:



To Sir J. Percival, Bar. of Barton  
in the County of Corke in Ireland,



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Content in Death, to be reveng'd so well.  
O happy Friends ! for if my Verse can give  
Immortal Life, your Fame shall ever live :

N n n

Fix'd

Fix'd as the Capitol's Foundation lies,  
 600 And spread, where e're the *Roman* Eagle flies!  
 The conqu'ring Party, first divide the Prey,  
 Then their slain General to the Camp convey.  
 With Wonder, as they went, the Troops were fill'd,  
 To see such Numbers whom so few had kill'd.  
 605 *Serranus*, *Rhames*, and the rest they found;  
 Vast Crowds the dying and the dead surround:  
 And the yet reeking Blood o'reflows the Ground.  
 All knew the Helmet which *Messapus* lost;  
 But mourn'd a Purchase, that so dear had cost.  
 610 Now rose the ruddy Mom from *Tibon's* Bed;  
 And with the Dawns of Day the Skies o'respread.  
 Nor long the Sun his daily Course withheld,  
 But added Colours to the World reveal'd.  
 When early *Turnus* wak'ning with the Light,  
 615 All clad in Armour calls his Troops to fight.  
 His Martial Men with fierce Harangues he fir'd;  
 And his own Ardor, in their Souls inspir'd.  
 This done, to give new Terror to his Foes,  
 The Heads of *Nisus*, and his Friend he shows,  
 620 Rais'd high on pointed Spears: A ghastly Sight;  
 Loud peals of Shouts ensue, and barbarous Delight.  
 Mean time the *Trojans* run, where Danger calls,  
 They line their Trenches, and they man their Walls:  
 In Front extended to the left they stood:  
 625 Safe was the right surrounded by the Flood.  
 But casting from their Tow'rs a frightful view,  
 They saw the Faces, which too well they knew;  
 Tho' then disguis'd in Death, and smear'd all o're  
 With Filth obscene, and dropping putrid Gore.  
 630 Soon hasty Fame, thro' the sad City bears  
 The mournful Message to the Mother's Ears:

An

An icy Cold benums her Limbs: She shakes:  
 Her Checks the Blood, her Hand the Web forsakes.  
 She runs the Rampires round amidst the War,  
 635 Nor fears the flying Darts: She rends her Flair,  
 And fills with loud Laments the liquid Air.  
 Thus then, my lov'd *Euryalus* appears;  
 Thus looks the Prop of my declining Years!  
 Was't on this Face, my famish'd Eyes I fed,  
 640 Ah how unlike the living, is the dead!  
 And cou'dst thou leave me, cruel, thus alone,  
 Not one kind Kiss from a departing Son!  
 No Look, no last adieu before he went,  
 In an ill-boding Hour to Slaughter sent!  
 645 Cold on the Ground, and pressing foreign Clay,  
 To *Latian* Dogs, and Fowls he lies a Prey!  
 Nor was I near to close his dying Eyes,  
 To wash his Wounds, to weep his Obsequies:  
 To call about his Corps his crying Friends,  
 650 Or spread the Mantle, (made for other ends,  
 On his dear Body, which I wove with Care,  
 Nor did my daily Pains, or nightly labour spare.  
 Where shall I find his Corps, what Earth sustains  
 His Trunk dismember'd, and his cold Remains?  
 655 For this, alas, I left my needful Ease,  
 Expos'd my Life to Winds, and winter Seas!  
 If any pity touch *Rutulian* Hearts,  
 Here empty all your Quivers, all your Darts:  
 Or if they fail, thou *Jove* conclude my Woe,  
 660 And send me Thunder-struck to Shades below!  
 Her Shrieks and Clamours, pierce the *Trojans* Ears,  
 Unman their Courage, and augment their Fears:  
 Nor young *Ancanus* cou'd the fight sustain,  
 Nor old *Ilioneus* his Tears refrain:

N n n 2

But

- 665 But *Astor* and *Idæus*, jointly sent,  
To bear the madding Mother to her Tent.  
And now the Trumpets terribly from far,  
With rattling Clangor, rouse the sleepy War.  
The Souldiers Shouts succeed the Brazen Sounds;
- 670 And Heav'n, from Pole to Pole, the Noise rebounds.  
The *Volsicians* bear their Shields upon their Head,  
And rushing forward, from a moving Shed;  
These fill the Ditch, those pull the Bulwarks down:  
Some raise the Ladders, others scale the Town.
- 675 But where void Spaces on the Walls appear,  
Or thin Defence, they pour their Forces there.  
With Poles and missive Weapons from afar,  
The *Trojans* keep aloof the rising War.  
Taught by their ten Years Siege defensive fight;
- 680 They rowl down Ribs of Rocks, an unresisted Weight:  
To break the Penthouse with the pond'rous Blow;  
Which yet the patient *Volsicians* undergo.  
But cou'd not bear th' unequal Combat long;  
For where the *Trojans* find the thickest Throng,
- 685 The Ruin falls: Their shatter'd Shields give way,  
And their crush'd Heads become an easy Prey.  
They shrink for Fear, abated of their Rage,  
Nor longer dare in a blind Fight engage.  
Contented now to gaul them from below
- 690 With Darts and Slings, and with the distant Bow.  
Elsewhere *Mezentius*, terrible to view,  
A blazing Pine within the Trenches threw.  
But brave *Messapus*, Neptune's warlike Son,  
Broke down the Palisades, the Trenches Won,
- 695 And loud for Ladders calls, to scale the Town.  
*Calliope* begin: Ye sacred Nine,  
Inspire your Poet in his high Design;

To

- To sing what Slaughter manly *Turnus* made:  
What Souls he sent below the *Stygian* Shade.
- 700 What Fame the Souldiers with their Captain share,  
And the vast Circuit of the fatal War.  
For you in singing Martial Facts excel;  
You best remember; and alone can tell.
- There stood a Tow'r, amazing to the sight,  
705 Built up of Beams; and of stupendous height;  
Art, and the nature of the Place conspir'd,  
To furnish all the Strength, that War requir'd.  
To level this, the bold *Italians* join;  
The wary *Trojans* obviate their design:
- 710 With weighty Stones o'rewhelm their Troops below,  
Shoot through the Loopholes, and sharp Jav'lins throw.  
*Turnus*, the Chief, toss'd from his thund'ring Hand,  
Against the wooden Walls, a flaming Brand:  
It stuck, the fiery Plague: The Winds were high;
- 715 The Planks were season'd, and the Timber dry.  
Contagion caught the Posts: It spread along,  
Scorch'd, and to distance drove the scatter'd Throng.  
The *Trojans* fled; the Fire pursu'd amain,  
Still gath'ring fast upon the trembling Train;
- 720 Till crowding to the Corners of the Wall,  
Down the Defence, and the Defenders fall.  
The mighty flaw makes Heav'n it self rebound,  
The Dead, and dying *Trojans* strew the Ground.  
The Tow'r that follow'd on the fallen Crew,
- 725 Whelm'd o're their Heads, and bury'd whom it flew:  
Some stuck upon the Darts themselves had sent;  
All, the same equal Ruin underwent.  
Young *Lycus* and *Helenor* only scape;  
Sav'd, how they know not, from the steepy Leap.
- 730 *Helenor*, elder of the two; by Birth,  
On one side Royal, one a Son of Earth,

Whom

Whom to the *Lydian* King, *Lycimnia* bare,  
 And sent her boasted Bastard to the War :  
 (A Priviledge which none but Free-men share.)  
 735 Slight were his Arms, a Sword and Silver Shield,  
 No Marks of Honour charg'd its empty Field.  
 Light as he fell, so light the Youth arose,  
 And rising found himself amidst his Foes.  
 Nor flight was left, nor hopes to force his Way ;  
 740 Embolden'd by Despair, he stood at Bay :  
 And like a Stag, whom all the Troop surrounds  
 Of eager Huntsmen, and invading Hounds ;  
 Resolv'd on Death, he dissipates his Fears,  
 And bounds aloft, against the pointed Spears :  
 745 So dares the Youth, secure of Death ; and throws  
 His dying Body, on his thickest Foes.  
 But *Lycus*, swifter of his Feet, by far,  
 Runs, doubles, winds and turns, amidst the War :  
 Springs to the Walls, and leaves his Foes behind,  
 750 And snatches at the Beam he first can find.  
 Looks up, and leaps aloft at all the stretch,  
 In hopes the helping Hand of some kind Friend to reach.  
 But *Taurus* follow'd hard his hunted Prey,  
 (His Spear had almost reach'd him in the way,  
 755 Short of his Reins, and scarce a Span behind.)  
 Fool, said the Chief, tho' swifter than the Wind,  
 Could'st thou presume to scape, when I pursue ?  
 He said, and downward by the Feet he drew  
 The trembling Daftard : at the Tug he falls,  
 760 Vast Ruins come along, rent from the smoking Walls.  
 Thus on some silver Swan, or tim'rous Hare,  
*Jove's* Bird comes sailing down, from upper Air ;  
 Her crooked Talons trusts the fearful Prey :  
 Then out of sight she soars, and wings her way.

- 765 So seizes the grim Wolf the tender Lamb,  
 In vain lamented by the bleating Dam.  
 Then rushing onward, with a barbarous cry,  
 The Troops of *Turnus* to the Combat fly.  
 The Ditch with Faggots fill'd, the daring Foe  
 770 Toss'd Firebrands to the steepy Turrets throw.  
*Ilioneus*, as bold *Lucretius* came  
 To force the Gate, and feed the kindling Flame;  
 Rowl'd down the Fragment of a Rock so right,  
 It crush'd him double underneath the weight.
- 775 Two more young *Liger* and *Astlas* flew;  
 To bend the Bow young *Liger* better knew;  
*Astlas* best the pointed Jav'lin threw. }  
 Brave *Caneus* laid *Ortygius* on the Plain,  
 The Victor *Caneus* was by *Turnus* slain.
- 780 By the same Hand, *Clonius* and *Irys* fall,  
*Sagar*, and *Ida*, standing on the Wall.  
 From *Capys* Arms his Fate *Privernus* found;  
 Hurt by *Themilla* first; but slight the Wound;  
 His Shield thrown by, to mitigate the smart,
- 785 He clap'd his Hand upon the wounded part:  
 The second Shaft came swift and unesp'y'd,  
 And pierc'd his Hand, and nail'd it to his side:  
 Transfix'd his breathing Lungs, and beating heart;  
 The Soul came issuing out, and his'd against the Dart.
- 790 The Son of *Arcens* shone amid the rest,  
 In glittering Armour, and a Purple Vest.  
 Fair was his Face, his Eyes inspiring Love,  
 Bred by his Father in the *Martian* Grove;  
 Where the fat Altars of *Palicus* flame,
- 795 And sent in Arms to purchase early Fame.  
 Him, when he spy'd from far the *Thyſcan* King,  
 Laid by the Lance, and took him to the Sling:

Thrice

Thrice whirl'd the Thong around his head, and threw :  
 The heated Lead half melted as it flew :  
 800 It pierc'd his hollow Temples and his Brain ;  
 The Youth came tumbling down, and spurr'd the Plain.  
 Then Young *Ascanius*, who before this day  
 Was wont in Woods to shoot the salvage Prey,  
 First bent in Martial Strife, the twanging Bow ;  
 805 And exercis'd against a Humane Foe.  
 With this bereft *Numanus* of his life,  
 Who *Turnus* younger Sister took to Wife.  
 Proud of his Realm, and of his Royal Bride,  
 Vaunting before his Troops, and lengthen'd with a Stride, }  
 810 In these Insulting terms, the *Trojans* he defy'd.  
 Twice Conquer'd Cowards, now your shame is shown,  
 Coop'd up a second time within your Town !  
 Who dare not issue forth in open Field,  
 But hold your Walls before you for a Shield :  
 815 Thus threat you War, thus our Alliance force !  
 What Gods what madness hether steer'd your Course !  
 You shall not find the Sons of *Atræus* here,  
 Nor need the Frauds of sly *Ulysses* fear.  
 Strong from the Cradle, of a sturdy Brood,  
 820 We bear our new-born Infants to the Flood ;  
 There bath'd amid the Stream, our Boys we hold,  
 With Winter harden'd, and inur'd to Cold.  
 They wake before the Day to range the Wood,  
 Kill e're they eat, nor tast unconquer'd Food.  
 825 No Sports, but what belong to War they know,  
 To break the stubborn Colt, to bend the Bow.  
 Our youth, of Labour patient, earn their Bread ;  
 Hardly they work, with frugal Diet fed.  
 From Ploughs and Harrows sent to seek Renown,  
 830 They fight in Fields, and storm the shaken Town.

No

No part of Life from Toils of War is free ;  
 No change in Age, or difference in Degree.  
 We plow, and till in Arms ; our Oxen feel,  
 Instead of Goads, the Spur, and pointed Steel :  
 835 Th' inverted Lance makes Furrows in the Plain ;  
 Ev'n time that changes all, yet changes us in vain :  
 The Body, not the Mind : Nor can controul  
 Th' immortal Vigour, or abate the Soul.  
 Our Helms defend the Young, disguise the Grey :  
 840 We live by Plunder, and delight in Prey.  
 Your Vests embroyder'd with rich Purple shine ;  
 In Sloth you Glory, and in Dances join.  
 Your Vests have sweeping Sleeves : With female Pride,  
 Your Turbans underneath your Chins are ty'd.  
 845 Go, *Phrygians*, to your *Dindymus* agen ;  
 Go, less than Women, in the Shapes of Men.  
 Go, mix'd with Eunuchs, in the Mother's Rites,  
 Where with unequal Sound the Flute invires.  
 Sing, dance, and howl by turns in *Ida's* Shade ;  
 850 Refign the War to Men, who know the Martial Trade.  
 This foul Reproach, *Ascanius* cou'd not hear  
 With Patience, or a vow'd Revenge forbear.  
 At the full stretch of both his Hands, he drew,  
 And almost join'd the Horns of the tough Eugh.  
 855 But first, before the Throne of *Jove* he stood ;  
 And thus with lifted Hands invok'd the God.  
 My first Attempt, great *Jupiter* succeed ;  
 An annual Off'ring in thy Grove shall bleed :  
 A snow-white Steer, before thy Altar led,  
 860 Who like his Mother bears aloft his Head,  
 Buts with his threatening Brows, and bellowing stands,  
 And dares the Fight, and spurns the yellow Sands.  
*Jove* bow'd the Heav'ns, and lent a gracious Ear,  
 And thunder'd on the left, amidst the clear.

O o o

Sounded

- 865 Sounded at once the Bow; and swiftly flies  
 The feather'd Death, and hiffes thro' the Skies.  
 The Steel thro' both his Temples forc'd the way:  
 Extended on the Ground, *Numanus* lay.  
 Go now, vain Boaster, and true Valour scorn;
- 870 The *Phyrgians* twice subdu'd, yet make this third Return.  
*Ascanius* said no more: The *Trojans* shake  
 The Heav'ns with Shouting, and new Vigour take.  
*Apollo* then bestrode a Golden Cloud,  
 To view the feats of Arms, and fighting Crowd; }  
 875 And thus the beardless Victor, he bespoke aloud.  
 Advance Illustrious Youth, increase in Fame,  
 And wide from East to West extend thy Name.  
 Offspring of Gods thy self; and *Rome* shall owe  
 To thee, a Race of Demigods below.
- 880 This is the Way to Heav'n: The Pow'r's Divine  
 From this beginning date the *Julian* Line.  
 To thee, to them, and their victorious Heirs,  
 The conquer'd War is due; and the vast World is theirs.  
*Troy* is too narrow for thy Name. He said,
- 885 And plunging downward shot his radiant Head;  
 Dispell'd the breathing Air, that broke his Flight,  
 Shorn of his Beams, a Man to Mortal fight.  
 Old *Butes* Form he took, *Anchises* Squire,  
 Now left to rule *Ascanius*, by his Sire:
- 890 His wrinkled Visage, and his hoary Hairs, }  
 His Meen, his Habit, and his Arms he wears;  
 And thus salutes the Boy, too forward for his Years.  
 Suffice it thee, thy Father's worthy Son,  
 The warlike Prize thou hast already won:
- 895 The God of Archers gives thy Youth a part  
 Of his own Praise; nor envies equal Art.  
 Now tempt the War no more. He said, and flew  
 Obscure in Air, and vanish'd from their view.

The

- The *Trojans*, by his Arms, their Patron know;  
 900 And hear the twanging of his Heav'nly Bow.  
 Then duteous Force they use; and *Phabus* Name,  
 To keep from Fight, the Youth too fond of Fame.  
 Undaunted they themselves no Danger shun:  
 From Wall to Wall, the Shouts and Clamours run.
- 905 They bend their Bows; they whirl their Slings around: }  
 Heaps of spent Arrows fall; and strew the Ground;  
 And Helms, and Shields, and rattling Arms resound. }  
 The Combate thickens, like the Storm that flies  
 From Westward, when the Show'ry Kids arise:
- 910 Or pattering Hail comes pouring on the Main,  
 When *Jupiter* descends in harden'd Rain.  
 Or bellowing Clouds burst with a stormy Sound,  
 And with an armed Winter strew the Ground.  
*Pandrus* and *Bitias*, Thunder-bolts of War,
- 915 Whom *Hiera*, to bold *Acanor* bare  
 On *Ida's* Top, two Youths of Height and Size,  
 Like Firrs that on their Mother Mountain rise;  
 Presuming on their Force, the Gates unbar,  
 And of their own Accord invite the War.
- 920 With Fates averse, against their King's Command,  
 Arm'd on the right, and on the left they stand;  
 And flank the Passage: Shining Steel they wear,  
 And waving Crests, above their Heads appear.  
 Thus two tall Oaks, that *Padus* Banks adorn,
- 925 Lift up to Heav'n their leafy Heads unhorn;  
 And overpress'd with Nature's heavy load,  
 Dance to the whistling Winds, and at each other nod.  
 In flows a Tyde of *Latiens*, when they see  
 The Gate set open, and the Passage free.
- 930 Bold *Quercens*, with rash *Tmarus* rushing on,  
*Equicolus*, that in bright Armour shone,

O o o 2

And

And *Hemon* first, but soon repuls'd they fly,  
 Or in the well-defended Pass they dye.  
 These with Success are fir'd, and those with Rage;  
 935 And each on equal Terms at length engage.  
 Drawn from their Lines, and issuing on the Plain,  
 The *Trojans* hand to hand the Fight maintain.  
 Fierce *Turnus* in another Quarter fought,  
 When suddenly th' unhop'd for News was brought;  
 940 The Foes had left the fastness of their Place,  
 Prevail'd in Fight, and had his Men in Chace.  
 He quits th' Attack, and, to prevent their Fate,  
 Runs, where the Gyant Brothers guard the Gate.  
 The first he met, *Antiphates* the brave,  
 945 But base begotten on a *Theban* Slave;  
*Sarpedon's* Son he flew: The deadly Dart  
 Found Passage thro' his Breast, and pierc'd his Heart.  
 Fix'd in the Wound th' *Italian* Cornel stood;  
 Warm'd in his Lungs, and in his vital Blood.  
 950 *Aphidius* next, and *Erymanthus* dies,  
 And *Meropes*, and the Gygantic Size  
 Of *Bittas*, threat'ning with his ardent Eyes.  
 Not by the feeble Dart he fell oppress'd,  
 A Dart were lost, within that roomy Breast;  
 955 But from a knotted Lance, large, heavy, strong;  
 Which roar'd like Thunder as it whirl'd along:  
 Not two Bull-hides th' impetuous Force withhold;  
 Nor Coat of double Mail, with Scales of Gold.  
 Down sunk the Monster-Bulk, and press'd the Ground;  
 960 His Arms and clat'ring Shield, on the vast Body found.  
 Not with less Ruin, than the *Bajan* Mole,  
 (Rais'd on the Seas the Surges to controul,)  
 At once comes tumbling down the rocky Wall,  
 Prone to the Deep the Stones disjointed fall,

Of

965 Of the vast Pile; the scatter'd Ocean flies;  
 Black Sands, discolour'd Froth, and mingled Mud arise.  
 The frighted Billows rowl, and seek the Shores:  
 Then trembles *Prochyta*, then *Ischia* roars:  
*Typhæus* thrown beneath, by *Jove's* Command,  
 970 Astonish'd at the Flaw, that shakes the Land,  
 Soon shifts his weary Side, and scarce awake,  
 With Wonder feels the weight press lighter on his Back.  
 The Warrior God the *Latian* Troops inspir'd;  
 New strung their Sinews, and their Courage fir'd:  
 975 But chills the *Trojan* Hearts with cold Affright;  
 Then black Despair precipitates their Flight.  
 When *Pandarus* beheld his Brother kill'd,  
 The Town with Fear, and wild Confusion fill'd,  
 He turns the Hindges of the heavy Gate  
 980 With both his Hands; and adds his Shoulders to the weight.  
 Some happier Friends, within the Walls inclos'd,  
 The rest shut out, to certain Death expos'd.  
 Fool as he was, and frantick in his Care,  
 T' admit young *Turnus*, and include the War.  
 985 He thrust amid the Crowd, securely bold;  
 Like a fierce Tyger pent amid the Fold.  
 Too late his blazing Buckler they defery;  
 And sparkling Fires that shot from either Eye:  
 His mighty Members, and his ample Breast,  
 990 His ratt'ling Armour, and his Crimson Crest.  
 Far from that hated Face the *Trojans* fly;  
 All but the Fool who fought his Destiny.  
 Mad *Pandarus* steps forth, with Vengeance vow'd  
 For *Bittas's* Death, and threatens thus aloud.  
 995 These are not *Ardea's* Walls, nor this the Town  
*Amata* proffers with *Lavinia's* Crown:  
 'Tis hostile Earth you tread; of hope bereft,  
 No means of safe Return by flight are left.

To

To whom with Count'nance calm, and Soul sedate,  
 1000 Thus *Turnus*: Then begin; and try thy Fate:  
 My Message to the Ghost of *Priam* bear,  
 Tell him a new *Achilles* sent thee there.

A Lance of tough ground-Ash the *Trojan* threw,  
 Rough in the Rind, and knotted as it grew,  
 1005 With his full force he whirl'd it first around;  
 But the soft yielding Air receiv'd the wound:  
 Imperial *Juno* turn'd the Course before;  
 And fix'd the wand'ring Weapon in the door.

But hope not thou, said *Turnus*, when I strike,  
 1010 To shun thy Fate, our Force is not alike:  
 Nor thy Steel temper'd by the *Lemnian* God:  
 Then rising, on its utmost stretch he stood:  
 And aim'd from high, the full descending blow  
 Cleaves the broad Front, and beardless Checks in two:

1015 Down sinks the Giant with a thund'ring sound,  
 His pond'rous Limbs oppress the trembling ground;  
 Blood, Brains, and Foam, gush from the gaping Wound.  
 Scalp, Face, and Shoulders, the keen Steel divides;  
 And the shar'd Visage hangs on equal sides.

1020 The *Trojans* fly from their approaching Fate:  
 And had the Victor then secur'd the Gate,  
 And, to his Troops without, unclos'd the Barrs;  
 One lucky Day had ended all his Wars.

But boiling Youth, and blind Desire of Blood,  
 1025 Push'd on his Fury, to pursue the Crowd:  
 Hamstring'd behind unhappy *Gyges* dy'd;  
 Then *Phalaris* is added to his side:  
 The pointed Jav'lins from the dead he drew,  
 And their Friends Arms against their Fellows threw.

1030 Strong *Halsys* stands in vain; weak *Phlegys* flies;  
*Saturnia*, still at hand, new Force and Fire supplies.

Then



To M<sup>rs</sup> John's  W. Costerman.

Then *Halius*, *Prytanis*, *Alexander* fall;

(Ingag'd against the Foes who sca'd the Wall.)

But whom they fear'd without, they found within:

<sup>1035</sup> At last, tho' late, by *Lincus* he was seen.

He calls new Succours, and assaults the Prince,

But weak his Force, and vain is their Defence.

Turn'd to the right, his Sword the Heroe drew;

And at one blow the bold Aggressor flew.

<sup>1040</sup> He joints the Neck: And with a stroke so strong

The Helm flies off; and bears the Head along.

Next him, the Huntsman *Amycus* he kill'd,

In Darts, inenom'd, and in Poyson skill'd.

Then *Clytus* fell beneath his fatal Spear,

<sup>1045</sup> And *Cretens*, whom the Muses held so dear:

He fought with Courage, and he sung the fight:

Arms were his buis'ness, Verses his delight.

The *Trojan* Chiefs behold, with Rage and Grief,

Their slaughter'd Friends, and hasten their Relief.

<sup>1050</sup> Bold *Mnestheus* rallies first the broken Train,

Whom brave *Serephus*, and his Troop sustain.

To save the living, and revenge the dead;

Against one Warriour's Arms all *Troy* they led.

O, void of Sense and Courage, *Mnestheus* cry'd,

<sup>1055</sup> Where can you hope your Coward Heads to hide?

Ah, where beyond these Rampires can you run!

One Man, and in your Camp inclos'd, you shun!

Shall then a single Sword such Slaughter boast,

And pass unpunish'd from a Numerous Host?

<sup>1060</sup> Forsaking Honour, and renouncing Fame,

Your Gods, your Country, and your King you shame.

This just Reproach their Vertue does excite,

They stand, they joyn, they thicken to the Fight.

Now *Turnus* doubts, and yet disdain's to yield;

<sup>1065</sup> But with slow paces measures back the Field.

And

And Inches to the Walls, where *Tyber's* Tide,  
 Washing the Camp, defends the weaker side.  
 The more he loses, they advance the more;  
 And tread in ev'ry Step he trod before.

1070 They show, they bear him back, and whom by Might  
 They cannot Conquer, they oppress with Weight.  
 As compass'd with a Wood of Spears around,  
 The Lordly Lyon, still maintains his Ground.  
 Grins horrible, retires, and turns again;

1075 Threats his distended Paws, and shakes his Mane;  
 He loses while in vain he presses on,  
 Nor will his Courage let him dare to run:  
 So *Turnus* fares; and unresolv'd of flight,  
 Moves tardy back, and just recedes from fight.

1080 Yet twice, irrag'd, the Combat he renews;  
 Twice breaks, and twice his broken Foes pursues:  
 But now they swarm; and with fresh Troops supply'd,  
 Come rowling on, and rush from ev'ry side.  
 Nor *Juno*, who sustain'd his Arms before,

1085 Dares with new strength suffice th' exhausted store.  
 For *Jove*, with four Commands, sent *Iris* down,  
 To force th' Invader from the frighted Town.  
 With Labour spent, no Longer can he wield  
 The heavy Fauchion, or sustain the Shield:

1090 O'rewhelm'd with Darts, which from afar they fling,  
 The Weapons round his hollow Temples ring:  
 His golden Helm gives way: with stony blows  
 Batter'd, and flat, and beaten to his Brows.  
 His Crest is rash'd away; his ample Shield

1095 Is falsify'd, and round with Jav'lins fill'd.  
 The Foe now faint, the *Trojans* overwhelm:  
 And *Mnestheus* lays hard load upon his Helm.  
 Sick sweat succeeds, he drops at ev'ry pore,  
 With driving Duft his Checks are paff'd o're.

Shorte

1100 Shorter and shorter ev'ry Gasp he takes,  
 And vain Efforts, and hurtles Blows he makes.  
 Arm'd as he was, at length, he leap'd from high;  
 Plung'd in the Flood, and made the Waters fly.  
 The yellow God, the welcome Burthen bore,

1105 And wip'd the Sweat, and wash'd away the Gore:  
 Then gently wafts him to the farther Coast;  
 And sends him safe to cheer his anxious Hoast.

P p p

The

*The Tenth Book of the Æneis.*

Jupiter calling a Council of the Gods, forbids them to engage in either Party. At Æneas's return there is a bloody Battel: Turnus killing Pallas; Æneas, Lausus and Mezentius. Mezentius is describ'd as an Atheist; Lausus as a pious and virtuous Youth: The different Actions and Death of these two, are the Subject of a Noble Episode.

THE Gates of Heav'n unfold; Jove summons all  
 The Gods to Council, in the Common Hall.  
 Sublimely seated, he surveys from far  
 The Fields, the Camp, the Fortune of the War;  
 5 And all th' inferior World: From first to last  
 The Sov'raign Senate in Degrees are plac'd.  
 Then thus th' Almighty Sire began. Ye Gods,  
 Natives, or Denizons, of blest Abodes;  
 From whence these Murmurs, and this change of Mind.  
 10 This backward Fate from what was first design'd?  
 Why this protracted War? When my Commands  
 Pronounc'd a Peace, and gave the *Latian* Lands.  
 What Fear or Hope on either part divides  
 Our Heav'ns, and arms our Pow'rs on diff'rent sides?  
 15 A lawful Time of War at length will come,  
 (Nor need your haste anticipate the Doom.)  
 When *Carthage* shall contest the World with *Rome*:  
 Shall force the rigid Rocks, and *Alpine* Chains;  
 And like a Flood come pouring on the Plains.  
 20 Then is your time for Faction and Debate,  
 For partial Favour, and permitted Hate.  
 Let now your immature Dissention cease;  
 Sit quiet, and compose your Souls to Peace.

Thus



To y<sup>e</sup> Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> John  
 Beare-haven and Baron  
 in y<sup>e</sup> Kingdom of Ireland  
 Her Royall Highness the  
 Princesse Anne of Denmark



Thus *Jupiter* in few unfolds the Charge :

- 25 But lovely *Venus* thus replies at large.  
 O Pow'r immense, Eternal Energy!  
 (For to what else Protection can we fly,  
 Seest thou the proud *Rutulians*, how they dare  
 In Fields, unpunish'd, and insult my Care?  
 30 How lofty *Turnus* vaunts amidst his Train,  
 In shining Arms, triumphant on the Plain?  
 Ev'n in their Lines and Trenches they contend;  
 And scarce their Walls the *Trojan* Troops defend:  
 The Town is fill'd with Slaughter, and o'reflows,  
 35 With a red Deluge, their increasing Moats.  
*Aeneas* ignorant, and far from thence,  
 Has left a Camp expos'd, without Defence.  
 This endless outrage shall they still sustain?  
 Shall *Troy* renew'd be forc'd, and fir'd again?  
 40 A second Siege my banish'd Issue fears,  
 And a new *Diomed* in Arms appears.  
 One more audacious Mortal will be found;  
 And I thy Daughter wait another Wound.  
 Yet, if with Fates averse, without thy Leave,  
 45 The *Latian* Lands my Progeny receive;  
 Bear they the Pains of violated Law,  
 And thy Protection from their Aid withdraw.  
 But if the Gods their sure Success foretel,  
 If those of Heav'n consent with those of Hell,  
 50 To promise *Italy*; who dare debate  
 The Pow'r of *Jove*, or fix another Fate?  
 What shou'd I tell of Tempests on the Main,  
 Of *Eolus* usurping *Neptune's* Reign?  
 Of *Iris* sent; with *Bacchanian* Heat,  
 55 T' inspire the Matrons, and destroy the Fleet.  
 Now *Juno* to the *Stygian* Sky descends,  
 Sollicites Hell for Aid, and arms the Fiends.

That new Example wanted yet above :  
 An Act that well became the Wife of *Jove*.  
 60 *Alecto*, rais'd by her, with Rage inflames  
 The peaceful Bosoms of the *Latian* Dames.  
 Imperial Sway no more exalts my Mind :  
 (Such hopes I had indeed, while Heav'n was kind)  
 Now let my happier Foes possess my place,  
 65 Whom *Jove* prefers before the *Trojan* Race ;  
 And conquer they, whom you with Conquest grace.  
 Since you can spare, from all your wide Command,  
 No spot of Earth, no hospitable Land,  
 Which may my wand'ring Fugitives receive ;  
 70 (Since haughty *Juno* will not give you leave)  
 Then, Father, (if I still may use that Name)  
 By ruin'd *Troy*, yet smoking from the Flame,  
 I beg you let *Ascanius*, by my Care,  
 Be freed from Danger, and dismiss'd the War :  
 75 Inglorious let him live, without a Crown ;  
 The Father may be cast on Coasts unknown,  
 Struggling with Fate ; but let me save the Son.  
 Mine is *Cythera*, mine the *Cyprian* Tow'rs ;  
 In those recesses, and those sacred Bow'rs,  
 80 Obscurely let him rest ; his Right resign  
 To promis'd Empire, and his *Julian* Line.  
 Then *Carthage* may th' *African* Towns destroy,  
 Nor fear the Race of a rejected Boy.  
 What profits it my Son, to scape the Fire,  
 85 Arm'd with his Gods, and loaded with his Sire ;  
 To pass the Perils of the Seas and Wind,  
 Evade the *Greeks*, and leave the War behind ;  
 To reach th' *Italian* Shores : If after all,  
 Our second *Pergamus* is doom'd to fall ?  
 90 Much better had he curb'd his high Desires,  
 And hover'd o're his ill extinguish'd Fires.

To

To *Simois* Banks the Fugitives restore,  
 And give them back to War, and all the Woes before.  
 Deep indignation swell'd *Saturnia's* Heart :  
 95 And must I own, she said, my secret Smart ?  
 What with more decency were in silence kept,  
 And but for this unjust Reproach had slept ?  
 Did God, or Man, your Fav'rite Son advise,  
 With War unhop'd the *Latians* to surprize ?  
 100 By Fate you boast, and by the Gods Decree,  
 He left his Native Land for *Italy* :  
 Confess the Truth ; by mad *Cassandra*, more  
 Than Heav'n, inspir'd, he sought a foreign Shore !  
 Did I persuade to trust his second *Troy*,  
 105 To the raw Conduct of a beardless Boy ?  
 With Walls unfinish'd, which himself forsakes,  
 And thro' the Waves a wand'ring Voyage makes ?  
 When have I urg'd him meanly to demand  
 The *Tuscan* Aid, and arm a quiet Land ?  
 110 Did I or *Iris* give this mad Advice,  
 Or made the Fool himself the fatal Choice ?  
 You think it hard, the *Latians* shou'd destroy  
 With Swords your *Trojans*, and with Fires your *Troy* :  
 Hard and unjust indeed, for Men to draw  
 115 Their Native Air, nor take a foreign Law :  
 That *Turnus* is permitted still to live,  
 To whom his Birth a God and Goddess give :  
 But yet 'tis just and lawful for your Line,  
 To drive their Fields, and Force with Fraud to join.  
 120 Realms, not your own, among your Clans divide,  
 And from the Bridegroom tear the promis'd Bride :  
 Petition, while you publick Arms prepare ;  
 Pretend a Peace, and yet provoke a War.  
 'Twas giv'n to you, your darling Son to throwd,  
 125 To draw the Dastard from the fighting Crowd ;  
 And for a Man obtend an empty Cloud.

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 Pretend a Peace, and yet provoke a War.  
 'Twas giv'n to you, your darling Son to shrowd,  
 125 To draw the Dastard from the fighting Crowd ;  
 And for a Man obtend an empty Cloud.

- From flaming Fleets you turn'd the Fire away,  
 And chang'd the Ships to Daughters of the Sea.  
 But 'tis my Crime, the Queen of Heav'n offends,  
 130 If she presume to save her suff'ring Friends.  
 Your Son, not knowing what his Foes decree,  
 You say is absent: Absent let him be.  
 Yours is *Cythera*, yours the *Cyprian* Tow'rs,  
 The soft *Recesses*, and the Sacred Bow'rs.  
 135 Why do you then these needless Arms prepare,  
 And thus provoke a People prone to War?  
 Did I with Fire the *Trojan* Town deface,  
 Or hinder from return your exil'd Race?  
 Was I the Cause of Mischief, or the Man,  
 140 Whose lawless Lust the bloody War began?  
 Think on whose Faith th' Adult'rous Youth rely'd;  
 Who promis'd, who procur'd the *Spartan* Bride?  
 When all th' united States of *Greece* combin'd,  
 To purge the World of the perfidious Kind;  
 145 Then was your time to fear the *Trojan* Fate:  
 Your Quarrels and Complaints are now too late.  
 Thus *Juno*. Murmurs rise, with mix'd Applause;  
 Just as they favour, or dislike the Cause:  
 So Winds, when yet unstedg'd in Woods they lie,  
 150 In whispers first their tender Voices try:  
 Then issue on the Main with bellowing rage,  
 And Storms to trembling Mariners preface.  
 Then thus to both reply'd th' Imperial God,  
 Who shakes Heav'n's Axels with his awful Nod.  
 155 (When he begins, the silent Senate stand  
 With Rev'rence, list'ning to the dread Command:  
 The Clouds dispel; the Winds their Breath restrain;  
 And the hush'd Waves lie flatted on the Main.)  
 Celestials! Your attentive Ears incline;  
 160 Since, said the God, the *Trojans* must not join  
 In wish'd Alliance with the *Latian* Line;

- Since endless jarrings, and immortal Hate;  
 Tend but to discompose our happy State;  
 The War henceforward be resign'd to Fate.  
 165 Each to his proper Fortune stand or fall,  
 Equal and unconcern'd I look on all.  
*Rutulians, Trojans*, are the same to me;  
 And both shall draw the Lots their Fates decree.  
 Let these assault; if Fortune be their Friend;  
 170 And if the favours those, let those defend:  
 The Fates will find their way. The Thunderer said;  
 And shook the sacred Honours of his Head;  
 Attesting *Styx*, th' Inviolable Flood,  
 And the black Regions of his Brother God  
 175 Trembled the Poles of Heav'n; and Earth confes'd the Nod.  
 This end the Sessions had: The Senate rise,  
 And to his Palace wait their Sov'raign thro' the Skies.  
 Mean time, intent upon their Siege, the Foes  
 Within their Walls the *Trojan* Hoast inclose:  
 180 They wound, they kill, they watch at ev'ry Gate:  
 Renew the Fires, and urge their happy Fate.  
 Th' *Aeneas* with in vain their wanted Chief,  
 Hopeless of flight, more hopeless of Relief:  
 Thin on the Tow'rs they stand; and ev'n those few,  
 185 A feeble, fainting, and dejected Crew:  
 Yet in the face of Danger some there stood:  
 The two bold Brothers of *Sarpedon's* Blood,  
*Assus*, and *Acmon*: both th' *Assaraci*;  
 Young *Heamon*, and tho' young, resolv'd to dye.  
 190 With these were *Clarus* and *Thymetes* join'd;  
*Tibris* and *Castor*, both of *Lycian* Kind.  
 From *Acmon's* Hands a rowling Stone there came,  
 So large, it half deserv'd a Mountain's Name:  
 Strong sinew'd was the Youth, and big of Bone,  
 195 His Brother *Mnestheus* cou'd not more have done:  
 Or the great Father of th' intrepid Son.

- Some Firebrands throw, some flights of Arrows send;  
And some with Darts, and some with Stones defend.  
Amid the Pref's appears the beauteous Boy,  
200 The Care of *Venus*, and the Hope of *Troy*.  
His lovely Face unarm'd, his Head was bare,  
In ringlets o're his Shoulders hung his Hair.  
His Forehead circled with a Diadem;  
Distinguish'd from the Crowd, he shines a Gem,  
205 Enchas'd in Gold, or Polish'd Iv'ry set,  
Amidst the meaner foil of sable Jett.  
Nor *Ismarus* was wanting to the War,  
Directing Ointed Arrows from afar;  
And Death with Poyson arm'd: In *Lydia* born,  
210 Where plenteous Harvests the fat Fields adorn:  
Where proud *Pactolus* floats the fruitful Lands,  
And leaves a rich manure of Golden Sands.  
There *Cappis*, Author of the *Capuan* Name:  
And there was *Mnestheus* too increas'd in Fame:  
215 Since *Turnus* from the Camp He cast with shame.  
Thus Mortal War was wag'd on either side,  
Mean time the Heroe cuts the Nighdy Tyde.  
For, anxious, from *Evander* when he went,  
He fought the *Tyrrhene* Camp, and *Tarchon's* Tent;  
220 Expos'd the Cause of coming to the Chief;  
His Name, and Country told, and ask'd Relief:  
Propos'd the Terms; his own small strength declar'd,  
What Vengeance proud *Mezentius* had prepar'd:  
What *Turnus*, bold and violent, design'd;  
225 Then shew'd the slippery state of Humane-kind,  
And fickle Fortune; warn'd him to beware:  
And to his wholsom Counsel added Pray'r.  
*Tarchon*, without delay, the Treaty signs;  
And to the *Trojan* Troops the *Tuscan* joins.

They

- 230 They soon set sail; nor now the Fates withstand;  
Their Forces trusted with a Foreign Hand.  
*Aeneas* leads; upon his Stern appear,  
Two Lyons carv'd, which rising *Ida* bear:  
*Ida*, to wand'ring *Trojans* ever dear. }  
235 Under their grateful Shade *Aeneas* fate,  
Revolving Wars Events, and various Fate.  
His left young *Pallas* kept, fix'd to his side,  
And oft of Winds enquir'd, and of the Tyde:  
Oft of the Stars, and of their war'ry Way;  
240 And what he suffer'd both by Land and Sea.  
Now sacred Sisters open all your Spring,  
The *Tuscan* Leaders, and their Army sing;  
Which follow'd great *Aeneas* to the War:  
Their Arms, their Numbers, and their Names declare.  
245 A thousand Youths brave *Massicus* obey,  
Born in the *Tyger*, thro' the foaming Sea;  
From *Assum* brought, and *Cosa*, by his Care;  
For Arms, light *Quivers*, Bows, and Shafts they bear.  
Fierce *Abas* next, his Men bright Armour wore;  
250 His Stern, *Apollo's* Golden Statue bore.  
Six hundred *Populonea* sent along,  
All skill'd in Martial Exercise, and strong.  
Three hundred more for Battel *Iba* joins,  
An Isle renown'd for Steel, and unexhausted Mines.  
255 *Aphas* on his Prow the third appears,  
Who Heav'n interprets, and the wand'ring Stars:  
From offer'd Entrails Prodigies expounds,  
And Peals of Thunder, with prefaging Sounds.  
A thousand Spears in warlike Order stand,  
260 Sent by the *Pisians* under his Command.  
Fair *Astur* follows in the wat'ry Field,  
Proud of his manag'd Horse, and painted Shield.

*Gravisca* noisom from the neighb'ring Fen,  
 And his own *Care* sent three hundred Men :  
 265 With those which *Mino's* Fields, and *Pygi* gave ;  
 All bred in Arms, unanimous and brave.  
 Thou Muse the Name of *Cynirus* renew,  
 And brave *Cupavo* follow'd but by few :  
 Whose Helm confes'd the Lineage of the Man,  
 270 And bore, with Wings display'd, a silver Swan.  
 Love was the fault of his fam'd Ancestry,  
 Whose Forms, and Fortunes in his Ensigns fly.  
 For *Cycnus* lov'd unhappy *Phaeton*,  
 And sung his Loss in Poplar Groves, alone ;  
 275 Beneath the Sister shades to sooth his Grief ;  
 Heav'n heard his Song, and hasten'd his Relief :  
 And chang'd to snowy Plumes his hoary Hair,  
 And wing'd his Flight, to chant aloft in Air.  
 His Son *Cupavo* brush'd the briny Flood ;  
 280 Upon his Stern a brawny *Centaur* stood,  
 Who heav'd a Rock, and threaten'd still to throw,  
 With lifted Hands, alarm'd the Seas below :  
 They seem'd to fear the formidable Sight,  
 And row'd their Billows on, to speed his Flight.  
 285 *Ocnus* was next, who led his Native Train,  
 Of hardy Warriors, thro' the wat'ry Plain.  
 The Son of *Manto*, by the *Tuscan* Stream,  
 From whence the *Mantuan* Town derives the Name.  
 An ancient City, but of mix'd Descent,  
 290 Three sev'ral Tribes compose the Government :  
 Four Towns are under each ; but all obey  
 The *Mantuan* Laws, and own the *Tuscan* Sway.  
 Hate to *Mezentius*, arm'd five hundred more,  
 Whom *Mincius* from his Sire *Benacus* bore ;  
 295 (*Mincius* with Wreaths of Reeds his forehead cover'd o'er.)

These

These grave *Aletes* leads. A hundred sweep,  
 With stretching Oars at once the glassy deep :  
 Him, and his Martial Train, the *Triton* bears,  
 High on his Poop the Sea-green God appears :  
 300 Frowning he seems his crooked Shell to sound,  
 And at the Blast the Billows dance around.  
 A hairy Man above the Waste he shows,  
 A *Porpoise* Tail beneath his Belly grows ;  
 And ends a Fish : His Breast the Waves divides,  
 305 And Froth and Foam augment the murm'ring Tides.  
 Full thirty Ships transport the chosen Train,  
 For *Troy's* Relief, and scour the briny Main.  
 Now was the World forsaken by the Sun,  
 And *Phaëbe* half her nightly Race had run.  
 310 The careful Chief, who never clos'd his Eyes,  
 Himself the Rudder holds, the Sails supplies.  
 A Choir of *Nereids* meet him on the Flood,  
 Once his own Gallies, hewn from *Ida's* Wood :  
 But now as many Nymphs the Sea they sweep,  
 315 As rode before tall Vessels on the Deep.  
 They know him from afar ; and, in a Ring,  
 Inclose the Ship that bore the *Trojan* King.  
*Cymodoce*, whose Voice excell'd the rest,  
 Above the Waves advanc'd her snowy Breast,  
 320 Her right Hand stops the Stern, her left divides  
 The curling Ocean, and corrects the Tides :  
 She spoke for all the Choir ; and thus began,  
 With pleasing Words to warn th' unknowing Man.  
 Sleeps our lov'd Lord ? O Goddess-born ! awake,  
 325 Spread ev'ry Sail, pursue your wat'ry Track ;  
 And haste your Course. Your Navy once were we,  
 From *Ida's* Height descending to the Sea :  
 Till *Turnus*, as at Anchor fix'd we stood,  
 Presum'd to violate our holy Wood.

Q 9 9 2

Then

- 330 Then loos'd from Shore we fled his Fires prophane ;  
 (Unwillingly we broke our Master's Chain)  
 And since have fought you thro' the *Tyſcan* Main.  
 The mighty Mother chang'd our Forms to theſe,  
 And gave us Life Immortal in the Seas.
- 335 But young *Aſcanius*, in his Camp diſtreſ'd,  
 By your inſulting Foes is hardly prefs'd.  
 Th' *Arcadian* Horſemen, and *Etrurian* Hoaft  
 Advance in order on the *Latian* Coaſt :  
 To cut their way the *Damian* Chief deſigns,
- 340 Before their Troops can reach the *Trojan* Lines.  
 Thou, when the roſie Morn reſtores the Light,  
 Firſt arm thy Souldiers for th' enſuing Fight :  
 Thy ſelf the fated Sword of *Vulcan* wield,  
 And bear aloft th' impenetrable Shield.
- 345 To Morrow's Sun, unleſs my Skill be vain,  
 Shall ſee huge heaps of Foes in Battel flain.  
 Parting, ſhe ſpoke ; and with Immortal Force,  
 Puſh'd on the Veſſel in her war'ry Courſe :  
 (For well ſhe knew the Way) impell'd behind,
- 350 The Ship flew forward, and outſtrip'd the Wind.  
 The reſt make up : Unknowing of the cauſe  
 The Chief admires their Speed, and happy Omens draws.  
 Then thus he pray'd, and fix'd on Heav'n his Eyes ;  
 Hear thou, great Mother of the Deities !
- 355 With Turrets crown'd, (on *Ida's* holy Hill,  
 Fierce Tygers, rein'd and curb'd, obey thy Will.)  
 Firm thy own Omens, lead us on to fight,  
 And let thy *Phrygians* conquer in thy right.  
 He ſaid no more. And now renewing Day
- 360 Had chas'd the Shadows of the Night away.  
 He charg'd the Souldiers with preventing Care,  
 Their Flags to follow, and their Arms prepare ;  
 Warn'd of th' enſuing Fight, and bad 'em hope the War.

Now

- Now, from his lofty Poop, he view'd below  
 365 His Camp incompaſs'd, and th' incloſing Foe.  
 His blazing Shield imbrac'd, he held on high ;  
 The Camp receive the ſign, and with' loud Shouts reply.  
 Hope arms their Anger : From their Tow'rs they throw  
 Their Darts with double Force, and drive the Foe.
- 370 Thus, at the ſignal giv'n, the Cranes ariſe  
 Before the ſtormy South, and blacken all the Skies.  
 King *Turnus* wonder'd at the Fight renew'd ;  
 Till, looking back, the *Trojan* Fleet he view'd :  
 The Seas with ſwelling Canvaſs cover'd o're ;
- 375 And the ſwift Ships deſcending on the Shore.  
 The *Latians* ſaw from far, with dazl'd Eyes,  
 The radiant Creſt that ſeem'd in Flames to riſe,  
 And dart diffuſive Fires around the Field ;  
 And the keen glitt'ring of the Golden Shield.
- 380 Thus threatening Comets, when by Night they riſe,  
 Shoor fanguine Streams, and ſadden all the Skies :  
 So *Sirius*, flaſhing forth ſiniſter Lights,  
 Pale humane kind with Plagues, and with dry Famine frights.  
 Yet *Turnus*, with undaunted Mind is bent
- 385 To man the Shores, and hinder their Deſcent :  
 And thus awakes the Courage of his Friends.  
 What you ſo long have wiſh'd, kind Fortune ſends :  
 In equal Arms to meet th' invading Foe :  
 You find, and find him at Advantage now.
- 390 Yours is the Day, you need but only dare :  
 Your Swords will make you Maſters of the War.  
 Your Sires, your Sons, your Houſes, and your Lands,  
 And deareſt Wives, are all within your Hands.  
 Be mindful of the Race from whence you came ;
- 395 And emulate in Arms your Fathers Fame.  
 Now take the Time, while ſtagg'ring yet they ſtand  
 With Feet unfirm ; and prepoſſeſs the Strand :

Fortune

- Fortune befriends the bold. Nor more he said,  
 But ballanc'd whom to leave, and whom to lead:  
 400 Then these elects, the Landing to prevent;  
 And those he leaves to keep the City pent.  
 Mean time the *Trojan* sends his Troops ashore:  
 Some are by Boats expos'd, by Bridges more.  
 With lab'ring Oars they bear along the Strand,  
 405 Where the Tide languishes, and leap a-land.  
*Tarchon* observes the Coast with careful Eyes,  
 And where no Foord he finds, no Water fries,  
 Nor Billows with unequal Murmurs roar;  
 But smoothly slide along, and swell the Shoar;  
 410 That Course he steer'd, and thus he gave command,  
 Here ply your Oars, and at all hazard land:  
 Force on the Vessel that her Keel may wound  
 This hated Soil, and furrow hostile Ground.  
 Let me securely land, I ask no more,  
 415 Then sink my Ships, or shatter on the Shore.  
 This fiery Speech inflames his fearful Friends,  
 They tug at ev'ry Oar; and ev'ry Stretcher bends:  
 They run their Ships aground, the Vessels knock,  
 (Thus forc'd ashore) and tremble with the shock.  
 420 *Tarchon's* alone was lost, that stranded stood,  
 Stuck on a Bank, and beaten by the Flood.  
 She breaks her Back, the loofen'd Sides give way,  
 And plunge the *Tuscan* Souldiers in the Sea.  
 Their broken Oars, and floating Planks withstand  
 425 Their Passage, while they labour to the Land;  
 And ebbing Tides bear back upon th' uncertain Sand. }  
 Now *Turnus* leads his Troops, without delay,  
 Advancing to the Margin of the Sea.  
 The Trumpets sound: *Aeneas* first assail'd  
 430 The Clowns new rais'd and raw; and soon prevail'd.

Great



*Toy Right Hon<sup>ble</sup>*  
*Auditor of His Ma<sup>ties</sup>*  
*Lords of His Maj<sup>ties</sup> most*



*St. Robert Howard*  
*Eschequer, and one of*  
*Hon<sup>ble</sup> Privy Council*

Great *Theron* fell, an Omen of the Fight:  
 Great *Theron* large of Limbs, of Gyant height.  
 He first in open Field defy'd the Prince,  
 But Armour scal'd with Gold was no Defence  
 435 Against the fated Sword, which open'd wide  
 His plated Shield, and pierc'd his naked side.  
 Next, *Lycas* fell; who, not like others born,  
 Was from his wretched Mother rip'd and torn:  
 Sacred, O *Phœbus*! from his Birth to thee,  
 440 For his beginning Life from biting Steel was free.  
 Not far from him was *Gyas* laid along,  
 Of monstrous Bulk; with *Cisseus* fierce and strong:  
 Vain Bulk and Strength; for when the Chief assail'd,  
 Nor Valour, nor *Herculean* Arms avail'd;  
 445 Nor their fam'd Father, wont in War to go  
 With great *Alcides*, while he toil'd below.  
 The noise *Pharos* next receiv'd his Death,  
*Aeneas* with'd his Dart, and stopp'd his bawling Breath.  
 Then wretched *Gydon* had receiv'd his Doom,  
 450 Who courted *Cythus* in his beardless Bloom,  
 And fought with lust obscene polluted Joys:  
 The *Trojan* Sword had cur'd his love of Boys,  
 Had not his sev'n bold Brethren stop'd the Course  
 Of the fierce Champion, with united Force.  
 455 Sev'n Darts were thrown at once, and some rebound  
 From his bright Shield, some on his Helmet found:  
 The rest had reach'd him, but his Mother's Care  
 Prevented those, and turn'd aside in Air.  
 The Prince then call'd *Achates*, to supply  
 460 The Spears, that knew the way to Victory.  
 Those fatal Weapons, which inur'd to Blood,  
 In *Grecian* Bodies under *Ilium* stood:  
 Not one of those my Hand shall toss in vain  
 Against our Foes, on this contended Plain.

- 465 He said: Then seiz'd a mighty Spear, and threw;  
Which, wing'd with Fate, thro' *Meon's* Buckler flew:  
Pierc'd all the brazen Plates, and reach'd his Heart:  
He stagger'd with intolerable Smart.  
*Alcanor* saw, and reach'd, but reach'd in vain,
- 470 His helping Hand, his Brother to sustain.  
A second Spear, which kept the former Course,  
From the same Hand, and sent with equal Force,  
His right Arm pierc'd, and holding on, bereft  
His use of both, and pinion'd down his left.
- 475 Then *Numitor*, from his dead Brother drew  
Th' ill-omend Spear, and at the *Trojan* threw:  
Preventing Fate directs the Lance awry,  
Which glancing, only mark'd *Achates* Thigh.  
In Pride of Youth the *Sabine Clausus* came,
- 480 And from afar, at *Driops* took his Aim.  
The Spear flew hissing thro' the middle Space,  
And pierc'd his Throat, directed at his Face:  
It stop'd at once the Passage of his Wind,  
And the free Soul to fitting Air resign'd:
- 485 His Forehead was the first that struck the Ground;  
Life-blood, and Life rush'd mingl'd thro' the Wound.  
He slew three Brothers of the *Borean* Race,  
And three, whom *Ismarus*, their Native Place,  
Had sent to War, but all the Sons of *Thrace*.
- 490 *Halesus* next, the bold *Aurunci* leads;  
The Son of *Neptune* to his Aid succeeds,  
Conspicuous on his Horse: On either Hand  
These fight to keep, and those to win the Land.  
With mutual Blood th' *Ausonian* Soil is dy'd,
- 495 While on its Borders each their Claim decide.  
As wintry Winds contending in the Sky,  
With equal force of Lungs their Titles try.

They

- They rage, they roar; the doubtful rack of Heav'n  
Stands without Motion, and the Tyde undriv'n:  
500 Each bent to conquer, neither side to yield;  
They long suspend the Fortune of the Field.  
Both Armies thus perform what Courage can:  
Foot set to Foot, and crowded Man to Man.  
But in another part, th' *Arcadian* Horse,  
505 With ill Success engage the *Latin* Force.  
For where th' impetuous Torrent rushing down,  
Huge craggy Stones, and rooted Trees had thrown:  
They left their Coursers, and unus'd to Fight  
On Foot, were scatter'd in a shameful flight.
- 510 *Pallas*, who with Disdain and Grief, had view'd  
His Foes pursuing, and his Friends pursu'd;  
Us'd Threatnings mix'd with Pray'rs, his last Resource;  
With these to move their Minds, with those to fire their  
Force.  
Which way, Companions! Whether wou'd you run?  
515 By you your selves, and mighty Battels won;  
By my great Sire, by his establish'd Name,  
And early promise of my Future Fame;  
By my Youth emulous of equal Right,  
To share his Honours, shun ignoble Flight.
- 520 Trust not your Feet, your Hands must hew your way  
Thro' yon black Body, and that thick Array:  
'Tis thro' that forward Path that we must come:  
There lies our Way, and that our Passage home.  
Nor Pow'rs above, nor Destinies below,  
525 Oppress our Arms; with equal Strength we go;  
With Mortal Hands to meet a Mortal Foe.  
See on what Foot we stand: A scanty Shore;  
The Sea behind, our Enemies before:  
No Passage left, unless we swim the Main;  
530 Or forcing these, the *Trojan* Trenches gain.

R r r

This

- This said, he strode with eager haste along,  
 And bore amidst the thickest of the Throng.  
*Lagus*, the first he met, with Fate to Foe,  
 Had heav'd a Stone of mighty Weight to throw :  
 535 Stooing, the Spear descended on his Chine,  
 Just where the Bone distinguish'd either Loin :  
 It stuck so fast, so deeply bury'd lay,  
 That scarce the Victor forc'd the Steel away.  
*Hibon* came on, but while he mov'd too slow  
 540 To with'd Revenge, the Prince prevents his Blow :  
 For warding his at once, at once he press'd ;  
 And plung'd the fatal Weapon in his Breast.  
 Then leud *Anchemolus* he laid in Dust,  
 Who stain'd his Stepdam's Bed with impious Lust.  
 545 And after him the *Daucian* Twins were slain,  
*Laris* and *Thimbrus*, on the *Latian* Plain :  
 So wond'rous like in Feature, Shape, and Size,  
 As caus'd an Error in their Parents Eyes.  
 Grateful Mistake ! but soon the Sword decides  
 550 The nice Distinction, and their Fate divides.  
 For *Thimbrus* Head was lop'd : and *Laris* Hand  
 Dismember'd, fought its Owner on the Strand :  
 The trembling Fingers yet the Fauchion strain,  
 And threaten still th' intended Stroke in vain.  
 555 Now, to renew the Charge, th' *Arcadians* came :  
 Sight of such Acts, and sense of honest Shame,  
 And Grief, with Anger mix'd, their Minds inflame.  
 Then, with a casual Blow was *Rheteus* slain,  
 Who chanc'd, as *Pallas* threw, to cross the Plain :  
 560 The flying Spear was after *Ilus* sent,  
 But *Rheteus* hapen'd on a Death unmeant :  
 From *Tenthras*, and from *Tyres* while he fled,  
 The Lance, athwart his Body, laid him dead :

Rowl'd

- Rowl'd from his Chariot with a Mortal Wound,  
 565 And intercepted Fate, he spurn'd the Ground.  
 As, when in Summer, welcome Winds arise,  
 The watchful Shepherd to the Forest flies,  
 And fires the midmost Plants ; Contagion spreads,  
 And catching Flames infect the neighb'ring Heads ;  
 570 Around the Forest flies the furious Blast,  
 And all the leafie Nation sinks at last ;  
 And *Vulcan* rides in Triumph o're the Wast ;  
 The Pastor pleas'd with his dire Victory,  
 Beholds the fatiate Flames in Sheets ascend the Sky :  
 575 So *Pallas's* Troops their scatter'd Strength unite ;  
 And pouring on their Foes, their Prince delight.  
*Halefus* came, fierce with desire of Blood,  
 (But first collected in his Arms he stood)  
 Advancing then, he ply'd the Spear so well,  
 580 *Ladon*, *Demodocus*, and *Pberes* fell :  
 Around his Head he to's'd his glitt'ring Brand,  
 And from *Strimonius* hew'd his better Hand,  
 Held up to guard his Throat : Then hurl'd a Stone  
 At *Thoas* ample Front, and pierc'd the Bone :  
 585 It struck beneath the space of either Eye,  
 And Blood, and mingled Brains, together fly.  
 Deep skill'd in future Fates, *Halefus* Sire,  
 Did with the Youth to lonely Groves retire :  
 But when the Father's Mortal Race was run,  
 590 Dire Destiny laid hold upon the Son,  
 And haul'd him to the War : to find beneath  
 Th' *Evandrian* Spear, a memorable Death.  
*Pallas* th' Encounter seeks, but e're he throws,  
 To *Tuscan* *Tyber* thus address'd his Vows :  
 595 O sacred Stream direct my flying Dart ;  
 And give to pass the proud *Halefus* Heart :

R r r 2

His

His Arms and Spoils thy holy Oak shall bear :  
 Pleas'd with the Bribe, the God receiv'd his Pray'r.  
 For while his Shield protects a Friend distress'd,  
 600 The Dart came driving on, and pierc'd his Breast.  
 But *Lausus*, no small portion of the War,  
 Permits not Panick Fear to reign too far,  
 Caus'd by the Death of so renown'd a Knight;  
 But by his own Example cheers the Fight.  
 605 Fierce *Abas* first he slew, *Abas*, the stay  
 Of *Trojan* Hopes, and hind'rance of the Day.  
 The *Phrygian* Troops escap'd the *Greeks* in vain,  
 They, and their mix'd Allies, now load the Plain.  
 To the rude shock of War both Armies came,  
 610 Their Leaders equal, and their Strength the same.  
 The Rear so press'd the Front, they cou'd not wield  
 Their angry Weapons, to dispute the Field.  
 Here *Pallas* urges on, and *Lausus* there,  
 Of equal Youth and Beauty both appear,  
 615 But both by Fate forbid to breath their Native Air.  
 Their Congress in the Field great *Jove* withstands,  
 Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater Hands.  
 Mean time *Juturna* warns the *Damian* Chief  
 Of *Lausus* Danger, urging swift Relief.  
 620 With his driv'n Chariot he divides the Crowd,  
 And making to his Friends, thus calls aloud:  
 Let none presume his needless Aid to join;  
 Retire, and clear the Field, the Fight is mine:  
 To this right Hand is *Pallas* only due:  
 625 Oh were his Father here my just Revenge to view!  
 From the forbidden Space his Men retir'd;  
*Pallas*, their Awe, and his stern Words admir'd:  
 Survey'd him o're and o're with wond'ring sight,  
 Struck with his haughty Mien, and towering Height.

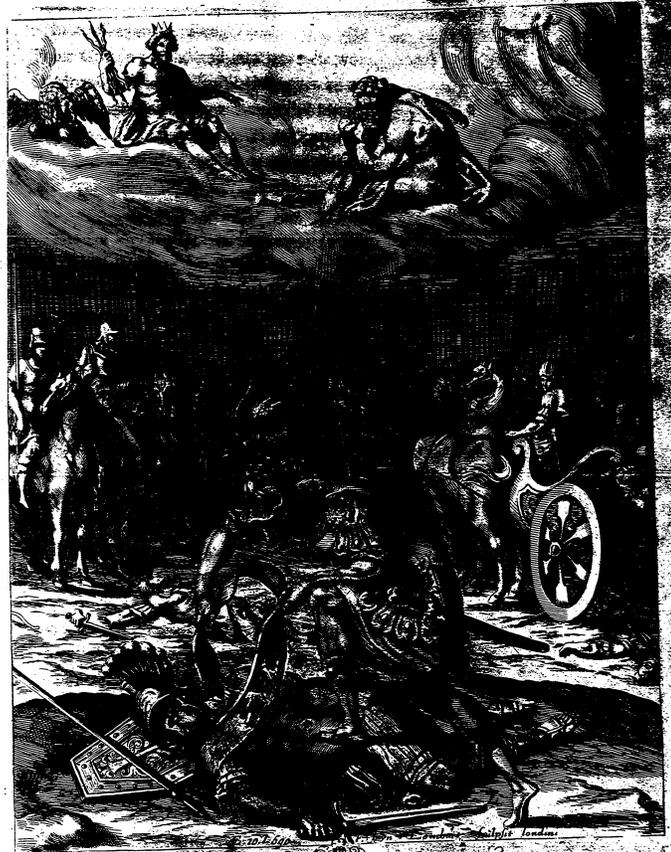
Then

630 Then to the King; your empty Vaunts forbear:  
 Success I hope, and Fate I cannot fear.  
 Alive or dead, I shall deserve a Name:  
*Jove* is impartial, and to both the same.  
 He said, and to the void advanc'd his Pace;  
 635 Pale Horror fate on each *Arcadian* Face.  
 Then *Turnus*, from his Chariot leaping light,  
 Address'd himself on Foot to single Fight.  
 And, as a Lyon, when he spies from far  
 A Bull, that seems to meditate the War;  
 640 Bending his Neck, and spurning back the Sand,  
 Runs roaring downward from his hilly Stand:  
 Imagine eager *Turnus* not more slow,  
 To rush from high on his unequal Foe.  
 Young *Pallas*, when he saw the Chief advance  
 645 Within due distance of his flying Lance;  
 Prepares to charge him first: Resolv'd to try  
 If Fortune wou'd his want of Force supply.  
 And thus to Heav'n and *Hercules* address'd.  
*Alcides*, once on Earth *Evander's* Guest,  
 650 His Son adjures you by those Holy Rites,  
 That hospitable Board, those Genial Nights;  
 Assist my great Attempt to gain this Prize,  
 And let proud *Turnus* view, with dying Eyes,  
 His ravish'd Spoils. 'Twas heard, the vain Request;  
 655 *Alcides* mourn'd: And stifled Sighs within his Breast.  
 Then *Jove*, to sooth his Sorrow, thus began:  
 Short bounds of Life are set to Mortal Man,  
 'Tis Virtues work alone to stretch the narrow Span.  
 So many Sons of Gods in bloody Fight,  
 660 Around the Walls of *Troy*, have lost the Light:  
 My own *Sarpedon* fell beneath his Foe,  
 Nor I, his mighty Sire, cou'd ward the Blow.

Ev'n

Ev'n *Turnus* shortly shall resign his Breath ;  
 And stands already on the Verge of Death.  
 665 This said, the God permits the fatal Fight,  
 But from the *Latian* Fields averts his sight.  
 Now with full Force his Spear young *Pallas* threw ;  
 And having thrown, his shining Fauchion drew :  
 The Steel just graz'd along the Shoulder Joint,  
 670 And mark'd it slightly with the glancing Point.  
 Fierce *Turnus* first to nearer distance drew,  
 And poiz'd his pointed Spear before he threw :  
 Then, as the winged Weapon whiz'd along ;  
 See now, said he, whose Arm is better strung.  
 675 The Spear kept on the fatal Course, unstay'd  
 By Plates of Ir'n, which o're the Shield were laid :  
 Thro' folded Bras, and tough Bull-hides it pass'd,  
 His Corslet pierc'd, and reach'd his Heart at last.  
 In vain the Youth tugs at the broken Wood,  
 680 The Soul comes issuing with the vital Blood :  
 He falls ; his Arms upon his Body found ;  
 And with his bloody Teeth he bites the Ground.  
*Turnus* bestrode the Corps : *Arcadians* hear,  
 Said he ; my Message to your Master bear :  
 685 Such as the Sire deserv'd, the Son I send :  
 It costs him dear to be the *Phrygian* Friend.  
 The lifeless Body, tell him, I bestow  
 Unask'd, to please his wand'ring Ghost below.  
 He said, and trampled down with all the Force  
 690 Of his left Foot, and spurn'd the wretched Corse :  
 Then snatch'd the shining Belt, with Gold inlaid ;  
 The Belt *Eurytion's* artful Hands had made :  
 Where fifty fatal Brides, express'd to fight,  
 All, in the compass of one mournful Night,  
 695 Depriv'd their Bridegrooms of returning Light.

In



To St. John Leveson  
 Staffordshire  
 Governor of Brentford  
 Baronet

In an ill Hour insulting *Turnus* tore  
 Those Golden Spoils, and in a worse he wore.  
 O Mortals! blind in Fate, who never know  
 To bear high Fortune, or endure the low!  
 700 The Time shall come, when *Turnus*, but in vain,  
 Shall with untouch'd the Trophies of the slain:  
 Shall with the fatal Belt were far away;  
 And curse the dire Remembrance of the Day.  
 The sad *Arcadians* from th' unhappy Field,  
 705 Bear back the breathless Body on a Shield.  
 O Grace and Grief of War! at once restor'd  
 With Praises to thy Sire, at once deplor'd.  
 One Day first sent thee to the fighting Field,  
 Beheld whole heaps of Foes in Battel kill'd;  
 710 One Day beheld thee dead, and born upon thy Shield. }  
 This dismal News, not from uncertain Fame,  
 But sad Spectators, to the Heroe came:  
 His Friends upon the brink of Ruin stand,  
 Unless reliev'd by his victorious Hand.  
 715 He whirls his Sword around, without delay,  
 And hews through adverse Foes an ample Way;  
 To find fierce *Turnus*, of his Conquest proud:  
*Evander*, *Pallas*, all that Friendship ow'd  
 To large Deserts, are present to his Eyes;  
 720 His plighted Hand, and hospitable Ties.  
 Four Sons of *Submo*, four whom *Ufens* bred;  
 He took in fight, and living Victims led,  
 To please the Ghost of *Pallas*; and expire  
 In Sacrifice, before his Fun'ral Fire.  
 725 At *Magus* next he threw: He stoop'd below  
 The flying Spear, and shun'd the promis'd Blow.  
 Then creeping, clasp'd the Hero's Knees, and pray'd:  
 By young *Intus*, by thy Father's Shade,

- O spare my Life, and send me back to see  
 730 My longing Sire, and tender Progeny.  
 A lofty House I have, and Wealth untold,  
 In Silver Ingots, and in Bars of Gold:  
 All these, and Sums besides, which see no Day,  
 The Ranfom of this one poor Life shall pay.  
 735 If I survive, shall *Troy* the less prevail?  
 A single Soul's too light to turn the Scale.  
 He said. The Heroe sternly thus reply'd:  
 Thy Barrs, and Ingots, and the Sums beside,  
 Leave for thy Childrens Lot. Thy *Turnus* broke  
 740 All Rules of War, by one relentless Stroke  
 When *Pallas* fell: So deems, nor deems alone,  
 My Father's Shadow, but my living Son.  
 Thus having said, of kind Remorse bereft,  
 He seiz'd his Helm, and drag'd him with his left:  
 745 Then with his right Hand, while his Neck he wreath'd,  
 Up to the hilts his shining Fauchion sheath'd.  
*Apollo's* Priest, *Emonides*, was near,  
 His holy Fillets on his Front appear;  
 Glit'ring in Arms he shone amidst the Crowd;  
 750 Much of his God, more of his Purple proud:  
 Him the fierce *Trojan* follow'd thro' the Field;  
 The holy Coward fell: And forc'd to yield,  
 The Prince stood o're the Priest; and at one Blow,  
 Sent him an Off'ring to the Shades below.  
 755 His Arms *Serephus* on his Shoulders bears,  
 Design'd a Trophee to the God of Wars.  
*Vulcanian* *Ceculus* renews the Fight;  
 And *Umbro* born upon the Mountains Height:  
 The Champion cheers his Troops t' encounter those:  
 760 And seeks Revenge himself on other Foes.  
 At *Anxur's* Shield he drove, and at the Blow,  
 Both Shield and Arm to Ground together go.

Anxur

- Anxur* had boasted much of magick Charms,  
 And thought he wore impenetrable Arms;  
 765 So made by mutter'd Spells: And from the Spheres,  
 Had Life secur'd, in vain, for length of Years.  
 Then *Tarquinius* the Field in Triumph trod;  
 A Nymph his Mother, and his Sire a God.  
 Exulting in bright Arms he braves the Prince;  
 770 With his protended Lance He makes defence:  
 Bears back his feeble Foe; then pressing on,  
 Arrests his better Hand, and drags him down.  
 Stands o're the prostrate Wretch, and as he lay,  
 Vain Tales inventing, and prepar'd to pray:  
 775 Mows off his Head, the Trunk a Moment stood,  
 Then sunk, and rowl'd along the Sand in Blood.  
 The vengeful Victor thus upbraids the slain;  
 Lye there, proud Man unpity'd, on the Plain:  
 Lye there, inglorious, and without a Tomb,  
 780 Far from thy Mother, and thy Native Home:  
 Expos'd to salvage Beasts, and Birds of Prey;  
 Or thrown for Food to Monsters of the Sea.  
 On *Lycas* and *Anteus* next he ran,  
 Two Chiefs of *Turnus*, and who led his Van.  
 785 They fled for Fear; with these he chas'd along,  
*Camers* the yellow Lock'd, and *Numa* strong,  
 Both great in Arms, and both were fair, and young:  
*Camers*, was Son to *Volsens* lately slain;  
 In Wealth surpassing all the *Latian* Train,  
 790 And in *Amycla* fix'd his silent, easy Reign.  
 And as *Ægeon*, when with Heav'n he strove,  
 Stood opposite in Arms to mighty *Jove*;  
 Mov'd all his hundred Hands, provok'd the War,  
 Defy'd the forky Lightning from afar:  
 795 At fifty Mouths his flaming Breath expires,  
 And Flash for Flash returns, and Fires for Fires:

Sff

In

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 Mov'd all his hundred Hands, provok'd the War,  
 Defy'd the forky Lightning from afar:
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 And Flash for Flash returns, and Fires for Fires:

S f f

In

In his right Hand as many Swords he wields,  
 And takes the Thunder on as many Shields :  
 With Strength like his the Trojan Heroe stood,  
 800 And soon the Fields with falling Corps were strowd,  
 When once his Fauchion found the Taste of Blood.  
 With Fury scarce to be conceiv'd, he flew  
 Against *Nipheus*, whom four Courfers drew.  
 They, when they see the fiery Chief advance,  
 805 And pushing at their Chests his pointed Lance ;  
 Wheel'd with so swift a Motion, mad with Fear,  
 They threw their Master headlong from the Chair :  
 They stare, they start, nor stop their Course before  
 They bear the bounding Chariot to the Shore.  
 810 Now *Lucagus*, and *Liger* scour the Plains,  
 With two white Steeds, but *Liger* holds the Reins,  
 And *Lucagus* the lofty Seat maintains.  
 Bold Brethren both, the former way'd in Air  
 His flaming Sword ; *Aeneas* couch'd his Spear,  
 815 Unus'd to Threats, and more unus'd to Fear.  
 Then *Liger* thus. Thy Confidence is vain  
 To scape from hence, as from the Trojan Plain :  
 Nor these the Steeds which *Diomedes* bestrode,  
 Nor this the Chariot where *Achilles* rode :  
 820 Nor *Venus's* Veil is here, nor *Neptune's* Shield :  
 Thy fatal Hour is come, and this the Field.  
 Thus *Liger* vainly vaunts : The Trojan Peer  
 Return'd his answer with his flying Spear.  
 As *Lucagus* to lash his Horses bends,  
 825 Prone to the Wheels, and his left Foot protends :  
 Prepar'd for Fight, the fatal Dart arrives,  
 And thro' the borders of his Buckler drives.  
 Pass'd through ; and pierc'd his Groin, the deadly Wound,  
 Cast from his Chariot, rowl'd him on the Ground.

Whom

830 Whom thus the Chief upbraids with scornful spight :  
 Blame not the slowness of your Steeds in flight ;  
 Vain Shadows did not force their swift Retreat :  
 But you your self forsake your empty Seat.  
 He said, and seiz'd at once the loosen'd Rein,  
 835 (For *Liger* lay already on the Plain,  
 By the same Shock) then, stretching out his Hands,  
 The Recreant thus his wretched Life demands.  
 Now by thy self, O more than Mortal Man !  
 By her and him from whom thy Breath began,  
 840 Who form'd thee thus Divine, I beg thee spare  
 This forfeit Life, and hear thy Suppliant's Pray'r.  
 Thus much he spoke, and more he wou'd have said,  
 But the stern Heroe turn'd aside his Head,  
 And cut him short. I hear another Man,  
 845 You talk'd not thus before the Fight began ;  
 Now take your turn : And, as a Brother shou'd,  
 Attend your Brother to the Stygian Flood :  
 Then thro' his Breast his fatal Sword he sent,  
 And the Soul issu'd at the bloody Vent.  
 850 As Storms the Skies, and Torrents tear the Ground,  
 Thus rag'd the Prince, and scatter'd Deaths around :  
 At length *Ascanius*, and the Trojan Train,  
 Broke from the Camp, so long besieg'd in vain.  
 Mean time the King of Gods and Mortal Man,  
 855 Held Conference with his Queen, and thus began :  
 My Sister Goddess, and well pleasing Wife,  
 Still think you *Venus's* Aid supports the Strife ;  
 Sustains her Trojans : Or themselves alone,  
 With inborn Valour force their Fortune on ?  
 860 How fierce in Fight, with Courage undecay'd ;  
 Judge if such Warriors want immortal Aid.  
 To whom the Goddess, with the charming Eyes,  
 Soft in her Tone submissively replies.

S f f 2

Why

Why, O my loving Lord, whose Frown I fear,  
 865 And cannot, unconcern'd, your Anger bear;  
 Why urge you thus my Grief? When if I still,  
 (As once I was) were Mistress of your Will:  
 From your Almighty Pow'r, your pleasing Wife  
 Might gain the Grace of lengthning *Turnus's* Life:  
 870 Securely snatch him from the fatal Fight,  
 And give him to his aged Father's sight.  
 Now let him perish, since you hold it good,  
 And glut the *Trojans* with his pious Blood.  
 Yet from our Lineage he derives his Name,  
 875 And in the fourth degree, from God *Pilemus* came:  
 Yet he devoutly pays you Rites Divine,  
 And offers daily Incense at your Shrine.  
 Then shortly thus the Sov'raign God reply'd;  
 Since in my Pow'r and Goodness you confide;  
 880 If for a little Space, a lengthen'd Span,  
 You beg Reprieve for this expiring Man:  
 I grant you leave to take your *Turnus* hence,  
 From Instant Fate, and can so far dispense.  
 But if some secret Meaning lies beneath,  
 885 To save the short-liv'd Youth from destin'd Death:  
 Or if a farther Thought you entertain,  
 To change the Fates; you feed your hopes in vain.  
 To whom the Goddess thus, with weeping Eyes,  
 And what if that Request your Tongue denies,  
 890 Your Heart shou'd grant; and not a short Reprieve,  
 But length of certain Life to *Turnus* give.  
 Now speedy Death attends the guiltless Youth,  
 If my presaging Soul divines with Truth.  
 Which, O! I wish might err thro' causeless Fears,  
 895 And you, (for you have Pow'r) prolong his Years.  
 Thus having said, involv'd in Clouds, she flies,  
 And drives a Storm before her thro' the Skies.

Swift

Swift she descends, alighting on the Plain,  
 Where the fierce Foes a dubious Fight maintain.  
 900 Of Air condens'd, a Spectre soon she made,  
 And what *Aeneas* was, such seem'd the Shade.  
 Adorn'd with *Dardan* Arms, the Phantom bore  
 His Head aloft, a Plumy Crest he wore:  
 This Hand appear'd a shining Sword to wield,  
 905 And that sustain'd an imitated Shield:  
 With manly Meen He stalk'd along the Ground;  
 Nor wanted Voice bely'd, nor vaunting Sound.  
 (Thus haunting Ghosts appear to waking Sight,  
 Or dreadful Visions in our Dreams by Night.)  
 910 The Spectre seems the *Dawnian* Chief to dare,  
 And flourishes his empty Sword in Air:  
 At this advancing *Turnus* hurl'd his Spear;  
 The Phantom wheel'd, and seem'd to fly for Fear.  
 Deluded *Turnus* thought the *Trojan* fled,  
 915 And with vain hopes his haughty Fancy fed.  
 Whether, O Coward, (thus he calls aloud,  
 Nor found he spoke to Wind, and chas'd a Cloud;)   
 Why thus forsake your Bride? Receive from me  
 The fated Land you sought so long by Sea.  
 920 He said, and brandishing at once his Blade,  
 With eager Pace pursu'd the flying Shade.  
 By chance a Ship was fasten'd to the Shore,  
 Which from old *Clasium* King *Ofinius* bore:  
 The Planks were ready laid for safe ascent;  
 925 For shelter there the trembling Shadow bent:  
 And skip'd, and sculk'd, and under Hatches went.  
 Exulting *Turnus*, with regardless haste,  
 Ascends the Plank, and to the Gally pass'd:  
 Scarce had he reach'd the Prow, *Saturnia's* Hand  
 930 The *Haulers* cuts, and shoots the Ship from Land.

With

With Wind in Poop, the Vessel plows the Sea,  
 And measures back with speed her former Way.  
 Mean time *Æneas* seeks his absent Foe,  
 And sends his slaughter'd Troops to Shades below.

935 The guileful Phantom now forsook the throud,  
 And flew sublime, and vanish'd in a Cloud.  
 Too late young *Turnus* the Delusion found,  
 Far on the Sea, still making from the Ground.  
 Then thanks for a Life redeem'd by Shame ;

940 With sense of Honour stung, and forfeit Fame :  
 Fearful besides of what in Fight had pass'd,  
 His Hands, and hagger'd Eyes to Heav'n he cast.  
 O *Jove!* he cry'd, for what Offence have I  
 Deserv'd to bear this endless Infamy :

945 Whence am I forc'd, and whether am I born,  
 How, and with what Reproach shall I return ?  
 Shall ever I behold the *Latian* Plain,  
 Or see *Laurentum's* lofty Tow'rs again ?  
 What will they say of their deserting Chief ?

950 The War was mine, I fly from their Relief :  
 I led to Slaughter, and in Slaughter leave ;  
 And ev'n from hence their dying Groans receive.  
 Here over-match'd in Fight, in heaps they lye,  
 There scatter'd o're the Fields ignobly fly.

955 Gape wide, O Earth ! and draw me down alive,  
 Or, oh ye pitying Winds, a Wretch relieve ;  
 On Sands or Shelves the splitting Vessel drive :  
 Or set me Shipwrack'd on some desert Shore,  
 Where no *Rutulian* Eyes may see me more :

960 Unknown to Friends, or Foes, or conscious Fame,  
 Left she should follow, and my flight proclaim.  
 Thus *Turnus* rav'd, and various Fates revolv'd,  
 The Choice was doubtful, but the Death resolv'd.

And

And now the Sword, and now the Sea took place :  
 965 That to revenge, and this to purge Disgrace.  
 Sometimes he thought to swim the stormy Main,  
 By stretch of Arms the distant Shore to gain :  
 Thrice he the Sword assay'd, and thrice the Flood ;  
 But *Juno* mov'd with Pity both withstood :

970 And thrice repress'd his Rage: strong Gales supply'd,  
 And push'd the Vessel o're the swelling Tide.  
 At length she lands him on his Native Shores,  
 And to his Father's longing Arms restores.  
 Mean time, by *Jove's* Impulse, *Mexentius* arm'd :

975 Succeeding *Turnus*, with his ardour warm'd  
 His fainting Friends, reproach'd their shameful flight,  
 Repell'd the Victors, and renew'd the Fight.  
 Against their King the *Tuscan* Troops conspire,  
 Such is their Hate, and such their fierce desire

980 Of with'd Revenge : On him, and him alone,  
 All Hands employ'd, and all their Darts are thrown.  
 He, like a solid Rock by Seas inclos'd,  
 To raging Winds and roaring Waves oppos'd ;  
 From his proud Summit looking down, disdain

985 Their empty Menace, and unmov'd remains.  
 Beneath his Feet fell haughty *Hebrus* dead,  
 Then *Latagus* ; and *Palmus* as he fled :  
 At *Latagus* a weighty Stone he flung,  
 His Face was flatt'd, and his Helmet rung.

990 But *Palmus* from behind receives his Wound,  
 Hamstring'd he falls, and grovels on the Ground :  
 His Crest and Armor from his Body torn,  
 Thy Shoulders, *Laiusus*, and thy Head adorn.  
*Evas* and *Mymas*, both of *Troy*, he slew,

995 *Mymas* his Birth from fair *Theano* drew :  
 Born on that fatal Night, when, big with Fire,  
 The Queen produc'd young *Paris* to his Sire.

But

But *Paris* in the *Phrygian* Fields was slain,  
 Unthinking *Mymas* on the *Latian* Plain.  
 1000 And as a salvage Boar on Mountains bred,  
 With forest Malt, and fattning Marthes fed;  
 When once he sees himself in Toils inclos'd,  
 By Huntsmen and their eager Hounds oppos'd:  
 He whets his Tusks, and turns, and dares the War:  
 1005 Th' Invaders dart their Jav'lins from afar;  
 All keep aloof, and safely shout around,  
 But none preumes to give a nearer Wound.  
 He frets and froaths, erects his bristled Hide,  
 And shakes a Grove of Lances from his Side:  
 1010 Not otherwile the Troops, with Hate inspir'd,  
 And just Revenge, against the Tyrant fir'd;  
 Their Darts with Clamour at a distance drive:  
 And only keep the languish'd War alive.  
 From *Coritus* came *Acron* to the Fight,  
 1015 Who left his Spouse betroath'd, and unconsummated Night.  
*Mezentius* sees him thro' the Squadrons ride,  
 Proud of the Purple Favours of his Bride.  
 Then, as a hungry Lyon, who beholds  
 A Gamefom Goat, who frisks about the Folds;  
 1020 Or beamy Itag that grazes on the Plain:  
 He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising Mane;  
 He grins, and opens wide his greedy Jaws,  
 The Prey lyes panting underneath his Paws:  
 He fills his famish'd Maw, his Mouth runs o're  
 1025 With unchew'd Morfels, while he churns the Gore:  
 So proud *Mezentius* rushes on his Foes,  
 And first unhappy *Acron* overthrows:  
 Stretch'd at his length, he spurns the swarthy Ground,  
 The Lance befnear'd with Blood, lies broken in the wound.  
 1030 Then with Disdain the haughty Victor view'd  
*Orodes* flying, nor the Wretch pursu'd:

Nor

Nor thought the Daftard's Back deserv'd a Wound,  
 But running gain'd th' Advantage of the Ground.  
 Then turning short, he met him Face to Face,  
 1035 To give his Victory the better grace.  
*Orodes* falls, in equal Fight oppress'd:  
*Mezentius* fix'd his Foot upon his Breast,  
 And rested Lance: And thus aloud he cries,  
 Lo here the Champion of my Rebels lies.  
 1040 The Fields around with *Io Pæan* ring,  
 And peals of Shouts applaud the conqu'ring King.  
 At this the vanquish'd, with his dying Breath,  
 Thus faintly spoke, and prophecy'd in Death:  
 Nor thou, proud Man, unpunish'd shalt remain;  
 1045 Like Death attends thee on this fatal Plain.  
 Then, sourly smiling, thus the King reply'd,  
 For what belongs to me let *Jove* provide:  
 But dye thou first, whatever Chance ensue:  
 He said, and from the Wound the Weapon drew:  
 1050 A hov'ring Mist came swimming o're his fight,  
 And seal'd his Eyes in everlasting Night.  
 By *Cædicus*, *Alcabous* was slain,  
*Sacrotor* laid *Hydaspes* on the Plain:  
*Orfes* the strong to greater Strength must yield;  
 1055 He, with *Parthenius*, were by *Rapo* kill'd.  
 Then brave *Messapus* *Ericetes* slew,  
 Who from *Lycæon*'s Blood his Lineage drew.  
 But from his headstrong Horse his Fate he found,  
 Who threw his Master as he made a bound,  
 1060 The Chief alighting, stuck him to the Ground.  
 Then *Clonius* hand to hand, on Foot assails,  
 The Trojan sinks, and *Neptune*'s Son prevails.  
*Agis* the Lycian stepping forth with Pride,  
 To single Fight the boldest Foe defy'd.

T t t

Whom

- 1065 Whom *Tuscan Valerius* by Force o'rcame,  
 And not bely'd his mighty Father's Fame.  
*Salvus* to Death the great *Antronius* sent,  
 But the same Fate the Victor underwent:  
 Slain by *Neales* Hand, well skill'd to throw  
 1070 The flying Dart, and draw the far-deceiving Bow.  
 Thus equal Deaths are dealt with equal Chance;  
 By turns they quit their Ground, by turns advance:  
 Victors, and vanquish'd, in the various Field,  
 Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield.  
 1075 The Gods from Heav'n survey the fatal Strife,  
 And mourn the Miseries of Human Life.  
 Above the rest two Goddesses appear  
 Concern'd for each: Here *Venus*, *Juno* there:  
 Amidst the Crowd Infernal *Aiè* shakes  
 1080 Her Scourge aloft, and Crest of hissing Snakes.  
 Once more the proud *Mezentius*, with Disdain,  
 Brandish'd his Spear, and rush'd into the Plain:  
 Where tow'ring in the midmost Ranks he stood,  
 Like tall *Orion* stalking o're the Flood:  
 1085 When with his brawny Breast he cuts the Waves,  
 His Shoulders scarce the topmost Billow laves.  
 Or like a Mountain Ash, whose Roots are spread,  
 Deep fix'd in Earth, in Clouds he hides his Head.  
 The *Trojan* Prince beheld him from afar,  
 1090 And dauntless undertook the doubtful War.  
 Collected in his Strength, and like a Rock,  
 Poiz'd on his Base, *Mezentius* stood the Shock.  
 He stood, and measuring first with careful Eyes,  
 The space his Spear cou'd reach, aloud he cries:  
 1095 My strong right Hand, and Sword, assist my Stroke;  
 (Those only Gods *Mezentius* will invoke)  
 His Armour from the *Trojan* Pyrate torn,  
 By my triumphant *Lausus* shall be worn.

He



To S<sup>r</sup> Charles Orby  
 Pedwarden in  
 County of Lincoln



Baronet of Burton

He said, and with his utmost force he threw  
 1100 The massy Spear, which, hissing as it flew,  
 Reach'd the Cœlestial Shield that stop'd the course;  
 But glancing thence, the yet unbroken Force  
 Took a new bent obliquely, and betwixt  
 The Side and Bowels fam'd *Anthores* fix'd.  
 1105 *Anthores* had from *Argos* travell'd far,  
*Aleides* Friend, and Brother of the War:  
 'Till tir'd with Toils, fair *Italy* he chose,  
 And in *Evander's* Palace sought Repose:  
 Now falling by another's Wound, his Eyes  
 1110 He casts to Heav'n, on *Argos* thinks, and dyes.  
 The pious *Trojan* then his Jav'lin sent,  
 The Shield gave way: Thro' treble Plates it went  
 Of solid Brass, of Linnen trebly rowl'd,  
 And three Bull-hides which round the Buckler rowl'd.  
 1115 All these it pass'd, resiftless in the Course,  
 Transpierc'd his Thigh, and spent its dying Force.  
 The gaping Wound gush'd out a Crimfon Flood;  
 The *Trojan*, glad with sight of hostile Blood,  
 His Fauchion drew, to closer Fight address'd,  
 1120 And with new Force his fainting Foe oppress'd.  
 His Father's Peril *Lausus* view'd with Grief,  
 He sigh'd, he wept, he ran to his Relief.  
 And here, Heroick Youth, 'tis here I must  
 To thy immortal Memory be just;  
 1125 And sing an Act so noble and so new,  
 Posterity will scarce believe 'tis true.  
 Pain'd with his Wound, and useles for the Fight,  
 The Father sought to save himself by Flight:  
 Incumber'd, slow he drag'd the Spear along,  
 1130 Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his Buckler hung.  
 The pious Youth, resolv'd on Death, below  
 The lifted Sword, springs forth to face the Foe;  
 Protects his Parent, and prevents the Blow.

}  
 Shouts

Shouts of Applause ran ringing thro' the Field,  
 1135 To see the Son the vanquish'd Father shield :  
 All fir'd with gen'rous Indignation strive ;  
 And with a storm of Darts, to distance drive  
 The Trojan Chief; who held at Bay from far,  
 On his *Vulcanian* Orb sustain'd the War.  
 1140 As when thick Hail comes rattling in the Wind,  
 The Plowman, Passenger, and lab'ring Hind,  
 For shelter to the neighb'ring Covert fly ;  
 Or hous'd, or safe in hollow Caverns lye:  
 But that o'reblown, when Heav'n above 'em smiles,  
 1145 Return to Travel, and renew their Toils :  
*Aeneas* thus o'rewhelm'd on ev'ry side,  
 The storm of Darts, undaunted, did abide ;  
 And thus to *Lausus* loud with friendly threat'ning cry'd. }  
 Why wilt thou rush to certain Death, and Rage  
 1150 In rash Attempts, beyond thy tender Age :  
 Betray'd by pious Love? Nor thus forborn  
 The Youth desists, but with insulting Scorn  
 Provokes the ling'ring Prince : Whose Patience tyr'd,  
 Gave Place, and all his Breast with Fury fir'd.  
 1155 For now the Fates prepar'd their cruel Sheers ;  
 And lifted high the flaming Sword appears :  
 Which full descending, with a frightful sway,  
 Thro Shield and Corset forc'd th'impetuous Way, }  
 And bury'd deep in his fair Bosom lay.  
 1160 The purple Streams thro' the thin Armour strove,  
 And drench'd th' imbroider'd Coat his Mother wove :  
 And Life at length forfook his heaving Heart,  
 Loath from so sweet a Mansion to depart.  
 But when, with Blood, and Paleness all o'respread,  
 1165 The pious Prince beheld young *Lausus* dead ;  
 He griev'd, he wept, the sight an Image brought  
 Of his own filial Love ; a sadly pleasing Thought.

Then

Then stretch'd his Hand to hold him up, and said,  
 Poor hapless Youth ! what Praises can be paid  
 1170 To Love so great, to such transcendent Store  
 Of early Worth, and sure Prefage of more ?  
 Accept what e're *Aeneas* can afford,  
 Untouch'd thy Arms, untaken be thy Sword :  
 And all that pleas'd thee living still remain  
 1175 Inviolate, and sacred to the slain.  
 Thy Body on thy Parents I bestow,  
 To rest thy Soul, at least if Shadows know,  
 Or have a sense of human Things below. }  
 There to thy fellow Ghosts with Glory tell,  
 1180 'Twas by the great *Aeneas* hand I fell.  
 With this his distant Friends he beckons near,  
 Provokes their Duty, and prevents their Fear :  
 Himself assists to lift him from the Ground,  
 With clotted Locks, and Blood that well'd from out the  
 Wound.  
 1185 Mean time his Father, now no Father, stood,  
 And wash'd his Wounds by *Tyber's* yellow Flood :  
 Oppress'd with Anguish, panting, and o'respent,  
 His fainting Limbs against an Oak he leant.  
 A Bough his Brazen Helmet did sustain,  
 1190 His heavier Arms lay scatter'd on the Plain.  
 A chosen Train of Youth around him stand,  
 His drooping Head was rested on his hand :  
 His grisly Beard his pensive Bosom sought,  
 And all on *Lausus* ran his restless thought.  
 1195 Careful, concern'd his Danger to prevent,  
 He much enquir'd, and many a Message sent  
 To warn him from the Field : Alas ! in vain,  
 Behold his mournful Followers bear him slain :  
 O're his broad Shield still gush'd the yawning Wound,  
 1200 And drew a bloody Trail along the Ground.

Far

Far off he heard their Cries, far off divin'd  
 The dire Event, with a foreboding Mind.  
 With Dust he sprinkled first his hoary Head,  
 Then both his lifted hands to Heav'n he spread;  
 1205 Last, the dear Corps embracing, thus he said.  
 What Joys, alas! cou'd this frail Being give,  
 That I have been so covetous to live?  
 To see my Son, and such a Son, resign  
 His Life a Ransom for preserving mine?  
 1210 And am I then preserv'd, and art thou lost?  
 How much too dear has that Redemption cost!  
 'Tis now my bitter Banishment I feel;  
 This is a Wound too deep for time to heal.  
 My Guilt thy growing Virtues did defame;  
 1215 My Blackness blotted thy unblemish'd Name.  
 Chas'd from a Throne, abandon'd, and exil'd  
 For foul Misdeeds, were Punishments too mild:  
 I ow'd my People these, and from their hate,  
 With leis' Resentment cou'd have born my Fate.  
 1220 And yet I live, and yet sustain the fight  
 Of hated Men, and of more hated Light:  
 But will not long. With that he rais'd from Ground  
 His fainting Limbs, that stagger'd with his Wound.  
 Yet with a Mind resolv'd, and unappal'd  
 1225 With Pains or Perils, for his Courser call'd:  
 Well mouth'd, well manag'd, whom himself did dress,  
 With daily Care, and mounted with Success;  
 His Aid in Arms, his Ornament in Peace.  
 Soothing his Courage with a gentle Stroke,  
 1230 The Steed seem'd sensible, while thus he spoke.  
 O *Rhebus* we have liv'd too long for me,  
 (If Life and long were Terms that cou'd agree)  
 This Day thou either shalt bring back the Head,  
 And bloody Trophies of the *Trojan* dead:

This

1235 This Day thou either shalt revenge my Woe  
 For murder'd *Lausus*, on his cruel Foe;  
 Or if inexorable Fate deny  
 Our Conquest, with thy conquer'd Master dye:  
 For after such a Lord, I rest secure,  
 1240 Thou wilt no foreign Reins, or *Trojan* Load endure.  
 He said: And straight th' officious Courser kneels  
 To take his wonted Weight. His Hands he fills  
 With pointed Jav'lins: On his Head he lac'd  
 His glittering Helm, which terribly was grac'd  
 1245 With waving Horse-hair, nodding from afar;  
 Then spurr'd his thund'ring Steed amidst the War.  
 Love, Anguish, Wrath, and Grief, to Madness wrought,  
 Despair, and secret Shame, and conscious thought  
 Of inborn Worth, his lab'ring Soul oppress'd,  
 1250 Rowl'd in his Eyes, and rag'd within his Breast.  
 Then loud he call'd *Aeneas* thrice by Name,  
 The loud repeated Voice to glad *Aeneas* came.  
 Great *Jove*, he said, and the far-shooting God,  
 Inspire thy Mind to make thy Challenge good.  
 1255 He spoke no more, but hasten'd, void of Fear,  
 And threaten'd with his long protended Spear.  
 To whom *Mezentius* thus. Thy Vaunts are vain,  
 My *Lausus* lies extended on the Plain:  
 He's lost! thy Conquest is already won,  
 1260 The wretched Sire is murder'd in the Son.  
 Nor Fate I fear, but all the Gods defy,  
 Forbear thy Threats, my Business is to dye;  
 But first receive this parting Legacy.  
 He said: And straight a whirling Dart he sent:  
 1265 Another after, and another went.  
 Round in a spacious Ring he rides the Field,  
 And vainly plies th' impeneable Shield:  
 Thrice rode he round, and thrice *Aeneas* wheel'd.

Turn'd

Turn'd as he turn'd; the Golden Orb withstood  
 1270 The Strokes, and bore about an Iron Wood.  
 Impatient of Delay, and weary grown,  
 Still to defend, and to defend alone:  
 To wrench the Darts which in his Buckler light,  
 Urg'd, and o're-labour'd in unequal Fight:  
 1275 At length resolv'd, he throws with all his Force,  
 Full at the Temples of the Warrior Horse.  
 Just where the Stroke was aim'd, th' unerring Spear  
 Made way, and stood transfix'd thro' either Ear.  
 Seiz'd with unwonted Pain, surpriz'd with Fright,  
 1280 The wounded Steed curvets; and, rais'd upright,  
 Lights on his Feet before: His Hoofs behind  
 Spring up in Air aloft, and lash the Wind.  
 Down comes the Rider headlong from his height,  
 His Horse came after with unweildy weight:  
 1285 And flound'ring forward, pitching on his Head,  
 His Lord's incumber'd Sholuder overlaid.  
 From either Hoast the mingl'd Shouts, and Cries,  
 Of *Trojans* and *Rutulians* rend the Skies.  
*Aeneas* hast'ning, wav'd his fatal Sword  
 1290 High o're his head, with this reproachful Word.  
 Now, where are now thy Vaunts, the fierce Disdain  
 Of proud *Mezentius*, and the lofty Strain?  
 Strugling, and wildly staring on the Skies,  
 With scarce recover'd Sight, he thus replies.  
 1295 Why these insulting Words, this waste of Breath,  
 To Souls undaunted, and secure of Death?  
 'Tis no Dishonour for the Brave to dye,  
 Nor came I here with hope of Victory:  
 Nor ask I Life, nor fought with that design,  
 1300 As I had us'd my Fortune, use thou thine.  
 My dying Son contracted no such Band;  
 The Gift is hateful from his Murd'rer's hand.

For



To *Thos. Hopkins* of *St. Dunstons*  
 Middle Temple Esq.

For this, this only Favour let me sue,  
(If Pity can to conquer'd Foes be due)  
1305 Refuse it not : But let my Body have,  
The last Retreat of Human Kind, a Grave.  
Too well I know th' insulting People's Hate ;  
Protect me from their Vengeance after Fate :  
This Refuge for my poor Remains provide,  
1310 And lay my much lov'd *Lausus* by my side :  
He said, and to his Throat the Sword apply'd.  
The Crimson Stream distain'd his Arms around,  
And the disdainful Soul came rushing thro' the Wound.

U u u

The

*The Eleventh Book of the Æneis.***The Argument.**

*Æneas erects a Trophy of the Spoils of Mezentius; grants a Truce for burying the dead; and sends home the Body of Pallas with great Solemnity. Latinus calls a Council to propose offers of Peace to Æneas, which occasions great Animosity betwixt Turnus and Drances: In the mean time there is a sharp Engagement of the Horle; wherein Camilla signalizes her self; is kill'd: And the Latine Troops are entirely defeated.*

**S**carce had the rosie Morning rais'd her Head  
 Above the Waves, and left her wat'ry Bed;  
 The Pious Chief, whom double Cares attend  
 For his unbury'd Souldiers, and his Friend:  
 5 Yet first to Heav'n perform'd a Victor's Vows;  
 He bar'd an ancient Oak of all her Boughs:  
 Then on a rising Ground the Trunk he plac'd;  
 Which with the Spoils of his dead Foe he grac'd.  
 The Coat of Arms by proud *Mezentius* worn,  
 10 Now on a naked Snag in Triumph born,  
 Was hung on high; and glitter'd from afar:  
 A Trophy sacred to the God of War.  
 Above his Arms, fix'd on the leafless Wood,  
 Appear'd his Plumy Crest, distilling Blood;  
 15 His brazen Buckler on the left was seen;  
 Trunchions of shiver'd Lances hung between:  
 And on the right was plac'd his Corset, bor'd;  
 And to the Neck was ty'd his unavailing Sword.  
 A Crowd of Chiefs inclose the Godlike Man:  
 20 Who thus, conspicuous in the midst, began.  
 Our Toils, my Friends, are crown'd with sure Success:  
 The greater Part perform'd, atchieve the less.

Now



*Very Right Noble Charles Duke of  
 Shrewsbury Westford & Water-  
 Blackmere Gifford of Brimsfield &c  
 most Hon.<sup>ble</sup> Privy Council Principal  
 of his most Noble Order*



*Shrewsbury Marquis of Alton Earle  
 of Shrewsbury Baron Talbot Strange of  
 One of the Lords of his Majesty  
 Secretary of State, and Knight  
 of the Garter.*

Now follow chearful to the trembling Town ;  
 Prefs but an Entrance, and presume it won.  
 25 Fear is no more: For fierce *Mezentius* lies,  
 As the first Fruits of War, a Sacrifice.  
*Turnus* shall fall extended on the Plain ;  
 And in this Omen is already slain.  
 Prepar'd in Arms pursue your happy Chance ;  
 30 That none unwarn'd may plead his Ignorance :  
 And I, at Heav'n's appointed Hour, may find  
 Your warlike Ensigns waving in the Wind.  
 Mean time the Rites and Fun'ral Poms prepare,  
 Due to your dead Companions of the War :  
 35 The last Respect the living can bestow,  
 To shield their Shadows from Contempt below.  
 That conquer'd Earth be theirs for which they fought ;  
 And which for us with their own blood they bought.  
 But first the Corps of our unhappy Friend,  
 40 To the sad City of *Evander* send :  
 Who not inglorious in his Ages bloom  
 Was hurry'd hence by too severe a Doom.  
 Thus, weeping while he spoke, he took his Way,  
 Where, new in Death, lamented *Pallas* lay :  
 45 *Acetes* watch'd the Corps ; whose Youth deserv'd  
 The Father's Trust, and now the Son he serv'd  
 With equal Faith, but less auspicious Care :  
 Th' Attendants of the slain, his Sorrow share.  
 A Troop of *Trojans* mix'd with these appear,  
 50 And mourning Matrons with dishevell'd Hair.  
 Soon as the Prince appears, they raise a Cry ;  
 All beat their Breasts, and Echoes rend the Sky.  
 They rear his drooping Forehead from the Ground ;  
 But when *Aeneas* view'd the grisly Wound  
 Which *Pallas* in his Manly Bosom bore,  
 55 And the fair Flesh distain'd with Purple Gore :

First, melting into Tears, the pious Man  
Deplor'd so sad a sight, then thus began.

- Unhappy Youth! When Fortune gave the rest  
60 Of my full Wishes, she refus'd the best!  
She came; but brought not thee along; to bless  
My longing Eyes, and share in my Success:  
She grudg'd thy safe Return the Triumphs due  
To prosperous Valour, in the publick View.  
65 Not thus I promis'd, when thy Father lent  
Thy needful Succour with a sad Consent;  
Embrac'd me parting for th' *Etrurian* Land,  
And sent me to possess a large Command.  
He warn'd, and from his own Experience told,  
70 Our Foes were warlike, disciplin'd, and bold:  
And now perhaps, in hopes of thy return,  
Rich Odours on his loaded Altars burn;  
While we, with vain officious Pomp, prepare  
To send him back his Portion of the War;  
75 A bloody breathless Body: which can owe  
No farther Debt, but to the Pow'rs below.  
The wretched Father, e're his Race is run,  
Shall view the Fun'ral Honours of his Son.  
These are my Triumphs of the *Latian* War;  
80 Fruits of my plighted Faith, and boasted Care.  
And yet, unhappy Sire, thou shalt not see  
A Son, whose Death disgrac'd his Ancestry:  
Thou shalt not blush, old Man, however griev'd:  
Thy *Pallas* no dishonest Wound receiv'd.  
85 He dy'd no Death to make thee wish, too late,  
Thou hadst not liv'd to see his shameful Fate:  
But what a Champion has th' *Ausonian* Coast,  
And what a Friend hast thou, *Africanus*, lost!  
Thus having mourn'd, he gave the Word around,  
90 To raise the lifeless Body from the Ground;

And

- And chose a thousand Horse, the flow'r of all  
His warlike Troops, to wait the Funeral:  
To bear him back, and share *Evander's* Grief;  
(A well becoming, but a weak Relief.)  
95 Of Oaken Twigs they twist an easie Bier;  
Then on their Shoulders the sad Burden rear.  
The Body on this Rural Herse is born,  
Strew'd Leaves and Funeral Greens the Bier adorn.  
All pale he lies, and looks a lovely Flow'r,  
100 New cropt by Virgin Hands, to dress the Bow'r;  
Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below,  
No more to Mother Earth or the green Stem shall owe.  
Then two fair Vests, of wond'rous Work and Cost,  
Of Purple woven, and with Gold emboss'd,  
105 For Ornament the *Trojan* Heroe brought,  
Which with her Hands *Sidonian Dido* wrought.  
One Vest array'd the Corps, and one they spread  
O're his clos'd Eyes, and wrap'd around his Head:  
That when the yellow Hair in Flame shou'd fall,  
110 The catching Fire might burn the Golden Caul.  
Besides, the Spoils of Foes in Battel slain,  
When he descended on the *Latian* Plain:  
Arms, Trappings, Horses, by the Herse are led  
In long Array, (th' Atchievements of the Dead.)  
115 Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear  
Th' unhappy Captives, marching in the Rear:  
Appointed Off'rings in the Victor's Name,  
To sprinkle with their Blood, the Fun'ral Flame.  
Inferior Trophees by the Chiefs are born;  
120 Gantlets and Helms, their heads and hands adorn:  
And fair Inscriptions fix'd, and Titles read,  
Of *Latian* Leaders conquer'd by the Dead.  
*Aetes* on his Pupil's Corps attends,  
With feeble Steps; supported by his Friends:

Pausing

- 125 Pausing at ev'ry Pace; in Sorrow drown'd,  
Betwixt their Arms he sinks upon the Ground.  
Where grov'ling, while he lies in deep Despair,  
He beats his Breast, and rends his hoary Hair.  
The Champion's Chariot next is seen to rowl,  
130 Befmear'd with hostile blood, and honourably foul.  
To close the Pomp, *Æthon*, the Steed of State,  
Is led, the Fun'ral of his Lord to wait.  
Stripp'd of his Trappings, with a fullen Pace  
He walks, and the big Tears run rolling down his Face.  
135 The Lance of *Pallas*, and the Crimson Crest,  
Are born behind; the Victor seiz'd the rest.  
The March begins: The Trumpets hoarsly sound,  
The Pikes and Lances trail along the Ground.  
Thus while the *Trojan* and *Arcadian* Horse,  
140 To *Pallantean* Tow'rs direct their Course,  
In long Procession rank'd; the pious Chief  
Stop'd in the Rear, and gave a vent to Grief.  
The publick Care, he said, which War attends  
Diverts our present Woes, at least suspends:  
145 Peace with the *Manes* of great *Pallas* dwell;  
Hail holy Relicks, and a last farewell!  
He said no more, but inly though he mourn'd,  
Refrain'd his Tears, and to the Camp return'd.  
Now Suppliants, from *Lawentum* sent, demand  
150 A Truce, with Olive Branches in their hand.  
Obtest his Clemency, and from the Plain  
Beg leave to draw the Bodies of their slain.  
They plead, that none those common Rites deny  
To conquer'd Foes, that in fair Battel dye.  
155 All cause of Hate was ended in their Death;  
Nor cou'd he War with Bodies void of Breath.  
A King, they hop'd, wou'd hear a King's Request:  
Whose Son he once was call'd, and once his Guest.

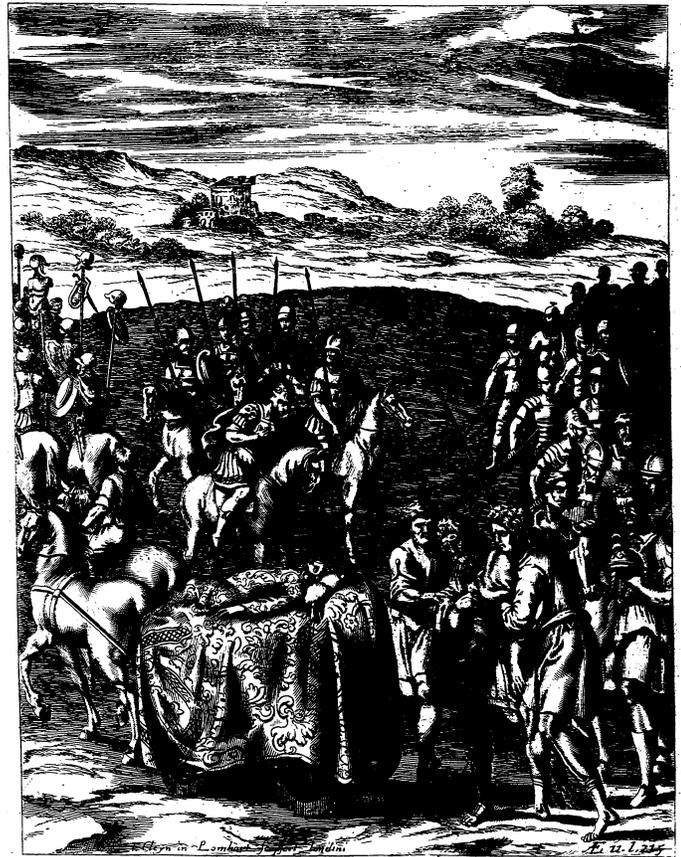
Their

- Their Suit, which was too just to be deny'd,  
160 The *Heroc* grants, and farther thus reply'd:  
O *Latian* Princes, how severe a Fate  
In causeless Quarrels has involv'd your State!  
And arm'd against an unoffending Man,  
Who sought your Friendship e're the War began!  
165 You beg a Truce, which I wou'd gladly give,  
Not only for the slain, but those who live.  
I came not hether but by Heav'n's Command,  
And sent by Fate to share the *Latian* Land.  
Nor wage I Wars unjust; your King deny'd  
170 My proffer'd Friendship, and my promis'd Bride.  
Left me for *Turnus*; *Turnus* then should try  
His Cause in Arms, to Conquer or to dye.  
My Right and his are in dispute: The slain  
Fell without fault, our Quarrel to maintain.  
175 In equal Arms let us alone contend;  
And let him vanquish, whom his Fates befriend.  
This is the way, so tell him, to possess  
The Royal Virgin, and restore the Peace.  
Bear this my Message back; with ample leave  
180 That your slain Friends may Fun'ral Rites receive.  
Thus having said, th' Embassadors amaz'd,  
Stood mute a while, and on each other gaz'd:  
*Drances*, their Chief, who harbour'd in his Breast  
Long hate to *Turnus*, as his Foe profess'd,  
185 Broke silence first, and to the Godlike Man,  
With graceful action bowing, thus began.  
Auspicious Prince, in Arms a mighty Name,  
But yet whose Actions far transcend your Fame;  
Wou'd I your Justice or your Force express,  
190 Thought can but equal; and all Words are less:  
Your Answer we shall thankfully relate,  
And Favours granted to the *Latian* State:

If

- If wish'd Success our Labour shall attend,  
Think Peace concluded, and the King your Friend :
- 195 Let *Turnus* leave the Realm to your Command ;  
And seek Alliance in some other Land :  
Build you the City which your Fates assign ;  
We shall be proud in the great Work to join.
- Thus *Drances* ; and his Words so well persuade  
200 The rest impower'd, that soon a Truce is made.  
Twelve days the term allow'd : And during those,  
*Latians* and *Trojans*, now no longer Foes,  
Mix'd in the Woods, for Fun'ral Piles prepare,  
To fell the Timber, and forget the War.
- 205 Loud Axes thro' the groaning Groves resound :  
Oak, Mountain Ash, and Poplar, spread the Ground :  
Firrs fall from high : And some the Trunks receive,  
In Loaden Wains, with Wedges some they cleave.  
And now the Fatal News, by Fame is blown
- 210 Thro' the short Circuit of th' *Arcadian* Town,  
Of *Pallas* slain : By Fame, which just before  
His Triumphs on distended Pinions bore.  
Rushing from out the Gate, the People stand,  
Each with a Fun'ral Flambeau in his hand :
- 215 Wildly they stare, distracted with amaze :  
The Fields are lighten'd with a fiery blaze,  
That cast a fullen Splendor on their Friends,  
(The marching Troop which their dead Prince attends.)  
Both Parties meet : They raise a doleful Cry :
- 220 The Matrons from the Walls with shrieks reply ;  
And their mix'd mourning rends the vaulted Sky.  
The Town is fill'd with Tumult and with Tears ;  
Till the loud Clamours reach *Evander's* Ears :  
Forgetful of his State, he runs along,
- 225 With a disorder'd pace, and cleaves the Throng :

Falls



To Sir Walter Kirkham  
in the County of  
Blount of Sodington  
Worcester Bar!



LUX TUA VIA MEA

Falls on the Corps, and groaning there he lies,  
 With silent Grief that speaks but at his Eyes :  
 Short Sighs and Sobs succeed ; 'till Sorrow breaks  
 A Passage, and at once he weeps and speaks.

230 O *Pallas*! thou hast fail'd thy plighted Word!  
 To fight with Caution, not to tempt the Sword :  
 I warn'd thee, but in vain ; for well I knew  
 What Perils youthful Ardour wou'd pursue :  
 That boiling Blood wou'd carry thee too far ;

235 Young as thou wert in Dangers, raw to War !  
 O curst Essay of Arms, disastrous Doom,  
 Prelude of bloody Fields, and Fights to come !  
 Hard Elements of un auspicious War,  
 Vain Vows to Heav'n, and unavailing Care !

240 Thrice happy thou, dear Partner of my Bed,  
 Whose holy Soul the Stroke of Fortune fled :  
 Precious of Ills, and leaving me behind,  
 To drink the Dregs of Life by Fate assign'd.  
 Beyond the Goal of Nature I have gon ;

245 My *Pallas* late set out, but reach'd too soon.  
 If, for my League against th' *Ausonian* State,  
 Amidst their Weapons I had found my Fate,  
 (Deserv'd from them,) then I had been return'd  
 A breathless Victor, and my Son had mourn'd.

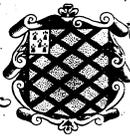
250 Yet will I not my *Trojan* Friend upbraid,  
 Nor grudge th' Alliance I so gladly made.  
 'Twas not his Fault my *Pallas* fell so young,  
 But my own Crime for having liv'd too long.  
 Yet, since the Gods had destin'd him to dye,  
 At least he led the way to Victory :

255 First for his Friends he won the fatal Shore,  
 And sent whole Herds of slaughter'd Foes before :  
 A Death too great, too glorious to deplore.

- Nor will I add new Honours to thy Grave ;  
 260 Content with those the *Trojan* Heroe gave.  
 That Funeral Pomp thy *Phrygian* Friends design'd ;  
 In which the *Tuscan* Chiefs, and Army join'd :  
 Great Spoils, and Trophies gain'd by thee, they bear :  
 Then let thy own Atchievements be thy share.
- 265 Even thou, O *Turnus*, hadst a Trophy stood,  
 Whose mighty Trunk had better grac'd the Wood,  
 If *Pallas* had arriv'd, with equal length  
 Of Years, to match thy Bulk with equal Strength.  
 But why, unhappy Man, dost thou detain
- 270 These Troops, to view the Tears thou shedst in vain !  
 Go, Friends, this Message to your Lord relate ;  
 Tell him, that if I bear my bitter Fate,  
 And after *Pallas* Death, live ling'ring on,  
 'Tis to behold his Vengeance for my Son.
- 275 I stay for *Turnus* ; whose devoted Head  
 Is owing to the living and the dead :  
 My Son and I expect it from his Hand ;  
 'Tis all that he can give, or we demand.  
 Joy is no more : But I would gladly go,
- 280 To greet my *Pallas* with such News below.  
 The Morn had now dispell'd the Shades of Night ;  
 Restoring Toils, when she restor'd the Light :  
 The *Trojan* King, and *Tuscan* Chief, command  
 To raise the Piles, along the winding Strand :
- 285 Their Friends convey the dead to Fun'ral Fires ;  
 Black smould'ring Smoke from the green Wood expires ;  
 The Light of Heav'n is choak'd, and the new Day retires. }  
 Then thrice around the kindled Piles they go :  
 (For ancient Custom had ordain'd it so)
- 290 Thrice Horse and Foot about the Fires are led,  
 And thrice with loud Laments they hail the dead.

Tears



To y<sup>ble</sup> Hon. John Noel Esq<sup>2d</sup> Son to y<sup>ble</sup> Hon.  
 Baptist late L<sup>v</sup> Viscount Campden Baron of  
 Ridlington &  Alington

Tears trickling down their Breasts bedew the Ground ;  
 And Drums and Trumpets mix their mournful Sound.  
 Amid the Blaze, their pious Brethren throw  
 295 The Spoils, in Battel taken from the Foe:  
 Helms, Bits emboss'd, and Swords of shining Steel,  
 One casts a Target, one a Chariot Wheel :  
 Some to their Fellows their own Arms restore ;  
 The Fauchions which in luckless Fight they bore :  
 300 Their Bucklers pierc'd, their Darts bestow'd in vain,  
 And shiver'd Lances gather'd from the Plain.  
 Whole Herds of offer'd Bulls about the Fire,  
 And bristled Boars, and wooly Sheep expire.  
 Around the Piles a careful Troop attends,  
 305 To watch the wafting Flames, and weep their burning Friends.  
 Ling'ring along the Shore, 'till dewy Night,  
 New decks the Face of Heav'n with starry Light.  
 The conquer'd *Lations*, with like Pious Care,  
 Piles without number for their Dead prepare ;  
 310 Part, in the Places where they fell, are laid ;  
 And part are to the neighb'ring Fields convey'd.  
 The Corps of Kings, and Captains of Renown,  
 Born off in State, are bury'd in the Town:  
 The rest, unhonour'd, and without a Name,  
 315 Are cast a common heap to feed the Flame.  
*Trojans* and *Lations* vie with like desires :  
 To make the Field of Battel shine with Fires :  
 And the promiscuous Blaze to Heav'n aspires.  
 Now had the Morning thrice renew'd the Light,  
 320 And thrice dispell'd the Shadows of the Night ;  
 When those who round the wasted Fires remain,  
 Perform the last sad Office to the slain :  
 They rake the yet warm Ashes, from below ;  
 These, and the Bones unburn'd, in Earth bestow :

- 325 These Relicks with their Country Rites they grace;  
 And raise a mount of Turf to mark the place.  
 But in the Palace of the King, appears  
 A Scene more solemn, and a Pomp of Tears:  
 Maids, Matrons, Widows, mix their common Moans:  
 330 Orphans their Sires; and Sires lament their Sons.  
 All in that universal Sorrow share,  
 And curse the Cause of this unhappy War.  
 A broken League, a Bride unjustly fought,  
 A Crown usurp'd, which with their Blood is bought!  
 335 These are the Crimes, with which they load the Name  
 Of *Turnus*, and on him alone exclaim.  
 Let him, who lords it o'er th' *Ausonian* Land,  
 Engage the *Trojan* Heroe hand to hand:  
 His is the Gain, our Lot is but to serve:  
 340 'Tis just, the way he seeks, he should deserve.  
 This *Dranes* aggravates, and adds, with spight,  
 His Foe expects, and dares him to the Fight.  
 Nor *Turnus* wants a Party to support  
 His Cause and Credit, in the *Latian* Court.  
 345 His former Acts secure his present Fame;  
 And the Queen shades him with her mighty Name.  
 While thus their factious Minds with Fury burn,  
 The Legats from th' *Aetolian* Prince return:  
 Sad News they bring, that after all the Cost,  
 350 And Care employ'd, their Embassy is lost:  
 That *Diomedes* refus'd his Aid in War,  
 Unmov'd with Presents, and as deaf to Pray'r.  
 Some new Alliance must elsewhere be sought,  
 Or Peace with *Troy* on hard Conditions bought.  
 355 *Latinus*, sunk in Sorrow, finds too late,  
 A Foreign Son is pointed out by Fate:  
 And till *Aeneas* shall *Lavinia* wed,  
 The wrath of Heav'n is hovering o're his Head.

The



Rem. nulli oblaamque nec vocis oportet  
 Confusio D. Bone. Rex. Curia se fare fatentur  
 Quod facturus ferat populo sed dicere majestati  
 De libertatem, fandi. Natusque remittat  
 Toj most Hon. ble John  
 Earle of Malgrave & K. of



Equis ob auspicium in faustum moreque sinistros  
 Dicam quidem, hic omnia mihi mortemque minatus  
 Læmone leti cecidisse diuam totamque videm  
 Confessio urtem luctu  
 Marquis of Normandy  
 & most noble Order of St. Garter

The Gods, he saw, spoils'd the juster side; 357  
 360 When late their Tides in the Field were told;  
 Witness the fresh Lancers, and Euvral Seats undry'd;  
 Thus, full of anxious Thoughts, the Simons allod 361  
 The Latio Senate to the Council Hall; 362  
 The Princes come, commanded by their Head, 363  
 365 And crowd the Paths that to the Palace lead;  
 Supream in Rows, and reverence'd for his Years,  
 He takes the Throne, and in the midst appears; 367  
 Majestically sad, he sits in State;  
 And bids his Envoys their Success relate; 369  
 370 When Venulus began, the murmuring Sound  
 Was hush'd, and sacred Silence reign'd around;  
 We have, said he, perform'd your high Command;  
 And pass'd with Peril a long Tract of Land;  
 We reach'd the Place desir'd, with Wonder fill'd,  
 375 The Grecian Tents, and rising Tow'rs beheld;  
 Great Diomedes has compass'd round with Walls  
 The City, which Argypus he calls;  
 From his own Argos nam'd; We touch'd, with Joy,  
 The Royal Hand that raz'd unhappy Troy;  
 380 When introduc'd, our Presents first we bring,  
 Then crave an instant Audience from the King;  
 His Leave obtain'd, our Native Soil we name;  
 And tell th' important Cause for which we came;  
 385 Then, with soft Accents, and a pleasing Look,  
 Made this return. *Aisvian* Race, of old  
 Renown'd for Peace, and for an Age of Gold,  
 What Madness has your alter'd Minds possess'd,  
 To change for War hereditary Rest;  
 390 Sollicit Arms unknown, and tempt the Sword,  
 (A needless Ill your Ancestors abhor'd)

We;

The Gods, he saw, espous'd the juster side,  
 360 When late their Titles in the Field were try'd :  
 Witness the fresh Laments, and Fun'ral Tears undry'd :  
 Thus, full of anxious Thought, he summons all  
 The *Latian* Senate to the Council Hall :  
 The Princes come, commanded by their Head,  
 365 And crowd the Paths that to the Palace lead.  
 Supream in Pow'r, and reverence'd for his Years,  
 He takes the Throne, and in the midst appears :  
 Majestically sad, he sits in State,  
 And bids his Envoys their Success relate.  
 370 When *Venus* began, the murmuring Sound  
 Was hush'd, and sacred Silence reign'd around.  
 We have, said he, perform'd your high Command ;  
 And pass'd with Peril a long Tract of Land :  
 We reach'd the Place desir'd, with Wonder fill'd,  
 375 The *Grecian* Tents, and rising Tow'rs beheld.  
 Great *Diomed* has compass'd round with Walls  
 The City, which *Argyripa* he calls ;  
 From his own *Argos* nam'd : We touch'd, with Joy,  
 The Royal Hand that raz'd unhappy *Troy*.  
 380 When introduc'd, our Presents first we bring,  
 Then crave an instant Audience from the King :  
 His Leave obtain'd, our Native Soil we name ;  
 And tell th' important Cause for which we came.  
 Attentively he heard us, while we spoke ;  
 385 Then, with soft Accents, and a pleasing Look,  
 Made this return. *Assonian* Race, of old  
 Renown'd for Peace, and for an Age of Gold,  
 What Madnes has your alter'd Minds possess'd,  
 To change for War hereditary Rest ?  
 390 Sollicit Arms unknown, and tempt the Sword,  
 (A needless Ill your Ancestors abhorr'd ?)

We;



Rem nulli obsequam profrane vocis egentem  
 Consulto. Et bone Rex Anchise fore fatentur  
 Quid fortuna ferat populi sed dicere musam  
 Det libertatem fando statusque renittat


 Cuius ob auspicium insulsum morisque fuit  
 Dicam qualem licet arma nuda morteque minetur  
 Lachryma let occidisse duam totamque videtur  
 Conscidisse urbem luctu  
 Toz most Hon. ble John  
 Earle of Mulgrave & K. of  
 Marquis of Normandy  
 & most noble Order of St. Charles

We; (for my self I speak, and all the Name  
Of Grecians, who to Troy's Destruction came;)   
Omitting those who were in Battel slain,  
395 Or both by rowling *Simois* to the Main:  
Not one but suffer'd, and too dearly bought  
The Prize of Honour which in Arms he fought.  
Some doom'd to Death, and some in Exile driv'n,  
Out-casts, abandon'd by the Care of Heav'n:  
400 So worn, so wretched, so despis'd a Crew,  
As ev'n old *Priam* might with Pity view.  
Witness the Vessels by *Minerva* tofs'd  
In Storms, the vengeful *Capharean* Coast;  
Th' *Eubean* Rocks! The Prince, whose Brother led  
405 Our Armies to revenge his injur'd Bed,  
In *Egypt* lost; *Ulysses*, with his Men,  
Have seen *Charybdis*, and the *Cyclops* Den:  
Why shou'd I name *Idomeneus*, in vain  
Restor'd to Scepters, and expell'd again?  
410 Or young *Achilles* by his Rival slain?  
Ev'n he, the King of Men, the foremost Name  
Of all the *Greeks*, and most renown'd by Fame,  
The proud Revenger of another's Wife,  
Yet by his own Adult'refs lost his Life:  
415 Fell at his Threshold, and the Spoils of *Troy*,  
The foul Polluters of his Bed enjoy.  
The Gods have envy'd me the sweets of Life,  
My much lov'd Country, and my more lov'd Wife:  
Banish'd from both, I mourn; while in the Sky  
420 Transform'd to Birds, my lost Companions fly:  
Hov'ring about the Coasts they make their Moan;  
And cuff the Cliffs with Pinions not their own.  
What squalid Spectres, in the dead of Night,  
Break my short Sleep, and skim before my sight!

425 I might have promis'd to my self those Harms,  
Mad as I was, when I with Mortal Arms  
Presum'd against Immortal Pow'rs to move;  
And violate with Wounds the Queen of Love.  
Such Arms, this Hand shall never more employ;  
430 No Hate remains with me to ruin'd *Troy*.  
I war not with its Dust; nor am I glad  
To think of past Events, or good or bad.  
Your Presents I return: What e're you bring  
To buy my Friendship, send the *Trojan* King.  
435 We met in fight, I know him to my Cost;  
With what a whirling force his Lance he tofs'd:  
Heav'n's what a spring was in his Arm, to throw:  
How high he held his Shield, and rose at ev'ry blow!  
Had *Troy* produc'd two more, his Match in Might,  
440 They would have chang'd the Fortune of the Fight:  
Th' Invasion of the *Greeks* had been return'd:  
Our Empire wasted, and our Cities burn'd.  
The long Defence the *Trojan* People made,  
The War protracted, and the Siege delay'd,  
445 Were due to *Hector's* and this Heroe's hand:  
Both brave alike, and equal in Command;  
*Aeneas*, not inferior in the Field,  
In pious reverence to the Gods, excell'd.  
Make peace, ye *Ladians*, and avoid with Care  
450 Th' impending Dangers of a fatal War.  
He said no more; but with this cold Excuse,  
Refus'd th' Alliance, and advis'd a Truce.  
Thus *Venus* concluded his Report.  
A Jarring Murmur fill'd the factious Courts:  
455 As when a Torrent roars with rapid force,  
And dashes o're the Stones that stop the Courfe;  
The Flood, constrain'd within a scanty space,  
Roars horrible along th' unequal race:

White foam in gathering Eddies floats around:  
 460 The rocky Shores rebellow to the sound.  
 The Murmur ceas'd: Then from his lofty Throne  
 The King invoc'd the Gods, and thus begun.  
 I wish, ye *Latins*, what we now debate  
 Had been resolv'd before it was too late:  
 465 Much better had it been for you and me,  
 Unforc'd by this our last Necessity,  
 To have been earlier wisè; than now to call  
 A Council, when the Foe surrounds the Wall.  
 O Citizens! we wage unequal War,  
 470 With men, not only Heav'n's peculiar Care,  
 But Heav'n's own Race: Unconquer'd in the Field,  
 Or Conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.  
 What Hopes you had in *Diomedè*, lay down:  
 Our Hopes must center on our selves alone.  
 475 Yet those how feeble, and, indeed, how vain,  
 You see too well; nor need my Words explain.  
 Vanquish'd without resource; laid flat by Fate,  
 Factions within, a Foe without the Gate;  
 Not but I grant, that all perform'd their parts;  
 480 With manly Force, and with undaunted Hearts:  
 With our united Strength the War we wag'd;  
 With equal Numbers, equal Arms engag'd:  
 You see th' Event—Now hear what I propose,  
 To save our Friends, and satisfy our Foes:  
 485 A Tract of Land the *Latins* have possess'd  
 Along the *Tyber*, stretching to the West,  
 Which now *Rutulians* and *Auruncans* till:  
 And their mix'd Cattle graze the fruitful Hill;  
 Those Mountains fill'd with Firs, that lower Land,  
 490 If you consent, the *Trojan* shall Command.  
 Call'd into part of what is ours; and there,  
 On terms agreed, the common Country share.

There

There let 'em build, and settle if they please;  
 Unless they chuse once more to cross the Seas,  
 495 In search of Seats remote from *Italy*;  
 And from unwelcome Inmates set us free.  
 Then twice ten Gallies let us build with Speed,  
 Or twice as many more, if more they need;  
 Materials are at hand: A well-grown Wood  
 500 Runs equal with the Margin of the Flood:  
 Let them the Number, and the Form assign;  
 The Care and Cost of all the Stores be mine.  
 To treat the Peace, a hundred Senators  
 Shall be commission'd hence with ample Pow'rs;  
 505 With Olive crown'd: The Presents they shall bear,  
 A Purple Robe, a Royal Iv'ry Chair;  
 And all the marks of Sway that *Latian* Monarchs wear;  
 And Sums of Gold. Among your selves debate  
 This great Affair, and save the sinking State.  
 510 Then *Dranes* took the word; who grudg'd, long since,  
 The rising Glories of the *Daunian* Prince.  
 Factious and rich, bold at the Council Board,  
 But cautious in the Field, he thun'd the Sword;  
 A closè Caballer, and Tongue-valiant Lord.  
 515 Noble his Mother was, and near the Throne,  
 But what his Father's Parentage, unknown.  
 He rose, and took th' Advantage of the Times,  
 To load young *Turnus* with invidious Crimes.  
 Such Truths, O King, said he, your Words contain,  
 520 As strike the Sence, and all Replies are vain.  
 Nor are your Loyal Subjects now to seek  
 What common Needs require; but fear to speak.  
 Let him give leave of Speech, that haughty Man,  
 Whose Pride this un auspicious War began:  
 525 For whose Ambition (let me dare to say,  
 Fear set apart, tho' Death is in my Way)

Y y y

The

The Plains of *Latium* run with Blood arround ;  
 So many Valiant Heros bite the Ground :  
 Dejected Grief in ev'ry Face appears ;  
 530 A Town in Mourning, and a Land in Tears.  
 While he th' undoubted Author of our Harms,  
 The Man who menaces the Gods with Arms,  
 Yet, after all his Boasts, forfook the Fight,  
 And sought his safety in ignoble Flight.  
 535 Now, best of Kings, since you propose to send  
 Such bounteous Presents to your *Trojan* Friend ;  
 Add yet a greater at our joint Request,  
 One which he values more than all the rest ;  
 Give him the fair *Lavinia* for his Bride :  
 540 With that Alliance let the League be ty'd :  
 And for the bleeding Land a lasting Peace provide.  
 Let Infolence no longer awe the Throne,  
 But with a Father's Right bestow your own.  
 For this Maligner of the general Good,  
 545 If still we fear his Force, he must be woo'd :  
 His haughty Godhead we with Pray'rs implore,  
 Your Scepter to release, and our just Rights restore.  
 O curst Cause of all our Ills, must we  
 Wage Wars unjust, and fall in Fight for thee !  
 550 What right hast thou to rule the *Latian* State,  
 And send us out to meet our certain Fate ?  
 'Tis a destructive War ; from *Turnus* Hand  
 Our Peace and publick safety we demand.  
 Let the fair Bride to the brave Chief remain ;  
 555 If not, the Peace without the Pledge is vain.  
*Turnus*, I know you think me not your Friend,  
 Nor will I much with your Belief contend :  
 I beg your Greatness not to give the Law  
 In others Realms, but, beaten, to withdraw.

Pity

560 Pity your own, or pity our Estate,  
 Nor twist our Fortunes with your sinking Fate.  
 Your Interest is the War shou'd never cease ;  
 But we have felt enough, to wish the Peace :  
 A Land exhausted to the last remains,  
 565 Depopulated Towns, and driven Plains.  
 Yet, if desire of Fame, and thirst of Pow'r,  
 A Beauteous Princess, with a Crown in Dow'r,  
 So fire your Mind, in Arms assert your Right ;  
 And meet your Foe, who dares you to the Fight.  
 570 Mankind, it seems, is made for you alone ;  
 We, but the Slaves who mount you to the Throne :  
 A base ignoble Crowd, without a Name,  
 Unwept, unworthy of the Fun'ral Flame :  
 By Duty bound to forfeit each his Life,  
 575 That *Turnus* may possess a Royal Wife.  
 Permit not, Mighty Man, so mean a Crew  
 Shou'd share such Triumphs ; and detain from you  
 The Post of Honour, your unquestion'd Due :  
 Rather alone your matchless Force employ ;  
 580 To merit, what alone you must enjoy.  
 These Words, so full of Malice, mix'd with Art,  
 Inflam'd with Rage the youthful Hero's Heart.  
 Then groaning from the bottom of his Breast,  
 He heav'd for Wind, and thus his Wrath express'd.  
 585 You, *Dracones*, never want a Stream of Words,  
 Then, when the Publick Need requires our Swords.  
 First in the Council-hall to steer the State ;  
 And ever foremost at a Tongue debate.  
 While our strong Walls secure us from the Foe,  
 590 E're yet with Blood our Ditches overflow :  
 But let the potent Orator declaim,  
 And with the brand of Coward blot my Name ;

Y y y 2

Free

Free Leave is giv'n him, when his fatal Hand  
 Has cover'd with more Corps the sanguine Strand ;  
 595 And high as mine his tow'ring Trophies stand.  
 If any Doubt remains who dares the most,  
 Let us decide it at the Trojans cost :  
 And issue both abreft, where Honour calls ;  
 Foes are not far to seek without the Walls.  
 600 Unless his noisie Tongue can only fight ;  
 And Feet were giv'n him but to speed his Flight.  
 I beaten from the Field ? I forc'd away ?  
 Who, but so known a Daftard, dares to fay ?  
 Had he but ev'n beheld the Fight, his Eyes  
 605 Had witness'd for me what his Tongue denies :  
 What heaps of Trojans by this Hand were slain,  
 And how the bloody Tyber swell'd the Main.  
 All saw, but he, th' *Arcadian* Troops retire,  
 In scatter'd Squadrons, and their Prince expire.  
 610 The Gyant Brothers, in their Camp, have found  
 I was not forc'd with ease to quit my Ground.  
 Not such the Trojans try'd me, when inclos'd,  
 I singly their united Arms oppos'd :  
 First forc'd an Entrance thro' their thick Array ;  
 615 Then, glutted with their Slaughter, freed my Way.  
 'Tis a destructive War ? So let it be,  
 But to the *Phrygian* Pirate, and to thee.  
 Mean time proceed to fill the People's Ears  
 With false Reports, their Minds with panick Fears :  
 620 Extol the Strength of a twice conquer'd Race,  
 Our Foes encourage, and our Friends debafe.  
 Believe thy Fables, and the Trojan Town  
 Triumphant stands, the Grecians are o'rethrown :  
 Suppliant at Hector's Feet Achilles lyes ;  
 625 And Diomed from fierce *Aeneas* flies.

Say

Say rapid *Aufidus* with awful Dread  
 Runs backward from the Sea, and hides his Head,  
 When the great Trojan on his Bank appears :  
 For that's as true as thy dissembl'd Fears  
 630 Of my Revenge : Dismiss that Vanity,  
 Thou, *Drances*, art below a Death from me.  
 Let that vile Soul in that vile Body rest ;  
 The Lodging is well worthy of the Guest.  
 Now, Royal Father, to the present state  
 635 Of our Affairs, and of this high Debate ;  
 If in your Arms thus early you diffide,  
 And think your Fortune is already try'd ;  
 If one Defeat has brought us down so low ;  
 As never more in Fields to meet the Foe ;  
 640 Then I conclude for Peace : 'Tis time to treat,  
 And lye like Vassals at the Victor's Feet.  
 But oh, if any ancient Blood remains,  
 One drop of all our Father's in our Veins ;  
 That Man would I prefer before the rest,  
 645 Who dar'd his Death with an undaunted Breast ;  
 Who comely fell, by no dishonest Wound,  
 To shun that Sight, and dying gnaw'd the Ground.  
 But if we still have fresh Recruits in store,  
 If our Confederates can afford us more ;  
 650 If the contended Field we bravely fought ;  
 And not a bloodless Victory was bought :  
 Their Losses equal'd ours, and for their slain,  
 With equal Fires they fill'd the shining Plain ;  
 Why thus unforc'd shou'd we so tamely yield ;  
 655 And e're the Trumpet sounds, resign the Field ?  
 Good unexpected, Evils unforeseen,  
 Appear by Turns, as Fortune shifts the Scene :  
 Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down again ;  
 Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

If

- 660 If *Diomedes* refuse his Aid to lend,  
 The great *Messapus* yet remains our Friend:  
*Tolumnius*, who foretels Events, is ours;  
 Th' *Italian* Chiefs, and Princes, joyn their Pow'rs:  
 Nor least in Number, nor in Name the last,  
 665 Your own brave Subjects have your Cause embrac'd.  
 Above the rest, the *Volscian Amazon*  
 Contains an Army in her self alone:  
 And heads a Squadron, terrible to fight,  
 With glittering Shields, in Brazen Armour bright.  
 670 Yet if the Foe a single Fight demand,  
 And I alone the Publick Peace withstand;  
 If you consent, he shall not be refus'd,  
 Nor find a Hand to Victory unus'd.  
 This new *Achilles*, let him take the Field,  
 675 With fated Armour, and *Vulcanian* Shield;  
 For you, my Royal Father, and my Fame,  
 I, *Turnus*, not the least of all my Name,  
 Devote my Soul. He calls me hand to hand,  
 And I alone will answer his Demand.  
 680 *Drances* shall rest secure, and neither share  
 The Danger, nor divide the Prize of War.  
 While they debate; nor these nor those will yield;  
*Aeneas* draws his Forces to the Field:  
 And moves his Camp. The Scouts, with flying Speed  
 685 Return, and thro' the frighted City spread  
 Th' unpleasing News, the *Trojans* are descry'd,  
 In Battel marshing by the River side,  
 And bending to the Town. They take th' Allarm,  
 Some tremble, some are bold, all in Confusion arm.  
 690 Th' impetuous Youth press forward to the Field;  
 They clash the Sword, and clatter on the Shield:  
 The fearful Matrons raise a screaming Cry;  
 Old feeble Men with fainter Groans reply:  
 A jarring Sound results, and mingles in the Sky.

- 695 Like that of Swans returning to the Floods;  
 Or Birds of differing kinds in hollow Woods.  
*Turnus* th' occasion takes, and cries aloud,  
 Talk on, ye quaint Haranguers of the Crowd:  
 Declaim in praise of Peace, when Danger calls;  
 700 And the fierce Foes in Arms approach the Walls.  
 He said, and turning short, with speedy Pace,  
 Casts back a scornful Glance, and quits the Place.  
 Thou, *Volusus*, the *Volscian* Troops command  
 To mount; and lead thy self our *Ardean* Band.  
 705 *Messapus*, and *Caiillus*, post your Force  
 Along the Fields, to charge the *Trojan* Horde.  
 Some guard the Passes, others man the Wall;  
 Drawn up in Arms, the rest attend my Call.  
 They swarm from ev'ry Quarter of the Town;  
 710 And with disorder'd haste the Rampires crown.  
 Good old *Latinus*, when he saw, too late,  
 The gathering Storm, just breaking on the State,  
 Dismiss'd the Council, 'till a fitter time.  
 And own'd his easie Temper as his Crime:  
 715 Who, forc'd against his reason, had comply'd  
 To break the Treaty for the promis'd Bride:  
 Some help to sink new Trenches, others aid  
 To ram the Stones, or raise the Palisade.  
 Hoarse Trumpets sound th' Alarm: Around the Walls  
 720 Runs a distracted Crew, whom their last Labour calls.  
 A sad Procession in the Streets is seen,  
 Of Matrons that attend the Mother Queen:  
 High in her Chair she sits, and at her side,  
 With downcast Eyes appears the fatal Bride.  
 725 They mount the Cliff, where *Pallas's* Temple stands;  
 Pray'rs in their Mouths, and Presents in their Hands:  
 With Censers, first they fume the sacred Shrine,  
 Then in this common Supplication joyn.

- O Patroness of Arms, unspotted Maid,  
 730 Propitious hear, and lend thy *Latins* Aid :  
 Break short the Pirat's Lance ; pronounce his Fate,  
 And lay the *Phrygian* low before the Gate.  
 Now *Turnus* arms for Fight : His Back and Breast,  
 Well temper'd Steel, and scaly Brass invest :  
 735 The Cuirasses, which his brawny Thighs infold,  
 Are mingled Metal damask'd o're with Gold.  
 His faithful Fauchion fits upon his side ;  
 Nor Casque, nor Crest, his manly Features hide :  
 But bare to view, amid surrounding Friends,  
 740 With Godlike Grace, he from the Tow'r descends.  
 Exulting in his Strength, he seems to dare  
 His absent Rival, and to promise War.  
 Freed from his Keepers, thus with broken Reins,  
 The wanton Courser prances o're the Plains :  
 745 Or in the Pride of Youth o'releaps the Mounds ;  
 And snuffs the Females in forbidden Grounds.  
 Or seeks his war'ring in the well known Flood,  
 To quench his Thirst, and cool his fiery Blood :  
 He swims luxuriant, in the liquid Plain,  
 750 And o're his Shoulder flows his waving Mane :  
 He neighs, he snorts, he bears his Head on high ;  
 Before his ample Chest the frothy Waters fly.  
 Soon as the Prince appears without the Gate,  
 The *Volcians*, with their Virgin Leader, wait  
 755 His last Commands. Then with a graceful Meen,  
 Lights from her lofty Steed, the Warrior Queen :  
 Her Squadron imitates, and each descends ;  
 Whose common Sute *Camilla* thus commends.  
 If Sense of Honour, if a Soul secure  
 760 Of inborn Worth, that can all Tests endure,  
 Can promise ought ; or on it self rely,  
 Greatly to dare, to conquer or to dye :

Then,

- Then, I alone, sustain'd by these, will meet  
 The *Tyrrhene* Troops, and promise their Defeat.  
 765 Ours be the Danger, ours the sole Renown ;  
 You, Gen'ral, stay behind, and guard the Town.  
*Turnus* a while stood mute, with glad Surprise,  
 And on the fierce *Virago* fix'd his Eyes :  
 Then thus return'd : O Grace of *Italy*,  
 770 With what becoming Thanks can I reply !  
 Not only Words lye lab'ring in my Breast ;  
 But Thought it self is by thy Praise oppress'd.  
 Yet rob me not of all, but let me join  
 My Toils, my Hazard, and my Fame, with thine.  
 775 The *Trojan*, (not in Stratagem unskill'd,)  
 Sends his light Foot before to scour the Field :  
 Himself, thro' steep Ascents, and thorny Brakes,  
 A larger Compass to the City takes.  
 This news my Scouts confirm : And I prepare  
 780 To foil his Cunning, and his Force to dare.  
 With chosen Foot his Passage to forelay ;  
 And place an Ambush in the winding way.  
 Thou, with thy *Volcians*, face the *Tuscan* Horse :  
 The brave *Messapus* shall thy Troops enforce ;  
 785 With those of *Tibur* ; and the *Latian* Band :  
 Subjected all to thy Supreme Command.  
 This said, he warns *Messapus* to the War :  
 Then ev'ry Chief exhorts, with equal Care.  
 All thus encourag'd, his own Troops he joins,  
 790 And hastes to prosecute his deep Designs.  
 Inclos'd with Hills, a winding Valley lies,  
 By Nature form'd for Fraud, and fitted for Surprise :  
 A narrow Track, by Human Steps untrod,  
 Leads, thro' perplexing Thorns, to this obscure abode.  
 975 High o're the Vale a steepy Mountain stands ;  
 Whence the surveying Sight the neather Ground commands.

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The

The top is level : an offensive Seat  
 Of War ; and from the War a safe Retreat.  
 For, on the right, and left, is room to press  
 780 The Foes at hand, or from afar distress :  
 To drive 'em headlong downward ; and to pour  
 On their descending backs, a stony show'r.  
 Thither young *Turnus* took the well known way ;  
 Possess'd the Pass, and in blind Ambush lay.  
 785 Mean time, *Latonian Phoebe* from the Skies,  
 Beheld th' approaching War with hateful Eies.  
 And call'd the light-foot *Opis*, to her aid,  
 Her most belov'd, and ever trusty Maid.  
 Then with a sigh began : *Camilla* goes  
 790 To meet her Death, amidst her Fatal Foes.  
 The Nymph I lov'd of all my Mortal Train,  
 Invested with *Diana's* Arms, in vain.  
 Nor is my kindness for the Virgin, new,  
 'Twas born with Her, and with her Years it grew :  
 795 Her Father *Metabus*, when forc'd away  
 From old *Privernum*, for Tyrannick sway ;  
 Snatch'd up, and sav'd from his prevailing Foes,  
 This tender Babe, Companion of his Woes.  
*Camilla* was her Mother ; but he drown'd,  
 800 One hissing Letter in a softer sound,  
 And call'd *Camilla*. Thro the Woods, he flies ;  
 Wrap'd in his Robe the Royal Infant lies.  
 His Foes in fight, he mends his weary pace ;  
 With shouts and clamours they pursue the Chace.  
 805 The Banks of *Amasene* at length he gains ;  
 The raging Flood his farther flight restrains :  
 Rais'd o're the Borders with unusual Rains.  
 Prepar'd to Plunge into the Stream, He fears :  
 Not for himself, but for the Charge he bears.

Anxious

810 Anxious he stops a while ; and thinks in haste ;  
 Then, desprate in Distress, resolves at last.  
 A knotty Lance of well-boil'd Oak he bore ;  
 The middle part with Cork he cover'd o're :  
 He clos'd the Child within the hollow Space ;  
 815 With Twigs of bending *Osier* bound the Case.  
 Then pois'd the Spear, heavy with Human Weight ;  
 And thus invoc'd my Favour for the Freight.  
 Accept, great Goddess of the Woods, he said,  
 Sent by her Sire, this dedicated Maid :  
 820 Thro' Air she flies a Suppliant to thy Shrine ;  
 And the first Weapons that she knows, are thine.  
 He said ; and with full Force the Spear he threw :  
 Above the founding Waves *Camilla* flew.  
 Then, press'd by Foes, he stamm'd the stormy Tyde ;  
 825 And gain'd, by strokes of Arms, the farther Side.  
 His fasten'd Spear he pull'd from out the Ground ;  
 And, Victor of his Vows, his Infant Nymph unbound.  
 Nor after that, in Towns which Walls inclose,  
 Wou'd trust his hunted Life amidst his Foes.  
 830 But rough, in open Air he chose to lye :  
 Earth was his Couch, his Cov'ring was the Sky.  
 On Hills unshorn, or in a desert Den,  
 He shunn'd the dire Society of Men.  
 A Shepherd's solitary Life he led :  
 835 His Daughter with the Milk of Mares he fed ;  
 The Dugs of Bears, and ev'ry Salvage Beast,  
 He drew, and thro' her Lips the Liquor press'd.  
 The little *Amazon* cou'd scarcely go,  
 He loads her with a Quiver and a Bow :  
 840 And, that she might her stagg'ring Steps command,  
 He with a slender Jav'lin fills her Hand :  
 Her flowing Hair no golden Filler bound ;  
 Nor swept her trayling Robe the dusty Ground.

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Instead

Instead of these, a Tyger's Hide o'respread  
 845 Her Back and Shoulders, fasten'd to her Head.  
 The flying Dart she first attempts to sling;  
 And round her tender Temples to's'd the Sling:  
 Then, as her Strength with Years increas'd, began  
 To pierce aloft in Air the soaring Swan:  
 850 And from the Clouds to fetch the Heron and the Crane.  
 The *Tuscan* Matrons with each other vy'd,  
 To bless their Rival Sons with such a Bride:  
 But she disdain'd their Love; to share with me  
 The *Silvan* Shades, and vow'd *Virginity*.  
 855 And, oh! I wish, contented with my Cares  
 Of Salvage Spoils, she had not fought the Wars:  
 Then had she been of my *Cœlestial* Train;  
 And shun'd the Fate that dooms her to be slain.  
 But, since opposing *Heav'n's* Decree, she goes  
 860 To find her Death among forbidden Foes;  
 Haste with these Arms, and take thy steepy flight,  
 Where, with the Gods averse, the *Latins* fight:  
 This Bow to thee, this Quiver, I bequeath,  
 This chosen Arrow to revenge her Death.  
 865 By what e're Hand *Camilla* shall be slain,  
 Or of the *Trojan*, or *Italian* Train,  
 Let him not pass unpunish'd from the Plain.  
 Then, in a hollow Cloud, my self will Aid,  
 To bear the breathless Body of my Maid:  
 870 Unspoil'd shall be her Arms, and unprofan'd  
 Her holy Limbs with any Human Hand:  
 And in a Marble Tomb laid in her Native Land.  
 She said: The faithful Nymph descends from high  
 With rapid flight, and cuts the founding Sky;  
 875 Black Clouds and stormy Winds around her Body fly.  
 By this, the *Trojan* and the *Tuscan* Horse,  
 Drawn up in Squadrons, with united Force,

Approach

Approach the Walls; the sprightly Courfers bound;  
 Press forward on their Bitts, and shift their Ground:  
 880 Shields, Arms, and Spears, flash horrible from far;  
 And the Fields glitter with a waving War.  
 Oppos'd to these, come on with furious Force,  
*Messapus*, *Coras*, and the *Latian* Horse;  
 These in the Body plac'd; on either hand  
 885 Sustain'd, and clos'd by fair *Camilla's* Band.  
 Advancing in a Line, they couch their Spears;  
 And less and less the middle Space appears.  
 Thick Smoak obscures the Field: And scarce are seen  
 The neighing Courfers, and the shouting Men.  
 890 In distance of their Darts they stop their Course;  
 Then Man to Man they rush, and Horse to Horse.  
 The face of *Heav'n* their flying Jav'lins hide;  
 And Deaths unseen are dealt on either side.  
*Tyrrhenus*, and *Acontus*, void of Fear,  
 895 By meted Courfers born in full Career,  
 Meet first oppos'd: and, with a mighty Shock,  
 Their Horses Heads against each other knock.  
 Far from his Steed is fierce *Acontus* cast;  
 As with an Engin's force, or Lightning's blast:  
 900 He rows along in Blood, and breathes his last.  
 The *Latin* Squadrons take a sudden fright;  
 And sling their Shields behind, to save their Backs in flight.  
 Spurring at speed to their own Walls they drew;  
 Close in the rear the *Tuscan* Troops pursue:  
 905 And urge their flight. *Astias* leads the Chase;  
 'Till seiz'd with Shame they wheel about and face:  
 Receive their Foes, and raise a threat'ning Cry:  
 The *Tuscans* take their turn to fear and fly.  
 So swelling Surges, with a thund'ring Roar,  
 910 Driv'n on each others Backs, insult the Shoar;

Bound

- Bound o're the Rocks, inroach upon the Land;  
 And far upon the Beach eject the Sand.  
 Then backward with a Swing, they take their Way;  
 Repuls'd from upper Ground, and seek their Mother Sea :
- 915 With equal hurry quit th' invaded Shore;  
 And swallow back the Sand, and Stones they spew'd before.  
 Twice were the *Tuscans* Masters of the Field,  
 Twice by the *Latins*, in their turn repell'd.  
 Asham'd at length, to the third Charge they ran
- 920 Both Hoasts resolv'd, and mingled Man to Man:  
 Now dying Groans are heard, the Fields are strow'd  
 With falling Bodies, and are drunk with Blood:  
 Arms, Horses, Men, on heaps together lye:  
 Confus'd the Fight, and more confus'd the Cry.
- 925 *Orflocbus*, who durst not press too near  
 Strong *Remulus*, at distance drove his Spear;  
 And stuck the Steel beneath his Horses Ear:  
 The fiery Steed, impatient of the Wound,  
 Curvets, and springing upward with a Bound,
- 930 His helpless Lord cast backward on the Ground.  
*Catillus* pierc'd *Iolas* first; then drew  
 His reeking Lance, and at *Herminius* threw:  
 The mighty Champion of the *Tuscan* Crew.  
 His Neck and Throat unarm'd, his Head was bare,
- 935 But shaded with a length of yellow Hair:  
 Secure, he fought, expos'd on ev'ry part,  
 A spacious mark for Swords, and for the Dart:  
 Across the Shoulders came the flying Wound;  
 Transfix'd, he fell, and doubled to the Ground.
- 940 The Sands with streaming Blood are sanguine dy'd;  
 And Death with Honour, fought on either side.  
 Resiftless through the War, *Camilla* rode;  
 In Danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with Blood.

Onc

- One side was bare for her exerted Breast;  
 945 One Shoulder with her painted Quiver press'd.  
 Now from afar her Fatal Jav'lin's play;  
 Now with her Axe's edge she hews her Way:  
*Diana's* Arms upon her Shoulder sound;  
 And when, too closely press'd, she quits the Ground;
- 950 From her bent Bow she sends a backward Wound.  
 Her Maids, in Martial Pomp, on either side,  
*Larina*, *Tulla*, fierce *Tarpeia* ride;  
*Italians* all: in Peace, their Queen's delight:  
 In War the bold Companions of the Fight.
- 955 So march'd the *Thracian Amazons* of old,  
 When *Thermodon* with bloody Billows rowl'd:  
 Such Troops as these in shining Arms were seen;  
 When *Theseus* met in Fight their Maiden Queen.  
 Such to the Field *Penthesilea* led,
- 960 From the fierce Virgin when the *Grecians* fled:  
 With such, return'd Triumphant from the War;  
 Her Maids with Cries attend the lofty Carr:  
 They clash with manly force their Moony Shields;  
 With Female Showts resound the *Phrygian* Fields.
- 965 Who formost, and who last, Heroick Maid,  
 On the cold Earth were by thy Courage laid:  
 Thy Spear, of Mountain Ash, *Eumenius* first,  
 With fury driv'n, from side to side transpierc'd:  
 A purple Stream came spouting from the Wound;
- 970 Bath'd in his Blood he lies, and bites the Ground.  
*Lyrus* and *Pegasus* at once she slew;  
 The former, as the slacken'd Reins he drew,  
 Of his faint steed: the latter, as he stretch'd  
 His Arm to prop his Friend, the Jav'lin reach'd.
- 975 By the same Weapon, sent from the same Hand,  
 Both fall together, and both spurn the Sand.

Anastus

*Amasrus* next is added to the slain :

The rest in Rout she follows o're the Plain.

*Tereus, Harpalicus, Demophoon,*

980 And *Chromys*, at full Speed her Fury shun.

Of all her deadly Darts, not one she lost ;

Each was attended with a *Trojan* Ghost.

Young *Ornithus* bestrode a Hunter Steed,

Swift for the Chase, and of *Apulian* Breed :

985 Him, from afar, she spy'd in Arms unknown ;

O're his broad Back an Oxes hide was thrown :

His Helm a Wolf, whose gaping Jaws were spread,

A cov'ring for his Cheeks, and grinn'd around his Head.

He clench'd within his Hand an Iron Prong ;

990 And tow'rd above the rest, conspicuous in the Throng.

Him soon she singled from the flying Train,

And slew with ease: Then thus insults the slain.

Vain Hunter didst thou think thro' Woods to chase

The Salvage Herd, a vile and trembling Race :

995 Here cease thy Vaunts, and own my Victory ;

A Woman-Warrior was too strong for thee.

Yet if the Ghosts demand the Conqueror's Name,

Confessing great *Camilla*, save thy Shame.

Then *Butes*, and *Orsilochns*, she slew :

1000 The bulkiest Bodies of the *Trojan* Crew.

But *Butes* Breast to Breast: the Spear descends

Above the Gorget, where his Helmet ends;

And o're the Shield which his left Side defends.

*Orsilochns* and she, their Courfers ply ;

1005 He seems to follow, and she seems to fly.

But in a narrower Ring she makes the Race;

And then he flies, and she pursues the Chase.

Gath'ring at length on her deluded Foe,

She swings her Axe, and rises to the Blow :



To the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup>  
Baron Berkley



William Berkley  
of Stratton &c.

- 1010 Full on the Helm behind, with such a sway  
The Weapon falls, the riven Steel gives way :  
He groans, he roars, he fues in vain for Grace ;  
Brains, mingled with his Blood, besmear his Face.  
Astonish'd *Aeneas* just arrives by Chance,
- 1015 To see his Fall, nor farther dares advance :  
But fixing on the horrid Maid his Eye,  
He stares, and shakes, and finds it vain to fly.  
Yet like a true *Ligurian*, born to cheat,  
(At least while Fortune favour'd his Deceit)
- 1020 Cries out aloud, what Courage have you shown,  
Who trust your Courfers Strength, and not your own ?  
Forego the vantage of your Horse, alight,  
And then on equal Terms begin the Fight :  
It shall be seen, weak Woman, what you can,
- 1025 When Foot to Foot, you combat with a Man.  
He said : She glows with Anger and Disdain,  
Dismounts with speed to dare him on the Plain ;  
And leaves her Horse at large among her Train.  
With her drawn Sword defies him to the Field ;
- 1030 And marching, lifts aloft her maiden Shield :  
The Youth, who thought his Cunning did succeed,  
Reins round his Horse, and urges all his Speed.  
Adds the remembrance of the Spur, and hides  
The goring Rowels in his bleeding Sides.
- 1035 Vain Fool, and Coward, cries the lofty Maid,  
Caught in the Train, which thou thy self hast laid !  
On others practise thy *Ligurian* Arts ;  
Thin Stratagems, and Tricks of little Hearts  
Are lost on me. Nor shalt thou safe retire,
- 1040 With vaunting Lyes to thy fallacious Sire.  
At this, so fast her flying Feet she sped,  
That soon she strain'd beyond his Horse's Head :

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Then

Then turning short, at once she seiz'd the Rein,  
 And laid the Boaster grov'ling on the Plain.  
 1045 Not with more ease the Falcon from above,  
 Truffles, in middle Air, the trembling Drove:  
 Then Plumes the Prey, in her strong Pounces bound:  
 The Feathers foul with Blood come tumbling to the ground.  
 Now mighty *Jove*, from his superior height,  
 1050 With his broad Eye surveys th' unequal Fight.  
 He fires the Breast of *Tarchon* with Disdain,  
 And sends him to redeem th' abandon'd Plain.  
 Betwixt the broken Ranks the *Tyſcan* rides,  
 And these encourages, and those he chides:  
 1055 Recalls each Leader, by his Name, from flight;  
 Renews their Ardour; and restores the Fight.  
 What Panick Fear has seiz'd your Souls, O shame,  
 O Brand perpetual of th' *Etrurian* Name,  
 Cowards incurable, a Woman's Hand  
 1060 Drives, breaks, and scatters your ignoble Band!  
 Now cast away the Sword, and quit the Shield:  
 What use of Weapons which you dare not wield?  
 Not thus you fly your Female Foes, by Night,  
 Nor shun the Feast, when the full Bowls invite:  
 1065 When to fat Off'rings the glad *Augur* calls;  
 And the shrill Horn-pipe sounds to *Bacchanals*.  
 These are your study'd Cares; your lewd Delight;  
 Swift to debauch; but slow to Manly Fight.  
 Thus having said, he spurs amid the Foes;  
 1070 Not managing the Life he meant to lose.  
 The first he found he seiz'd, with headlong haste,  
 In his strong Gripe; and clasp'd around the Waste:  
 'Twas *Venus*; whom from his Horse he tore,  
 And, (laid athwart his own,) in Triumph bore.  
 1075 Loud Shouts ensue: The *Latins* turn their Eyes,  
 And view th' unusual fight with vast Surprise.

The

The fiery *Tarchon*, flying o're the Plains,  
 Press'd in his Arms the pond'rous Prey sustains:  
 Then, with his shorten'd Spear, explores around  
 1080 His jointed Arms, to fix a deadly Wound.  
 Nor less the Captive struggles for his Life;  
 He writhes his Body to prolong the Strife:  
 And, fencing for his naked Throat, exerts  
 His utmost Vigour, and the point averts.  
 1085 So stoops the yellow Eagle from on high,  
 And bears a speckled Serpent thro' the Sky;  
 Fast'ning his crooked Tallons on the Prey;  
 The Pris'ner hiffes thro' the liquid Way;  
 Resists the Royal Hawk, and tho' opprest,  
 1090 She fights in Volumes, and erects her Crest:  
 Turn'd to her Foe, she stiffens ev'ry Scale;  
 And shoots her forky Tongue, and whisks her threat'ning Tail.  
 Against the Victour all Defence is weak;  
 Th' imperial Bird still plies her with his Beak:  
 1095 He tears her Bowels, and her Breast he gores;  
 Then claps his Pinions, and securely soars.  
 Thus, thro' the midst of circling Enemies,  
 Strong *Tarchon* snatch'd and bore away his Prize:  
 The *Tyrrhene* Troops, that shrunk before, now press  
 1100 The *Latins*, and presume the like Success.  
 Then, *Aruns* doom'd to Death, his Arts assay'd  
 To murder, unesp'y'd, the *Volſcian* Maid,  
 This way, and that his winding Courſe he bends;  
 And whereſoe're he turns, her Steps attends.  
 1105 When she retires victorious from the Chase,  
 He wheels about with Care, and shifts his place:  
 When rushing on, she seeks her Foes in Fight,  
 He keeps aloof, but keeps her still in sight:  
 He threats, and trembles, trying ev'ry Way  
 1110 Unſeen to kill, and safely to betray.

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Chlorem

*Chloëus*, the Priest of *Cybele*, from far,  
 Glitt'ring in *Phrygian* Arms amidst the War,  
 Was by the Virgin view'd : The Steed he prefs'd  
 Was proud with Trappings ; and his brawny Chest  
 1115 With Scales of gilded Brass was cover'd o're :  
 A Robe of *Tyrian* Dye the Rider wore.  
 With deadly Wounds he gaul'd the distant *Eœ* ;  
*Gnosian* his Shafts, and *Lycian* was his Bow :  
 A Golden Helm his Front, and head furrounds ;  
 1120 A gilded Quiver from his Shoulder founds.  
 Gold, weav'd with Linen, on his Thighs he wore :  
 With Flowers of Needlework distinguish'd o're :  
 With Golden Buckles bound, and gather'd up before.  
 Him, the fierce Maid beheld with ardent Eyes ;  
 1125 Fond and Ambitious of so Rich a Prize :  
 Or that the Temple might his Trophies hold,  
 Or else to shine her self in *Trojan* Gold :  
 Blind in her haste, she chafes him alone,  
 And seeks his Life, regardless of her own.  
 1130 This lucky Moment the slye Traytor chose :  
 Then, starting from his Ambush up he rose,  
 And threw, but first to Heav'n address'd his Vows.  
 O Patron of *Soracte* high Abodes,  
*Phœbus* the Ruling Pow'r among the Gods ;  
 1135 Whom first we serve, whole Woods of unctuous Pine  
 Are fell'd for thee, and to thy Glory shine ;  
 By thee protectèd, with our naked Soles,  
 Thro' Flames unting'd we march, and tread the kindled Coals :  
 Give me, propitious Pow'r, to wash away  
 1140 The Stains of this dishonourable Day :  
 Nor Spoils, nor Triumph, from the Fact I claim ;  
 But with my future Actions trust my Fame.  
 Let me, by stealth, this Female Plague o'recome,  
 And from the Field, return inglorious home.

*Apollo*



To Arthur Mannering Esq. of Igbyfield in the  
County of Salop Esq.

- 1145 *Apollo* heard, and granting half his Pray'r,  
Shuffled in Winds the rest, and toſ'd in empty Air.  
He gives the Death desir'd ; his safe return,  
By Southern Tempests to the Seas is born.  
Now, when the Jav'lin whizz'd along the Skies,  
1150 Both Armies on *Camilla* turn'd their Eyes,  
Directed by the Sound : Of either Host,  
Th' unhappy Virgin, tho' concern'd the most,  
Was only deaf ; so greedy was the bent  
On Golden Spoils, and on her Prey intent :  
1155 Till in her Pap the winged Weapon stood  
Infix'd ; and deeply drunk the purple Blood.  
Her sad Attendants hasten to sustain  
Their dying Lady drooping on the Plain.  
Far from their fight the trembling *Arms* flies,  
1160 With beating Heart, and Fear confus'd with Joys ;  
Nor dares he farther to pursue his Blow ;  
Or ev'n to bear the sight of his expiring Foe.  
As when the Wolf has torn a Bullocks Hide,  
At unawares, or ranch'd the Shepherd's Side :  
1165 Conſcious of his audacious deed, he flies,  
And claps his quiv'ring Tail between his Thighs :  
So, speeding once, the Wretch no more attends ;  
But spurring forward herds among his Friends.  
She wrench'd the Jav'lin with her dying Hands ;  
1170 But wedg'd within her Breast the Weapon stands :  
The Wood she draws, the steely Point remains,  
She staggers in her Seat, with agonizing Pains :  
A gath'ring Mist o'reclouds her cheerful Eyes ;  
And from her Cheeks the rose Colour flies.  
1175 Then, turns to her, whom, of her Female Train,  
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with Pain.  
*Acca*, 'tis past ! He swims before my sight,  
Inexorable Death ; and claims his right.

Bea

Bear my last Words to *Turnus*, fly with speed,  
 1180 And bid him timely to my Charge succeed:  
 Repel the *Trojans*, and the Town relieve:  
 Farewel; and in this Kiss my parting Breath receive.  
 She said; and sliding, sunk upon the Plain;  
 Dying, her open'd Hand forfakes the Rein;  
 1185 Short, and more short, she pants: By slow degrees  
 Her Mind the Passage from her Body frees.  
 She drops her Sword, she nods her plummy Crest;  
 Her drooping Head declining on her Breast:  
 In the last Sigh her struggling Soul expires;  
 1190 And murmur'ing with Disdain, to *Stygian* Sounds retires.  
 A Shout, that struck the Golden Stars, ensu'd:  
 Despair and Rage, the languish'd Fight renew'd.  
 The *Trojan* Troops, and *Tuscan* in a Line,  
 Advance to charge; the mix'd *Arcadians* join.  
 1195 But *Cynthia's* Maid, high seated, from afar  
 Surveys the Field, and fortune of the War:  
 Unmov'd a while, 'till prostrate on the Plain,  
 Welt'ring in Blood, she sees *Camilla* slain;  
 And round her Corps, of Friends and Foes a fighting Train.  
 1200 Then, from the bottom of her Breast, she drew  
 A mournful Sigh, and these sad Words ensue:  
 Too dear a Fine, ah much lamented Maid,  
 For warring with the *Trojans*, thou hast paid!  
 Nor ought avail'd, in this unhappy Strife,  
 1205 *Diana's* sacred Arms, to save thy Life.  
 Yet unreveng'd thy Goddess will not leave  
 Her Votrys Death, nor with vain Sorrow grieve.  
 Branded the Wretch, and be his Name abhorr'd;  
 But after Ages shall thy Praise record.  
 1210 Th' inglorious Coward soon shall press the Plain;  
 Thus vows thy Queen, and thus the Fates ordain.

High

High o're the Field, there stood a hilly Mound;  
 1215 Sacred the Place, and spread with Oaks around;  
 Where, in a Marble Tomb, *Dercennus* lay,  
 A King that once in *Latium* bore the Sway.  
 The beauteous *Opis* thither bent her flight,  
 To mark the Traytor *Aruns*, from the height.  
 Him, in refulgent Arms the loon spy'd,  
 Sworn with success, and loudly thus she cry'd.  
 1220 Thy backward steps, vain boaster, are too late;  
 Turn, like a Man at length, and meet thy Fate.  
 Charg'd with my Message to *Camilla* go;  
 And say I sent thee to the Shades below;  
 An Honour undeserv'd from *Cynthia's* Bow. }  
 1225 She said: and from her Quiver chose with speed  
 The winged Shaft, predestin'd for the Deed:  
 Then, to the stubborn Eugh her strength apply'd,  
 Till the far distant Horns approach'd on either side.  
 The Bow-string touch'd her Breast, so strong she drew;  
 1230 Whizzing in Air the fatal Arrow flew.  
 At once the twanging Bow, and founding Dart  
 The Traytor heard, and felt the point within his heart.  
 Him, beating with his heels, in pangs of death,  
 His flying Friends to foreign Fields bequeath.  
 1235 The Conqu'ring Damfel, with expanded Wings,  
 The welcome Message to her Mistress brings.  
 Their Leader lost, the *Volscians* quit the Field;  
 And, unsustain'd, the Chiefs of *Turnus* yield.  
 The frighted Souldiers, when their Captains fly,  
 1240 More on their speed than on their Strength rely.  
 Confus'd in flight, they bear each other down:  
 And spur their Horses headlong to the Town.  
 Driv'n by their Foes, and to their Fears resign'd,  
 Not once they turn; but take their Wounds behind.

These

- 1245 These drop the Shield, and those the Lance forego ;  
 Or on their Shoulders bear the slacken'd Bow.  
 The Hoofs of Horses with a rattling sound,  
 Beat short, and thick, and shake the rotten ground.  
 Black clouds of dust, come rowling in the Sky,  
 1250 And o're the darken'd Walls, and Rampires fly.  
 The trembling Marrons, from their lofty Stands,  
 Rend Heav'n with Female Shrieks; and wring their Hands.  
 All pressing on, Pursuers and pursu'd,  
 Are crush'd in Crowds, a Mingled multitude.  
 1255 Some happy few escape: the Throng too late  
 Rush on for Entrance, till they choak the Gate.  
 Ev'n in the fight of home, the wretched Sire  
 Looks on, and sees his helpless Son expire.  
 Then, in a fright, the folding Gates they close:  
 1260 But leave their Friends excluded with their Foes.  
 The vanquish'd cry; the Victors loudly shout;  
 'Tis Terror all within; and Slaughter all without.  
 Blind in their Fear, they bounce against the wall,  
 Or to their Moats pursu'd, precipitate their fall.  
 1265 The *Latian* Virgins, valiant with despair,  
 Arm'd on the Tower's the Common Danger share:  
 So much of Zeal their Country's Cause inspir'd;  
 So much *Camilla's* great Example fir'd.  
 Poles, sharpen'd in the flames, from high they throw;  
 1270 With imitated Darts to gaul the Foe.  
 Their Lives, for Godlike freedom they bequeath;  
 And crowd each other to be first in death.  
 Mean time, to *Turnus*, ambush'd in the shade,  
 With heavy tydings, came th' Unhappy Maid.  
 1275 The *Volsicians* overthrown, *Camilla* kill'd,  
 The Foes entirely Masters of the Field,  
 Like a restless Flood, come rowling on:  
 The cry goes off the Plain, and thickens to the Town.

Inflam'd

- Inflam'd with Rage, (for so the Furies fire  
 1280 The *Dawian's* Breast, and so the Fates require.)  
 He leaves the hilly Pass, the Woods in vain  
 Possess'd, and downward issues on the Plain:  
 Scarce was he gone, when to the Streights, now freed  
 From secret Foes, the *Trojan* Troops succeed.  
 1285 Thro' the black Forest, and the ferny Brake,  
 Unknowingly secure, their Way they take.  
 From the rough Mountains to the Plain descend;  
 And there, in Order drawn, their Line extend.  
 Both Armies, now, in open Fields are seen:  
 1290 Nor far the distance of the Space between.  
 Both to the City bend: *Aeneas* sees,  
 Thro' smoaking Fields, his hating Enemies.  
 And *Turnus* views the *Trojans* in Array,  
 And hears th' approaching Horses proudly neigh.  
 1295 Soon had their Hoofs in bloody Battel join'd;  
 But westward to the Sea the Sun declin'd.  
 Intrench'd before the Town, both Armies lye:  
 While Night with sable Wings o'respreads the Sky.

B b b b

The

*The Twelfth Book of the Æneis.***The Argument.**

Turnus challenges Æneas to a single Combat: Articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutuli, who wound Æneas: He is miraculously cur'd by Venus, forces Turnus to a Duel, and concludes the Poem with his Death.

WHEN Turnus saw the Latins leave the Field;  
 Their Armies broken, and their Courage quell'd;  
 Himself become the Mark of publick Spight,  
 His Honour question'd for the promis'd Fight:  
 5 The more he was with Vulgar hate oppress'd;  
 The more his Fury boil'd within his Breast:  
 He rowz'd his Vigour for the last Debate;  
 And rais'd his haughty Soul, to meet his Fate.  
 As when the Swains the Lybian Lion chase,  
 10 He makes a four Retreat, nor mends his Pace;  
 But if the pointed Jav'lin pierce his Side,  
 The lordly Beast returns with double Pride:  
 He wrenches out the Steel, he roars for Pain;  
 His sides he lashes, and erects his Mane.  
 15 So Turnus fares; his Eye-balls flash with Fire,  
 And his wide Nostrils Clouds of Smoke expire.  
 Trembling with Rage, around the Court he ran;  
 At length approach'd the King, and thus began:  
 No more excuses or Delays: I stand  
 20 In Arms prepar'd to Combat, hand to hand,  
 This base Deferrer of his Native Land.  
 The Trojan, by his Word, is bound to take  
 The same Conditions which himself did make.

Renew



To y<sup>te</sup> Right Hon<sup>ble</sup>  
 Earle of Chesterfield  
 the Kingdom



Phillip Lord Stanhope  
 Baron of Shelford in  
 of England

- Renew the Truce, the solemn Rites prepare;  
 25 And to my single Virtue trust the War.  
 The *Latians* unconcern'd shall see the Fight;  
 This Arm unaided shall assert your Right:  
 Then, if my prostrate Body press the Plain,  
 To him the Crown, and beauteous Bride remain.  
 30 To whom the King sedately thus reply'd;  
 Brave Youth, the more your Valour has been try'd,  
 The more becomes it us, with due Respect  
 To weigh the chance of War, which you neglect.  
 You want not Wealth, or a successive Throne,  
 35 Or Cities, which your Arms have made your own;  
 My Towns and Treasures are at your Command;  
 And stor'd with blooming Beauties is my Land:  
*Laurentum* more than one *Lavinia* sees,  
 Unmarry'd, fair, of Noble Families.  
 40 Now let me speak; and you with Patience hear,  
 Things which perhaps may grate a Lover's Ear:  
 But sound Advice, proceeding from a heart,  
 Sincerely yours, and free from fraudulent Art.  
 The Gods, by Signs, have manifestly shown,  
 45 No Prince, *Italian* born, shou'd heir my Throne:  
 Oft have our Augurs, in Prediction skill'd,  
 And oft our Priests, a Foreign Son reveal'd.  
 Yet, won by Worth, that cannot be withstood,  
 Brib'd by my Kindness to my kindred Blood,  
 50 Urg'd by my Wife, who wou'd not be deny'd;  
 I promis'd my *Lavinia* for your Bride:  
 Her from her plighted Lord by force I took;  
 All ties of Treaties, and of Honour broke:  
 On your Account I wag'd an impious War,  
 55 With what Success 'tis needless to declare;  
 I, and my Subjects feel; and you have had your Share.

- Twice vanquish'd, while in bloody Fields we strive,  
 Scarce in our Walls, we keep our Hopes alive :  
 The rowling Flood runs warm with human Gore ;  
 60 The Bones of *Latians*, blanch the neighb'ring Shore :  
 Why put I not an end to this Debate,  
 Still unresolv'd, and fill a Slave to Fate ?  
 If *Turnus's* Death a lasting Peace can give,  
 Why shou'd I not procure it, while you live.  
 65 Shou'd I to doubtful Arms your Youth betray,  
 What wou'd my Kinsmen, the *Rutulians*, say ?  
 And shou'd you fall in Fight, (which Heav'n defend)  
 How curse the Cause, which hasten'd to his end,  
 The Daughter's Lover, and the Father's Friend ?  
 70 Weigh in your Mind, the various Chance of War,  
 Pity your Parent's Age ; and ease his Care.  
 Such balmy Words he pour'd, but all in vain ;  
 The proffer'd Med'cine but provok'd the Pain.  
 The wrathful Youth disdain'd the Relief,  
 75 With intermitting Sobs, thus vents his Grief.  
 The care, O best of Fathers, which you take  
 For my Concerns, at my Desire, forsake.  
 Permit me not to languish out my Days ;  
 But make the best exchange of Life for Praise.  
 80 This Arm, this Lance, can well dispute the Prize ;  
 And the Blood follows, where the Weapon flies :  
 His Goddess's Mother is not near, to throwd  
 The flying Coward, with an empty Cloud.  
 But now the Queen, who fear'd for *Turnus's* Life,  
 85 And loath'd the hard Conditions of the Strife,  
 Held him by Force ; and, dying in his Death,  
 In these sad Accents gave her Sorrow breath.  
 O *Turnus* I adjure thee by these Tears ;  
 And what e're price *Amata's* Honour bears

Within

- 90 Within thy Breast, since thou art all my hope,  
 My sickly Mind's repose, my sinking Age's Prop ;  
 Since on the safety of thy Life alone,  
 Depends *Latinus*, and the *Latian* Throne :  
 Refuse me not this one, this only Pray'r ;  
 95 To wave the Combat, and pursue the War.  
 Whatever chance attends this fatal Strife,  
 Think it includes in thine *Amata's* Life.  
 I cannot live a Slave ; or see my Throne  
 Usurp'd by Strangers, or a *Trojan* Son.  
 100 At this, a Flood of Tears *Lavinia* shed ;  
 A crimson Blush her beauteous Face o'respread ;  
 Varying her Cheeks by Turns, with white and red. }  
 The driving Colours, never at a stay,  
 Run here and there ; and flush, and fade away.  
 105 Delightful change ! Thus *Indian* Ivory shows,  
 Which with the bord'ring Paint of Purple glows ; }  
 Or Lillies damask'd by the neighb'ring Rose.  
 The Lover gaz'd, and burning with desire,  
 The more he look'd, the more he fed the Fire :  
 110 Revenge, and jealous Rage, and secret Spight ;  
 Rowl in his Breast, and rowze him to the Fight.  
 Then fixing on the Queen his ardent Eyes,  
 Firm to his first intent, he thus replies.  
 O Mother, do not by your Tears prepare  
 115 Such boding Omens, and prejudge the War.  
 Resolv'd on Fight, I am no longer free  
 To shun my Death, if Heav'n my Death decree.  
 Then turning to the Herald, thus pursues ;  
 Go, greet the *Trojan* with ungrateful News,  
 120 Denounce from me, that when to Morrow's Light  
 Shall guild the Heav'ns, he need not urge the Fight :  
 The *Trojan* and *Rutulian* Troops, no more  
 Shall dye, with mutual Blood, the *Latian* Shore :

Our

- Our single Swords the Quarrel shall decide,  
 125 And to the Victor be the beautiful Bride.  
 He said, and striding on, with speedy Pace,  
 He fought his Coursers of the *Thracian* Race.  
 At his Approach, they toss their Heads on high;  
 And proudly neighing, promise Victory.
- 130 The Sires of these *Orythia* sent from far,  
 To grace *Pilumnus*, when he went to War.  
 The drifts of *Thracian* Snows were scarce so white  
 Nor Northern Winds in fleetness match'd their Flight.  
 Official Grooms stand ready by his Side;
- 135 And some with Combs their flowing Manes divide,  
 And others stroke their Cheeks, and gently sooth their  
 Pride.  
 He sheath'd his Limbs in Arms; a temper'd Mass  
 Of golden Metal those, and Mountain Brafs.  
 Then to his Head his glittering Helm he ty'd;
- 140 And girt his faithful Fauchion to his side.  
 In his *Ætnean* Forge, the God of Fire  
 That Fauchion labour'd for the Hero's Sire:  
 Immortal Keeness on the Blade bestow'd,  
 And plung'd it hissing in the *Stygian* Flood.
- 145 Prop'd on a Pillar, which the Ceiling bore,  
 Was plac'd the Lance *Auruncan Actor* wore;  
 Which with such Force he brandish'd in his Hand,  
 The rough Ash trembled like an Olycr Wand.  
 Then cry'd, O pond'rous Spoil of *Actor* slain,
- 150 And never yet by *Turnus* toss'd in vain,  
 Fail not this Day thy wonted Force: But go,  
 Sent by this Hand, to pierce the *Trojan* Foe:  
 Give me to tear his Corset from his Breast,  
 And from that Eunuch Head, to rend the Crest:
- 155 Drag'd in the Dust, his frizled Hair to soil;  
 Hot from the vexing Ir'n, and smear'd with fragrant Oyl.

Thus

- Thus while he raves, from his wide Noftrils flies  
 A fiery Steam, and Sparkles from his Eyes.  
 So fares the Bull in his lov'd Female's fight;  
 160 Proudly he bellows, and preludes the fight:  
 He tries his goring Horns against a Tree;  
 And meditates his absent Enemy:  
 He pushes at the Winds, he digs the Strand  
 With his black Hoofs, and spins the yellow Sand.
- 165 Nor less the *Trojan*, in his *Lemnian* Arms,  
 To future Fight his Manly Courage warms:  
 He whets his Fury, and with Joy prepares,  
 To terminate at once the lingering Wars.  
 To cheer his Chiefs, and tender Son, relates
- 170 What Heav'n had promis'd, and expounds the Fates:  
 Then to the *Latian* King he sends, to cease  
 The Rage of Arms, and ratifies the Peace.  
 The Morn ensuing from the Mountain's height,  
 Had scarcely spread the Skies with rosiè Light;
- 175 Th' *Ethereal* Coursers bounding from the Sea,  
 From out their flaming Noftrils breath'd the Day:  
 When now the *Trojan* and *Rutulian* Guard,  
 In friendly Labour join'd, the Lift prepar'd.  
 Beneath the Walls, they measure out the Space;
- 180 Then sacred Altars rear, on sods of Grass;  
 Where, with Religious Rites, their common Gods they place.  
 In purest white, the Priests their Heads attire,  
 And living Waters bear, and holy Fire:  
 And o're their Linnen Hoods, and shaded Hair,
- 185 Long twisted Wreaths of sacred *Vervain* wear.  
 In Order issuing from the Town, appears  
 The *Latin* Legion, arm'd with pointed Spears;  
 And from the Fields, advancing on a Line,  
 The *Trojan* and the *Tuscan* Forces join:

Their

- 190 Their various Arms afford a pleasing Sight;  
 A peaceful Train they seem, in Peace prepar'd for Fight.  
 Betwixt the Ranks the proud Commanders ride,  
 Glittering with Gold, and Vests in Purple dy'd.  
 Here *Mnestheus* Author of the *Memnian* Line,  
 195 And there *Messapus* born of Seed Divine.  
 The Sign is giv'n, and round the lifted Space,  
 Each Man in order fills his proper Place.  
 Reclining on their ample Shields, they stand;  
 And fix their pointed Lances in the Sand.
- 200 Now, studious of the fight, a numerous Throng  
 Of either Sex promiscuous, old and young,  
 Swarm from the Town: By those who rest behind,  
 The Gates and Walls, and Houses tops are lin'd.  
 Mean time the Queen of Heav'n beheld the fight,  
 205 With Eyes unpleas'd, from Mount *Alban's* height:  
 (Since call'd *Albano*, by succeeding Fame,  
 But then an empty Hill, without a Name.)  
 She thence survey'd the Field, the *Trojan* Pow'rs,  
 The *Latian* Squadrons, and *Laurentine* Tow'rs.
- 210 Then thus the Goddess of the Skies bespake,  
 With Sighs and Tears, the Goddess of the Lake;  
 King *Turnus* Sister, once a lovely Maid,  
 Ere to the Lust of lawless *Jove* betray'd:  
 Compres'd by Force, but by the grateful God,  
 215 Now made the *Nais* of the neighb'ring Flood.  
 O Nymph, the Pride of living Lakes, said she,  
 O most renown'd, and most belov'd by me,  
 Long hast thou known, nor need I to record  
 The wanton fallies of my wand'ring Lord:
- 220 Of ev'ry *Latian* fair, whom *Jove* mis-led,  
 To mount by Stealth my violated Bed,  
 To thee alone I grudg'd not his Embrace;  
 But gave a part of Heav'n, and an unenvy'd Place.

Now



To y<sup>e</sup> Hon<sup>ble</sup> Brigadier



Edward Fitzpatrick

- Now learn from me, thy near approaching Grief,  
 225 Nor think my Wishes want to thy Relief.  
 While fortune favour'd, nor Heav'n's King deny'd,  
 To lend my Succour to the *Latian* side,  
 I sav'd thy Brother, and the sinking State:  
 But now he struggles with unequal Fate;  
 230 And goes with Gods averse, o'rematch'd in Might,  
 To meet inevitable Death in Fight:  
 Nor must I break the Truce, nor can sustain the fight.  
 Thou, if thou dar'st, thy present Aid supply;  
 It well becomes a Sister's Care to try.
- 235 At this the lovely Nymph, with Grief oppress'd,  
 Thrice tore her Hair, and beat her comely Breast.  
 To whom *Saturnia* thus; thy Tears are late;  
 Hastе, snatch him, if he can be snatch'd from Fate:  
 New Tumults kindle, violate the Truce;  
 240 Who knows what changeful Fortune may produce?  
 'Tis not a Crime t' attempt what I decree;  
 Or if it were, discharge the Crime on me.  
 She said, and, failing on the winged Wind,  
 Left the sad Nymph suspended in her Mind.
- 245 And now in Pomp the peaceful Kings appear:  
 Four Steeds the Chariot of *Latinus* bear:  
 Twelve golden Beams around his Temples play,  
 To mark his Lineage from the God of Day.  
 Two snowy Courfers *Turnus's* Chariot yoke,  
 250 And in his Hand two Maffy Spears he shook:  
 Then issu'd from the Camp, in Arms Divine,  
*Aeneas*, Author of the *Roman* Line:  
 And by his side *Ascanius* took his Place,  
 The second Hope of *Rome's* Immortal Race.
- 255 Adorn'd in white, a rev'rend Priest appears;  
 And Off'rings to the flaming Altars bears;  
 A Porket, and a Lamb, that never suffer'd Shears.

C c c c

Then,

Then, to the rising Sun he turns his Eyes,  
 And strews the Beasts, design'd for Sacrifice,  
 260 With Salt, and Meal: With like officious Care  
 He marks their Foreheads, and he clips their Hair.  
 Betwixt their Horns the Purple Wine he sheds,  
 With the same gen'rous Juice the Flame he feeds.  
*Æneas* then unsheath'd his shining Sword,  
 265 And thus with pious Pray'rs the Gods ador'd.  
 All-seeing Sun, and thou *Ausonian* Soil,  
 For which I have sustain'd so long a Toil,  
 Thou King of Heav'n, and thou the Queen of Air,  
 (Propitious now, and reconcil'd by Pray'r.)  
 270 Thou God of War, whose unrefitted Sway  
 The Labours and Events of Arms obey;  
 Ye living Fountains, and ye running Floods,  
 All Pow'rs of Ocean, all *Ethereal* Gods,  
 Hear, and bear Record: if I fall in Field,  
 275 Or Recreant in the Fight, to *Turnus* yield,  
 My *Trojans* shall encrease *Evander's* Town;  
*Ascanius* shall renounce th' *Ausonian* Crown:  
 All Claims, all Questions of Debate shall cease;  
 Nor he, nor they, with Force infringe the Peace.  
 280 But if my juster Arms prevail in Fight,  
 As sure they shall, if I divine aright,  
 My *Trojans* shall not o're th' *Italians* Reign;  
 Both equal, both unconquer'd shall remain:  
 Join'd in their Laws, their Lands, and their Abodes;  
 285 I ask but Altars for my weary Gods:  
 The Care of those Religious Rites be mine;  
 The Crown to King *Latinus* I resign:  
 His be the Sov'rain Sway. Nor will I share  
 His Pow'r in Peace, or his Command in War.  
 290 For me, my Friends another Town shall frame,  
 And blest the rising Tow'rs, with fair *Lavinia's* Name.

Thus

Thus he. Then with erected Eyes and Hands,  
 The *Latian* King before his Altar stands:  
 By the same Heav'n, said he, and Earth, and Main,  
 295 And all the Pow'rs, that all the three contain;  
 By Hell below, and by that upper God,  
 Whose Thunder signs the Peace, who seals it with his Nod,  
 So let *Latona's* double Offspring hear,  
 And double fronted *Janus*, what I swear;  
 300 I touch the sacred Altars, touch the Flames,  
 And all those Pow'rs attest, and all their Names:  
 Whatever Chance befall on either Side,  
 No term of time this Union shall divide:  
 No Force, no Fortune, shall my Vows unbind,  
 305 Or shake the steadfast Tenour of my Mind:  
 Not tho' the circling Seas shou'd break their Bound,  
 O'reflow the Shores, or sap the solid Ground;  
 Not tho' the Lamps of Heav'n their Spheres forsake,  
 Hurl'd down, and hissing in the neather Lake:  
 310 Ev'n as this Royal Scepter, (for he bore  
 A Scepter in his Hand) shall never more  
 Shoot out in Branches, or renew the Birth;  
 (An Orphan now, cut from the Mother Earth  
 By the keen Axe, dishonour'd of its Hair,  
 315 And cas'd in Brass, for *Latian* Kings to bear.)  
 When thus in publick view the Peace was ty'd,  
 With solemn Vows, and sworn on either side,  
 All dues perform'd which holy Rites require;  
 The Victim Beasts are slain before the Fire:  
 320 The trembling Entrails from their Bodies torn,  
 And to the fatten'd Flames in Chargers born.  
 Already the *Rutulians* deem'd their Man  
 O'rematch'd in Arms, before the Fight began.  
 First rising Fears are whisper'd thro' the Crowd;  
 325 Then, gath'ring found, they murmur more aloud.

C c c c 2

Now

- Now side to side, they measure with their Eyes  
The Champions bulk, their Sinews, and their Side :  
The nearer they approach, the more is known  
Th' apparent Disadvantage of their own.
- 330 *Turnus* himself, appears in publick fight,  
Conscious of Fate, desponding of the Fight.  
Slowly he moves ; and at his Altar stands  
With eyes dejected, and with trembling hands :  
And while he mutters undistinguish'd Prayers,
- 335 A livid deadness in his Cheeks appears.  
With anxious Pleasure when *Juturna* view'd  
Th' increasing Fright of the mad Multitude,  
When their short Sighs, and thickning Sobs she heard,  
And found their ready Minds for Change prepar'd ;
- 340 Dissembling her immortal Form, she took  
*Camertus* Meen, his Habit, and his Look ;  
A Chief of ancient Blood : in Arms well known  
Was his great Sire, and he, his greater Son.  
His Shape assum'd, amid the Ranks she ran,
- 345 And humouring their first Motions, thus began.  
For shame, *Rutulians*, can you bear the fight,  
Of one expos'd for all, in single Fight ?  
Can we, before the Face of Heav'n, confess  
Our Courage colder, or our Numbers less ?
- 350 View all the *Trojan* Hoast, th' *Arcadian* Band,  
And *Tuscan* Army ; count 'em as they stand,  
Undaunted to the Battel, if we goe,  
Scarce ev'ry second Man will share a Foe.  
*Turnus*, 'tis true, in this unequal Strife
- 355 Shall lose, with Honour, his devoted Life :  
Or change it rather for immortal Fame,  
Succeeding to the Gods, from whence he came :  
But you, a servile, and inglorious Band,  
For Foreign Lords shall sow your Native Land :

Those

- 360 Those fruitful Fields, your fighting Fathers gain'd,  
Which have so long their lazy Sons sustain'd.  
With Words like these, she carry'd her Design ;  
A rising Murmur runs along the Line.  
Then ev'n the City Troops, and *Lations*, tir'd
- 365 With tedious War, seem with new Souls inspir'd :  
Their Champion's Fate with Pity they lament ;  
And of the League, so lately sworn, repent.  
Nor fails the Goddess to foment the Rage  
With lying Wonders, and a false Prefage :
- 370 But adds a Sign, which, present to their Eyes,  
Inspires new Courage, and a glad Surprise.  
For, sudden, in the fiery Tracts above,  
Appears in Pomp th' Imperial Bird of *Jove* :  
A plump of Fowl he spies, that swim the Lakes ;
- 375 And o're their Heads his sounding Pinions shakes.  
Then stooping on the fairest of the Train,  
In his strong Tallons truss'd a silver Swan.  
Th' *Italians* wonder at th' unusual fight ;  
But while he lags, and labours in his flight,
- 380 Behold the Dastard Fowl return anew ;  
And with united force the Foe pursue :  
Clam'rous around the Royal Hawk they fly ;  
And thick'ning in a Cloud, o'reshade the Sky.  
They cuff, they scratch, they cross his airy Course ;
- 385 Nor can th' incumbent Bird sustain their Force :  
But vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the pond'rous Prey ;  
And, lighten'd of his Burthen, wings his Way.  
Th' *Ausonian* Bands with Shouts salute the fight :  
Eager of Action, and demand the Fight.
- 390 Then King *Tolumnius*, vers'd in Augur's Arts,  
Cries out, and thus his boasted Skill imparts.  
At length 'tis granted, what I long desir'd ;  
This, this is what my frequent Vows requir'd.

Ye

Ye Gods, I take your Omen, and obey ;  
 395 Advance, my Friends, and charge, I lead the Way.  
 These are the Foreign Foes, whose impious Band,  
 Like that rapacious Bird, infect our Land :  
 But soon, like him, they shall be forc'd to Sca  
 By Strength united, and forego the Prey :  
 400 Your timely Succour to your Country bring ;  
 Haste to the Rescue, and redeem your King.  
 He said : And pressing onward, thro' the Crew,  
 Poiz'd in his lifted Arm, his Lance he threw.  
 The winged Weapon, whistling in the Wind,  
 405 Came driving on ; nor mis'd the Mark design'd.  
 At once the Cornel rattled in the Skies ;  
 At once tumultuous Shouts, and Clamours rise.  
 Nine Brothers in a goodly Band there stood,  
 Born of *Arcadian* mix'd with *Tuscan* Blood :  
 410 *Gylippus* Sons : The fatal Jav'lin flew,  
 Aim'd at the midmost of the friendly Crew.  
 A Passage thro' the jointed Arms it found,  
 Just where the Belt was to the Body bound ;  
 And struck the gentle Youth, extended on the Ground. }  
 415 Then fir'd with pious Rage, the gen'rous Train  
 Run madly forward, to revenge the slain.  
 And some with eager haste their Jav'lins throw ;  
 And some, with Sword in hand, assault the Foe.  
 The with'd insult the *Latine* Troops embrace ;  
 420 And meet their Ardour in the middle Space.  
 The *Trojans*, *Tuscans*, and *Arcadian* Line,  
 With equal Courage obviate their Design.  
 Peace leaves the violated Fields ; and Hate  
 Both Armies urges to their mutual Fate.  
 425 With impious Haste their Altars are o'return'd,  
 The Sacrifice half broil'd, and half unburn'd.

Thick

Thick Storms of Steel from either Army fly,  
 And Clouds of clashing Darts obscure the Sky :  
 Brands from the Fire, are missive Weapons made ;  
 430 With Chargers, Bowls, and all the Priestly Trade.  
*Latinus* frighted, hastens from the Fray,  
 And bears his unregarded Gods away.  
 These on their Horses vault, those yoke the Car ;  
 The rest with Swords on high, run headlong to the War.  
 435 *Messapus*, eager to confound the Peace,  
 Spurr'd his hot Courser thro' the fighting Preace,  
 At King *Aulestes* ; by his Purple known  
 A *Tuscan* Prince, and by his Regal Crown :  
 And with a Shock encount'ring, bore him down. }  
 440 Backward he fell ; and as his Fate design'd,  
 The Ruins of an Altar were behind :  
 There pitching on his Shoulders, and his Head,  
 Amid the scatt'ring Fires he lay supinely spread.  
 The beamy Spear, descending from above,  
 445 His Cuiras pierc'd, and thro' his Body drove.  
 Then, with a scornful Smile, the Victor cries ;  
 The Gods have found a fitter Sacrifice.  
 Greedy of Spoils, th' *Italians* strip the dead  
 Of his rich Armour ; and uncrown his Head.  
 450 Priest *Chorineus* arm'd his better Hand,  
 From his own Altar, with a blazing Brand :  
 And, as *Ebusus* with a thund'ring Pace  
 Advanc'd to Battel, dash'd it on his Face :  
 His bristly Beard shines out with sudden Fires,  
 455 The crackling Crop a noisom scent expires.  
 Following the blow, he seiz'd his curling Crown  
 With his left Hand ; his other cast him down.  
 The prostrate Body with his Knees he press'd ;  
 And plung'd his holy Ponyard in his Breast.

White

- 460 While *Podalirius*, with his Sword, pursu'd  
The Shepherd *Alfius* thro' the flying Crowd,  
Swiftly he turns; and aims a deadly blow,  
Full on the Front of his unwary Foe.  
The broad Axe enters, with a crashing Sound,  
465 And cleaves the Chin, with one continu'd Wound:  
Warm Blood, and mingled Brains, besmear his Arms around.)  
An Iron Sleep his stupid Eyes oppress'd,  
And seal'd their heavy Lids in endless rest.  
But good *Aeneas* rush'd amid the Bands,  
470 Bare was his Head, and naked were his Hands,  
In sign of Truce: Then thus he cries aloud,  
What sudden Rage, what new De-fire of Blood  
Inflames your alter'd Minds? O *Trojans* cease  
From impious Arms, nor violate the Peace.  
475 By Human Sanctions, and by Laws Divine,  
The Terms are all agreed, the War is mine.  
Dismiss your Fears, and let the Fight entice;  
This Hand alone shall right the Gods and you:  
Our injur'd Altars, and their broken Vow,  
480 To this avenging Sword the faithless *Turnus* owe.  
Thus while he spoke, unmindful of Defence,  
A winged Arrow struck the Pious Prince.  
But whether from some Human Hand it came,  
Or Hostile God, is left unknown by Fame:  
485 No Human Hand, or Hostile God was found,  
To boast the Triumph of so base a Wound.  
When *Turnus* saw the *Trojan* quit the Plain,  
His Chiefs dismay'd, his Troops a fainting Train:  
Th' unhop'd Event his heighten'd Soul inspires,  
490 At once his Arms and Courfers he requires.  
Then, with a leap, his lofty Chariot gains,  
And with a ready hand assumes the Reins.

He

- He drives impetuous, and where e're he goes,  
He leaves behind a Lane of slaughter'd Foes.  
495 These his Lance reaches, over those he rows  
His rapid Car, and crushes out their Souls:  
In vain the vanquish'd fly; the Victor sends  
The dead Mens Weapons at their living Friends.  
Thus on the Banks of *Hebrus* freezing Flood  
500 The God of Battel's in his angry Mood,  
Clashing his Sword against his brazen Shield,  
Lets loose the Reins, and scours along the Field:  
Before the Wind his fiery Courfers fly,  
Groans the sad Earth, refounds the rattling Sky.  
505 Wrath, Terror, Treason, Tumult, and Despair,  
Dire Faces, and deform'd, surround the Car;  
Friends of the God, and Followers of the War.  
With Fury not unlike, nor less Disdain,  
Exulting *Turnus* flies along the Plain:  
510 His smoking Horses, at their utmost Speed,  
He lashes on; and urges o're the dead.  
Their Fetlocks run with Blood; and when they bound,  
The Gore, and gath'ring Dust, are dash'd around.  
*Thamyris* and *Pholus*, Masters of the War,  
515 He kill'd at hand, but *Sibelenus* afar:  
From far the Sons of *Imbracus* he slew,  
*Glaucus*, and *Lades*, of the *Lycian* Crew:  
Both taught to fight on Foot, in Battel join'd;  
Or mount the Courfer that outstrips the Wind.  
520 Mean time *Eumedes*, vaunting in the Field,  
New fir'd the *Trojans*, and their Foes repell'd.  
This Son of *Dolon* bore his Grandfire's Name;  
But emulated more his Father's Fame.  
His guileful Father, sent a nightly Spy,  
525 The *Grecian* Camp and Order to descry:

D d d d

Hard

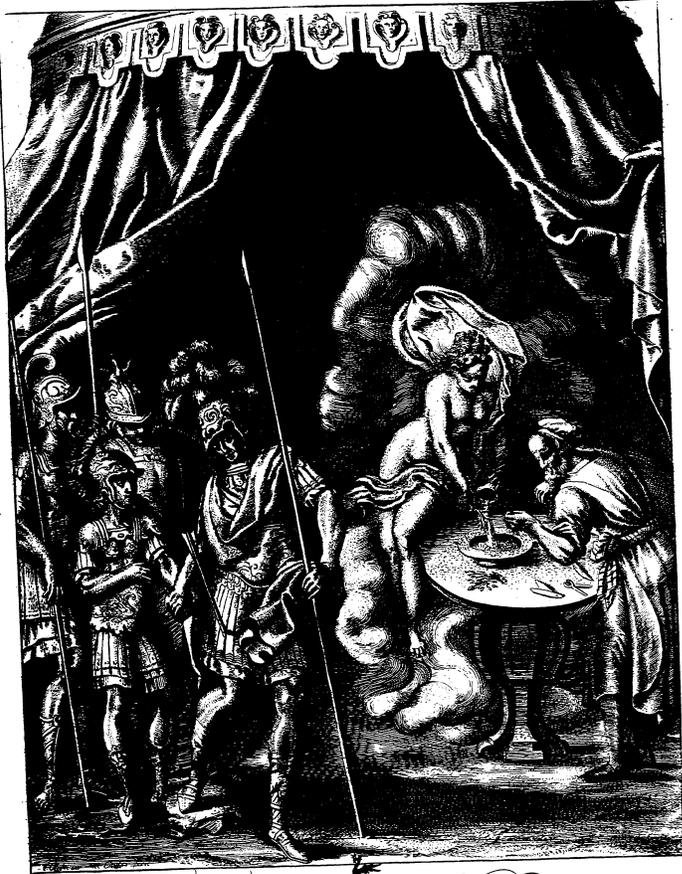
- Hard Enterprife, and well he might require  
*Achilles* Carr, and *Horfes* for his hire :  
 But, met upon the Scout, th' *Etolian* Prince  
 In Death bestow'd a jufter Recompence.
- 530 Fierce *Turnus* view'd the *Trojan* from afar ;  
 And lanch'd his Jav'lin from his lofty Carr :  
 Then lightly leaping down purfu'd the Blow,  
 And, preffing with his Foot, his prostrate Foe,  
 Wrench'd from his feeble hold the shining Sword ;
- 535 And plung'd it in the Bosom of its Lord.  
 Poffefs, said he, the fruit of all thy Pains,  
 And meafure, at thy length, our *Latian* Plains.  
 Thus are my Foes rewarded by my hand,  
 Thus may they build their Town, and thus enjoy the Land.
- 540 Then *Dares*, *Butes*, *Sybaris* he flew,  
 Whom o're his Neck his flound'ring Courfer threw.  
 As when loud *Boreas* with his bluft'ring Train,  
 Stoops from above, incumbent on the Main ;  
 Where e're he flies, he drives the Rack before ;
- 545 And rowls the Billows on th' *Egean* Shore :  
 So where refiftlefs *Turnus* takes his Courfe,  
 The scatter'd Squadrons bend before his force :  
 His Crest of *Horfes* Hair is blown behind,  
 By adverfe Air ; and ruffles in the Wind.
- 550 This, haughty *Phoebus* faw with high Difdain,  
 And as the Chariot rowl'd along the Plain,  
 Light from the Ground he leapt, and seiz'd the Rein. }  
 Thus hung in Air, he still retain'd his hold ;  
 The Courfers frighted, and their Courfe control'd.
- 555 The Lance of *Turnus* reach'd him as he hung,  
 And pierc'd his plated Arms ; but pafs'd along,  
 And only raz'd the Skin : he turn'd, and held  
 Againft his threat'ning Foe his ample Shield :

Then

- Then call'd for Aid : but while he cry'd in vain,  
 560 The Chariot bore him backward on the Plain.  
 He lies revers'd; the Victor King descends;  
 And strikes so justly where his Helmet ends,  
 He lops the Head. The *Latian* Fields are drunk  
 With streams that issue from the bleeding Trunk:
- 565 While he triumphs, and while the *Trojans* yield,  
 The wounded Prince is forc'd to leave the Field :  
 Strong *Mnestheus*, and *Achates* often try'd,  
 And young *Aeneas*, weeping by his side,  
 Conduct him to his Tent : Scarce can he rear  
 570 His Limbs from Earth, supported on his Spear.  
 Resolv'd in Mind, regardless of the Smart,  
 He tugs with both his Hands, and breaks the Dart.  
 The Steel remains. No readier way he found  
 To draw the Weapon, than t' enlarge the Wound.
- 575 Eager of Fight, impatient of delay,  
 He begs; and his unwilling Friends obey.  
*Iapis* was at hand to prove his Art,  
 Whose blooming Youth so fir'd *Apollo's* Heart,  
 That for his Love he proffer'd to bestow  
 580 His tuneful Harp, and his unerring Bow.  
 The pious Youth, more studious how to save  
 His aged Sire, now sinking to the Grave,  
 Præferr'd the pow'r of Plants, and silent Praise  
 Of healing Arts, before *Phœbeian* Bays.
- 585 Prop'd on his Lance the pensive Heroe stood,  
 And heard, and saw unmov'd, the mourning Crowd.  
 The fam'd Physician tucks his Robes around,  
 With ready Hands, and hastens to the Wound.  
 With gentle Touches he performs his part,  
 590 This way and that, solliciting the Dart,  
 And exercises all his Heav'nly Art.

D d d d 2

All



To Thomas  
 Dr. in  
 Hobbs  
 Philic

All softning Simples, known of Sov'raign Use,  
 He presses out, and peters their noble Juice ;  
 These first infus'd, to lenifie the Pain,  
 595 He tugs with Pincers, but he tugs in vain.  
 Then, to the Patron of his Art he pray'd ;  
 The Patron of his Art refus'd his Aid.  
 Mean time the War approaches to the Tents ;  
 Th' Allarm grows hotter, and the Noise augments :  
 600 The driving Dust proclaims the Danger near,  
 And first their Friends, and then their Foes appear ;  
 Their Friends retreat, their Foes pursue the Rear. }  
 The Camp is fill'd with Terror and Affright,  
 The hissing Shafts within the Trench alight :  
 605 An undistinguish'd Noise ascends the Sky ;  
 The Shouts of those who kill, and Groans of those who dye.  
 But now the Goddess's Mother, mov'd with Grief,  
 And pierc'd with Pity, hastens her Relief.  
 A Branch of healing *Dittany* she brought ;  
 610 Which in the *Cretan* Fields with Care she fought :  
 Rough is the Stem, which woolly Leafs surround ;  
 The Leafs with Flow'rs, the Flow'rs with Purple crown'd :  
 Well known to wounded Goats ; a sure Relief  
 To draw the pointed Steel, and ease the Grief.  
 615 This *Venus* brings, in Clouds involv'd ; and brews  
 Th' extracted Liqueur with *Ambrosian* Dews,  
 And od'rous *Panacee* : Unseen she stands,  
 Temp'ring the mixture with her Heav'nly Hands :  
 And pours it in a Bowl, already crown'd  
 620 With Juice of medic'nal herbs prepar'd to bathe the Wound.  
 The Leech, unknowing of superior Art,  
 Which aids the Cure, with this foment the part ; }  
 And in a Moment ceas'd the raging smart.  
 Stanch'd is the Blood, and in the bottom stands :  
 625 The Steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender Hands,

Moves

Moves up, and follows of its own Accord ;  
 And Health and Vigour are at once restor'd.  
*Lapis* first perceiv'd the closing Wound ;  
 And first the Footsteps of a God he found.  
 630 Arms, Arms, he cries, the Sword and Shield prepare,  
 And send the willing Chief, renew'd to War.  
 This is no Mortal Work, no Cure of mine,  
 Nor Art's effect, but done by Hands Divine :  
 Some God our General to the Battel sends ;  
 635 Some God preserves his Life for greater Ends.  
 The Heroe arms in haste : His hands infold  
 His Thighs with Caisles of refulgent Gold :  
 Inflam'd to fight, and rushing to the Field,  
 That Hand sustaining the Coelestial Shield,  
 640 This grips the Lance ; and with such Vigour shakes,  
 That to the Rest the beamy Weapon quakes.  
 Then, with a close Embrace he strain'd his Son ;  
 And kissing thro' his Helmet, thus begun.  
 My Son, from my Example learn the War, }  
 645 In Camps to suffer, and in Fields to dare :  
 But happier Chance than mine attend thy Care.  
 This Day my hand thy tender Age shall shield,  
 And crown with Honours of the conquer'd Field :  
 Thou, when thy riper Years shall send thee forth,  
 650 To toils of War, be mindful of my Worth :  
 Affert thy birthright ; and in Arms be known,  
 For *Hektor's* Nephew, and *Aeneas's* Son.  
 He said, and, striding, issu'd on the Plain ;  
*Anteus*, and *Mnestheus*, and a num'rous Train  
 655 Attend his Steps : The rest their Weapons take,  
 And crowding to the Field, the Camp forsake.  
 A cloud of blinding Dust is rais'd around ;  
 Labours beneath their Feet the trembling ground.

Now

Now *Turnus*, poſted on a Hill, from far  
 660 Beheld the progreſs of the moving War :  
 With him the *Latins* view'd the cover'd Plains ;  
 And the chill Blood ran backward in their Veins.  
*Juturna* ſaw th' advancing Troops appear ;  
 And heard the hoſtile Sound, and fled for Fear.  
 665 *Æneas* leads ; and draws a ſweeping Train,  
 Cloſ'd in their Ranks, and pouring on the Plain.  
 As when a Whirlwind ruſhing to the Shore,  
 From the mid Ocean, drives the Waves before :  
 The painful Hind, with heavy Heart foreſees,  
 670 The flattened Fields, and ſlaughter of the Trees ;  
 With like impetuous Rage the Prince appears,  
 Before his doubled Front ; nor leſs Deſtruction bears.  
 And now both Armies ſhock, in open Field ;  
*Oſyris* is by ſtrong *Thymbræus* kill'd.  
 675 *Archetius*, *Uſens*, *Epulon*, are ſlain ;  
 (All fam'd in Arms, and of the *Latian* Train ;)  
 By *Gyas*, *Mneſtheus*, and *Achates* Hand :  
 The fatal Augur falls, by whoſe command  
 The Truce was broken, and whoſe Lance embru'd  
 680 With *Trojan* Blood, th' unhappy Fight renew'd.  
 Loud Shouts and Clamours rend the liquid Sky ;  
 And o're the Field the frighted *Latins* fly.  
 The Prince diſdains the Daſtards to purſue,  
 Nor moves to meet in Arms the fighting few :  
 685 *Turnus* alone, amid the duſky Plain,  
 He ſeeks, and to the Combat calls in vain.  
*Juturna* heard, and ſeiz'd with Mortal Fear,  
 Forc'd from the Beam her Brother's Charioteer ;  
 Affumes his Shape, his Armour, and his Meen ;  
 690 And like *Metiſcus*, in his Seat is ſeen.  
 As the black Swallow near the Palace plies ;  
 O're empty Courts, and under Arches flies ;

Now

Now hawks aloft, now ſkims along the Flood,  
 To furniſh her loquacious Neſt with Food :  
 695 So drives the rapid Goddeſs o're the Plains ;  
 The ſmoaking Horſes run with looſen'd Reins.  
 She ſteers a various Courſe among the Foes ;  
 Now here, now there, her conqu'ring Brother ſhows :  
 Now with a ſtraight, now with a wheeling flight,  
 700 She turns, and bends, but ſhuns the ſingle Fight.  
*Æneas*, fir'd with Fury, breaks the Crowd,  
 And ſeeks his Foe, and calls by name aloud :  
 He runs within a narrower Ring, and tries  
 To ſtop the Chariot, but the Chariot flies.  
 705 If he but gain a glimpſ, *Juturna* fears,  
 And far away the *Danian* Heroe bears.  
 What ſhou'd he do ! nor Arts nor Arms avail ;  
 And various Cares in vain his Mind affail.  
 The great *Mefſapus* thund'ring thro' the Field,  
 710 In his left hand two pointed Jav'lines held,  
 Encountering on the Prince, one Dart he drew,  
 And with unerring aim, and utmoſt Vigour threw.  
*Æneas* ſaw it come, and ſtooping low  
 Beneath his Buckler, ſhunn'd the threatening blow.  
 715 The Weapon hiſ'd above his Head, and tore  
 The waving Plume, which on his Helm he wore.  
 Forc'd by this hoſtile Act, and fir'd with ſpight,  
 That flying *Turnus* ſtill declin'd the Fight ;  
 The Prince, whoſe Piety had long repell'd  
 720 His inborn ardour, now invades the Field :  
 Invokes the Pow'rs of violated Peace,  
 Their Rites, and injur'd Altars to redreſs :  
 Then, to his Rage abandoning the Rein,  
 With Blood and ſlaughter'd Bodies fills the Plain.  
 725 What God can tell, what Numbers can diſplay  
 The various Labours of that fatal Day !

What

- What Chiefs, and Champions fell on either side,  
 In Combat slain, or by what Deaths they dy'd ?  
 Whom *Turnus*, whom the *Trojan* Heroe kill'd :
- 730 Who shar'd the Fame, and fortune of the Field ?  
*Jove*, cou'dst thou view, and not avert thy fight,  
 Two jarring Nations join'd in cruel fight,  
 Whom Leagues of lasting Love so shortly shall unite !  
*Aeneas* first *Rutulian Suro* found,
- 735 Whose Valour made the *Trojans* quit their Ground :  
 Betwixt his Ribs the Jav'lin drove so just,  
 It reach'd his Heart, nor needs a second Thrust.  
 Now *Turnus*, at two blows, two Brethren slew ;  
 First from his Horse fierce *Amycus* he threw ;
- 740 Then leaping on the Ground, on Foot assail'd  
*Diores*, and in equal Fight prevail'd.  
 Their lifeless Trunks he leaves upon the place ;  
 Their Heads distilling Gore, his Chariot grace.  
 Three cold on Earth the *Trojan* Heroe threw ;
- 745 Whom without respite at one Charge he slew.  
*Cethagus*, *Tanais*, *Tagus*, fell oppress'd,  
 And sad *Onythes*, added to the rest ;  
 Of *Theban* Blood, whom *Peridia* bore.  
*Turnus*, two Brothers from the *Lycian* Shore,
- 750 And from *Apollo's* Fane to Battel sent,  
 O'rethrew, nor *Phœbus* cou'd their Fate prevent.  
 Peaceful *Menetes* after these he kill'd,  
 Who long had shunn'd the Dangers of the Field:  
 On *Lerna's* Lake a silent Life he led,
- 755 And with his Nets and Angle earn'd his Bread.  
 Nor pompous Cares, nor Palaces he knew,  
 But wisely from th' infectious World withdrew.  
 Poor was his Houſe ; his Father's painful Hand  
 Discharg'd his Rent, and plough'd another's Land.

As

- 760 As Flames among among the lofty Woods are thrown,  
 On diff'rent sides, and both by Winds are blown,  
 The Laurels crackle in the sputt'ring Fire ;  
 The frighted Silvans from their Shades retire :  
 Or as two neighb'ring Torrents fall from high,  
 765 Rapid they run ; the foamy Waters fry :  
 They rowl to Sea with unresisted Force,  
 And down the Rocks precipitate their Course :  
 Not with less rage the Rival Heroes take  
 Their diff'rent Ways ; nor less Destruction make.
- 770 With Spears afar, with Swords at hand they strike ;  
 And zeal of Slaughter fires their Souls alike.  
 Like them, their dauntless Men maintain the Field,  
 And Hearts are pierc'd unknowing how to yield :  
 They blow for blow return, and wound for wound ;
- 775 And heaps of Bodies raise the level Ground.  
*Murranus*, boasting of his Blood, that springs  
 From a long Royal Race of *Latian* Kings,  
 Is by the *Trojan* from his Chariot thrown,  
 Crush'd with the weight of an unweildy Stone :
- 780 Betwixt the Wheels he fell ; the Wheels that bore  
 His living Load, his dying Body tore.  
 His starting Steeds, to shun the glitt'ring Sword,  
 Paw down his trampled Limbs, forgetful of their Lord.  
 Fierce *Hillus* threaten'd high ; and face to face
- 785 Affronted *Turnus* in the middle space :  
 The Prince encounter'd him in full Carreer,  
 And at his Temples aim'd his deadly Spear :  
 So fatally the flying Weapon sped,  
 That thro' his Brazen Helm it pierc'd his Head.
- 790 Nor *Cisseus* cou'dst thou scape from *Turnus* hand,  
 In vain the strongest of th' *Arcadian* Band :  
 Nor to *Cupentus* cou'd his Gods afford,  
 Availing Aid against th' *Aenean* Sword :

E c c e

Which

Which to his naked Heart purfu'd the Courfe :  
 795 Nor could his plated Shield fustain the Force.  
*Iulus* fell, whom not the *Grecian* Pow'rs,  
 Nor great Subvertor of the *Trojan* Tow'rs,  
 Were doom'd to kill, while Heav'n prolong'd his Date:  
 But who can pafs the Bounds prefix'd by Fate?  
 800 In high *Lyrneffus*, and in *Troy*, he held  
 Two Palaces, and was from each expell'd :  
 Of all the mighty Man, the laft Remains  
 A little fpot of Foreign Earth contains.  
 And now both Hofts their broken Troops unite,  
 805 In equal Ranks, and mix in mortal Fight.  
*Sereftbus*, and undaunted *Mneftheus* join  
 The *Trojan*, *Tufcan*, and *Arcadian* Line :  
*Sea-born Meffapus*, with *Atinas*, heads  
 The *Latin* Squadrons, and to Battel leads.  
 810 They ftrike, they puff, they throng the scanty fpace;  
 Refolv'd on Death, impatient of Difgrace ;  
 And where one falls, another fills his Place. }  
 The *Cyprian* Goddeſs now inſpires her Son  
 To leave th' unfinish'd Fight, and storm the Town.  
 815 For while he rowls his Eyes around the Plain,  
 In queſt of *Turnus*, whom he ſeeks in vain,  
 He views th' ungarded City from afar,  
 In careleſs quiet, and ſecure of War :  
 Occaſion offers, and excites his Mind,  
 820 To dare beyond the Task he firſt deſign'd.  
 Refolv'd, he calls his Chiefs : they leave the Fight ;  
 Attended thus, he takes a neighb'ring Height :  
 The crowding Troops about their Gen'ral ſtand,  
 All under Arms, and wait his high Command.  
 825 Then thus the lofty Prince : Hear and obey,  
 Ye *Trojan* Bands, without the leaſt delay.

Jove

*Jove* is with us, and what I have decreed  
 Requires our utmoſt Vigour, and our Speed.  
 Your inſtant Arms againſt the Town prepare ;  
 830 The ſource of Miſchief, and the Seat of War.  
 This Day the *Latian* Tow'rs, that mate the Sky,  
 Shall level with the Plain in Aſhes lye :  
 The People ſhall be Slaves ; unleſs in time  
 They kneel for Pardon, and repent their Crime.  
 835 Twice have our Foes been vanquiſh'd on the Plain ;  
 Then ſhall I wait till *Turnus* will be ſlain ?  
 Your Force againſt the perjurd City bend :  
 There it began, and there the War ſhall end.  
 The Peace profan'd our rightful Arms requires :  
 840 Cleanſe the polluted Place with purging Fires.  
 He finiſh'd ; and one Soul inſpiring all,  
 Form'd in a Wedge, the Foot approach the Wall.  
 Without the Town, an unprovided Train  
 Of gaping, gazing Citizens are ſlain.  
 845 Some Firebrands, others ſcaling Ladders bear ;  
 And thoſe they toſs aloft, and theſe they rear :  
 The Flames now lanch'd, the feather'd Arrows fly,  
 And Clouds of miſſive Arms obſcure the Sky.  
 Advancing to the Front, the Heroe ſtands,  
 850 And ſtretching out to Heav'n his Pious Hands ;  
 Attends the Gods, aſſerts his Innocence,  
 Upbraids with breach of Faith th' *Aſyonian* Prince :  
 Declares the Royal Honour doubly ſtain'd,  
 And twice the Rites of holy Peace profan'd.  
 855 Diſſenting Clamours in the Town ariſe ;  
 Each will be heard, and all at once adviſe :  
 One part for Peace, and one for War contends :  
 Some wou'd exclude their Foes, and ſome admit their Friends,  
 The helpieſs King is hurry'd in the Throng ;  
 860 And what e're Tide prevails, is born along.

E c c c 2

Thus

Thus when the Swain, within a hollow Rock,  
 Invades the Bees, with suffocating Smoke,  
 They run around, or labour on their Wings,  
 Difus'd to flight; and shoot their sleepy Stings:  
 865 To shun the bitter Fumes in vain they try;  
 Black Vapours, issuing from the Vent, involve the Sky.  
 But Fate, and envious Fortune, now prepare  
 To plunge the *Latins* in the last despair.  
 The Queen, who saw the Foes invade the Town;  
 870 And brands on tops of burning Houses thrown:  
 Cast round her Eyes, distracted with her Fear;  
 No Troops of *Turnus* in the Field appear.  
 Once more she stares abroad, but still in vain:  
 And then concludes the Royal Youth is slain.  
 875 Mad with her Anguish, impotent to bear  
 The mighty Grief, she loaths the vital Air.  
 She calls her self the Cause of all this Ill,  
 And owns the dire Effects of her ungovern'd Will:  
 She raves against the Gods, she beats her Breast,  
 880 She tears with both her hands her Purple Vest.  
 Then round a Beam a running Noose she ty'd;  
 And, fasten'd by the Neck, obscenely dy'd.  
 Soon as the fatal News by Fame was blown,  
 And to her Dames, and to her Daughter known;  
 885 The sad *Lavinia* rends her yellow Hair,  
 And rose Cheeks, the rest her Sorrow share:  
 With Shrieks the Palace rings, and Madness of Despair.  
 The spreading Rumor fills the Publick Place;  
 Confusion, Fear, Distraction, and Disgrace,  
 890 And silent shame, are seen in ev'ry Face.  
*Latinus* tears his Garments as he goes,  
 Both for his publick, and his private Woes:  
 With Filth his venerable Beard besmears,  
 And fordid Dust deforms his Silver Hairs.

And

895 And much he blames the softness of his Mind,  
 Obnoxious to the Charms of Womankind,  
 And soon seduc'd to change, what he so well design'd:  
 To break the solemn League so long desir'd,  
 Nor finish what his Fates, and those of *Troy* requir'd.  
 900 Now *Turnus* rows aloof o'er empty Plains,  
 And here and there some stragling Foes he gleans.  
 His flying Counters please him less and less,  
 Asham'd of easie Fight, and cheap Success.  
 Thus half consented, anxious in his Mind,  
 905 The distant Cries come driving in the Wind:  
 Shouts from the Walls, but Shouts in Murmurs drown'd;  
 A jarring mixture, and a boding sound.  
 Alas, said he, what mean these dismal Cries,  
 What doleful Clamours from the Town arise?  
 910 Confus'd he stops, and backward pulls the Reins:  
 She, who the Driver's Office now sustains,  
 Replies, Neglect, my Lord, these new Alarms;  
 Here fight, and urge the Fortune of your Arms:  
 There want not others to defend the Wall:  
 915 If by your Rival's Hand th' *Italians* fall,  
 So shall your fatal Sword his Friends oppress,  
 In Honour equal, equal in Success.  
 To this, the Prince; O Sister, (for I knew  
 The Peace infring'd, proceeded first from you,)  
 920 I knew you, when you mingled first in Fight,  
 And now in vain you wou'd deceive my Sight:  
 Why, Goddess, this unprofitable Care?  
 Who sent you down from Heav'n, involv'd in Air,  
 Your share of Mortal Sorrows to sustain,  
 925 And see your Brother bleeding on the Plain?  
 For, to what Pow'r can *Turnus* have recourse,  
 Or how resist his Fates prevailing force!

These

These Eyes beheld *Murranus* bite the Ground,  
 Mighty the Man, and mighty Was the Wound.  
 930 I heard my dearest Friend, with dying Breath,  
 My Name invoking to revenge his Death :  
 Brave *Ufens* fell with Honour on the Place ;  
 To shun the shameful fight of my disgrace.  
 On Earth supine, a Manly Corps he lies ;  
 935 His Vest and Armour are the Victor's Prize.  
 Then, shall I see *Laurentum* in a flame,  
 Which only wanted to complet my shame ?  
 How will the *Latins* hoot their Champion's fight ;  
 How *Drances* will be pleas'd, and point them to the fight !  
 940 Is Death so hard to bear ? Ye Gods below,  
 (Since those above so small Compassion show,)  
 Receive a Soul unfully'd yet with shame,  
 Which not belies my great Forefather's Name.  
 He said : And while he spoke, with flying speed,  
 945 Came *Sages* urging on his foamy Steed ;  
 Fix'd on his wounded Face a Shaft he bore,  
 And seeking *Turnus* sent his Voice before :  
*Turnus*, on you, on you alone depends  
 Our last Relief ; compassionate your Friends.  
 950 Like Lightning, fierce *Aeneas*, rowling on,  
 With Arms invests, with Flames invades the Town :  
 The Brands are tofs'd on high ; the Winds conspire  
 To drive along the Deluge of the Fire :  
 All Eyes are fix'd on you ; your Foes rejoice ;  
 955 Ev'n the King staggers, and suspends his Choice :  
 Doubts to deliver, or defend the Town ;  
 Whom to reject, or whom to call his Son.  
 The Queen, on whom your utmost hopes were plac'd,  
 Her self suborning Death, has breath'd her last.  
 960 'Tis true, *Messapus*, fearless of his Fate,  
 With fierce *Atinus* Aid, defends the Gate :

On

On ev'ry side surrounded by the Foe ;  
 The more they kill, the greater Numbers grow ;  
 An Iron Harvest mounts, and still remains to mow.  
 965 You, far aloof from your forsaken Bands,  
 Your rowling Chariot drive o're empty Sands.  
 Stupid he fate, his Eyes on Earth declin'd,  
 And various Cares revolving in his Mind :  
 Rage boiling from the bottom of his Breast,  
 And Sorrow mix'd with Shame, his Soul oppress'd :  
 970 And conscious Worth lay lab'ring in his Thought ;  
 And Love by Jealousie to Madnets wrought.  
 By slow degrees his Reason drove away  
 The Mists of Passion, and resum'd her Sway.  
 Then, rising on his Car, he turn'd his Look ;  
 975 And saw the Town involv'd in Fire and Smoke.  
 A wooden Tow'r with Flames already blaz'd,  
 Which his own Hands on Beams and Rafters rais'd :  
 And Bridges laid above to join the Space ;  
 980 And Wheels below to rowl from place to place.  
 Sifter, the Fates have vanquish'd : Let us go  
 The way which Heav'n and my hard Fortune show.  
 The Fight is fix'd : Nor shall the branded Name  
 Of a base Coward blot your Brother's Fame.  
 985 Death is my choice ; but suffer me to try  
 My Force, and vent my Rage before I dye.  
 He said, and leaping down without delay,  
 Thro Crowds of scatter'd Foes he free'd his way.  
 Striding he pass'd, impetuous as the Wind,  
 990 And left the grieving Goddess far behind.  
 As when a Fragment, from a Mountain torn  
 By raging Tempests, or by Torrents born,  
 Or sapp'd by time, or loosn'd from the Roots,  
 Prone thro' the Void the Rocky Ruine shoots,

Rowling

995 Rowling from Crag to Crag, from Steep to Steep;  
 Down sink, at once the Shepherds and their Sheep,  
 Involv'd alike, they rush to neather Ground,  
 Stun'd with the shock they fall, and flun'd from Earth rebound:  
 So *Turnus*, hafting headlong to the Town,  
 1000 Should'ring and shoving, bore the Squadrons down.  
 Still preffing onward, to the Walls he drew,  
 Where Shafts, and Spears, and Darts promiscuous flew }  
 And fanguine Streams the flipp'ry Ground embrew.  
 Firft stretching out his Arm, in fign of Peace,  
 1005 He cries aloud, to make the Combat ceafe:  
*Rutulians* hold, and *Latin* Troops retire;  
 The Fight is mine, and me the Gods require.  
 Tis juft that I fhould vindicate alone  
 The broken Truce, or for the Breach atone.  
 1010 This Day fhall free from Wars th' *Aufonian* State,  
 Or finifh my Misfortunes in my Fate.  
 Both Armies from their bloody Work defift:  
 And bearing backward, form a fpacious Lift.  
 The *Trojan* Heroe who receiv'd from Fame  
 1015 The welcome Sound, and heard the Champion's Name,  
 Soon leaves the taken Works, and mounted Walls,  
 Greedy of War, where greater Glory calls.  
 He fprings to Fight, exulting in his Force;  
 His jointed Armour rattles in the Courfe.  
 1020 Like *Eryx*, or like *Atbos*, great he fhows,  
 Or Father *Apennine*, when white with Snows,  
 His Head Divine, obfcure in Clouds he hides:  
 And fhakes the founding Foreft on his fides.  
 The Nations over-aw'd, furceafe the Fight,  
 1025 Immoveable their Bodies, fix'd their fight:  
 Ev'n Death ftands ftill; nor from above they throw  
 Their Darts, nor drive their bate'ring Rams below.

In

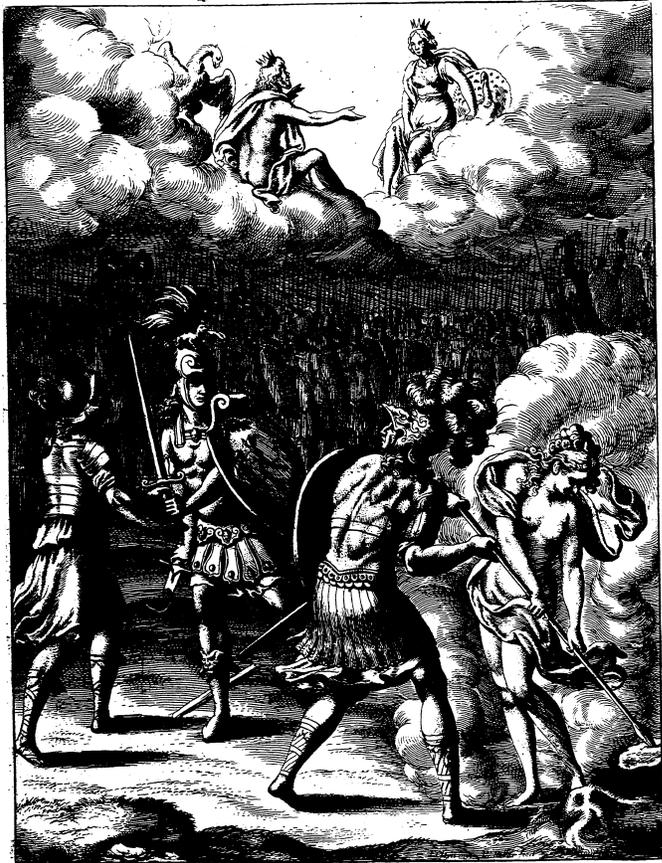
In filent Order either Army ftands;  
 And drop their Swords, unknowing, from their Hands.  
 1030 Th' *Aufonian* King beholds, with wond'ring fight,  
 Two mighty Champions match'd in fingle Fight:  
 Born under Climes remote; and brought by Fate,  
 With Swords to try their Titles to the State.  
 Now in clos'd Field, each other from afar  
 1035 They view; and rufhing on, begin the War.  
 They launch their Spears, then hand to hand they meet;  
 The trembling Soil refounds beneath their Feet:  
 Their Bucklers clafh; thick blows defcend from high,  
 And flakes of Fire from their hard Helmets fly.  
 1040 Courage confpires with Chance; and both ingage  
 With equal Fortune, and with mutual Rage.  
 As when two Bulls for their fair Female fight,  
 In *Sila's* Shades, or on *Taburnus* height;  
 With Horns adverfe they meet: the Keeper flies;  
 1045 Mute ftands the Herd, the Heifers rowl their Eyes;  
 And wait th' Event, which Victor they fhall bear,  
 And who fhall be the Lord, to rule the lufly Year:  
 With rage of Love the jealous Rivals burn,  
 And Push for Push, and Wound for Wound return:  
 1050 Their Dewlaps gor'd, their fides are lav'd in Blood;  
 Loud Cries and roaring Sounds rebellow thro' the Wood:  
 Such was the Combat in the lifted Ground;  
 So clafh their Swords and fo their Shields refound.  
*Jove* fetts the Beam; in either Scale he lays  
 1055 The Champions Fate, and each exactly weighs.  
 On this fide Life, and lucky Chance afcends:  
 Loaded with Death, that other Scale defcends.  
 Rais'd on the Stretch, young *Turnus* aims a blow,  
 Full on the Helm of his unguarded Foe:  
 1060 Shrill Shouts and Clamours ring on either fide;  
 As Hopes and Fears their panting Hearts divide.

F f f f

But

But all in pieces flies the Traytor Sword,  
 And, in the middle Stroke deserts his Lord.  
 Now 'tis but Death, or Flight: difarm'd he flies,  
 1065 When in his Hand, an unknown Hilt he spies.  
 Fame says that *Turnus*, when his Steeds he join'd,  
 Hurrying to War, diforder'd in his Mind,  
 Snatch'd the fift Weapon, which his hafte cou'd find. }  
 'Twas not the fated Sword his Father bore ;  
 1070 But that his Charioteer *Metiscus* wore.  
 This, while the *Trojans* fled, the Toughnefs held,  
 But vain againft the great *Pulcanian* Shield,  
 The mortal-temper'd Steel deceiv'd his Hand :  
 The fhiver'd fragments fhone amid the Sand.  
 1075 Surpris'd with fear, he fled along the Field ;  
 And now forthright, and now in Orbits wheel'd.  
 For here the *Trojan* Troops the Lift furround ;  
 And there the Pafs is clos'd with Pools and marfhy Ground.  
*Aeneas* hafpens, tho' with heavier Pace,  
 1080 His Wound fo newly knit, retards the Chafe :  
 And oft his trembling Knees their Aid refufe,  
 Yet preffing foot by foot his Foe purfues.  
 Thus, when a fearful Stag is clos'd around  
 With Crimfon Toils, or in a River found ;  
 1085 High on the Bank the deep-mouth'd Hound appears ;  
 Still opening, following ftill, where e're he fteers :  
 The perfecuted Creature, to, and fro,  
 Turns here and there, to fcape his *Umbrian* Foe :  
 Steep is th' Afcent ; and if he gains the Land,  
 1090 The Purple Death is pitch'd along the Strand :  
 His eager Foe determin'd to the Chace,  
 Stretch'd at his length gains Ground at ev'ry Pace :  
 Now to his beamy Head he makes his way,  
 And now he holds, or thinks he holds his Prey :

Just



To the Right Hon.<sup>ble</sup>  
Baron of



Francis North  
Guilford

En: 12. l. 1120.

Æn. XII. ÆNEIS. 611

1095 Just at the pinch the Stag springs out with fear,  
He bites the Wind, and fills his founding Jaws with Air.  
The Rocks, the Lakes, the Meadows ring with Cries;  
The mortal Tumult mounts, and thunders in the Skies.  
Thus flies the *Davian* Prince: and, flying, blames  
1100 His tardy Troops; and calling by their Names,  
Demands his trusty Sword. The *Trojan* threats  
The Realm with Ruin, and their ancient Seats  
To lay in Ashes, if they dare supply  
With Arms or Aid, his vanquish'd Enemy:  
1105 Thus menacing, he still pursues the Course,  
With Vigour, tho' diminish'd of his Force.  
Ten times, already, round the lifted place,  
One Chief had fled, and t'other giv'n the Chace:  
No trivial Prize is play'd; for on the Life  
1110 Or Death of *Turnus*, now depends the Strife.  
Within the space, an Olive Tree had stood,  
A sacred Shade, a venerable Wood,  
For Vows to *Faunus* paid, the *Latins* Guardian God.  
1115 Of sinking Mariners, from Shipwrack sav'd.  
With heedless Hands the *Trojans* fell'd the Tree,  
To make the Ground inclos'd for Combat free.  
Deep in the Root, whether by Fate, or Chance,  
Or erring haste, the *Trojan* drove his Lance:  
1120 Then stoop'd, and tug'd with Force immense to free  
Th' incumber'd Spear from the tenacious Tree:  
That whom his fainting Limbs pursu'd in vain,  
His flying Weapon might from far attain.  
Confus'd with Fear, bereft of Human Aid,  
1225 Then *Turnus* to the Gods, and first to *Faunus* pray'd.  
O *Faunus* pity, and thou Mother Earth,  
Where I thy foster Son receiv'd my Birth,

F f f f 2

Hold

Hold fast the Steel ; if my Religious Hand  
 Your Plant has honour'd, which your Foes profan'd ;  
 1130 Propitious hear my pious Pray'r ! He said,  
 Nor with successless Vows invok'd their Aid.  
 Th' incumbent Heroe, wrench'd, and pull'd, and strain'd,  
 But still the stubborn Earth the Steel detain'd.  
*Juturna* took her time ; and while in vain  
 1135 He strove, assum'd *Metiscus* Form again:  
 And, in that imitated Shape, restor'd  
 To the despairing Prince, his *Damian* Sword.  
 The Queen of Love, who, with Disdain and Grief,  
 Saw the bold Nymph afford this prompt Relief ;  
 1140 T' assert her Off-spring, with a greater Deed,  
 From the tough Root the ling'ring Weapon freed.  
 Once more erect, the Rival Chiefs advance ;  
 One trusts the Sword, and one the pointed Lance :  
 And both resolv'd alike, to try their fatal Chance. }  
 1145 Mean time Imperial *Jove* to *Juno* spoke,  
 Who from a shining Cloud beheld the shock ;  
 What new Arrest, O Queen of Heav'n, is sent  
 To stop the Fates now lab'ring in th' Event.  
 What farther hopes are left thee to pursue }  
 1150 Divine *Aeneas*, (and thou know'st it too,)  
 Fore-doom'd to these Cœlestial Seats is due ?  
 What more Attempts for *Turnus* can be made,  
 That thus thou ling'rest in this lonely Shade !  
 Is it becoming of the due Respect,  
 1155 And awful Honour of a God Elect,  
 A Wound unworthy of our State to feel ;  
 Patient of Human Hands, and earthly Steel ?  
 Or seems it Just, the Sister shou'd restore,  
 A second Sword, when one was lost before ; }  
 1160 And arm a conquer'd Wretch, against his Conqueror ? }

For

For what without thy knowledge and avow,  
 Nay more, thy Dictate, durst *Juturna* do ?  
 At last, in deference to my Love, forbear  
 To lodge within thy Soul this anxious Care :  
 1165 Reclin'd upon my Breast, thy Grief unload ;  
 Who shou'd relieve the Goddess, but the God ?  
 Now, all things to their utmost Issue tend ;  
 Push'd by the Fates to their appointed Hour :  
 While leave was giv'n thee, and a lawful Hour  
 1170 For Vengeance, Wrath, and unresist'd Pow'r :  
 Toss'd on the Seas thou cou'd'st thy Foes distress,  
 And driv'n ashore, with Hostile Arms oppress :  
 Deform the Royal Houfe ; and from the side  
 Of the Just Bridegroom, tear the plighted Bride :  
 1175 Now cease at my Command. The Thund'rer said :  
 And with dejected Eyes this Answer *Juno* made.  
 Because your dread Decree too well I knew ;  
 From *Turnus*, and from Earth unwilling I withdrew.  
 Else shou'd you not behold me here alone,  
 1180 Involv'd in empty Clouds, my Friends bemoan :  
 But girt with vengeful Flames, in open fight,  
 Engag'd against my Foes in Mortal Fight.  
 'Tis true *Juturna* mingled in the Strife  
 By my Command, to save her Brother's Life ;  
 1185 At least to try : But by the *Stygian* Lake,  
 (The most Religious Oath the Gods can take,)  
 With this restriction, not to bend the Bow,  
 Or tofs the Spear, or trembling Dart to throw.  
 And now resign'd to your Superior Might,  
 1190 And tir'd with fruitless Toils, I loath the Fight.  
 This let me beg, (and this no Fates withstand)  
 Both for my self, and for your Fathers Land,  
 That when the Nuptial Bed shall bind the Peace ;  
 (Which I, since you ordain, consent to bless.)

The

- 1195 The Laws of either Nation be the same ;  
 But let the *Latins* still retain their Name :  
 Speak the same Language which they spoke before ;  
 Wear the same Habits, which their Grandfires wore :  
 Call them not *Trojans* : Perish the Renown,  
 1200 And Name of *Troy*, with that detested Town.  
*Latium* be *Latium* still; let *Alba* reign,  
 And *Rome's* immortal Majesty remain.  
 Then thus the Founder of Mankind replies :  
 (Unruffled was his Front, serene his Eyes.)  
 1205 Can *Saturn's* Issue, and Heav'n's other Heir,  
 Such endless Anger in her Bosom bear ?  
 Be Mistress, and your full Desires obtain :  
 But quench the Choler you foment in vain.  
 From ancient Blood th' *Asonian* People sprung,  
 1210 Shall keep their Name, their Habit, and their Tongue.  
 The *Trojans* to their Customs shall be ty'd,  
 I will, my self, their common Rites provide ;  
 The Natives shall command, the Foreigners subside.  
 All shall be *Latium* ; *Troy* without a Name :  
 1215 And her lost Sons forget from whence they came.  
 From Blood so mix'd, a pious Race shall flow,  
 Equal to Gods, excelling all below.  
 No Nation more Respect to you shall pay,  
 Or greater Off'rings on your Altars lay.  
 1220 *Juno* consents, well pleas'd that her Desires  
 Had found Success, and from the Cloud retires.  
 The Peace thus made, the Thund'rer next prepares  
 To force the war'y Goddesses from the Wars.  
 Deep in the dismal Regions, void of Light,  
 1225 Three Daughters at a Birth were born to Night :  
 These their brown Mother, brooding on her Care,  
 Indu'd with windy Wings to flit in Air :  
 With Serpents girt alike ; and crown'd with hissing Hair.

In

- In Heav'n the *Dire* call'd, and still at hand,  
 1230 Before the Throne of angry *Jove* they stand.  
 His Ministers of Wrath ; and ready still  
 The Minds of Mortal Men with Fears to fill :  
 When e're the moody Sire, to wreak his Hate  
 On Realms, or Towns deserving of their Fate,  
 1235 Hurls down Diseases, Death, and deadly Care,  
 And terrifies the guilty World with War.  
 One Sister Plague of these from Heav'n he sent,  
 To fright *Juturna* with a dire Portent.  
 The Pest comes whirling down : by far more slow  
 1240 Springs the swift Arrow from the *Parthian* Bow,  
 Or *Cydon* Eugh ; when traversing the Skies,  
 And drench'd in poisonous Juice, the sure Destruction flies.  
 With such a sudden, and unseen a flight,  
 Shot thro' the Clouds the Daughter of the Night.  
 1245 Soon as the Field inclos'd she had in view,  
 And from afar her destin'd Quarry knew :  
 Contracted, to the boding Bird she turns,  
 Which haunts the ruin'd Piles, and hallow'd Urns ;  
 And beats about the Tombs with nightly Wings ;  
 1250 Where Songs obscene on Sepulchres she sings.  
 Thus lessen'd in her Form, with frightful Cries,  
 The Fury round unhappy *Turnus* flies,  
 Elaps on his Shield, and flutters o're his Eyes.  
 A lazy Chilnefs crept along his Blood,  
 1255 Choak'd was his Voice, his Hair with Horror stood.  
*Juturna* from afar beheld her fly,  
 And knew th' ill Omen, by her screaming Cry,  
 And stridour of her Wings. Amaz'd with Fear,  
 Her comely Breast she beat, and rent her flowing Hair.  
 1260 Ah me, she cries, in this unequal Strife,  
 What can thy Sister more to save thy Life !

Weak

Weak as I am, can I, alas, contend  
 In Arms, with that inexorable Fiend!  
 Now, now, I quit the Field! forbear to fright  
 1265 My tender Soul, ye baleful Birds of Night!  
 The lashing of your Wings I know too well:  
 The sounding Flight, and Fun'ral Screams of Hell!  
 These are the Gifts you bring from haughty *Jove*,  
 The worthy Recompence of ravish'd Love!  
 1270 Did he for this exempt my Life from Fate?  
 O hard Conditions of Immortal State!  
 Tho' born to Death, not priviledg'd to dye,  
 But forc'd to bear impos'd Eternity!  
 Take back your envious Bribes, and let me go  
 1275 Companion to my Brother's Ghost below!  
 The Joys are vanish'd: Nothing now remains,  
 Of Life Immortal, but Immortal Pains.  
 What Earth will open her devouring Womb,  
 To rest a weary Goddess in the Tomb!  
 1280 She drew a length of Sighs; nor more she said;  
 But in her Azure Mante wrap'd her Head:  
 Then plung'd into her Stream, with deep Despair,  
 And her last Sobs came bubling up in Air.  
 Now stern *Aeneas* waves his weighty Spear  
 1285 Against his Foe, and thus upbraids his Fear,  
 What farther Subterfuge can *Turnus* find;  
 What empty Hopes are harbour'd in his Mind?  
 'Tis not thy Swiftnes can secure thy Flight:  
 Not with their Feet, but Hands, the Valiant fight.  
 1290 Vary thy Shape in thousand Forms, and dare  
 What Skill and Courage can attempt in War:  
 With for the Wings of Winds, to mount the Sky;  
 Or hid, within the hollow Earth to lye.  
 The Champion took his Head, and made this short reply.

No

1295 No threats of thine, my manly Mind can move:  
 'Tis Hostile Heav'n I dread; and Partial *Jove*.  
 He, said no more: but with a Sigh, repress'd  
 The mighty Sorrow, in his swelling Breast.  
 Then, as he rowld his troubled Eyes around,  
 1300 An Antique Stone he saw: the Common Bound  
 Of Neighb'ring Fields; and Barrier of the Ground:  
 So vast, that Twelve strong Men of modern Days,  
 Th' enormous weight from Earth cou'd hardly raise.  
 He heav'd it at a Lift: and poiz'd on high,  
 1305 Ran stagg'ring on, against his Enemy.  
 But so disorder'd, that he scarcely knew  
 His Way: or what unwieldy weight he threw.  
 His knocking Knees are bent beneath the Load:  
 And shiv'ring Cold congeals his vital Blood.  
 1305 The Stone drops from his arms: and falling short,  
 For want of Vigour, mocks his vain Effort.  
 And as, when heavy Sleep has clos'd the fight,  
 The sickly Fancy labours in the Night:  
 We seem to run; and destitute of Force  
 1310 Our sinking Limbs forsake us in the Course:  
 In vain we heave for Breath; in vain we cry:  
 The Nerves unbrac'd, their usual Strength deny;  
 And, on the Tongue the falt'ring Accents dye:  
 So *Turnus* far'd: what ever means he try'd  
 1320 All force of Arms, and points of Art employ'd,  
 The Fury flew athwart; and made th' Endeavour void.  
 A thousand various Thoughts his Soul confound:  
 He star'd about; nor Aid nor Issue found:  
 His own Men stop the Pass; and his own Walls surround.  
 1325 Once more he pauses; and looks out again:  
 And seeks the Goddess Charioteer in vain.  
 Trembling he views the Thund'ring Chief advance:  
 And brandishing aloft the deadly Lance:

G g g g

Amaz'd

Amaz'd he cow'rs beneath his conqu'ring Foe,  
 1330 Forgets to ward; and waits the coming Blow.  
 Astonish'd while he stands, and fix'd with Fear,  
 Aim'd at his Shield he sees th' impending Spear.  
 The Heroe measur'd first, with narrow view,  
 The destin'd Mark: And rising as he threw,  
 1335 With its full swing the fatal Weapon flew.  
 Not with less Rage the rattling Thunder falls;  
 Or Stones from batt'ring Engines break the Walls:  
 Swift as a Whirlwind, from an Arm so strong,  
 The Lance drove on; and bore the Death along.  
 1340 Nought cou'd his sev'n-fold Shield the Prince avail,  
 Nor ought beneath his Arms the Coat of Mail;  
 It pierc'd thro' all; and with a grizly Wound,  
 Transfix'd his Thigh, and doubled him to Ground.  
 With Groans the *Latins* rend the vaulted Sky:  
 1345 Woods, Hills, and Valleys, to the Voice reply.  
 Now low on Earth the lofty Chief is laid;  
 With Eyes cast upward, and with Arms display'd;  
 And Recreat thus to the proud Victor pray'd;  
 I know my Death deserv'd, nor hope to live:  
 1350 Use what the Gods, and thy good Fortune give.  
 Yet think; oh think, if Mercy may be shown,  
 (Thou hadst a Father once; and hast a Son:)  
 Pity my Sire, now sinking to the Grave;  
 And for *Anchises* sake, old *Daunus* save!  
 1355 Or, if thy vow'd Revenge pursue my Death;  
 Give to my Friends my Body void of Breath!  
 The *Latian* Chiefs have seen me beg my Life;  
 Thine is the Conquest, thine the Royal Wife:  
 Against a yielded Man, 'tis mean ignoble Strife.  
 1360 In deep Suspence the *Trojan* seem'd to stand;  
 And just prepar'd to strike repress'd his Hand.

He



To his Grace James  
 Chancellor of the  
 and Dublin Knight of  
 of the



Duke of Ormondo  
 University of Oxford  
 of the most Noble Order  
 of the Garter &c.

En: 12. 1. 166.

He rowl'd his Eyes, and ev'ry Moment felt  
His manly Soul with more Compassion melt.  
When, casting down a casual Glance, he spy'd  
1365 The Golden Belt that glitter'd on his side :  
The fatal Spoils which haughty *Turmus* tore  
From dying *Pallas*, and in Triumph wore.  
Then rowz'd anew to Wrath, he loudly cries,  
(Flames, while he spoke, came flashing from his Eyes.)  
1370 Traytor, dost thou, dost thou to Grace pretend,  
Clad, as thou art, in Trophees of my Friend?  
To his sad Soul a grateful Off ring go ;  
'Tis *Pallas*, *Pallas* gives this deadly Blow.  
He rais'd his Arm aloft; and at the Word,  
1375 Deep in his Bolom drove the shining Sword.  
The streaming Blood distain'd his Arms around :  
And the disdainful Soul came rushing thro' the Wound.

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F I N I S.

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NOTES

## P O S T S C R I P T

T O T H E

## R E A D E R.

**W**HAT *Virgil* wrote in the vigour of his Age, in Plenty and at Ease, I have undertaken to *Translate* in my Declining Years: struggling with Wants, oppress'd with Sickness, curb'd in my Genius, liable to be misconfrued in all I write; and my Judges, if they are not very equitable, already prejudic'd against me, by the *Lying Character* which has been given them of my Morals. Yet steady to my Principles, and not dispirited with my Afflictions, I have, by the Blessing of God on my Endeavours, overcome all difficulties; and, in some measure, acquitted my self of the Debt which I ow'd the Publick, when I undertook this Work. In the first place therefore, I thankfully acknowledge to the Almighty Power, the Assistance he has given me in the beginning, the Prosecution, and *Conclusion* of my present Studies, which are more happily perform'd than I could have promis'd to my self, when I labour'd under such Discouragements. For, what I have done, Imperfect as it is, for want of Health and leisure to Correct it, will be judg'd in after Ages, and possibly in the present, to be no dishonour to my Native Country; whose Language and Poetry wou'd be more esteem'd abroad, if they were better understood. Somewhat (give me leave to say) I have added to both of them in the choice of *Words*, and Harmony of Numbers which were wanting, especially the last, in all our Poets, even in those who being endu'd with Genius, yet have not Cultivated their Mother-Tongue with sufficient Care; or relying on the Beauty of their Thoughts, have judg'd the Ornament of Words, and sweetness of Sound unnecessary. One is for raking in *Chaucer* (our *English Ennius*) for antiquated Words, which are never to be reviv'd, but when Sound or Significancy is wanting in the present Language. But many of his deserve not this Redemption, any more than the Crouds of Men who daily die, or are slain for Six-pence in a Battel, merit to be restor'd to Life, if a Witch cou'd revive them. Others have no Ear for Verse, nor choice of Words; nor distinction of Thoughts; but mingle Farthings with their Gold to make up the Sum. Here is a Field of Satire open'd to me: But since the Revolution, I have wholly renounc'd that Talent. For who wou'd give Phisick to the Great when he is uncall'd? To do his Patient no good, and indanger himself for his Prescription? Neither am I ignorant, but I may justly be Condemn'd for many of those Faults, of which I have too liberally Arraign'd others.

*Cynthiae Aurem vellit, & admonuit.*  
Hhhh

Tie

'Tis enough for me, if the Government will let me pass unquesti-  
on'd. In the mean time, I am oblig'd in gratitude, to return my  
Thanks to many of them, who have not only distinguish'd me from  
others of the same Party, by a particular exception of Grace, but  
without considering the Man, have been Bountiful to the Poet: Have  
encourag'd *Virgil* to speak such *English*, as I could teach him, and  
rewarded his Interpreter, for the pains he has taken in bringing him o-  
ver into *Britain*, by defraying the Charges of his Voyage. Even  
*Cerberus*, when he had receiv'd the Sop, permitted *Aeneas* to pass free-  
ly to *Elysium*. Had it been offer'd me, and I had refus'd it, yet still  
some gratitude is due to such who were willing to oblige me. But  
how much more to those from whom I have receiv'd the Favours  
which they have offer'd to one of a different Perswasion. Amongst  
whom I cannot omit naming the Earls of *Darby* and of *Peterborough*. To the  
first of these, I have not the Honour to be known; and therefore his  
liberality as much unexpected, as it was undeserv'd. The present Earl of *Peter-  
borough* has been pleas'd long since to accept the renders of my Service:  
His Favours are so frequent to me, that I receive them almost by pre-  
scription. No difference of Interests or Opinion have been able to  
withdraw his Protection from me: And I might justly be condemn'd  
for the most unthankful of Mankind, if I did not always preserve  
for him a most profound Respect and inviolable Gratitude. I must  
also add, that if the last *Aeneid* thine amongst its Fellows, 'tis owing  
to the Commands of Sir *William Trumbull*, one of the Principal Secre-  
taries of State, who recommended it, as his Favourite, to my Care:  
and for his sake particularly I have made it mine. For who wou'd  
confess weariness, when he enjoin'd a fresh Labour? I cou'd not but  
invoke the assistance of a Mute, for this last Office.

*Extremam hanc Aethusa? —  
Negat quis Carmina Gallo?*

Neither am I to forget the Noble Present which was made me by  
*Gilbert Dolben* Esq; the worthy Son of the late Arch-Bishop of *York*:  
who, when I began this Work, enrich'd me with all the several Edi-  
tions of *Virgil*, and all the Commentaries of those Editions in Latine.  
Amongst which, I cou'd not but prefer the *Dolphins*; as the last, the  
shortest, and the most judicious. *Fabrini* I had also sent me from *Italy*;  
but either he understands *Virgil* very imperfectly, or I have no know-  
ledge of my Author.

Being invited by that worthy Gentleman, Sir *William Boyser*, to  
*Denham-Court*, I Translated the first *Georgic* at his Houle, and the  
greatest part of the last *Aeneid*. A more friendly Entertainment no  
Man ever found. No wonder therefore if both those Versions surpass  
the rest, and own the satisfaction I receiv'd in his Converse, with  
whom I had the honour to be bred in *Cambridge*, and in the same Col-  
lege. The Seventh *Aeneid* was made English at *Burleigh*, the Magni-  
ficent Abode of the Earl of *Exeter*: In a Village belonging to his Fam-  
ily I was born, and under his Roof I endeavour'd to make that  
*Aeneid* appear in English with as much lustre as I cou'd: though my  
Author has not given the finishing strokes either to it, or to the Ele-  
venth, as I perhaps cou'd prove in both, if I durst presume to Criti-  
cise my Master.

By a Letter from *Will. Walsb* of *Abberley* Esq; (who has so long  
honour'd me with his Friendship, and who, without flattery, is the  
best Critick of our Nation,) I have been inform'd that his Grace the  
Duke

Duke of *Shrewsbury* has procur'd a Printed Copy of the *Pastorals*,  
*Georgics*, and six first *Aeneids*, from my Bookseller, and has read them  
in the Country, together with my Friend. This Noble Person having  
been pleas'd to give them a Commendation, which I presume not to  
insert; has made me vain enough to boast of so great a favour, and  
to think I have succeeded beyond my hopes; the Character of his Ex-  
cellent Judgment, the acuteness of his Wit, and the general Know-  
ledge of good Letters, being known as well to all the World, as the  
sweetness of his disposition, his Humanity, his easiness of access, and  
desire of obliging those who stand in need of his protection, are known  
to all who have approach'd him; and to me in particular, are known  
formerly had the honour of his Conversation. Whoever has given  
the World the Translation of part of the third *Georgic*, who has given  
*The Power of Love*, has put me to sufficient pains to make my own not  
inferiour to his: As my Lord *Rochester's* *Silenus* had formerly given  
me the same trouble. The most Ingenious Mr. *Addison* of *Oxford* has  
also been as troublesome to me as the other two, and on the same ac-  
count. After his Bees, my latter Swarm is scarcely worth the living-  
Mr. *Cosley's* praise of a Countrey Life is Excellent; but 'tis rather an  
imitation of *Virgil*, than a Version. That I have recover'd in some  
measure the health which I had lost by too much application to this  
Work, is owing, next to God's Mercy, to the Skill and Care of Dr.  
*Gaubron*, and Dr. *Hobbs*, the two Ornaments of their Profession;  
whom I can only pay by this Acknowledgment. The whole Faculty has  
always been ready to oblige me: and the only one of them who endea-  
vour'd to defame me, had it not in his power. I desire pardon from  
my Readers for saying so much in relation to my self, which concerns  
not them: and with my acknowledgments to all my Subscribers, have  
only to add, that the few Notes which follow, are *par maniere d'acquis*,  
because I had oblig'd my self by Articles, to do somewhat of that  
kind. These scattering Observations are rather guesses at my Author's  
meaning in some passages, than proofs that so he meant. The Un-  
learn'd may have recourse to any Poetical Dictionary in *English*, for  
the Names of Persons, Places, or Fables, which the Learned need not:  
But that little which I say, is either new or necessary. And the first  
of these qualifications never fails to invite a Reader, if not to please  
him.

## NOTES and OBSERVATIONS

O N

## Virgil's Works

I N

## E N G L I S H.

**P**Afforal 1. Line 6. *There first the Youth of Heavenly Birth I view'd.* Virgil means *Octavius Caesar*: Heir to *Julius*: who perhaps had not arriv'd to his Twentieth Year, when Virgil saw him first. *Vide* his Life. Of Heavenly Birth or Heavenly Blood; because the *Julian* Family was deriv'd from *Julus*, Son to *Aeneas*, and Grand-Son to *Venus*.

Pastoral 2d. Line 65. *The Short Narcissus*, That is, of short continuance.

Pastoral 3d. Line 95. *For him, the God of Shepherds and their Sheep*, *Phœbus*, not *Pan*, is here call'd the God of Shepherds: The Poet alludes to the same Story, which he touches in the beginning of the Second *Georgic*, where he calls *Phœbus* the *Amphyrsian* Shepherd, because he fed the Sheep and Oxen of *Aimetus* (with whom he was in Love) on the Hill *Amphyrsus*.

Pastoral 4th. Line 73. *Begin Auspicious Boy*, &c. In Latin thus. *Incipe parvæ Puer, visa cognoscere Matrem*, &c. I have Translated the Passage to this Sense; that the Infant smiling on his Mother, singles her out from the rest of the Company about him. *Erythreus*, *Bembus*, and *Joseph Scaliger*, are of this Opinion. Yet they and I may be mistaken. For immediately after, we find these words, *Cui non visere Parentes*, which imply another Sense, as if the Parents smil'd on the New-born Infant: And that the Babe on whom they vouchsaf'd not to smile, was born to ill Fortune. For they tell a Story, that when *Vulcan*, the only Son of *Jupiter* and *Juno* came into the World, he was so hard favour'd, that both his Parents frown'd on him: And *Jupiter* threw him out of Heaven; he fell on the Island *Lenxos*, and was Lame ever afterwards. The last Line of the Pastoral seems to justify this Sense, *Nec Deus hunc Mensi, Dea nec dignata Cubili est*. For though he married *Venus*, yet his Mother *Juno* was not present at the Nuptials to bless them; as appears by his Wife's Incontinence. They say also, that he was banish'd from the Banquets of the Gods: If so, that Punishment could be of no long continuance, for *Homer* makes him present at their Feasts; and composing a Quarrel betwixt his Parents, with a Bowl of Nectar. The matter is of no great Consequence; and therefore

fore I adhere to my Translation, for these two Reasons: First, *Virgil* has this following Line. *Matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia Menses*, as if the Infants smiling on his Mother, was a Reward to her for bearing him ten Months in her Body, four Weeks longer than the usual time. Secondly, *Catullus* is cited by *Joseph Scaliger*, as favouring this Opinion, in his *Epithalamium* of *Manlius Torquatus*.

*Torquatus, volo parvulus*

*Matri's gremio sua*

*Porrigens teneras Manus*

*Dulce ridens ad Patrem, &c.*

What if I shou'd steer betwixt the two Extreams, and conclude, that the Infant; who was to be happy, must not only smile on his Parents, but also they on him? For *Scaliger* notes that the Infants who smil'd not at their Birth, were observ'd to be *Apydaemon*, or fillen (as I have Translated it) during all their Life: And *Servius*, and almost all the Modern Commentators affirm, that no Child was thought Fortunate on whom his Parents smil'd not, at his Birth. I observe farther, that the Ancients thought the Infant who came into the World at the end of the Tenth Month, was Born to some extraordinary Fortune, good or Bad. Such was the Birth of the late Prince of *Condé*, of whom his Mother was not brought to Bed, 'till almost Eleven Months were expir'd after his Fathers Death: Yet the College of Physicians at *Paris*, concluded he was Lawfully begotten. My Ingenious Friend, *Anthony Henley* Esq; desir'd me to make a Note on this Passage of *Virgil*: Adding what I had not Read; that the *Jews* have been so Superstitious, as to observe not only the first Look or Action of an Infant, but also the first Word which the Parent, or any of the Assitants spoke after the Birth: And from thence they gave a Name to the Child alluding to it.

Pastoral 6. My Lord *Roscommon's* Notes on this Pastoral, are equal to his excellent Translation of it; and thither I refer the Reader.

The Eighth and Tenth Pastorals are already Translated to all manner of advantage, by my excellent Friend, *Mr. Stafford*. So is the *Episode* of *Camilla*, in the Eleventh *Eneid*.

This Eight Pastoral is Copied by our Author from two *Bucolics* of *Theocritus*. *Spencer* has follow'd both *Virgil* and *Theocritus*, in the Charms which he employs for Curing *Britomartis* of her Love. But he had also our Poet's *Ceirris* in his Eye: For there not only the Incantments are to be found; but also the very Name of *Britomartis*.

In the Ninth Pastoral, *Virgil* has made a Collection of many scattering Passages, which he had Translated from *Theocritus*: And here he has bound them into a Nofegay.

*Georgic* the First. The Poetry of this Book is more sublime than any part of *Virgil*, if I have any Taste. And if ever I have Copied his Majestick Stile 'tis here. The Compliment he makes *Augustus* almost in the beginning, is ill imitated by his Successors *Lucan* and *Statius*. They Dedicated to Tyrants; and their Flatteries are gross and fullsome. *Virgil's* Address is both more lofty and more just. In the three last Lines of this *Georgic*, I think I have discover'd a secret Compliment to the Emperour, which none of the Commentators have observ'd. *Virgil* had just before describ'd the Miseries which *Rome* had undergone betwixt the *Triumvirs* and the Commonwealth-Party: In the close of all, he seems to excuse the Crimes committed by his Pa-

tron *Cesar*, as if he were constrain'd against his own Temper to those violent Proceedings, by the necessity of the Times in general, but more particularly by his two Partners, *Anthony* and *Lepidus*. *Fortur Equis Auriga, nec audit Carrus habenas*. They were the Head-strong Horses, who hurried *Octavius*, the trembling Charioteer along, and were deaf to his, reclaiming them. I observe farther; that the present Wars, in which all *Europe*, and part of *Asia* are engag'd at present; are wag'd in the same places here describ'd: *Atque hinc Euphrates, illinc Germania Bellum, &c.* As if *Virgil* had Prophecy'd of this Age.

*Georgic* 2d. The Praifes of *Italy*, (Translated by the Learned, and every way Excellent *Mr. Cheswood*) which are Printed in one of the Miscellany Poems, are the greatest Ornament of this Book. Wherein for want of sufficient skill in Gardening, Agriculture, &c. I may possibly be mistaken in some Terms. But concerning Grafting, my Honour'd Friend *Sir William Bower* has assur'd me, that *Virgil* has therein more of Poetry than Skill, at least in relation to our more Northern Climates. And that many of our Stocks will not receive such Grafts, as our Poet tells us would Bear in *Italy*. Nature has conspir'd with Art to make the Garden at *Denham-Court*, of *Sir William's* own Plantation, one of the most delicious Spots of Ground in *England*: It contains not above Five Acres, (just the compals of *Alicinus* his Garden, describ'd in the *Odyssey*;) But *Virgil* lays in this very *Georgic*, *Laudato ingenia Rara; Essequam colito*.

*Georgic* 3d. Line the 45th. Next him, *Niphates* with inverted *Ura*, &c. It has been objected to me, that I understood not this Passage of *Virgil*, because I call *Niphates* a River, which is a Mountain in *Armenia*. But the River arising from the same Mountain, is also called *Niphates*. And having spoken of *Nile* before, I might reasonably think, that *Virgil* rather meant to couple two Rivers, than a River and a Mountain.

Line 224. *The Male has done*, &c. The transition is obscure in *Virgil*. He began with Cows, then proceeds to treat of Horses: Now returns to Cows.

Line 476. *Till the new Ram receives th' Exalted Sun*. Astrologers tell us, that the Sun receives his Exaltation in the Sign *Aries*: *Virgil* perfectly understood both *Astronomy* and *Astrology*.

*Georgic* 4. Line 27. *That when the Youthful Prince*. My most Ingenious Friend *Sir Henry Shere*, has observ'd through a Glass-Hive, that the Young Prince of the Bees, or Heir presumptive of the Crown, approaches the King's Apartment with great Reverence; and for three successive Mornings demands permission, to lead forth a Colony of that Years Bees. If his Petition be granted, which he seems to make by humble hummings; the Swarm arises under his Conduct: If the Answer be, *le Roy s'avisera*, that is, if the Old Monarch think it not convenient for the Publick good, to part with so many of his Subjects; the next Morning the Prince is found dead, before the Threshold of the Palace.

Line 477. The Poet here records the Names of Fifty River Nymphs. And for once I have Translated them all. But in the *Eneis* I thought not my self oblig'd to be so exact; for in naming many Men who were kill'd by Heroes, I have omitted some, which wou'd not found in *English* Verse.

Line 660. The *Episode* of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice* begins here. And contains

contains the only Machine which *Virgil* uses in the *Georgics*. I have observ'd in the Epistle before the *Æneis*, that our Author seldom employs Machines but to adorn his *Poem*: And that the Action which they seemingly perform, is really produc'd without them. Of this Nature is the Legend of the Bees restor'd by Miracle; when the Receipt which the Poet gives, wou'd do the Work without one. The only Beautiful Machine which I remember in the Modern Poets, is in *Ariosto*. Where God commands St. *Michael* to take care, that *Paris* then Belieg'd by the *Saracens*, should be succour'd by *Rinaldo*. In order to this, he enjoins the Arch-Angel to find *Silence* and *Discord*. The first to Conduct the Christian Army to relieve the Town, with so much secrecy, that their March shou'd not be discover'd; the latter to enter the Camp of the Infidels, and there to sow Dissention among the Principal Commanders. The Heavenly Messenger takes his way to an Ancient Monastery; not doubting there to find *Silence* in her primitive Abode. But instead of *Silence* finds *Discord*: The *Monks*, being divided into Factions, about the choice of some New Officer, were at *Snic* and *Snee* with their drawn Knives. The Satyr needs no Explanation. And here it may be also observ'd, that Ambition, Jealousie, and Worldly Interest, and point of Honour, had made variance both in the *Cloyster* and the Camp; and strict Discipline had done the Work of *Silence*, in Conducting the Christian Army to surprize the *Turks*.

*Æneid* 1. Line 111. *And make thee Father of a happy Line.*  
This was an obliging Promise to *Eolus*; who had been so unhappy in his former Children, *Macareus* and *Canaë*.

Line 196. *The Realms of Ocean, and the Fields of Air*  
*Are mine, not his.*

Poetically speaking, the *Fields of Air*, are under the Command of *Juno*; and her Vicegerent *Eolus*. Why then does *Neptune* call them His? I answer, because being God of the Seas, *Eolus* could raise no Tempests in the *Atmosphere* above them without his leave. But why does *Juno* Address to her own Substitute? I answer, He had an immediate Power over the Winds, whom *Juno* desires to employ on her Revenge. That Power was absolute by Land; which *Virgil* plainly insinuates: For when *Boreas* and his Brethren were let loose, he says at first *terras turbine perflant*: Then adds, *Incubare Mari*: To raise a Tempest on the Sea was Usurpation on the Prerogative of *Neptune*; who had given him no leave, and therefore was irrag'd at his Attempt. I may also add, that they who are in Passion, as *Neptune* then was, are apt to assume to themselves, more than is properly their due.

Line 450. *O Virgin*—&c.

*If as you seem the Sister of the Day,*  
*Or one at least of Chast Diana's Train.*

Thus, in the Original.

*O quam te memorem Virgo*—  
*Aut Phœbi Soror, aut Nympharum Sanguinis Una.*

This is a Family Complement, which *Æneas* here bestows on *Venus*. His Father *Anchises* had us'd the very same to that Goddess when he Courted her. This appears by that very Ancient *Greek* Poem, in which that Amour is so beautifully describ'd, and which is thought *Homer's*: Though it seems to be Written before his Age.

Line

Line 980. *Her Princely Guest was next her side.*

This, I confess, is improperly Translated; and according to the Modern Fashion of sitting at Table. But the Ancient custom of lying on Beds, had not been understood by the Unlearn'd Reader.

*Æneid* the Second. The Destruction of *Vesiv* is here shadow'd under that of *Troy*: *Livy* in his Description of it, seems to have emulated in his Prose, and almost equal'd the Beauty of *Virgil's* Verse.

*Æneid* the 3d. Verse 132. *And Childrens Children shall the Crown sustain.*  
*Et Nati Natorum, & qui nascuntur ab illis.*

*Virgil* Translated this Verse from *Homer*: *Homer* had it from *Orpheus*; and *Orpheus* from an Ancient Oracle of *Apollo*. On this Account it is, that *Virgil* immediately subjoins these Words, *Hæc Phœbus, &c. Eustathius* takes notice, that the Old Poets were wont to take whole Paragraphs from one another, which justifies our Poet for what he borrows from *Homer*. *Bochartus* in his Letter to *Segrais*, mentions an Oracle which he found in the fragments of an Old *Greek* Historian: The Sense whereof is this in *English*; that when the Empire of the *Priamides* should be destroy'd, the Line of *Anchises* should succeed. *Venus* therefore, says the *Historian*, was desirous to have a Son by *Anchise*, tho' he was then in his decrepid Age: Accordingly he had *Æneas*. After this she sought occasion to ruin the Race of *Priam*; and set on foot the Intrigues of *Alexander*, (or *Paris*) with *Helena*: She being ravish'd, *Venus* pretended still to favour the *Trojans*; left they should restore *Helen*, in case they should be reduc'd to the last Necessity. Whence it appears, that the Controversie betwixt *Juno* and *Venus*, was on no trivial account; but concern'd the Succession to a great Empire.

*Æneid* the 4th. Li. 945. *And must I dye, she said,*  
*And unrevenge'd? 'tis doubly to be dead!*  
*Yet even this Death with pleasure I receive:*  
*On any Terms, 'tis better than to live.*

This is certainly the Sense of *Virgil*; on which I have paraphras'd, to make it plain. His Words are these; *Moriemur Inulte?*

*Sed Moriæmur ait; sic, sic juvat ire sub Umbras.*

*Servius* makes an Interrogation at the Word *sic*; thus, *sic? Sic juvat ire sub Umbras* Which Mr. *Conley* justly Cenfures: But his own judgment may perhaps be question'd: For he wou'd retrench the latter part of the Verse, and leave it a *Hemistich*. *Sed Moriæmur ait*. That *Virgil* never intended to have left any *Hemistich*, I have prov'd already in the *Preface*. That this Verse was fill'd up by him, with these words, *sic, juvat ire sub Umbras*, is very probable; if we consider the weight of them. For this procedure of *Dido*, does not only contain, that, *ira Exsecratio, qua nullo expiatur Carmine* (as *Horace* observes in his *Canidia*) but besides that, *Virgil*, who is full of Allusions to History, under another Name, describes the *Deus*, devoting themselves to Death this way, though in a better Cause, in order to the Destruction of the Enemy. The Reader, who will take the pains to Consult *Livy*, in his accurate

curate Description of those *Dei*, thus devoting themselves, will find a great resemblance betwixt these two Passages. And 'tis judiciously observ'd upon that Verse,

—Nulla fides populis nec fœdera sunt.

That *Virgil* uses in the word *sunt* a *verbum juris*, a form of speaking on Solemn and Religious Occasions; *Livy* does the like. Note also that *Dido* puts her self into the *Habitus Gabinus*, which was the girding her self round with one Sleeve of her Vest, which is also according to the *Roman Pontifical*, in this dreadful Ceremony, as *Livy* has observ'd: which is a farther confirmation of this Conjecture. So that upon the whole matter, *Dido* only doubts whether she shou'd die before she had taken her Revenge, which she rather wish'd: But considering that this devoting her self was the most certain and infallible way of compassing her Vengeance, she thus exclaims;

*Sic, sic jurat ire sub umbras:  
Flauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto  
Dardanius, & nostræ secum ferat omnia mortis.  
Thosè Flame: From far, may the false Trojan view;  
Thosè boating Omens his base Flight pursue.*

Which Translation I take to be according to the Sense of *Virgil*. I should have added a Note on that former Verse.

*Inflexit Dido, nunc te fata impia tangunt.*

Which in the Edition of *Heinsius* is thus Printed. *Nunc te facta impia tangunt?* The word *facta* instead of *fata*, is reasonably alter'd. For *Virgil* lays afterwards, the dy'd not by Fate, nor by any deserv'd Death. *Nec Fato, meritis nec morte peribat*, &c. When I Translated that Passage, I doubted of the Sense: And therefore omitted that *Heinsius*; *Nunc te fata impia tangunt*. But *Heinsius* is mistaken only in making an Interrogation point, instead of a Period. The words *facta impia*, I suppose are genuine: For she had perjur'd her self in her second Marriage. Having firmly resolv'd, as she told her Sister, in the beginning of this *Æneid*, never to love again, after the Death of her first Husband; and had confirm'd this Resolution, by a Curse on her self, if she shou'd alter it.

*Sed mihi vel tellus optem, prius ima dehiscat, &c.  
Ante, pudor, quam te violem, aut tua jura resolvam.  
Ite meos, primas, qui me sibi junxerit, amores,  
Absulit: Ille habeat secum, seruetque sepulcro.*

*Æneid* the 4th. A great part of this Book is borrow'd from *Apollonius Rhodius*. And the Reader may observe the great Judgment and distinction of our Author in what he borrows from the Ancients, by comparing them. I conceive the Reason why he omits the Horse race in the Funeral Games, was because he shews *Ancinus* afterwards on Horseback, with his Troops of Boys, and would not wear that Subject thread-bare; which *Statius*, in the next Age describ'd so happily. *Virgil* seems to me, to have excell'd *Homer* in all those Sports, and to have

have labour'd them the more, in Honour of *Obsevius*, his Patron; who imitated the like Games for perpetuating the Memory of his Uncle *Julius*. Piety, as *Virgil* calls it, or dutifulness to Parents, being a most popular Vertue among the *Romans*.

*Æneid* the 6th. Line 586.  
*The next in place and Punishment are they,  
Who prodigally throw their Lives away, &c.  
Proxima sorte venent mæsti loca, qui sibi letum  
Infontes peperere manu, lucentque perosi,  
Projecere animas, &c.*

This was taken, amongst many other things, from the Tenth Book of *Plato de Republicâ*: No Commentator besides *Fabrizi*, has taken notice of it. Self-Murder was accounted a great Crime by that Divine Philosopher: But the Instances which he brings, are too many to be inserted in these short Notes. Sir *Robert Howard* in his Translation of this *Æneid*, which was Printed with his Poems in the Year 1660; has given us the most Learned, and the most judicious Observations on this Book, which are extant in our Language.

Line 734. *Lo to the secret Shadows I retire,  
To pay my Penance, 'till my Years expire.*

Thesè two Verses in English seem very different from the *Latine*.

*Difcedam; explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.*

Yet they are the Sense of *Virgil*; at least, according to the common Interpretation of this place: I will withdraw from your Company; retire to the Shades, and perform my Penance of a Thousand Years. But I must confess the Interpretation of those two words, *explebo numerum* is somewhat violent, if it be thus understood, *minuam numerum*; that is, I will lessen your Company by my departure. For *Deiphobus* being a Ghost, can hardly be said to be of their Number. Perhaps the Poet means by *explebo numerum, absolvam sententiam*: As if *Deiphobus* reply'd to the *Sibyl*, who was angry at his long Visit: I will only take my last leave of *Æneas*, my Kinman and my Friend, with one heavy good-wish for his Health and Well-fare, and then leave you to prosecute your Voyage. That Wish is express'd in the words immediately following. *I Deus, I nostram*, &c. Which contain a direct Answer to what the *Sibyl* said before: When she upbraided their long Discourse, *Nos flendo lacrimas horas*. This Conjecture is new, and therefore left to the discretion of the Reader.

L. 981. *Know first that Heav'n, and Earth's compacted Frame,  
And flaming Waters, and the Starry Flame,  
And both the radiant Lights, &c.  
Principio Cælum, & terras, compositque ligentes,  
Lucentemque globum Luna, Titanique Astra, &c.*

Here the Sun is not express'd, but the Moon only; though a less, and also a less radiant Light. Perhaps the Copies of *Virgil* are all false; and that instead of *Titanique Astra*, he writ *Titanique & Astra*; and according

cording to those words I have made my Translation. 'Tis most certain, that the Sun ought not to be omitted; for he is frequently call'd the Life and Soul of all the World: And nothing bids so fair for a visible Divinity to those who know no better, than that glorious Luminary. The *Platonists* call God the *Archetypal* Sun, and the Sun the visible Deity, the inward vital Spirit in the Center of the Universe, or that Body to which that Spirit is united, and by which it exerts it self most powerfully. Now it was the receiv'd Hypothesis amongst the *Pythagoreans*, that the Sun was situate in the Center of the World: *Plato* had it from them, and was himself of the same Opinion; as appears by a passage in the *Timæus*: From which Noble Dialogue is this part of *Virgil's* Poem taken.

L. 1157. *Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd, &c.*  
*Quis te Magne Cato, &c.*

There is no Question but *Virgil* here means *Cato Major*, or the *Censor*. But the Name of *Cato* being also mention'd in the Eighth *Æneid*, I doubt whether he means the same Man in both places. I have said in the Preface, that our Poet was of Republican Principles; and have given this for one Reason of my Opinion, that he prais'd *Cato* in that Line,

*Secretique piis, his dantem jura Catonem.*

And accordingly plac'd him in the *Elysian* Fields. *Montaigne* thinks this was *Cato the Uticensis*, the great Enemy of Arbitrary Power, and a profess'd Foe to *Julius Cæsar*. *Renaus* would persuade us that *Virgil* meant the *Censor*. But why shou'd the Poet name *Cato* twice, if he intended the same person? Our Author is too frugal of his Words and Sense, to commit Tautologies in either. His Memory was not likely to betray him into such an Error. Nevertheless I continue in the same Opinion, concerning the Principles of our Poet. He declares them sufficiently in this Book: Where he praises the first *Brutus* for expelling the *Tarquins*, giving Liberty to *Rome*, and putting to Death his own Children, who conspir'd to restore Tyranny: He calls him only an unhappy Man, for being forc'd to that severe Action.

*Infelix, utcumque ferent ea facta Minores,*  
*Vinctæ amor Patriæ, laudamque immensa Cupido.*

Let the Reader weigh these two Verses, and he must be convinc'd that I am in the right: And that I have not much injur'd my Master in my Translation of them.

Line 1140. *Embrace again, my Sons; be Foes no more;*  
*Nor stain your Country with her Childrens gore:*  
*And thou the first, lay down thy lawless claim;*  
*Thou of my Blood, who bear'st the Julian Name.*

This Note, which is out of its proper place, I deferr'd on purpose, to place it here: Because it discovers the Principles of our Poet more plainly than any of the rest.

*Tuque*

*Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,*  
*Projice tela manu, Sanguis meus!*

*Achilles* here speaks to *Julius Cæsar*; And commands him first to lay down Arms; which is a plain condemnation of his Cause. Yet observe our Poet's incomparable Address: For though he shews himself sufficiently to be a Common-wealth's-man; yet in respect to *Augustus*, who was his Patron, he uses the Authority of a Parent, in the Person of *Achilles*; who had more right to lay this Injunction on *Cæsar* than on *Pompey*; because the latter was not of his Blood. Thus our Author cautiously veils his own opinion, and takes Sanctuary under *Achilles*; as if that Ghost would have laid the same Command on *Pompey* also, had he been lineally descended from him. What could be more judiciously contriv'd, when this was the *Æneid* which he chose to read before his Master?

Line 1222. *A new Marcellus shall arise in thee.*  
In *Virgil* thus. *Tu Marcellus eris.*

How unpoetically and baldly had this been translated; *Thou shalt Marcellus be!* Yet some of my Friends were of Opinion, that I mistook the Sense of *Virgil* in my Translation. The *French* Interpreter, observes nothing on this place; but that it appears by it, the Mourning of *Octavia* was yet fresh, for the loss of her Son *Marcellus*, whom she had by her first Husband: And who dyed in the Year *ab urbe condita*, 73. And collects from thence that *Virgil*, reading this *Æneid* before her, in the same Year, had just finish'd it: That from this time to that of the Poet's Death, was little more than four Years. So that supposing him to have written the whole *Æneid* in eleven Years; the first six Books must have taken up seven of those Years: On which Account the six last, must of necessity be less correct.

Now for the false judgment of my Friends, there is but this little to be said for them; the words of *Virgil*, in the Verse preceding are these,

— *Siqua fata aspera rumpas.*

As if the Poet had meant, if you break through your hard Destiny, so as to be born, you shall be call'd *Marcellus*: But this cannot be the Sense: for though *Marcellus* was born, yet he broke not through those hard Decrees, which doom'd him to so immature a death. Much less can *Virgil* mean, you shall be the same *Marcellus* by the Transmigration of his Soul. For according to the System of our Author, a Thousand Years must be first elaps'd, before the Soul can return into a Humane Body; but the first *Marcellus* was slain in the second *Punic* War. And how many hundred Years were yet wanting, to the accomplishing his penance, may with ease be gather'd, by computing the time betwixt *Scipio* and *Augustus*. By which 'tis plain, that *Virgil* cannot mean the same *Marcellus*; but one of his Descendants; whom I call a new *Marcellus*; who so much resembled his Ancestor, perhaps in his Features, and his Person, but certainly in his Military Vertues, that *Virgil* cries out, *quantum infra in ipso est!* which I have translated,

*How*

How like the former, and almost the same.

Line, 1236, and 1237.  
Two Gates the silent House of Sleep adorn;  
Of polish'd Iv'ry this; that of transparent Horn.

By the carelessness of the *Amanensis*, the two next Lines are wanting, which I thus supply out of the Original Copy.

True Visions through transparent Horn arise,  
Through polish'd Iv'ry pass deluding Lges.

*Virgil* borrow'd this Imagination from *Homer*, *Odyssey* the 19th. Line 562. The Translation gives the reason, why true Prophetic Dreams are said to pass through the Gate of Horn, by adding the Epithete transparent: Which is not in *Virgil*'s; whole Words are only these;

Sunt gemine Somni portæ; quarum altera fertur  
Cornu—

What is pervious to the Sight is clear; and (alluding to this Property,) the Poet infers such Dreams are of Divine Revelation. Such as pass through the Iv'ry Gate, are of the contrary Nature; polish'd Lies. But there is a better Reason to be giv'n: For the Iv'ry alludes to the Teeth, the Horn to the Eyes. What we see is more credible, than what we only hear; that is, Words that pass through the Portal of the Mouth, or, Hedge of the Teeth: (which is *Homer*'s expression for speaking.)

*Æn.* the 7th. Ll. 109. Strange to relate, the Flames involv'd in Smoke, &c.

*Virgil*, in this place, takes notice of a great Secret in the Roman Divination: The Lament Fires, which rose above the Head, or play'd about it, were Signs of Prosperity, such were those which he observ'd in the second *Æneid*: which were seen mounting from the Crown of *Africanus*,

Ecce levissimum de vertice visus Iulæ  
Fundere lamen apex.

Smoky Flames, (or involv'd in Smoke) were of a mix'd Omen; such were those which are here describ'd: For Smoke signifies Tears, because it produces them, and Flames Happiness. And therefore *Virgil* says that this Omen was not only *mirabile visus*, but *horrendum*.

Line 367. One only Daughter heirs my Crown and State.

This has seem'd to some an odd Passage: That a King shou'd offer his Daughter and Heir, to a Stranger Prince, and a wanderer, before he had seen him, and when he had only heard of his arrival on his Coasts: But these Criticks have not well consider'd the Simplicity of former times; when the Heroines almost courted the Marriage of illustrious Men. Yet *Virgil* here observes the rule of Decency; *Lavinia* offers not her self: 'Tis *Lavinus*, who propounds the Match: And he had been foretold

foretold, both by an Augur, and an Oracle, that he should have a foreign Son-in-Law; who was also a Heroe. Fathers, in those ancient Ages, considering Birth and Vertue, more than Fortune, in the placing of their Daughters. Which I cou'd prove by various Exam- ples: The contrary of which being now practis'd, I dare not say in our Nation, but in *France*, has not a little darken'd the Lustre of their Nobility. That *Lavinia* was averte to this Marriage, and for what reason, I shall prove in its proper place.

L. 1020. And where *Abella* sees, from her high Tow'rs, the Harvest of her Trees. I observe that *Virgil* names not *Nola*, which was not far distant from *Abella*: perhaps, because that City, (the same in which *Augustus* dyed afterwards;) had once refus'd to give him entertainment; if we may believe the Author of his Life. *Homer* heartily curses another City which had us'd him on the same manner: But our Author thought his Silence of the *Nolans* a sufficient correction. When a Poet passes by a Place or Person, though a fair Occasion offers of rememb'ring them, 'tis a sign he is, or thinks himself, much disoblig'd.

*Æn.* 8. L. 34. So when the Sun by Day, the Moon by Night,  
Strike on the polish'd Brass their trembling Light, &c.

This Similitude is literally taken from *Apollonius Rhodius*; and 'tis hard to say, whether the Original or the Translation excels. But in the Shield which he describes afterwards in this *Æneid*, he as much transcends his Master *Homer*; as the Arms of *Glauco* were richer than those of *Diomedes*. *Ἐπίπυρα Χαλκίαια*.

Lines 115, and 116.  
*Æneas* takes the Mother, and her Blood,  
And all on Juno's Altar are bestow'd.

The Translation is infinitely short of *Virgil*, whose Words are these;

—Tibi enim, tibi maxima Juno  
Mæta sacra ferens, & cum erige sistis ad aram.

For I cou'd not turn the word *Enim* into English with any grace. Though it was of such necessity, in the Roman Rites, that a Sacrifice could not be perform'd without it; 'tis of the same nature, (if I may presume to name that sacred Mystery) in our words of Consecration at the Altar.

*Æneid* the 9th. line 853, 854.  
At the full stretch of both his Hanks, he drew;  
And almost join'd the Horns of the tough Eugh.

The first of these Lines, is all of Monosyllables; and both Verses are very rough: But of choice; for it had been easie for me to have smooth'd them. But either my Ear deceives me, or they express the thing which I intended in their Sound: For the stretch of a Bow which is drawn to the full extent, is express'd in the harshness of the first Verse, clogg'd not only with Monosyllables, but with Consonants; and these words, the tough Eugh, which conclude the second line, seem as forceful, as they are Unharmonious. *Homer* and *Virgil* are both frequent in their adapt-

ing Sounds to the thing they signify. One Example will serve for both; because *Virgil* borrow'd the following Verfes from *Homer's Odſſey*.

Ὀνὲς Ἐσπερὶque Νησὶque ruant creberque procellis  
Africus, ὃ' ἄστος ὑλοῦναι ἀδ' ἰτέρα σελήης.  
Σὺν δ' Ἐσπερῶ, Νέστωρ ἔκαστος, Ἰσχυρῶς ἄνεμῶ;  
Καὶ Βόρῶν ἀδελφεῖσθαι, ἡγεῖα κίρῶν κούρῶν.

Our Language is not often capable of these Beauties: though sometimes I have copied them, of which these Verfes are an instance.

Line 1095. His ample Shield——  
Is falsify'd; and round with Javelins fill'd.

When I read this *Aeneid* to many of my Friends, in company together, most of them quarrel'd at the word falsify'd, as an Innovation in our Language. The fact is confes'd; for I remember not to have read it in any English Author; though perhaps it may be found in *Spencer's Fairy Queen*: But suppose it be not there: Why am I forbidden to borrow from the *Italian*, (a polish'd Language) the word which is wanting in my Native Tongue? *Terence* has often Grecis'd: *Lucretius* has follow'd his Example; and pleaded for it; sic quia me cogit patrii sermonis Egſtas. *Virgil* has confirm'd it by his frequent practice, and even *Cicero* in Prose, wanting terms of Philosophy in the Latin Tongue, has taken them from *Aristotle's Greek*. *Horace* has given us a Rule for Coining Words, si Graeco fonte cadunt. Especially when other words are join'd with them, which explain the Sense. I use the word falsify in this place, to mean that the Shield of *Tarntus* was not of Proof against the Spears and Javelins of the *Trojans*; which had pierc'd it through and through (as we say) in many places. The words which accompany this new one, make my meaning plain; according to the Precept which *Horace* gave. But I said I borrow'd the Word from the *Italian*: Vide *Ariosto, Cant. 26.*

Ma si l'Osbergo d'Ambr era perfetto  
Che mai poter salzarlo in nessun Canto.

*Felzar* cannot otherwise be turn'd, than by falsify'd; for his shield was fals'd, is not English. I might indeed have contented my self with saying his Shield was pierc'd, and board, and stuck with Javelins; Nec sufficit Omnis Isthmus. They who will not admit a new word, may take the old; the matter is not worth dispute.

*Aeneid* the 10th. A Choir of Nereids, &c. These were transform'd from Ships to Sea-Nymphs: This is almost as violent a Machine, as the death of *Arms* by a Goddess in the *Episode of Camilla*. But the Poet makes use of it with greater Art: For here it carries on the main Design. These new made Divinities, not only tell *Aeneas* what had pass'd in his Camp during his absence; and what was the present Distress of his Besieg'd People; and that his Horse-men whom he had sent by Land, were ready to join him at his Descent; but warn him to provide for Battle the next day, and fore-tell him good success: So that this *Episodical* Machine is properly a part of the great Poem; For besides what I have said, they pull on his Navy with Celestial Vi-

gour,

gour, that it might reach the Port more speedily, and take the Enemy more unprovided to resist the Landing. Whereas the Machine relating to *Camilla*, is only Ornamental: For it has no effect, which I can find, but to please the Reader, who is concern'd, that her Death should be reveng'd.

Lines 241, 243. Now Sacred Sisters, open all your Springs,  
The Tufcan Leaders, and their Arms bring;

The Poet here begins to tell the Names of the *Tufcan* Captains who follow'd *Aeneas* to the War: And I observe him to be very particular in the description of their Persons, and not forgetful of their Manners: Exact also, in the Relation of the Numbers which each of them Command. I doubt not but as in the fifth Book, he gave us the Names of the Champions, who contend for the several Prizes, that he might oblige many of the most Ancient Roman Families, their Descendants; and as in the 7th Book, he Must'r'd the Auxiliary Forces of the *Latins*, on the same Account; so here he gratifies his *Tufcan* Friends, with the like remembrance of their Ancestors; and above the rest, *Mecenas* his great Patron: Who being of a Royal Family in *Etruria*, was probably represented under one of the Names here mention'd, then known among the *Romans*, though at so great a distance, unknown to us. And for his sake chiefly, as I guess, he makes *Aeneas* (by whom he always means *Augustus*) to seek for Aid in the Country of *Mecenas*, thereby to indicate his Protector to his Emperour; as if there had been a former Friendship betwixt their Lines. And who knows, but *Mecenas* might pretend that the *Cilician* Family was deriv'd from *Tarchon*, the Chief Commander of the *Tufcans*.

Line 662. Nor I, his mighty Syre, cou'd ward the Blow.

I have mention'd this Passage in my Preface to the *Aeneis*; to prove, that Fate was superiour to the Gods; and that *Jove* cou'd neither deter nor alter its Decrees. Sir *Robert Howard* has since, been pleas'd to send me the concurrent Testimony of *Ovid*; 'tis in the last Book of his *Metamorphoses*; where *Venus* complains, that her Descendant, *Julius Caesar*, was in danger of being Murder'd by *Brutus* and *Cassius*, at the head of the Commonwealth-Faction, and desires them to prevent that Barbarous Assassination. They are mov'd to Compassion; they are concern'd for *Cesar*; but the Poet plainly tells us, that it was not in their power to change Destiny: All they cou'd do, was to testify their sorrow for his approaching Death, by fore-shewing it with Signs and Prodiges, as appears by the following Lines.

Talia nequiquam toto Venus aurea Caelo  
Verba jact: Superosque moros: Qui rumpere quanquam  
Ferre non possunt veterum decreta Sororum,  
Signa tamen laetis dant haec incerta futuri.

Then she Addresses to her Father *Jupiter*, hoping Aid from him, because he was thought Omnipotent. But he, it seems, cou'd do as little as the rest, for he answers thus.

— sola insuperabile Fatum  
Nata, movere paras? intres licet ipsa sororum  
K k k k

Test.



*Tota trium; cornes illic molimine vasto  
Ex ere, & solido verum tabularia ferro;  
Qua neque concursum Caeli, neque fulminis iram,  
Nec metuunt ullas tuta atque aeterna ruinas.  
Invincens illic incisa adamantis perenni  
Fata tui Generis, legi ipse, animoque notavi,  
Et referam: ne sis etiamnum ignara futuri.  
Ite sua complevit; (pro quo Cytherea laboras),  
Tempora, perfectis quos Terra debuit, annis, &c.*

*Jupiter* you see is only Library-Keeper, or *Custos Rotularum* to the Fates: For he offers his Daughter a Calf of his Office, to give her a Sight of their Decrees; which the inferior Gods were not permitted to read without his leave. This agrees with what I have said already in the Preface; that they not having seen the Records, might believe they were his own Hand-writing; and consequently at his disposing either to blot out, or alter, as he saw convenient. And of this Opinion was *Juno* in those words, *tua qui potes ora refectas*. Now the abode of those Destinies being in *Hell*, we cannot wonder why the Swearing by *Styx*, was an inviolable Oath amongst the Gods of Heaven, and that *Jupiter* himself should fear to be accus'd of Forgery by the Fates, if he alter'd any thing in their Decrees. *Ceres*, *Night*, and *Erebus*, being the most Antient of the Deities, and instituting those fundamental Laws, by which he was afterwards to govern. *Hesiod* gives us the Genealogy of the Gods, and I think I may safely infer the rest. I will only add, that *Homer* was more a Fatalist than *Virgil*: For it has been observ'd, that the word *μοῖρα*, or Fortune, is not to be found in his two Poems; but instead of it, always *πίστης*.

*Aeneid* the 12. lines 888, and 889.  
*Sea-born Messapus with Atinas, leads  
The Latin Squadrons; and to Battle leads.*

The Poet had said, in the preceding lines, that *Messapus*, *Seresthus*, and *Astias*, led on the *Trojans*, the *Tuscans*, and the *Arcadians*: But none of the Printed Copies, which I have seen, mention any Leader of the *Rutulians* and *Latins*, but *Messapus* the Son of *Neptune*. *Romans* takes notice of this passage, and seems to wonder at it; but gives no Reason, why *Messapus* is alone without a Coadjutor.

The four Verses of *Virgil* run thus.  
*Tota adò converte acies, omnesque Latini  
Omnes Dardanida, Messapeus, acerque Seresthus  
Et Messapus equum Dominor, & fortis Astias,  
Tuscorumque Phalans, Evandrique Arcadis ala.*  
I doubt not but the third Line was Originally thus,  
*Et Messapus equum dominor, & fortis Atinas:*

For the two Names of *Astias* and *Atinas* are so like, that one might easily be mistaken for the other by the Transcribers. And to fortify this Opinion, we find afterward, in the relation of *Sage* to *Turnus*, that *Atinas* is join'd with *Messapus*.  
*Soli, pro portis, Messapus & acer Atinas  
Sustinent aciem.*

In

In general I observe, not only in this *Aeneid*, but in all the sixth last Books, that *Aeneas* is never seen on Horse-back, and but once before as I remember, in the Fourth when he Hunts with *Dido*. The Reason of this, if I guess aright, was a secret Compliment which the Poet made to his Country-men the *Romans*; the strength of whose Armies consisted most in Foot; which, I think, were all *Romans* and *Italians*. But their Wings or Squadrons, were made up of their *Allies*, who were Foreigners.

*Aeneid* the 12. Lines 100, 101, 102.  
*At this, a flood of Tears Lavinia shed;  
A crimson Blush her beautiful Face o'respread;  
Varying her Cheeks, by turns, with white and red.*

*Amata*, ever partial to the Cause of *Turnus*, had just before desir'd him, with all manner of earnestness, not to engage his Rival in single Fight; which was his present Resolution. *Virgil*, though in favour of his Heroe, he never tells us directly, that *Lavinia* prefer'd *Turnus* to *Aeneas*, yet has insinuated this preference twice before. For mark in the 10th *Aeneid*, she left her Father, who had promis'd her to *Aeneas* without asking her consent: And follow'd her Mother into the Woods, with a Troop of *Bacchantes*, where *Amata* sung the Marriage Song, in the Name of *Turnus*; which if she had dislike'd, she might have oppos'd. Then in the 11th *Aeneid*, when her Mother went to the Temple of *Pallas*, to invoke her Aid against *Aeneas*; whom she calls by no better Name than *Phrygian Preado*. *Lavinia* sits by her in the same Chair or Litter, *justaque Comes Lavinia Virgo*. — *Oculos dejecta decoros*. What greater sign of Love, than Fear and Concernment for the Lover? In the lines which I have quoted she not only sheds Tears but changes Colour. She had been bred up with *Turnus*, and *Aeneas* was wholly a Stranger to her. *Turnus* in probability was her first Love; and favour'd by her Mother, who had the Ascendant over her Father. But I am much deceiv'd, if (besides what I have said) there be not a secret Satire against the Sex, which is lurking under this Description of *Virgil*, who seldom speaks well of Women: Better indeed of *Camilla*, than any other; for he commends her Beauty and Valour: Because he would concern the Reader for her Death. But Valour is no very proper Praise for Woman-kind; and Beauty is common to the Sex. He says also somewhat of *Andromache*, but transiently: And his *Penus* is a better Mother than a Wife, for she owns to *Julian* she had a Son by another Man. The rest are *Juno's*, *Diana's*, *Dido's*, *Amata's*, two mad Prophetesses, three Harpies on Earth, and as many Furies under ground. This Fable of *Lavinia* includes a secret Moral; that Women in their choice of Husbands, prefer the younger of their Suitors to the Elder; are insensible of Merit, fond of Handfomness; and generally speaking, rather hurried away by their Appetite, than govern'd by their Reason.

L 1191, & 1192. *This let me beg; (and this no Fates withhold)  
Both for my self, and for your Fathers Land, &c.*

The words in the Original are these, *pro Latin obsecro, pro Messapate tuorum*. *Virgil* very artfully uses here the word *Messapus*; which the *Romans* lov'd so well, that they appropriated it to themselves. *Messapus Populi*

*Populi Romani*, this Title apply'd to Kings, is very Modern, and that is all I will say of it at present: Though the word requires a larger Note. In the word *tuorum*, is included the sense of my Translation, *Your Father's Land*: Because *Saturn* the Father of *Jove*, had govern'd that part of *Italy*, after his expulsion from *Crete*. But that on which I most insist, is the Address of the Poet, in this Speech of *Juno*. *Virgil* was sufficiently sensible, as I have said in the Preface, that whatever the common Opinion was, concerning the Descent of the *Romans* from the *Trojans*; yet the Ancient Customs, Rites, Laws, and Habits, of those *Trojans* were wholly lost, and perhaps also that they had never been: And for this Reason, he introduces *Juno* in this place; requesting of *Jupiter*, that no Memory might remain of *Troy*, (the Town she hated) that the People hereafter should not be called *Trojans*, nor retain any thing which belong'd to their Predecessors. And why might not this also be concerted betwixt our Author and his Friend *Horace*, to hinder *Augustus* from Re-building *Troy*, and removing thither the Seat of Empire, a design so displeasing to the *Romans*? But of this, I am not positive, because I have not consulted *Plinius*, and the rest of the Criticks, to ascertain the time in which *Horace* writ the *Ode* relating to that Subject.

L. 1224, & 1225.

*Deep in the dismal Regions, void of Light,  
Three Sisters, at a Birth, were born to Night.*

The Father of these, (not here mention'd) was *Acheron*: the Names of the three, were *Aléto*, *Megara*, and *Typhoe*. They were call'd *Harpies* in Hell, on Earth *Harpies*, and in Heaven *Diræ*: Two of these assist at the Throne of *Jupiter*, and were employ'd by him, to punish the wickedness of Mankind. These two must be *Megara*, and *Typhoe*: Not *Aléto*: For *Juno* expressly commands her to return to Hell, from whence she came; and gives this Reason.

*Te super Ethisis errare licentius aeras.*

*Head Pater ipse velit summi Regnator Olympi:*

*Cede locis.*

Probably this *Diræ*, un-nam'd by the Poet in this Place; might be *Typhoe*, for though we find her in Hell, in the sixth *Æneid*, employ'd in the punishment of the dam'd,

*Cominus fontes, Ultrix accincta flagello*

*Typhoe quasi insulans*, &c. Yet afterwards she is on Earth in the Tenth *Æneid*, and amidst the Battel, *Pallida Typhoe media inter Millia lævæ*. Which I guess to be *Typhoe*, the rather, by the Etymology of her Name; which is compounded of *Tis* *ulterior*; and *horos cæcis*. Part of her Errand being to affright *Tarneas*, with the Stings of a guilty Conscience; and denounce Vengeance against him for breaking the first Treaty, by refusing to yield *Lavinia* to *Æneas*, to whom she was promis'd by her Father, and consequently, for being the Author of an unjust War; and also for violating the second Treaty, by declining the single combat, which he had stipulated with his Rival, and call'd the Gods to witness before their Altars. As for the Names of the *Harpies*, (so call'd on Earth) *Hesiod* tells us they were *Iris*, *Aléto*, and *Ocyroe*. *Virgil* calls one of them *Celæno*: This I doubt not was *Aléto*; whom *Virgil* calls in the third *Æneid*, *Furiarum maxima*: And in the sixth again, by the same Name—*Furiarum maxima, juxta accubat*. That she was the chief of the *Furies*, appears by her description in the seventh *Æneid*: To which, for haste, I refer the Reader.

F I N I S.