

Sir John Major 1817

A NEW

TRANSLATION

OF

662

TELEMACHUS

IN

ENGLISH VERSE.

By GIBBONS BAGNALL, A.M.

VICAR OF HOME-LACY, HEREFORDSHIRE.

*Publica materies privati juris erit, si
Nec circa vilem, patulumque moraberis orbem;
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres.*—

HOR. ART. POET.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

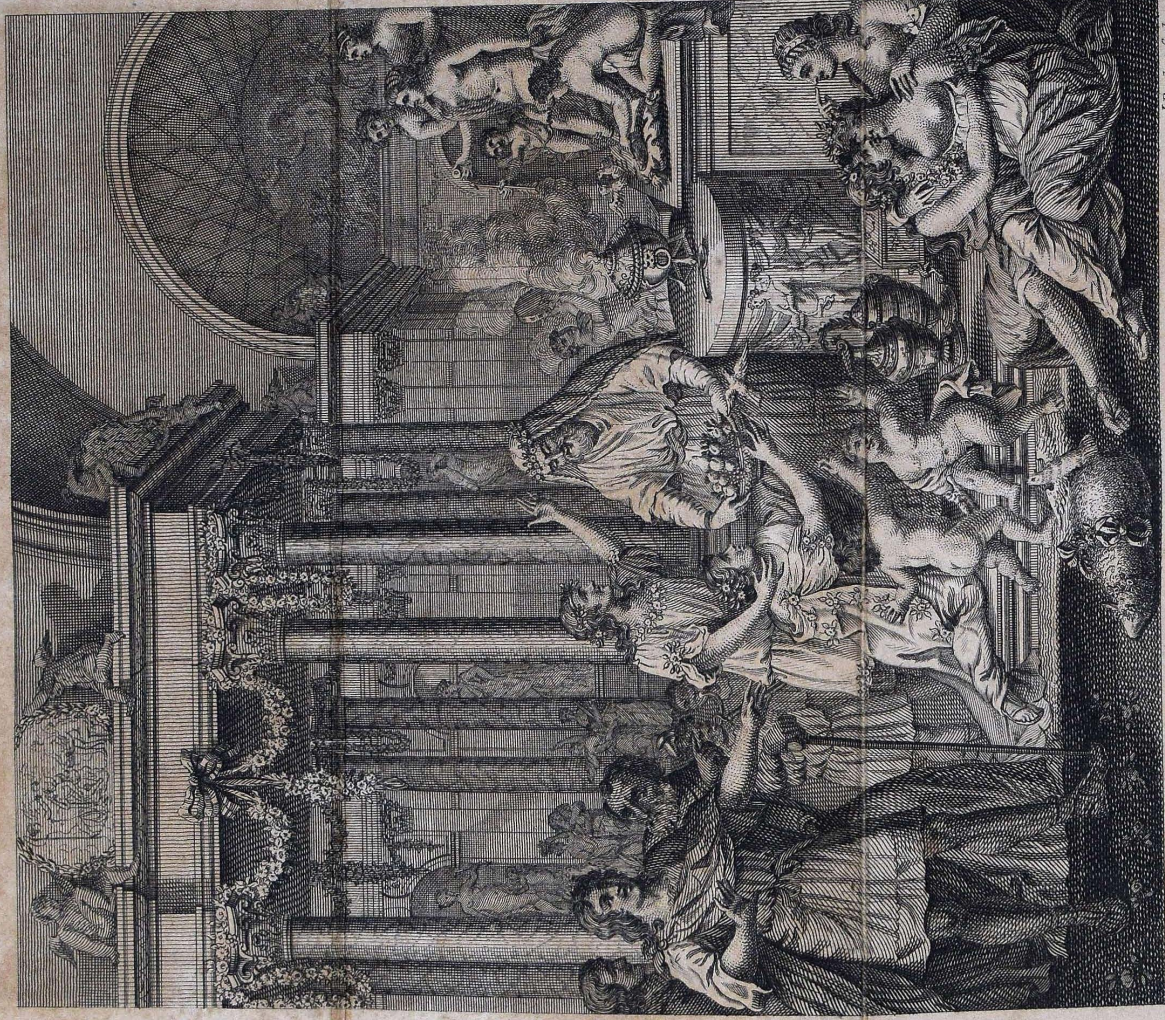
VOL. I.

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M,DCC,XC.

TELEMACHUS in the Temple of CYTHÆRA



*Such honours, in this sea-girt region, paid
To blooming beauty's goddess, I survey'd
But impudence and lust the building stain
And guilt without a blush usurps her reign.*

Published as the Act directs, by M. A. Millan, Oct. 13. 1792.



P R E F A C E.

*I*N the present discerning age, which seems to aim at the highest perfection in every branch of Science, as an apology would be needless for a work that has any real merit; so one that has none to shew, will be very sure to meet with the contempt which it deserves. How great then must my apprehensions be for the following sheets, which, I am sensible, come so very short of the beauty of their great original!

But, by the laws of our excellent constitution, every criminal has an undoubted right to be tried by his peers: This privilege I lay claim to. And shall look on none as my equals, who have not, at least, as great an alacrity in sinking as myself. As to Criticks of a superior class, I am too inconsiderable for their notice: but should any of them condescend to become my readers, they will not be insensible of the
A 2 difficulty

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difficulty of this undertaking: So that from their candour, and humanity, I may reasonably expect all favourable allowances. The attempt, at least, was laudable, if I have failed in the execution

————Nec tam

Turpe fuit vinci, quam contendisse decorum est.

An Epick Poem has been justly esteemed one of the greatest productions which human nature is capable of: and such a poem is Telemachus, in the opinion of the most able judges. It will not, I presume, be expected that I should bring any arguments to prove this; after what have been so judiciously advanced by the celebrated Ramsay: but though it has every other essential of a compleat Epick Poem, it is undoubtedly capable of some improvement from harmony and numbers; could any hand be found that was equal to such a task. For want of this variety (especially in the didactic parts, which frequently take up almost a whole book together) the sentiments, however excellent in themselves, are dry and tedious. To diversify, and give a life to these, was one of the principal things I had in view; and what was attended with the greatest difficulty. It was like travelling for many miles over a dead flat, with no variety of prospect to entertain the sight. A strict literal translation in these cases was not to be expected: a paraphrase was often necessary,

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necessary, often unavoidable; and the best translators we have (even Mr. Pope, the Prince of them) have given a sanction by their practice to this kind of liberty. It is sufficient in works of this nature, if nothing inconsistent be introduced; if we never deviate so far, as to lose sight of our author.

The plan of Telemachus is evidently taken from the Odyssey of Homer. But the great Archbishop of Cambray was no servile imitator: he has not confined himself to the Odyssey, but has selected many of the choicest flowers from the Iliad, and the Æneid; as well as from the tragick poets, and best writers of antiquity, and enriched his performance with many noble flights of his own imagination. His characters are all natural, his episodes extremely beautiful, and his similes worked up to a sublimity unusual. Add to this, that his extensive learning is discoverable in every page: he has ransacked all the treasures of both sacred and profane history. His Chronology and Geography, will, in general, stand the strictest test; his moral is always excellent, and adapted to all the various ranks and conditions of human life. He wrote to all ages, and will be respected by all; so long as any taste shall remain for virtue, and politeness. How narrow then were the souls of his malicious adversaries,

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who could labour to represent one of the finest compositions, that ever appeared in any language; as an execrable lampoon, and satire upon the times! In the Notes, which are here given, all therefore of that kind are industriously avoided, and purposely omitted. For, in the first place, none that are acquainted with his amiable character, will believe him at all capable of a design so mean; and in the next, supposing it true, we have, at this time of day, nothing at all to do with it.

And as there seemed to be no necessity for painting this beautiful Swan with feet so remarkably ugly; it seemed equally inexpedient to interrupt and distract the reader with a multiplicity of notes of any kind, and long-winded quotations: I judged it would be more agreeable, briefly to refer him to the several places of imitation, and select what appeared most eligible out of all the editions hitherto published. I am under very little concern therefore lest this part of my work should be thought burthensome; unless in those places where I have ventured to insert a short comment of my own.

Upon the whole, I confess myself extremely diffident of success: am all submission to the judgment of the impartial Publick, and willing to stoop as low to procure their favour,

as

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as is consistent with the mock-pride and dignity of poets. Whatever may be the fate of this Translation when published, it has amused me in some solitary and very melancholy hours: to its Author therefore it hath already been of singular service; and, I have vanity enough to think (like other Empiricks) that it may possibly be useful to the world in general: for, at the worst, I would recommend it as a good Narcotick, which may administer comfort to all those who are in want of sleep. And I see no manner of reason why they, and I, may not nod together; when the great Homer himself has done the same before us.

THE ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS, conducted by Minerva, under the shape of Mentor, after suffering shipwreck, lands upon the island of the Goddess Calypso; who was still in great affliction for the departure of Ulysses. The Goddess affords him a kind reception, falls in love with him, makes him an offer of immortality, and desires to hear his adventures. He relates to her his voyage to Pylos and Lacedæmon; his being shipwrecked on the coast of Sicily, the danger he was in of being sacrificed there to the ghost of Anchises; the assistance which he and Mentor gave to Acestes in repelling an incursion of Barbarians, and how that King acknowledged their service by presenting them with a Phænician ship to return home.

THE

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.
BOOK I.

WITH tears *Calypso* did her loss deplore:
Ulysses fled, and comfort was no more.
No pleasing hope from endless life she knows,
Nought but a sad eternity of woes.

The

NOTES.

Verse 1. *With tears Calypso, &c.* Feign'd by the Poets to have been the Daughter of *Atlas*, and *Thetis*; and to have reign'd in the Island *Ogygia* in the *Adriatick* Sea. As *Homer* is the first that mentions her, he probably deriv'd her name from the Greek word *καλύπτω* on account of her concealing so long the Hero of his *Odyssey*.

Verse 2. *Ulysses fled.*—The Son of *Laertes* and *Anticlea*; and King of *Ithaca*, a small island about five and twenty miles in compass,

IMITATION.

Verse 3. *Ovid. Met. lib. 1.*

The vocal Grotto, scene of former joys,
 No more returns the musick of her voice;
 Th' attendant Nymphs abash'd around her press,
 Nor dare enquire the cause of her distress.
 Pensive she wanders o'er the flow'ry plain,
 Where blooming youth and spring perpetual reign, 10
 The rising fountain, and th' enamell'd grove,
 Recall the dire remembrance of her love:
 'Twas here so oft she view'd that faithless Man,
 And all their sweets, but aggravate her pain.
 Once, as dejected on the bank she stood,
 And swell'd with tears th' inexorable flood;
 Still to that point her languid eye-lids rear'd,
 Where last *Ulysses* and his sail appear'd;
 A sudden shriek assail'd her frightened ears,
 And, lo! a shipwreck to her sight appears. 20
 The slacken'd cordage, and the useless oars,
 In wild disorder floating to the shores;
 Helm, keel, and masts, in horrible array,
 All borne in triumph by the boist'rous sea.
 Far off two Mortals, of unusual mien,
 Struggling amidst the foaming waves were seen,

The

NOTE.

compass, situated in the neighbourhood of *Peloponnesus*; and now known by the name of *Val di compare*. In his passage from the Siege of *Troy*, he was thrown by a tempest on *Calypso's* coast: who detained him there seven years, 'till by the express command of *Jupiter* she was obliged to release him. — *Vid. Odyss. 5.*

IMITATION.

Verse 10. *Ovid. Met. lib. 1.*

The one, Old Age had cloth'd with silver hairs;
 The other blushing in the bloom of years:
 Grace shap'd his limbs, and beauty deck'd his face;
 In air, in aspect, what *Ulysses* was. 30

Conscious she saw; but who the rev'rend sage
 That came as Guardian to his tender age
 In vain explor'd: here fail'd th' Immortal ken,
 So far superior to the sons of men;
 (For Spirits that dwell in Heav'n's supreme abodes
 Surpass all knowledge of inferior gods)
 With ease could *Pallas*, under *Mentor's* veil,
 The radiant lustre of her eyes conceal.

Mean while *Calypso* pleas'd that wreck survey'd
 Which to her sight *Ulysses'* son display'd. 40

Onward she came, but with dissembled ire,
 Nor seem'd to know him, tho' so like his Sire.

"Rash boy! What Deity's offended pow'r

"Sent thee to perish on this fatal shore?

"For learn: no common punishments await

"The wretch intruding on my calm retreat."

This said, her joy expos'd the awkward part;

And shew'd her face the contrast of her heart.

To whom the Youth: "O Nymph of heav'nly frame,

"Mortal, or Goddess, or whate'er thy name; 50

"(For

NOTE.

Verse 37. *With ease could Pallas, &c.*—This thought of disguising *Minerva*, under the borrowed form of *Mentor*, is taken from the second and third books of the *Odyssey*.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 50. *Odyssey* 6, and *Virg. Æn.* 1.

- “ (For who that face beholds, that awful port;
 “ And sees not beauties of immortal sort?)
 “ Say, can I think that You’ll relentless prove
 “ To all the sufferings of a filial love;
 “ To all the hardships of a dutious son,
 “ Who seeks his Father in a realm unknown;
 “ Expos’d to tempests, with his vessel lost,
 “ Himself just perish’d on your fatal coast?”

Ah! say what father, quoth the Goddess, speak:
 Whom thro’ variety of ills you seek. 60

- “ Fair Nymph, I will. *Ulysses* is his name,
 “ All *Greece*, all *Asia*, will record his fame.
 “ Nine years he warr’d upon *Scamander*’s banks
 “ First in the council, foremost in the ranks;
 “ With other Chiefs, conspiring to destroy
 “ The pride of *Asia*, in the fall of *Troy*.
 “ An exile now, upon the boundless main,
 “ Sport of the floods, he strives his realm to gain;
 “ Pursues his *Ithaca* with longing eyes,
 “ Which, as a vision, still before him flies: 70
 “ Has left his comfort, and his son to mourn,
 “ No glimpse of hope that he shall e’er return.
 “ With equal pains, and headlong zeal, I go,
 “ Some dreadful tidings of my Sire to know.
 “ For, oh! what surety but beneath some wave,
 “ Ev’n now, he hastes to his untimely grave?
 “ Say, if you know, what heav’n’s severe decree,
 “ And shew some pity to a wretch like me.

“ Say,

IMITATIONS.

Verse 70. *Virg. Æn. 5.*

Verse 77. *Odyssey 3.*

" Say, will the Fates some farther space allow,
 " Or sink him lifeless to the shades below?" 80
 Struck with his early sense, and sage replies,
 She view'd the beauteous youth with ravish'd eyes:
 Long fix'd remain'd; at length her silence broke,
 And thus, in soft transporting words, she spoke.
 " Yes: I'll inform you all—but time would fail
 " To tell you now the mortifying tale:
 " The day's far spent, and limbs with toil oppress'd,
 " Ask just returns of necessary rest.
 " Come then, my son, repose thee here a while;
 " My bliss, my comfort, in this lonesome isle: 90
 " To give you joy be mine the pleasing part,
 " Your's, to receive it with a grateful heart."

She said. And compass'd with a beauteous band
 Of Nymphs, obsequious to her great command,
 Herself the fairest; onward led the way
 Erect, and taller by the head than they.
 So the fair oak upon the spacious plain,
 Luxuriant Queen, extends her awful reign;
 Pleas'd o'er the lawn her ample shades to throw
 And nods superior to the shrubs below. 100
 Charm'd with her beauty, and becoming grace;
 The hero follow'd with submissive pace.
 Her robe, which true *Sidonian* dye declar'd,
 Carelessly pendent from her neck appear'd.
 Her tresses gather'd in a knot behind
 Neglected fell, and wanton'd in the wind.

Her

IMITATIONS.

Verse 96. *Odyss.* 6. *Æn.* 7. and *Ovid, Met.* 3.

Verse 100, *Virg. Ecl.* 1.

Her sparkling eyes Divinity confess'd
 Join'd with a sweetness not to be express'd.
 Mean while with downward look grave *Mentor* past
 Modest, and silent; of her train the last. 110

Calypso's grotto now at hand appear'd,
 On stone piazzas elegantly rear'd:
 Here saw *Telemachus*, with new delight,
 Whate'er could ravish, and attract the sight:
 Yet plain as rural neatness could inspire,
 No gold or silver to excite desire;
 No paint nor breathing bust did it disclose,
 No columns rising in *Corinthian* rows:
 But hewn in vaults was seen the wond'rous place,
 Shells, and rock chrystals had conspir'd to grace. 120
 Around its verdant sides for ever twine
 The turgent branches of a gen'rous vine,
 While gentle zephyrs, and refreshing air
 Restrain'd the raging of the sultry year.
 While murm'ring streams from purest fountains flow,
 In loose meanders to the vale below;
 Through beds of amaranth, and v'lets blue
 And thousand flow'rs of variegated hue.

Here various baths in concave banks receive
 The bubbling current, and the chrystal wave; 130
 There golden groves in comely order spread
 And blush with apples of ethereal seed:
 Whose glorious blossoms every season greet
 With heav'nly fragrance, and ambrosial sweet.
 The radiant branches crown'd the smiling mead,
 And banish'd *Phæbus* from the dusky shade.

No sound was heard in all the sweet abode,
 But feather'd songsters warbling through the wood;
 Or fall of water from the mountain-brow
 In fair cascades into the vale below. 140

Where foaming wide the indignant waves were seen
 And gliding swift through all th' embroider'd green.

High on a hill the finish'd fabrick stood,
 With front extended to the silver flood.
 Here oft with peaceful wave old Ocean smil'd,
 With glassy surface, and with aspect mild;
 As oft in rage he lash'd the sounding shore,
 And mountain-high his tow'ring billows bore.
 Behind, a stream with flow'ring lindens crown'd,
 In various isles divides the fertile ground; 150

'Midst rows of poplar, regular and ev'n,
 Which seem'd to pierce th' ethereal vault of heav'n.
 The num'rous rills, as by those isles they ran,
 Seem'd as in play through all the rich champaign:
 Impetuous some, while others gently flow;
 Soft was their progress, peaceable, and slow:
 Some winding far thro' many a rood had fled,
 And back return'd with vigour to their head,
 Repeating thus with joy their destin'd race,
 As loth to leave the dear enchanted place. 160

Far off, the hill and mountain-top appear'd,
 Their tow'ring heads above the clouds were rear'd.
 Their forms romantic ministring delight,
 A sweet horizon fram'd to charm the sight.

Around

IMITATIONS.

Verse 139. *Hor. Epod.* 16.

Verse 142. *Virg. Geor.* 4.

Verse 147. *Virg. Ecl.* 9.

Verse 154. *Ovid. Met.* 8.

Around the vines beneath their burthens bend,
 In fair festoons the clust'ring grapes depend;
 No more the leaves their beauties could conceal,
 No *Tyrian* purple could their dye excell.
 There rose the fig-tree of stupendous height,
 Pomegranates, olives, ravishing to sight, 170
 And ev'ry beauteous plant of happier kind
 T' enrich the lovely landscape had combin'd.

And now the Goddess ev'ry charm had shown,
 All Nature's sweets had blended with her own.
 Here rest, she cried, and other robes receive:
 For drench'd are those beneath the briny wave.
 This done, I'll haste to satisfy your fear,
 And talk of truths which you must weep to hear.
 She said: and leading to a neighb'ring shade,
 (Which sacred seem'd to Meditation made) 180
 A grotto shew'd where flaming cedars shone
 Which breath'd ethereal sweets; and next her own.
 Th' officious Nymphs th' odorous pile had fir'd,
 And brought new robes; then modestly retir'd.

Telemachus beheld with eager eyes
 A sumptuous vest, and seiz'd it as his prize:
 The softest wool its tunick did compose,
 White as the fleeces of descending snows.
 O'er this a mantle glorious to behold
 Of *Tyrian* dye; and border wav'd with gold: 190
 With all the rapture of a youthful mind
 To love of dress, and indolence inclin'd;

He

IMITATION.

Verse 183. *Æn.* 7.

He saw — when *Mentor* gravely interpos'd,
And all his failing in full light disclos'd.

“ Are these the thoughts *Ulysses*’ son should fire;

“ Or should he rather emulate his fire?

“ *Ulysses*’ son should take a nobler aim:

“ Through ev’ry hardship should aspire to fame.

“ The foppish youth who, rival of the fair,

“ Sets off his person with effem’ate care; 200

“ Unworthy he of Wisdom’s sacred crown:

“ ’Tis Virtue only which deserves renown.

“ Virtue, which scorns of Luxury the seeds;

“ Source of dishonour, and ignoble deeds.”

Abash’d he heard, and sigh’d with gen’rous pride,
Then with submissive accent thus replied:

“ May the blest Gods before whose shrines I bow,

“ Strike me unthinking to the shades below;

“ Ere luxury and ease corrupt this mind

“ Which pants for pleasures of a nobler kind! 210

“ No — It shall ne’er be said *Ulysses*’ Son

“ Was slave to passions which he blush’d to own.

“ But say, to what Divinity we owe

“ The num’rous blessings which around us flow:

“ What pow’r, unseen, directed us to find

“ This heav’nly Maid, so courteous, and so kind?”

“ Beware, said *Mentor*, of those fatal charms;

“ Which else will lead you to a thousand harms.

“ Beware her gentle looks, her gesture sweet;

“ Shipwreck and storms are trifles to deceit: 220

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B

“ The

IMITATION.

Verse 199. *Ovid. in Phæd.*

- " The bark juſt found'ring in the vaſt abyſs,
 " Sinks not like Virtue when betray'd by Vice.
 " Guard well your heart againſt her idle tales;
 " Youth is preſumptuous, and too often fails:
 " In ſelf-conceit to all things will aſpire,
 " And ſad Imprudence feeds the dang'rous fire.
 " Trust not the honey of *Calypſo's* tongue,
 " With gloſſes falſe, and thouſand flatt'ries hung:
 " As with indented wave the ſerpent glides
 " Beneath th' enamel'd flow'rs, and venom hides; 230
 " So do fair ſpeeches from *Calypſo* flow,
 " While deadly poiſons are conceal'd below.
 " Be warn'd, and fear: theſe wholeſome words attend,
 " Diſtruſt yourſelf; and liſten to your friend."

This ſaid, they haſten'd to th' appointed ſhade,
 Where the bright Goddeſs with impatience ſtay'd.
 Her beauteous Nymphs, a ſhining band, appear
 In milk-white veſtments, and with braided hair:
 Nor ſtay'd, but inſtant ſerv'd a rich repaſt,
 Though plain, yet neat, and exquisite in taſte. 240
 No dainties here were ſeen the board to grace,
 But thoſe afforded by the ſylvan chace:
 As birds tranſfix'd that leſt their lives in air,
 And beaſts entangled in the ſilken ſnare.
 The wine from ſilver cups, nectareous draught,
 Stream'd into Gold, and crown'd with flow'rs was, brought
 While all the fruits the rich deſert compoſe,
 The beauteous hand of Nature can diſcloſe:
 Whate'er can bloſſom in the genial Spring,
 Or rip'ning Autumn to perfection bring. 250
 And

And now four nymphs selected from the train,
 A glorious concert in full choir began :
 They sang the troubles of the blest abodes,
 The daring *Titans*, and imbattled Gods.
 Thence they descend to softer themes of love,
 Th' amours of beauteous *Semele* and *Jove* ;
 Great *Bacchus*' birth ; whom, with a parent's care,
Silenus form'd to victory and war :
 Fair *Attalanta* stretching o'er the plains,
 Triumphant mistress of a thousand Swains ; 260
 'Till Gold obtain'd *Hippomenes* his suit,
 Who over-reach'd her with *Hesperian* fruit.
 A diff'rent theme did next their notes employ ;
 All *Greece* conspiring to the siege of *Troy*.
 A spacious field *Ulysses*' acts afford,
 His feats in arms, his prudence at the board.

B 2

Leucothoe

NOTES.

Verse 254, *The daring Titans*—These were giants, descended from *Titan* the elder brother of *Saturn*. They invaded heaven, and made war upon the Gods, to recover the dominion which their father *Titan* had been deprived of. But *Jupiter* overcame them with his thunder and struck them down to the bottom of hell.

Verse 257, *Great Bacchus's birth*—Son of *Jupiter* and *Semele*. He was worshipped as the God of Wine by all nations, except the *Seythians* ; who thought it ridiculous to honour him as a God, whose whole power consisted in making fools and mad-men.

Verse 259, *Fair Attalanta*—Daughter of *Schæneus* King of *Scyros*. Being extremely swift of foot, she would give consent to marry no man but one that could out-run her ; and whoever was

was

IMITATION.

Verse 262, *Virg. Eclog. 6.*

Leucothoe join'd (whom all the Nine inspire)
With touch harmonious of the breathing lyre.

The youthful hero heard *Ulysses'* name,
And filial love soon kindled to a flame: 270

Adown his beauteous cheek, through grief sincere,
In silence stole the commendable tear;
The liveliest sorrow all his face possess'd,
And gave a sweetness not to be express'd.

Calypso soon his agony perceiv'd:
Nought could he taste, so greatly was he griev'd.

When in that instant she the signal gave
To all her nymphs th' ungrateful theme to leave.

And now, with sweet transition, they describe
Th' effects of riot in the Centaur tribe; 280

Who with wild rage had vanquish'd reason's pow'r,
And spilt their drunken souls in feasting hour.

How *Orpheus* pass'd unhurt in *Pluto's* spight,
And brought his dear *Eurydice* to light.

This

NOTES.

was vanquished was to forfeit his life. *Hippomenes* accepted the terms, and during the race threw behind him three golden apples out of the garden of the *Hesperides*; while she stooped to pick them up, he pressed forwards and reached the goal.

Verse 267, *Leucothoe join'd*—This Nymph is the same whom *Virgil* styles *Albunea*, and *Suidas* the Sybil of *Tibur*; because to her was consecrated a grove and a fountain in that neighbourhood.

Verse 280, *Th' effects of riot*—The *Centaur*s, or *Theſſalian* horsemen being intoxicated with liquor at the nuptials of *Pirithous* the son of *Ixion*, made some lustful attempts upon the women there present: whereupon a quarrel ensued between them and the *Lapithæ*, a great deal of blood was shed, and *Pirithous*, with the assistance of his friend *Theseus*, destroyed them all.

IMITATION.

Verse 284, *Virg. Georg. 4.*

This banquet o'er, the Goddess led apart
 Her youthful guests, and thus disclos'd her heart:
 " O Son of great *Ulysses*, you'll receive
 " With grateful mind what I so freely give:
 " You see how kindly I relieve your woe;
 " Myself immortal, and no change can know. 290
 " No single mortal of all human race
 " Can view unpunish'd, this delightful place:
 " That storm itself, that last retiring wave
 " Which left you here, had left you to your grave;
 " But that I love you, and compassion take,
 " For your own merit, and your father's sake.
 " Long did *Ulysses* bless me in this isle,
 " And felt those joys which now around you smile.
 " Long might have stay'd — imprudent sure in this
 " To spurn at happiness and endless bliss. 300
 " But love of wretched *Ithaca* prevail'd:
 " Here the great wisdom of *Ulysses* fail'd.
 " For this he scorn'd my proffer'd joys, and me,
 " For this; which heav'n forbids he e'er should see.
 " He parted hence, but oh! — forbear my tongue:
 " A dreadful tempest rose t'avenge my wrong.
 " Long time the sport of angry winds, his ship
 " At length was buried in the boundless deep.

B 3

" And

NOTE.

Verse 301, *But love of wretched Ithaca*—*Bochart* derives the name of *Ithaca* from *Athac* an Hebrew word which signifies savage and barbarous. Agreeable to that etymology is the short description *Horace* gives of it, in the Seventh Epistle of the First Book.

IMITATION.

Verse 300, *Hom. Odyss. 5.*

" And now alas ! what hopes *Ulysses'* Son ?
 " How shall he gain his country or his throne ? 310
 " Your Father's fate thus plac'd before your eyes,
 " Let his misfortunes teach you to be wise.
 " Grieve not for *Ithaca* : 'tis lost, 'tis gone :
 " But I'll enrich you with a nobler Crown.
 " A Goddess loves you, and has fix'd her choice ;
 " Her dow'r this Island, and immortal joys."

She added more, to influence his mind,
 How blest *Ulysses* was, and she how kind ;
 'The pangs he felt, the dangers which he knew
 From fierce *Antiphates* his barb'rous crew ; 320
 From *Polyphemus*, and his monst'rous kin ;
 Whose rage he baffled and subdu'd by wine :

The

NOTES.

Verse 320, *From fierce Antiphates*—King of the *Lastrigones*, who, according to *Justin*, *Pliny*, and *Thucydides*, were seated near the *Cyclops*, and were some of the most ancient inhabitants of *Sicily*. They were of a gigantic stature, and great cruelty.

Verse 321, *From Polyphemus*—The story of *Polyphemus*, and the *Cyclops*, and the method *Ulysses* took to escape from them, may be seen at large in the Ninth Book of the *Odyssey*. It may be sufficient to observe here, that they had each but one eye in the middle of their forehead ; and that *Polypheme* the chief of them was, according to *Virgil*, so prodigiously tall, that when he stood in the midst of the sea, the water reached not up to his sides. They were represented as cannibals and slaves to *Vulcan* ; for being seated near Mount *Etna*, which was continually vomiting out fire, and perhaps rough by nature, and not over hospitable to strangers, it was easy for the poets to feign that they fed on human flesh, and forged *Jupiter's* thunder in the caverns of that mountain.

IMITATION.

Verse 310, *Hom. Odysf. 2.*

The ills which *Circe*, magic maid, had done,
 Bewitching Daughter of the golden Sun.
 Nor fail'd she to recount the toils he bore
 Where raging winds on the *Sicilian* shore
 Hoarsely through *Scylla* and *Charybdis* roar. }
 And, lest his father's footsteps he pursue,
 A dreadful picture of that storm she drew;
 When *Neptune* rising from his watry bed
 Convey'd by whirlwinds overtook him fled. 330
 His blest escape with art she glided o'er,
 Nor nam'd *Phæacia's* hospitable shore.

Charm'd as he was with being thus reliev'd,
 Full plain her wiles *Telemachus* perceiv'd:
 All *Mentor's* counsels to his mind recurr'd,
 And thus in brief his answer he preferr'd.
 "Forgive me, Goddess, if the griefs I bear
 "Extort one pious, tributary tear;

" A

NOTES.

Verse 323, *The ills which Circe*—*Circe* was the daughter of the *Sun*, by the nymph *Perse*. She resided in a peninsula called *Æea* or *Circeii* at the foot of Mount *Circello* in *Italy*. She had great skill in enchantments, and transformed many of *Ulysses's* companions into swine.

Verse 327, *Hoarsely through Scylla*—These were two famous rocks at the north entrance of the streights of *Sicily*. Or, as some say, the first a rock on the coast of *Italy*; and the latter a whirlpool on the side of *Sicily*. The great danger in former times of sailing betwixt them, is thought to be owing to the small skill which the ancients had in naval architecture and navigation.

Verse 333, *Nor nam'd Phæacia's*—The island of *Corfu*, now *Corfica*, where *Ulysses* was kindly received by King *Aleinous*.

IMITATION.

Verse 323, *Hom. Odyss.* 10.

" A father claims it: blame me if you can. 340

" You best can tell the value of the man.

" Returning joys hereafter may have place,

" And I with pleasure all your gifts embrace."

No more she ventur'd (he no more could bear)

But straight assum'd a more familiar air:

With tend'rest sighs *Ulysses* she deplored,

And kindly strove some comfort to afford.

The better still her captive to controul,

And learn the secret motions of his soul,

She begg'd th' adventures of his life to know, 350

And all the dreadful series of his woe.

By what misfortunes he his vessel lost;

What dire mischance had brought him to her coast?

Alas! said he, the story of my fate

Too long I fear; too tedious to relate.

The more he aim'd that story to defer,

The more th' impatient Goddess burn'd to hear.

Fruitless his toil, his artifice was vain;

When thus in moving accent he began.

When other heroes, to their country's joy, 360

Return'd triumphant from the siege of *Troy*;

I loos'd from *Ithaca*, with fond desire,

To learn from them some tidings of my fire:

Amazement seiz'd on all the abandon'd crew,

Which came the chaste *Penelope* to woo;

For had they known, I saw what must befall,

And took my measures to deceive them all.

But

But neither *Nestor*, *Pylian* sage, could say
 If yet *Ulysses* saw the realms of day;
 Nor Great *Atrides*, *Sparta's* gen'rous Lord, 370
 Could ought but friendship to my hopes afford.
 Tir'd with delays, and in affliction fore,
 I straight resolv'd for the *Sicilian* shore;
 Where fame reported, by some adverse blast,
 My honour'd father had of late been cast.
 Here *Mentor*, whom you see, with force divine
 Oppos'd his wisdom to my rash design;
 Describ'd the *Cyclop* race, a monstrous brood,
 Of horrid form, and gorg'd with human blood.
 On th' other side presented to my view 380
 The brave *Aeneas*, and his *Trojan* crew;
 With pow'rful fleet now traversing those seas:
 The foes declar'd to all the name of *Greece*.
 " *Ulysses'* son well pleas'd will they destroy,
 " T' avenge on him the ruin of their *Troy*.
 " Back then in haste, by my advice, be gone;
 " Regain your country, and your father's throne.
 " Who knows but heav'n, propitious to the wise,
 " May there restore him to your longing eyes?
 " But

NOTES.

Verse 368, *But neither Nestor*—King of *Pylos*, and son of *Neleus* and *Chloris*. He was one of the confederate Princes at the siege of *Troy*, to which he came with a fleet of ninety sail. His dominion lay in the *Morea*, and is now called *Navarino*: he was greatly celebrated for his wisdom, his eloquence, and extreme age; having lived, according to *Homer*, three hundred years.

Verse 370, *Nor great Atrides*—*Menelaus* the son of *Atreus* and *Eropha*, and husband to the beautiful *Helen*. He was King of *Sparta*, now called *Misistra*, the chief state of the *Peloponnesus*.

“ But if ’tis fix’d that you his loss shall mourn, 390

“ If he no more to *Ithaca* return,

“ Revenge his wrongs: supply the sov’reign’s place,

“ And save a wretched parent from disgrace.

“ Exert your prudence in your country’s cause,

“ And let all *Greece* resound with your applause:

“ Shew that a wisdom, and a soul you bear

“ Not less than his, whose diadem you wear.”

Thus spake he well the prudence of his mind:

But I to prudence and advice was blind.

Slave to my passions I nought else could hear, 400

Which to my guide I shamefully prefer.

Yet such his friendship, and so much he lov’d;

He follow’d me in what he disapprov’d:

And Heav’n now suffer’d me to go astray,

To make me more discreet another day.

While thus he spoke, *Calypso* with surprize

On *Mentor* fix’d her penetrating eyes.

Great her confusion from this unknown guest

In whom she saw Divinity confest:

Hard task her strange distraction to conceal, 410

Yet much she fear’d that trouble to reveal.

Proceed to satisfy my fears, she said:

The hero bow’d obsequious and obey’d.

With gentle breezes, and propitious gales,

We spread for *Sicily* the swelling sails:

Full many a league we steer’d with high delight,

When Heav’n at once was banish’d from our sight.

A

IMITATION.

Verse 417, *Virg. Æn. 1.*

A dreadful tempest rose from *Ocean's* bed,
And universal night the deep o'erspread.
Thick flash the lightnings, and around us prefs; 420
Whose trem'lous rays shew'd others in distress.
Nor long e'er all our danger we descry'd,
The *Trojan* fleet close lab'ring at our side.
Fear seiz'd on all: for oh! What now could save?
Alike to us the *Trojans* and the grave.
'Twas then, though late, that I perceiv'd in truth
The dreadful errors of unguarded youth.
Mean while, in all the terrors of the scene,
Mentor alone was fearless, and serene:
Unusual mirth appear'd upon his face, 430
And gave each feature a peculiar grace.
This gave me hopes. I felt the rising fire,
Which none but he was able to inspire.
The coward pilot, by his fears betray'd,
Resign'd the helm, and his commands obey'd.
"Ah *Mentor*! gentle friend," said I, "excuse
"That I perverse your counsel should refuse:
"Wretch that I was! to think, like ev'ry fool,
"My own discretion was above all rule.
"None act indeed discreetly in their bloom: 440
"Strangers to all past, present, and to come.
"But oh! Sould heaven yet indulgent prove,
"Dispel this danger, and this storm remove;
"No more thus unsupported will I go,
"But think self-will my most destructive foe.
"On your superior knowledge I'll depend;
"My faithful guide, companion, and my friend."

I ended here. He with a smile beheld,
 And gen'rous thus his sentiments reveal'd:
 " Far be't from me, to mention to your shame 450
 " The fault you speak of; though it merits blame:
 " Suffice it now your error to discern,
 " From hence a glorious lesson may you learn:
 " Subdue your passions, profit by the past;
 " And let this recent folly be the last.
 " Yet much I fear when danger is no more
 " Pride will aspire to govern as before.
 " 'Tis Valour now which must prevent our fall:
 " Be strong, be active; and obey her call.
 " When death or danger threaten from afar, 460
 " Take prudent measures, and all proper care:
 " But when they come; what profit to be wise?
 " The way to conquer then—is to despise.
 " Let valour then proclaim *Ulysses'* son,
 " And prove him worthy of his father's throne.
 " Convince the world that you a soul possess
 " Above misfortune and above distress."

Such daring merit with such sweetness join'd,
 Engag'd my wonder and engross'd my mind.
 Yet more refin'd his policy appear'd, 470
 Which once more freed us from the death we fear'd.
 Soon as the glorious Sun, with golden ray,
 Pierc'd the thick clouds, and seem'd to promise day;
 Ere yet *Aneas*, and his fleet at hand,
 A fairer prospect of our ship command;

He

IMITATION.

Verse 458, *Virg. Æn. 6.*

He spy'd a sail deserted, and behind;
 Forc'd from her convoy by tempestuous wind.
 Her shape, her burthen near resembling our's,
 And her gay stern was compass'd round with flow'rs.
 Instant he hasted, and with chaplets crown'd 480
 Our stern like their's; and with like bandage bound.
 The rowers bade their bodies to incline
 Close to their seats, and cover the design.
 Thus fitted, boldly we our dangers meet,
 And pass securely through the *Trojan* fleet.
 On ev'ry side they cheer'd us: pleas'd that we
 Their friends still liv'd in such a boist'rous sea.
 Yet still the roaring waves ran mountain high,
 And made us follow in their company:
 But when for *Afric*, with impetuous gale, 490
 Direct they steer'd, and crowded all their sail;
 We shorten'd our's: overjoy'd to leave our hosts,
 And tugg'd amain for the *Sicilian* coasts.

We land. But oh! Th' Asylum which we chose,
 Alike we found was fatal to repose:
 More *Trojans* here in hostile ranks were spread
 From captive *Ilium* by *Acestes* led.

Scarcely

NOTE.

Verse 497, *From captive Ilium by Acestes led*—*Acestes* was descended from *Crinifus* a river of *Sicily*, and *Egesta* a *Trojan* virgin. He is the same that is mentioned in the fifth *Æneid*, to have received, and entertained *Anchises* and *Æneas*, in their voyage to *Italy*. As he reigned in *Sicily*, he is said to have built a town there of his own name; which is now called *Egesta*.

IMITATION.

Verse 497, *Virg. Æn. 5.*

Scarce had we anchor'd, when in phalanx close,
 T' oppose our march th' inhabitants arose;
 They view'd our progress with invidious eyes, 500
 And thought us natives bent on a surprize,
 Or desperate strangers that had cross'd those seas
 T' usurp their dwellings, and disturb their peace.
 The first attack compleated all our pain:
 Our valiant friends lay breathless on the plain,
 Our little bark aloft now blaz'd in air;
Mentor and I were all that they would spare.
 That Great *Acesfes*, our invet'rate foe,
 From us our country, and designs might know;
 Bound hand and foot, with slow and solemn pace, 510
 The stately town we enter in disgrace;
 And nought preserv'd us from our wretched graves
 But to be shewn in triumph as their slaves:
 (A cruel pleasure which these people take,
 Who now abhor'd the very name of *Greek*.)

Presented thus, and shudd'ring with our fear,
 Before his dread Tribunal we appear.
 With golden sceptre he dispens'd his laws,
 And sat in judgment on some weighty cause:
 Which bus'ness ended, and due sentence giv'n, 520
 He rose to offer sacrifice to Heav'n.
 Sternly he ask'd our country, and our name;
 And on what errand to his realms we came?

Mentor return'd: We from *Hesperia* come,
 Not far from thence our country, and our home.
 And thus discreetly shun'd he to relate
 That we were subjects of a *Grecian* State.

No more the Monarch heard—but to prevent
(What he suspects) our traiterous intent,
Gave instant charge that we no more deceive, 530
But in a desert be condemn'd to live :

Ignobly there our wretched lives to spend
Vassals to wretches that his flocks attend.
Hard sentence this, and shocking to mine ear :
Death to disgrace I readily prefer.

“ O King,” I cried, “ or better terms bestow,

“ Or straight dispatch us to the shades below.

“ No common pris’ner stands before your throne ;

“ I drew my birth from great *Laertes*’ son :

“ The Lord of distant *Ithaca* my fire, 540

“ Whose prudence *Acha* and the world admire.

“ That fire through all the wide extended main,

“ With pious zeal do I pursue in vain :

“ If Heav’n decrees I must his loss deplore,

“ And I must see my *Ithaca* no more ;

“ If nought but cruel slav’ry be my share,

“ O ! take a wretched life not worth my care.”

Scarce I these words had utter’d with my tongue,
Commotion strange appear’d among the throng :

“ Vengeance !” they cried : “ the villain’s son destroy ! 550

“ Whose subtle counsels were the fall of *Troy*.”

“ Alas ! unhappy youth,” *Acestes* said :

“ The lives your father took must be repaid.

“ The ghosts now hov’ring on *Cacytus*’ flood,

“ Call loud for justice ; and demand your blood.

“ Yourself, and friend, must share one common fate ;

“ T’ avenge the *Trojans* on the man they hate.”

This

This said; a rev'rend dotard from the croud
Stept freely forth, and thus propos'd aloud:

“ These men, O great *Acestes*, I presume 560

“ A noble off'ring for *Anchises* tomb:

“ Well pleas'd that aged hero shall perceive,

“ Th' unusual honours to his shade we give;

“ *Aeneas*' self too will rejoice to hear

“ How much we valu'd what he held so dear.”

Charm'd with this thought great praises they bestow'd,
And to confirm it with impatience glow'd.

In bright procession to the tomb we pass'd,

A beauteous pile, by two fair altars grac'd:

Close at our side the sacred fire we view'd, 570

The fatal knife lay thirsting for our blood;

Our temples bound with many a flow'ry wreath,

No friend to pity; or preserve from death.

Such was our state: when *Mentor*, wondrous man,

An audience crav'd; and calmly thus began;

“ If yet *Ulysses*' tender son can find

“ No place for mercy in your royal mind;

“ Who ne'er against you did his arms employ,

“ Nor e'er was privy to the woes of *Troy*;

“ At least let darling interest prevail, 580

“ Mind your our own safety, and the public weal.

“ By long experience taught far off I see

“ What Heav'n hath cast in dark futurity:

“ Ere thrice in bright career the radiant sun

“ His course diurnal through the heav'ns hath run, “ As

NOTE.

Verse 561, *A noble off'ring for Anchises' tomb*—This tomb was upon Mount *Eryx*.

“ As pours the torrent from the mountain’s brow,
“ Shall barb’rous hosts your kingdom overflow.
“ Despair in this your capital shall reign,
“ Rapine and horror shall o’erspread the plain.
“ Arm, arm your warriors; seize the precious hour, 590
“ Prevent the growing ill while in your pow’r:
“ Haste, and in towns secure your bleating care;
“ Preserve your cattle from the rage of war.
“ If false this warning, if no foe shall come,
“ Freely we’ll bleed at Great *Archifis*’ tomb:
“ If true, reflect how impious to destroy
“ Who for your safety all their cares employ.”

These words thus utter’d with so bold an air
Surpriz’d the King, were thunder to his ear.

“ Ah! Stranger,” he replied, “ though Heav’n refuse 600
“ The gifts of fortune; it hath nobler views,
“ Large compensation hath it made, I find,
“ For oh! What wealth like riches of the mind?”

He spake: the dire solemnity was stay’d,
And all his martial genius he display’d;
In earnest labour’d to prevent the foe,
And all which *Mentor* had foretold of woe.

A dreadful scene did now our sight engage,
The streets resounded with the groans of Age;
With hasty steps the trembling matrons hied, 610
Their tender infants weeping at their side.

Forc’d from the fields the lowing herds in haste,
And bleating flocks in sad procession past:

The spacious folds unable to contain
The wealth now pouring from the fertile plain.

Mean while distraction had possess'd the crowd,
 And plaintive murmurs, and confusion loud :
 Each press'd by other struggled for relief,
 But none could tell th' occasion of their grief;
 Mistook the stranger for the trusty friend, 620
 Uncertain whither they their course should bend.
 And now the few to greater trusts preferr'd
 (In self-conceit superior to the herd)
 A shrewd conjecture on the subject raise :
 'Twas *Mentor's* fiction to prolong his days.
 Thus anxious for th' event, the third day's sun
 Descended fast from his meridian throne,
 When clouds of dust obscur'd the mountains height,
 The nearest hills were banish'd from our sight.
 Scarce we discover through the murky air 630
 The firm battalions, and the glitt'ring spear :
 Th' *Himerians* fierce, with hosts unnumber'd join'd
 From lofty *Nebrodes* in league combin'd ;
 And *Agrigentines*, on whose dreary coast
 No zephyrs breathe, but one eternal frost.
 Lo! now the wretches, who, in wanton pride,
Mentor's presages could so late deride ;

At

NOTE.

Verse 632, Th' *Himerians*—*Tully* mentions the city *Himera*, in his second Oration against *Verres*, as one of the most considerable of any in *Sicily*. It was built by the inhabitants of *Zancle*, or *Messina*; flourished about a hundred and forty years, and was then demolished by the *Carthaginians*. The *Romans* rebuilt it, and from the hot baths which were near it, gave it the new name of *Therma Himera*. It was called *Himera*, from the river *Himera* now *Fiume di Termini*; and gave birth to *Stesichorus* the famous Lyric Poet, who flourished about the time of the forty-second Olympiad.

At once beheld, but with affliction fore,
 Their slaves were captives; and their flocks no more.
 "O stranger," said the King, "th' impending war 640
 "Hath made distinction little worth our care;
 "That you're a *Greek* we readily excuse;
 "*Greek* or barbarian, 'tis alike to us:
 "All gracious Heav'n in mercy did you send
 "Our foe profess, to be our faithful friend.
 "Nor trust I less in your victorious arm,
 "Than in your wisdom which foretold th' alarm.
 "Haste, and protect us: save the *Trojan* race
 "From instant death, from ruin, and disgrace."

The warriors round contemplate with surprize 650
 The rising flame which flash'd from *Mentor's* eyes.
 He seiz'd the buckler with intrepid air,
 The polish'd helmet, and the glitt'ring spear;
 A falchion brandish'd in his warlike hand,
 And rang'd the soldiers with a stern command.
 Dispos'd their ranks with excellent design,
 Then led th' attack, the foremost of the line.
 Brave though he was, borne down by many a year,
 The good *Acestes* follow'd in the rear.
 By *Mentor's* side to fame I strove to rise; 660
 Yet what my actions when compar'd with his?
 His flaming mail did in the battle prove
 Like the dire *Ægis* of immortal *Jove*.

C 2

Death

NOTE.

Verse 663, *Like the dire Ægis*—This *Ægis* was the shield of *Jupiter*;

IMITATIONS.

Verse 663 *Virg. Æn.* 8, and *Hom. Il.* 5.

Death saw the slaughter with complacence sweet,
While ranks on ranks lay bleeding at his feet.

So when a lion, in *Numidia's* waste,
Hard press'd by famine, and unus'd to fast;
At distance views where tender lambkins feed,
Graze the rich soil and crop the flow'ry mead;
Sudden he seizes the defenceless brood, 670
He tears, he gorges, and he bathes in blood;
The trembling hinds precipitate their flight,
Desert their charge and shun th' unequal fight.
The foe that late was bent upon surprize,
No longer now our weakness could despise:
Our troops by *Mentor's* great example fir'd,
Display'd a valour which themselves admir'd:
Ev'n I was brave; and on my first advance
Their Monarch's son fell prostrate by my lance.
Vast was his stature, though our age the same, 680
Of Giant-race and Cyclop blood he came:
With great contempt my person he survey'd,
And as a puny stripling did upbraid.
But I regardless of his brutal air,
Unmov'd by threatnings, and untaught to fear,
At once his boasting, and his life suppress,
And fix'd my jav'lin in his haughty breast.

A

NOTE.

Jupiter; so called from a *Greek* word which signifies a Goat. Because being brought up by the goat *Amalthea*, he afterwards covered his shield with her skin. This buckler was given by *Jupiter* to *Minerva*: who added to it the head of the *Gorgon Medusa*.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 666, *Virg. Æn.* 9. and *Hom. Il.* 5.

A deluge follow'd from the gaping wound,
 Headlong he fell; and gasping bit the ground:
 Well nigh o'erwhelm'd me with his monstrous weight, 690
 While echoing hills the crash of arms repeat.

I seiz'd the shining spoils, in haste to bring
 The glorious present to the *Trojan* King.
 Mean while, all ranks by *Mentor* were subdu'd,
 And forc'd to shelter in the farthest wood.

A turn so strange, so unexpected giv'n!
Mentor was look'd on as inspir'd by Heav'n.
 The good *Acestes* with a grateful heart
 Our service owns, and acts the friendly part;
 Shew'd us our danger, and how much he fear'd 700
 If brave *Aeneas* on the coast appear'd.

Press'd our departure for our native land,
 And pour'd his presents with a lib'ral hand;
 A goodly vessel for the purpose lent,
 And bade us haste misfortune to prevent.
 Yet would he not one mariner employ,
 Not ev'n a pilot of the race of *Troy*;
 So much he fear'd his subjects to expose
 Amidst the *Grecians*, their inveterate foes.

Our crew was *Tyrian*: whose extensive trade 710
 Their ships familiar to all nations made.

C 3

And

NOTES.

dusa, whose very look was sufficient to transform men into stone.

Verse 710, *Our crew was Tyrian*—The *Tyrians*, or *Phœnicians*, were from the earliest antiquity one of the most renowned nations in the world. They were the Inventors of Letters, of Writing, and of Navigation.

And these were charg'd the vessel to restore,
Soon as we landed on th' *Ithacian* shore.
But Heav'n, which mocks the prudence of mankind,
Us for more dangers, and more toils design'd.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



BOOK II.

TELEMACHUS reduced to slavery in EGYPT.

Book 9.



Power delin.

Barlow sculp.

*His next assault I wail, & rushing in,
Around him, with strong grasp, my arms I fling;
And straining to stop up the valves of breath,
My youthful nerves prevail: he writhes in death.*

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BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus gives an account of his being taken in the Tyrian ship by the fleet of Sesostris, and carried prisoner into Egypt: Gives a description of that beautiful country, and the wise government of its King. He adds, that Mentor was likewise sent as a slave into Æthiopia; that he himself was reduced to the condition of an herdsman in the desert of Oasis: That Termofiris, the priest of Apollo, gave him comfort and encouragement; advising him to imitate the example of that God, who had formerly held the same office under King Admetus. That Sesostris being informed of the wonderful things he had done among the shepherds there, and being convinced of his innocence, recalled him from that desert, and promised to send him back in a fleet of his own to Ithaca: but that the death of Sesostris involved him in new misfortunes. That he was imprisoned in a tower on the sea coast; from whence he saw the new King Bocchoris defeated and slain, in a battle against his revolted subjects, who were assisted by the Tyrians.

THE fierce demeanor, and the pride of Tyre,
 Had rous'd *Sesostris*, and provok'd his ire:
 (That great *Egyptian* thunderbolt of war,
 Who had in conquest stretch'd his arms so far.)

D 4

Flush'd

NOTE.

Verse 2, *Had rous'd Sesostris*—Concerning the person of this Prince, there is a great diversity of opinions among men of learning;

Flush'd with the wealth their commerce had insur'd,
 And by their town impregnable secur'd;
 Whose walls for ages had unshaken stood,
 Superbly seated on the silver flood;
 Fondly they ventur'd to despise their foes,
 Nor paid the mulct that victor aim'd t' impose: 10
 What time with terror of his arms increas'd
 He came triumphant from the vanquish'd East.
 Nor stopt they thus; but took an impious share,
 And help'd his brother in a rebel-war.
 Wretch! That his Sov'reign had well nigh oppress'd
 At social hour, amidst the genial feast.

Fir'd

NOTES.

learning; but all agree in representing him as one of the greatest Conquerors that ever lived. *Sir Isaac Newton* believes him to be the *Osiris* of the *Egyptians*, the *Bacchus* of the *Greeks*, and the *Sefac* or *Shishak* of the Holy Scriptures. But *Archbishop Usher* is of opinion, that *Sesoftris*, and his brother *Armais*, were the sons of *Amenophis*; which *Amenophis* was the very *Pharaoh* that was drowned in the *Red Sea*. He subdued *Ethiopia*, over-ran *Asia*, and part of *Europe*; but after an absence of nine years was obliged to return home, his brother having revolted, and usurped the Government.

Verse 6, *And by their Town impregnable*—*Tyre*, the capital of *Phœnicia*, was seated on an island about half a mile from the shore; surrounded with a strong wall, an hundred and fifty feet in height. So that *Alexander* himself was unable to master it, till he had joined it to the Continent, by building a prodigious mole two hundred feet broad.

Verse 15, *Wretch! That his Sov'reign*—*Armais*, we are told, upon the arrival of his brother from his conquests, invited him with his Queen, and children, to a magnificent Entertainment. In the midst of which, he piled round them a great quantity of dry reeds; and to these he set fire, with a design to destroy, at once, the whole Royal family. But *Sesoftris*, though he had drank very freely, rushed through the flames, and thereby saved his life. *Herodotus* indeed says, that by the advice of his Queen he laid two of his sons across the fire, and trod over them.

Fir'd with these wrongs the stern *Sesostris* tried
 T' obstruct their traffic, and chastise their pride:
 Chas'd them from coast to coast, from isle to isle,
 The seas were cover'd with the barks of *Nile*. 20
 Scarce had we hois'd our sail prepar'd for flight,
Sicilia's mountains less'ning to our sight,
 Her haven stealing from our dazzled eyes
 Till lost, and mingled with the distant skies;
 When 'twas our chance unfortunate to meet
 A pow'rful part of this tremendous fleet.
 They seem, as gradual on our coast they gain,
 A stately town erected on the main.
 Our crew perceiv'd, and nimbly ply'd the sail;
 But time was short, and all our labours fail. 30
 Their ships were better rigg'd, the wind their friend,
 And hands unnumber'd did the chace attend.
 Instant they board: our bark, our all was lost;
 And we sent captives to th' *Egyptian* coast.
 Vain was my task th' opinion to inspire,
 That we were strangers, not allied to *Tyre*.
 Scarce on their stubborn hearts could I prevail
 To grant an audience to my moving tale.
 They judg'd us slaves of *Tyrian* merchandize,
 And hop'd good profit from so fair a prize. 40
 Soon we perceiv'd the whiten'd Ocean smile,
 Blending his billows with the waves of *Nile*.

The

NOTE.

Verse 42, *Blending his billows with the waves of Nile*—The
 source

IMITATION.

Verse 23, *Virg. Æn. 3.*

The coast we saw nor craggy seem'd, nor steep,
 But well nigh level with the glassy deep.
 By *Pharos' Isle*, and lofty tow'r, we go,
 (A pile prodigious) near the walls of *No*;
 Thence up the silver *Nile*, in bright array,
 To Royal *Memphis* prosecute our way.

Could pleasing prospects entertain a mind
 Like ours, in base captivity confin'd;
 Such charms had *Egypt*, such delightful seats,
 It seem'd a perfect Paradise of sweets.
 A thousand rills in chrystal channels ran,
 T' enrich and fertilize the flow'ry plain:
 On either bank where *Nile* securely flows,
 Villas and towns in beauteous landscape rose;
 And golden *Ceres*, with a lib'ral hand,
 Pour'd forth her gifts to decorate the land.

50

No

NOTES.

source of this remarkable River, to which *Egypt* owes its fertility, was utterly unknown to the ancients; and was looked upon by them as one of the great arcana of nature. It is now well known to arise in some part of *Ethiopia*, and the cause of its annual overflowing, is thought to be the prodigious rains in those countries of the Torrid Zone, when the Sun returns into the Winter Signs.

Verse 45, *By Pharos' Isle*—This island was near *Alexandria*, and the famous Light-house was upon a rock at the East end of it. Some pillars, which are now to be seen in a calm sea, are judged to be the remains of that noble structure.

Verse 46, *A pile prodigious near the walls of No*—This city is particularly mentioned by the Prophet *Nahum*, Chap. iii. 8.

Verse 48, *To Royal Memphis*—I have called this *Royal Memphis*, because built by *Menes* the first King of *Egypt*; and for many ages the metropolis of the whole kingdom. Here was the Temple of the God *Apis*, whom they worshipped under the form of an Ox; and maintained at the public expence. The situation of *Memphis* is a few leagues from *Grand Cairo* near the Pyramids.

No fallow years, no foil was sown in vain;
But constant harvests blest'd th' industrious swain: 60
Earth's various fruits in vast abundance flow'd,
The lab'ring rustic groan'd beneath his load.
The lowing herds in verdant vallies fed,
And rang'd luxuriant through th' extended mead;
The joyous pipe was heard the groves among,
And Echo listen'd to the rural song.

"Observe," said *Mentor*, "the delights which spring
"From laws well model'd and a patriot King!
"His people blest'd with plenty, and with ease,
"Justly admire the Author of their peace. 70
"The charms of Royalty well understood
"Are these—to govern for your people's good.
"Be this your fav'rite rule, and this alone,
"Should heav'n e'er raise you to your Father's throne.
"Twixt Prince and people there's a tender tie:
"Regard your subjects with a father's eye.
"In earnest aim to have your acts approv'd,
"And taste the godlike pleasure to be lov'd.
"Thus conscious of the bliss their King imparts,
"You'll find your empire rooted in their hearts. 80
"The Tyrant wretch that aims but to be fear'd,
"Oppressing those by whom he'd be rever'd,
"Has what he wants; is fear'd, though in disgrace,
"Abhorr'd and curs'd, as scourge of human race.
"Nor has he less to fear from those that hate;
"Who, when they please, are masters of his fate."
"Alas!" cried I, "what means our present theme?
"Useless these rules when Monarchy's a dream.

"No

" No more shall *Ithaca* now blefs my view :
 " My royal mother, and my friends, Adieu ! 90
 " No more that beft of fires fhall I obey,
 " By him inform'd the fceptre how to fway.
 " When Great *Ulyffes* fhall in triumph come,
 " With full-blown glories to his native home ;
 " Still fresh afflictions fhall extort a groan
 " For lofs of poor *Telemachus* his fon.
 " All hopes are fled -- Let's patient yield our breath,
 " Since heav'n deferts us, and requires our death."

Revolving thus my melancholy fears,
 Sighs choak'd my voice, and I was bath'd in tears. 100

But *Mentor*, though he fear'd approaching fate,
 When prefent, fcorn'd to fink beneath its weight.

" O youth," faid he, " unworthy of that fire
 " Whofe foul true wifdom and true worth infpire,
 " What, not preferve your conftancy an hour,
 " But yield fo tamely to misfortune's pow'r ?

" Yes, you again fhall *Ithaca* behold ;
 " Again that mother in your arms infold.

" Shall fee *Ulyffes*, though as yet unknown,

" In all the glory his deferts have won. 110

" That Great *Ulyffes*, whofe unconquer'd mind

" To no bafe fears inglorioufly inclin'd ;

" In ruder toils, in dangers greater far,

" Above misfortune, and above defpair.

" Think, if report that patient hero finds,

" (Where now he roves the fport of angry winds)

" That

IMITATIONS.

Verfe 111, *Hor. Epif.* 2, *lib.* 1. and *Tull. Offic.* 1.

“ That you fell victim to your coward fears :
“ Think, how that news will thunder in his ears.
“ Fix in his breast a wound can ne’er be cur’d,
“ More grievous far than all he yet endur’d.”

120

He said---and once more pointing to the fields,
The peace, the plenty which fair *Egypt* yields ;
Where endless beauties meet your ravish’d eyes,
And more than twice ten thousand towns arise ;
He prais’d that wise, well regulated state,
Whose poor were guarded from th’ oppressive Great ;
Their sons accustom’d from their tend’rest youth
T’ obedience, toil, sobriety, and truth :
Train’d up betimes to cultivate their hearts
With useful knowledge, and the lib’ral Arts, 130
Admir’d each parent’s piety, and care
T’ inspire his children with Religious fear ;
And teach, with pure disinterest view,
Their rank’s respective duties to pursue ;
Seek Virtue, and fair Fame, by various roads ;
Be just to men, and reverence the Gods.
“ Thrice happy realm !” incessantly he cries,
“ Thus govern’d by a King discreet and wise !
“ Yet greater pleasure must that Monarch feel,
“ Who bears his Empire for the Public Weal. 140
“ On sure foundations he his Glory builds ;
“ His Joys no other than his Virtue yields.
“ Love holds all hearts---a bandage stronger far
“ Than the base motives of ignoble fear.
“ Gladly they bend, while he with ease controuls ;
“ Deep fix’d without a rival in their souls :

“ And

“ And not a subject but would spend his blood,
 “ To save a Prince so exquisitely good.”

While thus, with proper deference, I attend
 The wise reflections of my virtuous friend, 150
 My thoughts grew calm so late by fear abus'd,
 I felt fresh courage o'er my soul diffus'd.
 And now to *Memphis* leisurely we pass,
 Renown'd for wealth and elegance of taste;
 Whose pow'ful Viceroy instantly decreed
 Our course to *Thebes*, the Capital, with speed.
 That of our state *Sesostris* might enquire,
 Sole Judge of Captures, and much piqu'd at *Tyre*.
 Again we plough'd the *Nile's* argenteous stream
 To *Thebes*, illustrious in the rolls of fame; 160
 Whose hundred Gates magnificently great
 Had made *Sesostris* choose it for his Seat.
 Of vast extent this country we found,
 No town of *Greece* did with such tribes abound;
 Its streets dispos'd with excellent design,
 It's conduits finish'd with a skill divine.
 Here, baths commodious healing pow'rs disclose,
 There, public schools and arsenals arose;

Th

NOTE.

Verse 160, To *Thebes*—The Scriptures call this *No Ammon*, and the *Grecians* *Diopolis*, or the City of *Jupiter*. The length of it, we are told, before it was demolished by *Cambyfes*, was four hundred and twenty stadia, or fifty-two miles and a half. Its hundred Gates are mentioned by *Homer*: but it has been thought by some, that by these hundred Gates is really meant so many Temples. Since, according to modern observations on its ruins, the City never had any walls. Here was the famous statue of *Memnon*, and the sepulchres of the *Egyptian* Kings; some of which are still in being, and the painting on them quite fresh.

The stately Forum in the midst was plac'd,
With chrystal fountains, and with pillars grac'd. 170
Each marble Temple, and each hallow'd Fane,
Of work exact; majestically plain.

The Royal Dome itself a town appear'd,
Where thousand beauteous obelisks were rear'd.
Columns and pyramids of heighth unknown;
The statues seem'd of animated stone:
And ev'ry utensil our eyes behold,
Or wrought in silver or of massy gold.

And now the Monarch was inform'd by those,
Who thus detain'd us as his hated foes, 180
How justly we our liberty had lost:
Surpriz'd in *Tyrian* vessel on his coast.
(For he each day some stated hours assign'd,
That all his subjects sure redress might find:
Submit their hardships to their Sov'reign's eyes,
Or, as they pleas'd, for public good advise.)
No wretch so mean but for his aid might call:
Who held that Princes should be kind to all.

Their suits he heard, and granted their desire;
Their common Guardian, and their common Sire. 190
Well pleas'd when Strangers visited his Court,
He entertain'd them in a Princely sort:
Convinc'd, that foreign States and Laws well known,
Contribute daily to improve our own.

It was to feed this commendable flame,
That we, his Captives, to his presence came:
We saw him now with all his glories on,
Sublimely seated on an Iv'ry throne;

A golden sceptre in his hand he bears
 Majestic, mild, and charming ev'n in years. 200
 His glorious custom, each returning day,
 In public Court his Justice to display :
 His condescension and his prudence such,
 As none could rev'rence, and admire too much.
 When scarce each ev'ning by the setting Sun,
 The various bus'ness of the State was done ;
 What time remain'd was spent on noblest things,
 On Lectures worthy of the ears of Kings :
 Or Converse sweet with men of worth approv'd,
 Whom well he chose, and sisted ere he lov'd. 210
 Two faults alone his memory could stain,
 In all the trials of so long a reign :
 That, too severe to those he had subdu'd,
 Ev'n Kings when vanquish'd as his Slaves he view'd ;
 And that too great a confidence he plac'd
 In one his own munificence had rais'd :
 A faithless wretch, his Minister of State,
 Whose num'rous failings I shall soon relate.
 In pity to a youth (whose blooming grace
 Not ev'n misfortune could as yet efface) 220
 With accent mild, and words that charm'd our ear,
 He ask'd my country, and my name to hear.

“ Dread

NOTE.

Verse 214, *Ev'n Kings*—*Sesostris* is said to have harnessed the
 Kings his prisoners, and to have obliged them, like so many
 horses, to draw his chariot; till observing one of them to fix
 his eyes very earnestly upon the wheel, he stopped, and de-
 manded to know the reason of it. The unhappy Monarch
 replied, It put him in mind of the Wheel of Fortune; where
 he, who was now at the top, might a moment after be at the
 bottom.

" Dread Sir," said I, " you know the Siege of *Troy*
 " Which *Greece* in league united to destroy :
 " Which ten long years impenetrable stood,
 " Obtain'd at last with torrents of our blood.
 " Among the leaders there of chief renown,
 " *Ulysses*, my much honour'd fire, was one :
 " Who now an exile on the boundless main
 " Pursues his realm, his *Ithaca* in vain. 230
 " While him I search, misfortunes like his own
 " Have me a captive on your borders thrown :
 " O save a wretched Prince ! and back remand
 " To his lost Father, and his native land.
 " So may th' Immortal Gods your love requite !
 " And long preserve your children to your sight !
 " Long may you live, and they your bounty share ;
 " Supremely blest in your paternal care !"

My plaint thus utter'd touched his gen'rous mind,
 Which still to pity graciously inclin'd : 240

But doubtful of my faith, he order'd one
 Who stood attendant on his princely throne,
 T' examine well our captors, and enquire
 If we were truly *Greeks*, or Slaves of *Tyre* ?
 " If from *Phœnicia's* coast," said he, " they came,
 " They merit double punishment, and blame ;
 " Who ventur'd thus, when our detested foes,
 " Upon our Royal Judgment to impose.
 " But if they sail'd from any realm of *Greece*,
 " They are welcome here ; and may depart in peace. 250
 " Our royal navy shall their course attend ;
 " For *Greece* I value, and esteem my friend.

" Nor want we for that friendship weighty cause,
 " To us she stands indebted for her laws.
 " I know the valour of *Alcmena's* Son,
 " Th' immortal glory which *Achilles* won;
 " With admiration hear *Ulysses'* name,
 " No stranger to his suff'rings, and his fame.
 " It glads our princely heart to help th' oppress'd,
 " And succour injur'd Virtue when distress'd." 260
 The person charg'd by this illustrious King,
 A just account of our affairs to bring,

The

NOTES.

Verse 254, *To us She stands indebted for her laws*—*Solon* and *Lycurgus*, the two celebrated lawgivers of the *Athenians* and *Spartans*, both visited *Egypt* for the sake of improvement, and compiled chiefly from thence the body of their laws. *Solon* is said to have been intimately acquainted with *Psenophis* the *Helio-politan*, and *Sonchis* the *Saite*, the most learned priest of that age and country.

Verse 255, *I know the valour of Alcmena's Son*—*Varro* reckons forty-five heroes of the name of *Hercules*, the most ancient of which was the *Tyrian Hercules*: but the son of *Jupiter* and *Alcmena*, the wife of *Amphitryon* King of *Thebes*, is by far the most celebrated; insomuch that the exploits of all the rest have been attributed to him. His twelve labours are well known; and it may be observed, that the greatest part of his merit was of the military kind, or such as consisted in mere bodily strength: but the fable of his relieving *Atlas*, by taking the heavens on his shoulders, does honour to his learning; it being evident that this took its rise from his great skill in *Astronomy*, which he is said to have first taught the *Greeks*, having himself received instructions from *Atlas* for that purpose. The reader will find an account of his death in the 15th book. After which, the poets tell us, he was translated to heaven; and there married to *Hebe* the Cupbearer of *Jupiter*, who was the daughter of *Juno*, and Goddess of Youth.

Verse 256, *Th' immortal glory which Achilles won*—To give a full account of this hero, would be to transcribe the whole *Iliad* of *Homer*. It may be sufficient in this place to say, that he was the son of *Peleus*, by the Goddess *Thetis*, and King of *Phthia* a province of *Thessaly*.

The meaner paths of villainy pursu'd,
Base, as his Sov'reign was sincere and good :
His soul to Truth, Integrity, and Shame
A stranger quite ; and *Metopbis* his name.
By many a wily artifice he tries
T' ensnare our minds, and take us by surprize ;
But finding *Mentor* cautious to reply,
And that he answer'd more discreet than I, 270
This worthy man he with aversion view'd :
To vicious minds so odious are the Good.
Henceforth our mutual converse had an end,
Nor learn'd I after what befell my friend.
A thunder-stroke to me this parting prov'd,
To be thus sever'd from the man I lov'd.
But plain the views of *Metopbis* appear'd :
One might gainsay, what t'other had aver'd ;
Or I, deluded by vain hopes, reveal
What *Mentor's* better judgment could conceal. 280
In short, the truth he wanted not to learn ;
To cheat *Sesestris* was his great concern,
Make him believe we from *Phœnicia* came ;
And to our freedom, as his prize, lay claim.
That prudent Monarch was, in fact, deceiv'd :
And we, though innocent, were not believ'd.
Alas ! Beneath what ills do Monarchs groan !
What various baseness circumvents their throne !
The wisest of them all are dupes to those
Who know no path but what their int'rest shows. 290
The Good, averse to flattery and lies,
Betimes withdrawn are hidden from their eyes :

For modest Merit waits her Sov'reign's call,
 And Princes rarely find her, if at all.
 But fawning Sycophants are near at hand,
 Forward to please, and ready at command;
 Expert in fraud, and base dissembling arts,
 And fond to prostitute their venal hearts;
 To barter honour for unworthy gains,
 And soothe the follies of the Wretch that reigns. 300
 O Greatness! Prey to those it most should hate!
 O the dire chance of Royalty and State!
 When Kings thus listen to the Syren-voice
 Of impious flatt'ry, and make that their choice;
 When honest truth is banish'd from the Throne,
 Adieu to fame! Those Monarchs are undone.
 Such were the thoughts suggested by my grief,
 I *Mentor's* counsels call'd to my relief.
 Meanwhile, by *Metophis's* superb command,
 Was I now sentenc'd to a desert land; 310
 With other slaves his cattle to defend,
 Where wilds of rocky *Oasis* extend.

Calypso here broke in upon his tale:

"O youth, what means could on your soul prevail,
 "Who scorn'd in *Sicily* that thought to bear,
 "And could ev'n Death to Servitude prefer?"
 The force of grief, he cried; which daily grew
 By far more pressing than before I knew.
 That wretched comfort I possess'd no more,
 To chuse 'twixt death and slav'ry as before; 320
 Doom'd

NOTE.

Verse 312, *Where wilds of rocky Oasis*—A part of *Libya*, extremely barren, and surrounded on all sides by a sandy desert.

Doom'd to the latter, and compell'd to sup
 The last foul dregs of Fortune's bitt'rest cup.
 No glimpse of hope my servile chain to break,
 Nor had I pow'r in my defence to speak.
 A like misfortune, and an equal fate,
 In *Ethiopia* did on *Mentor* wait:
 Who says, that barter'd like myself for gain,
 He took the yoke, and follow'd in the train.

The *Lybian* desarts fill'd my soul with dread,
 Whose burning sands o'er all the plain were spread. 330
 Eternal frost possess'd the mountain's brows,
 Their tops were white with everlasting snows:
 All pasture here was to the herds denied,
 Save what kind Nature from the rocks supplied;
 The vale beneath these hills' amazing height
 The Sun scarce reaches with his piercing light.
 No face of man to cheer the dire abode,
 But boors unpolish'd as the ground they trod.
 The tedious nights in tears I pass'd away,
 In loathsome toil the melancholy day; 340
 Pursu'd my herd through all the sultry plain,
 To shun the fury of a brutal swain,
 A senior slave; whose pride was to abuse,
 And all his fellows to their Lord accuse.
Butis his name; who with perfidious art
 Thus strove t'endear him to his Master's heart.

D 3

Officious

NOTE.

Verse 326, *In Ethiopia*—The *Ethiopians*, according to *Bochart*, were an ancient colony of the *Egyptians*.

Officious seem'd his int'rest to regard,
 And hop'd his freedom as a sure reward.
 Such was my state—when, hopelefs of relief,
 I scarce sustain'd the burthen of my grief. 350

Once as unmindful of my charge I stray'd,
 And all extended on the earth was laid,
 A gloomly cave wide op'ning at my head,
 And prais'd the blest condition of the dead;
 Desiring here to end my wretched days,
 No spirits left my drooping soul to raise;
 A sudden tremor seiz'd the mountains round,
 The oaks, the pines, seem'd rooted from the ground.
 Forth from the cavern, with unusual noise
 Like distant thunders, was heard a voice. 360

Still as the grave was every breath of air,
 When words like these surpriz'd my trembling ear.
 " O Son of Great *Ulysses*! Be your aim,
 " Like him, by patience to aspire to fame;
 " The Prince who no adversity hath known,
 " But ill deserves his dignity and throne;
 " His soul by soft luxurious passions sway'd,
 " And pride's intoxicating pow'r betray'd.
 " Yield not to suff'rings, but dispel your fears:
 " A series waits you of far happier years. 370
 " The time will come when you no more shall mourn,
 " But to your native *Ithaca* return:
 " Your glorious actions shall triumphant rise,
 " As sweetest incense to perfume the skies.

" When

IMITATIONS.

Verse 350, *Hom. Odyf.* 4.

Verse 368, *Sen. in Oed.*

“ When Lord of others, think upon this hour;
“ That you were once thus wretched, and thus poor:
“ Bless all your subjects with a mild controul,
“ Relieve th’ oppress’d, and raise the afflicted soul.
“ Shun flattery, and learn—the way to fame
“ Is this, your own unruly will to tame. 380

The heav’nly counsel which these words impart,
That instant took possession of my heart:
A pleasing gladness now my spirits cheer’d,
Returning courage in my breast appear’d.
My hair no more, as erst, erected stood,
No horrors felt I to congeal my blood:
(Those agonizing pains which mortals feel
To whom high Heaven would its will reveal)
Serene I rose, and with prostration meet,
And hands uprais’d, the friendly pow’r I greet: 390
With adoration to *Minerva* bend,
Who to my hopes this comfort deign’d to send.
A diff’rent Creature from that hour I grew,
Resolving Reason’s dictates to pursue:
Fresh strength perceiv’d to curb unmanly rage,
And check the rashness of my tender age.
The neighb’ring rustics all admir’d, and lov’d;
Ev’n savage *Butis* this my change approv’d:
And, while my punctual labours I fulfill’d,
My winning grace oblig’d ev’n him to yield. 400
That Tyrant-slave, who shew’d too plain before,
His heart to mine no kind affections bore.

To soothe my troubles, and my mind unbend
From cares which sad captivity attend;

I fought from books some wholesome kind relief,
 Some med'cine for a soul now sick with grief.
 Happy, said I, the few, whom better choice
 Hath made superior to all sensual joys!
 Whose heart delights more rational can please,
 In virtuous innocence, and learned ease! 410
 Who well amus'd each leisure-hour bestow,
 To gain that godlike attribute to know!
 No change disturbs them, and no frowns of fate:
 They've that within can happiness compleat:
 Those gloomy thoughts are strangers to their breast,
 Which some in highest affluence molest:
 Intent on study, which all joy supplies,
 They taste delights which Heav'n to me denies.
 While musing thus, unwarily I rove
 Beneath the covert of a sacred grove; 420
 O' th' sudden I perceiv'd before me stand
 A rev'rend Sage with volume in his hand.
 His head was bald, which shew'd him past his prime,
 And somewhat wrinkled by the shocks of time.
 His silver beard in wavy ringlets past,
 Low as the girdle on his slender waist.
 His height majestic, awful was his mien,
 His visage ruddy, healthful, and serene:
 Unusual fire still sparkled in his eyes,
 His voice harmonious, and his converse wise. 430
 Ne'er saw I man so graceful when in years,
 As *Termofiris*: for that name he bears.

Amidst

IMITATIONS.

Verse 411, *Tull. Orat. pro Arch. Poet. Id. de sen. 5.*Verse 423, *Plin. Epist. 1. 10.*

Amidst the honours of this sacred Wood,
 On pillars rais'd a Marble Temple stood,
 The work of *Egypt's* Kings: Who to display
 Their zeal, had giv'n it to the God of Day.
 This was His Priest: presiding o'er th' abodes,
 His book was Hymns in honour of the Gods.
 Onward he came with looks compos'd, and kind;
 Nor long, ere both in conversation join'd. 440
 The facts of ages past so well he knew,
 They seem'd as fresh, and present to my view:
 Yet so concisely told, so mov'd desire,
 They entertain'd me, but could never tire.
 By long experience of the human mind,
 He knew before what ev'ry man design'd:
 And yet no conscious pride did he betray,
 His air was easy, affable, and gay.
 Not smiling youth with half that grace appears
 As *Termosiris*, though advanc'd in years. 450
 No foe to blooming vigour, could he find
 It was to virtue, and fair truth inclin'd.
 I soon endear'd me to his tend'rest love:
 He gave me books my sorrows to remove,
 Call'd me his child; nor much behind I came,
 Who often hail'd him with a father's name.
 Heav'n still, said I, is kind: No more I rue,
 It took my *Mentor*, but it gave me you.
 And sure if ever *Orpheus* was inspir'd,
 Or *Linus*' self with rage poetic fir'd; 460
 This

NOTE.

Verse 459, *And sure if ever Orpheus*—Son of *Apollo* by the
 Muse *Calliope*, and born in *Thrace*; being a *Greek* poet more
 ancient

This man was equal object of their love,
 As much the fav'rite of the Gods above.
 Full oft my drooping fancy would he raise,
 With repetition of his charming lays;
 And give me various volumes to peruse:
 The fav'rite Bards of each harmonious Muse.
 Where'er with decent majesty he rose,
 In vest un sullied as descending snows;
 With iv'ry harp in hand prepar'd to sing,
 And touch'd with master-stroke the trembling string; 470
 The spotted tiger, and the brindled bear,
 Forgot their rage, and eager rush'd to hear.
 The lions, ravish'd with a strain so sweet,
 Fawn'd at his side, and cowering lick'd his feet.
 The Satyrs left their groves, and at the sound
 Melodious, join'd in mimick dance around.
 The very trees and rocks in pure delight,
 Seem'd as descending from the mountain's height.
 No vulgar subject to his lyre was giv'n:
 He sang th' Immortals, and the pow'r of Heav'n; 480
 Heroes and Demigods, who bravely dar'd
 To spurn at pleasure, and true fame preferr'd.

Oft

NOTES.

ancient than *Homer* himself. He was author of thirty-nine poems, which are all lost, except a few hymns and fragments which are supposed to be not genuine.

Verse 460, *Or Linus's self*—Another son of *Apollo* by the Muse *Terpsichore*. He was a native of *Chalcis*, and the author of Lyric poetry: he is thought to have first brought the letters of the *Phœnician Alphabet* into *Greece*, where he was preceptor to *Hercules*.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 469, *Vir. Geor. 4. Eccl. 6. and Ov. Met. 11.*

Oft would he tell me to surcease my moan;
 Heav'n would ne'er leave *Ulysses*, nor his Son.
 Bade me *Apollo's* great example see,
 Like him resume my courage, and be free:
 Like him reform a savage, brutal race,
 And introduce them to the Muses grace.

Enrag'd, said he, the great *Apollo* view'd,
 That mighty *Jove* his thunders should obtrude; 490
 With clouds and tempests should obscure his rays
 T' eclipse the glory of his brightest days:
 He vow'd revenge on all his *Cyclop* foes,
 Whose brawny arms those thunders did compose;
 Twang'd his dread bow, and aim'd his fatal darts,
 And deep infix'd them in their savage hearts.
 Then *Ætna* ceas'd with haughty crest to aspire,
 In clouds of curling smoke and livid fire;
 Th' alternate stroke of hammers then no more
 Shook the deep caverns of the sea and shore: 500
 Th' unpolish'd ores of iron and of brass
 Grew soon a rusty, and mishapen mass.
 Up from his Forge, with indignation fir'd,
 To high *Olympus*, *Mulciber* retir'd;
 Full many a league with halting gait he past,
 And reach'd the Assembly of the Gods in haste:

His

NOTE.

Verse 504, *To high Olympus, Mulciber retir'd*—*Olympus* was a mountain in *Thessaly*, on whose top the Gods were supposed to have their residence.—*Mulciber*, otherwise call *Vulcan*, from the resemblance of which latter name he is thought to be the same with *Tubal Cain*, the first who invented working in Metals. The poets make him the son of *Jupiter* and *Juno*.

IMITATION.

Verse 495, *Vir. Æn. 8.*

His aged face with sweat and dust besmear'd,
 And bitter plaint 'gainst *Phæbus* he preferr'd.
 Who straight was banish'd by Almighty *Jove*,
 And headlong driven from the realms above. 510
 Meanwhile his golden Chariot, though alone,
 Yet roll'd spontaneous; and with lustre shone:
 Nor ever from its course diurnal swerv'd,
 But all the Seasons to mankind preserv'd.

Apollo, stript of ev'ry glorious beam,
 And sunk at once to poverty extreme,
 An herdsman's office from *Admetus* gains,
 To feed his cattle on *Theſſalian* plains.
 'Twas here that first with captivating song,
 And heav'nly pipe, he won upon the throng: 520
 Th' admiring swains in crowds around him pour,
 By each fair fountain, and each chequer'd bow'r.
 Till then they liv'd with rude unpolish'd hearts
 Strangers to Science, and the lib'ral Arts:
 To milk their tender flocks, and shear their sheep,
 Press the rich curd, and toilsome vigils keep,
 Was all their care. The fertile plains around
 A desert seem'd, inhospitable ground.
 But he, by swift insensible degrees,
 Shew'd them all Nature, and her pow'r to please. 530
 Oft

NOTES.

Verse 505, *Full many a league with halting gait*—*Vulcan* was represented lame, from an hurt which he received in his fall upon the island of *Lemnos*: when *Jupiter*, enraged at his being so deformed, kicked him out of Heaven.

Verse 517, *An herdsman's office from Admetus*—A King of *Theſſaly*, which country was in great repute for the excellence of its pasture.

Of in the leafy covert would he sing
The flow'rs, and odours of the breathing spring:
How Earth rejoic'd his various charms to meet,
And spread her verdant carpet for his feet.
He sung how Summer, with a lib'ral hand,
With kindly breezes, and with zephyrs bland
Refresh'd our nights; and ease to men had giv'n:
The soil still wat'ring with the dew of heav'n.
Luxuriant Autumn next employ'd his lays,
Its wavy prospects, and its fruits to praise: 540
When bent beneath his load th' industrious swain
Was amply recompenc'd for all his pain.
Not hoary Winter could escape his lyre,
With youthful frolic round the social fire.
And next he painted to their ravish'd sight,
Those gloomy groves that veil'd the mountain's height;
And tufted vallies, where with humid train
Meandring rivers wanton'd in the plain:
Describ'd the beauties of a life serene,
Where simple Nature decks the rural scene. 550
The clown thus lifted from his abject state,
Soon rose superior to the rich and great:
His homely cottage, and his oaten reed
Did all the sweets of royalty exceed;
Afforded pleasure of that purer sort
Which shuns the pomp and pageantry of Court.
Here Mirth disporting with the Graces mild,
And tender artless loves their cares beguil'd;
Their easy labours still to joy gave way,
And each returning Sun made holyday. 560
No

No sound was heard, but what the gentle breeze
 In sportive measure whisper'd through the trees;
 Or feather'd songsters warbling out their love,
 And murm'ring waters from the rocks above;
 Or what the rusticks had been taught to sing
 By each fair Muse in honour of their King.
 He taught them further, with indulgence kind,
 In the fleet foot-race to outstrip the wind:
 The pointed jav'lin and the dart to throw
 Swift to the bosom of the bounding roe.
 The Gods, grown envious of these happy plains,
 Desir'd to change condition with the swains;
 Whose lives by far more fortunate appear
 Than what they held above the starry sphere.
 Once more they vote *Apollo* to remove,
 And reinstate him in his throne above.

570

“ Learn hence, my son, the path which leads to fame:
 “ Your's and *Apollo*'s stations are the same.
 “ Refine, like him, these horrible retreats:
 “ And make this wild a wilderness of sweets.
 “ Reduce each rude inhabitant to bounds,
 “ By pow'r of harmony, and magic sounds:
 “ Subdue their stubborn souls, and gently lead;
 “ Teach them in Virtue's flow'ry paths to tread:
 “ Commend a life retir'd, and make them love
 “ Those harmless joys, no trouble can remove.
 “ A day is coming, in the round of fate,
 “ When you exalted high in regal state,

580

“ Distract

IMITATIONS.

Verse 561, *Hor. Epod. 2.* Verse 584, *Soph. in Trach.*

“ Distract with care, the past’ral life shall praise

“ And look with envy on their happier days.”

590

He ended here: and rising from his seat,
Gave me a flute so exquisitely sweet;

The mountain Echoes with amazement heard,
The swains in troops encircling me appear’d;

A melting softness to my voice was giv’n,
I seem’d transported, and inspir’d by Heav’n;
Oft as I labour’d, with celestial lays,

All Nature’s wonders, and her gifts to praise.

Whole days we pass’d with infinite delight,
Encroaching frequent on the shades of night.

600

No more the shepherds to their cots repair,

No more were mindful of their fleecy care;

The gaping crowds, like statues, I perceive

Fix’d and attentive to th’ advice I give.

No more the desert wore that horrid face,

But sweets unlook’d for, and surprizing grace;

So much could Virtue civilize the place.

Oft we assembled, and with glorious train

Devoutly pass’d to Great *Apollo’s* Fane:

Our choicest victims at his altars bled,

610

His aged Priest the bright procession led;

While ev’ry swain his hallow’d courts that trod

Wore laurel crowns in honour of the God.

With flow’ry garlands see each maid advance

To join her fellows in the mystic dance:

The sacred baskets on their heads they bore

With gifts and odours to invoke his pow’r.

Our

Our vows accomplish'd with religious care,
 We haste the rural banquet to prepare :
 No dainties grac'd our hospitable board, 620
 But what our goats and bleating flocks afford ;
 Their milk which ev'ry appetite could please,
 And ripen'd fruits fresh gather'd from the trees :
 As dates and figs, of sweetest honied taste,
 And purple grapes to finish the repast.
 Our seat the grassy turf. The shady bow'rs
 Thick spread above, and interwove with flow'rs ;
 Supplied a far more elegant retreat
 Than gilded roofs and mansions of the great.

What most contributed t'exalt my fame, 630
 And made those regions to resound my name
 Was—that a lion I one day behold
 By hunger prompted to o'erleap my fold.
 A dreadful carnage quickly did appear,
 Nor had I weapons for so fierce a war :
 A shepherd's crook was all I had to show,
 With this I ventur'd to approach the foe.
 His horrid mane like spears erected stood,
 His teeth and claws with inward dread I view'd :
 His bloody eyes shot forth a dreadful gleam, 640
 Parch'd was his throat, and like devouring flame.
 His monstrous tail with terror I descried
 Incessant rise, to lash his angry side.
 Prostrate the monster at my feet I laid ;
 The slender mail with which I was array'd,

(The

IMITATIONS.

Verse 619, *Hom. Iliad* 1.Verse 620, *Virg. in Cul.*

(The common garb *Egyptian* Pastors wear)
 Preserv'd me harmless in so rude a war.
 Three times he rais'd him with indignant bound,
 As oft I struck him gasping to the ground :
 The hot dispute unwillingly he bore, 650
 While the wide forest trembled at his roar ;
 At length both arms about his neck I place,
 And hug him lifeless in a close embrace.
 The trembling hinds, who saw my glorious toils,
 With shouts invest me with his shaggy spoils.
 The fame of this incredible defeat,
 The change too wrought in this obscure retreat ;
 With admiration strange all *Egypt* hears,
 And soon it reach'd the Great *Seiosiris'* ears :
 That one made captive by his conqu'ring host, 660
 On board a vessel from the *Tyrian* coast ;
 The Golden Age was able to restore,
 In deserts scarce accessible before.
 He lov'd the Muses, and his gen'rous heart
 Admir'd whoe'er could ought of use impart ;
 Soon he recall'd me from this irksome plain,
 Impatient till he saw this happy swain ;
 Heard me with secret joy, and soon perceiv'd
 His fav'rite ill deserv'd to be believ'd :
 That faithless wretch determin'd to remove, 670
 Stripp'd of his wealth, and to a dungeon drove.
 Ah ! wretched fate, said he, of those that reign !
 Surrounded by a false designing train !

VOL. I.

E

Through

IMITATION.

Verse 653, *Virg. Æn. 2.*

Through them alone we see, whose flatt'ry smooth
 Still from their Sov'reign will disguise the truth :
 All with some darling interest in view,
 Pretending zeal, Ambition they pursue ;
 And when the face of loyalty they wear,
 'Tis for our riches, not ourselves they care.
 So small a corner in their hearts we hold,
 They'll basely fawn, and cozen us for gold.

680

Henceforth *Sesostris*, with most kind regard
 Of gen'rous friendship, did my toils reward :
 Decreed me troops, and vessels to command,
 And gave me hopes to see my native land :
 To save my Royal Mother from despair,
 And crush her suitors in a glorious war.
 The fleet now furnish'd to the Bay was brought,
 The present voyage had engross'd my thought :
 With wonder I beheld the turns of Chance,
 Which can so soon the meanest slave advance.
 Who knows, said I, but (all his suff'rings o'er)
Ulysses yet shall bless his native shore ?
 And *Mentor* once more to my sight be shown,
 From *Ethiopia*, and a world unknown ?
 While thus to gain intelligence I stay,
 And too imprudently prolong delay,
 The aged Monarch yielded up his breath,
 And Nature's debt repaid by sudden death.
 My blooming hopes were blasted by that blow ;
 I sunk again to misery and woe.

690

700

Depriv'd

IMITATIONS.

Verse 688, *Hor.* l. 1. *Ode* 34.

Depriv'd at once of him they held so dear,
All *Egypt* dropt a tributary tear:
Each private family in him require
Its faithful friend, protector, and its fire.
With hands uplifted to the pow'rs on high,
Decrepid age thus breath'd a tender sigh:
" Ne'er held these realms so great a Prince before,
" Nor have the Gods another such in store.
" Better had Heav'n ne'er shewn so fair a light, 710
" Than once reveal'd to snatch it from our sight.
" Why drag we on a miserable state,
" Nor rather chuse t' accompany his fate?"
The youthful tribes alike, in melting vein,
Took up the sad, the melancholy strain:
" Fall'n is fair *Egypt*, and her hopes destroy'd,
" Her laurels wither'd, and her sceptre void!
" Our happier fires were born in fort'nate hour:
" Warm'd by his grace, protected by his pow'r.
" But wretched we those joys could only taste, 720
" To feel, with agony, they must not last!"

His sad domestics all refus'd relief,
Whole days and nights were sacrific'd to grief;
Full forty suns alternate set and rise,
In preparation for his obsequies:
When distant nations to his fun'ral came,
And pour'd in crouds to celebrate his fame.
To catch one glance with eager haste they strive,
That still his image in their hearts may live;

E. 2

While

IMITATION.

Verse 719, *Æn.* 6.

While some, through love to their departed friend, 730
 Ev'n in the tomb their Sov'reign would attend.
 What rais'd their loss, and made it past repair
 Was, the small hopes of *Bocchoris*, his heir;
 Who foe to Science, and to Wisdom blind,
 Receiv'd the stranger with a look unkind.
 No gen'rous thirst for glory he possess'd,
 No place had virtue in his haughty breast;
 In short, the splendour of the Father's throne
 Had serv'd t'obscure, and t'eclipse the Son.
 Brought up t'indulge his passions and his ease, 740
 He look'd on others as but form'd to please:
 A slavish herd, by him to be controul'd;
 And fram'd by Nature of some diff'rent mould.
 His sole delight his people to oppress,
 And shed the blood of wretches in distress:
 To all his various vices give a loose,
 And squander treasures with a hand profuse;
 His fire's exchequer, and those funds to drain
 Which he, more frugal, had amass'd in pain.
 The servile flatt'ers which his throne surround, 750
 His ears still open to their counsels found;
 While hoary heads, which Great *Sesostris* priz'd,
 Gave place to boys---were exil'd, and despis'd.

He

NOTES.

Verse 733, *Was the small hopes of Bocchoris his heir*—Here is a small anachronism observable, in making *Bocchoris* the son and immediate successor of *Sesostris*: for it appears from *Herodotus* that *Pheron* was the next King.

Verse 752, *While hoary heads, &c.*—This passage seems pretty exactly copied from the character of *Rehoboam*, in the Second Book of *Chronicles*.

He seem'd a monster of most savage sort,
 Disgrace to majesty, and shame to Court.
 All *Egypt* groan'd: and though *Sesostris*' name
 Reviv'd the thoughts of his immortal fame,
 And made them bear awhile his tyrant son,
 They saw him headlong to destruction run.
 Nor could he possibly maintain his pow'r, 760
 When thus unworthy of the crown he wore.

No more I hop'd mine *Ithaca* to gain;
 Fond were that wish, that expectation vain.

By fair *Pelusium* stood an ancient tow'r,
 Where the swoln billows lash'd the sounding shore:
 (That port where late my navy stood prepar'd,
 Had piteous Heav'n the good *Sesostris* spar'd.)
 Here chose I my abode---Meanwhile, with art,
 Th' abandon'd *Metopbis* had play'd his part;
 Crept from his dungeon, and resum'd his place 770
 In the new Monarch's countenance, and grace:
 To fix me here his prisoner he came,
 And breathing vengeance for his former shame.
 Immerst in grief, and stranger to delights,
 I pass'd my tedious days, and sleepless nights:
 Whate'er the cavern, with prophetic voice,
 Or *Termosiris* had foretold of joys,

E 3

Compar'd

NOTE.

Verse 764, *By fair Pelusium*—So called from the Greek *Pelos*, which signifies Mud, on account of its low situation in the marshes. Or, as others say, from *Peleus* the father of *Achilles* who founded it. It is called by *Hirtius* the Key of *Egypt*; and the lentiles of *Pelusium* are commended both by *Virgil* and *Martial*.

Compar'd with these my present suff'rings seem

As vain illusions, and an empty dream.

Sunk in th' abyis of sorrow and despair,

780

I saw the billows rolling from afar

With fierce assault, and aided by the wind,

To storm the castle where I lay confin'd.

Oft I consider'd, and without a pain,

The vessels bounding o'er the boist'rous main;

In danger hourly on the rocks to meet

A dreadful shipwreck underneath my feet:

Yet shed I not one friendly, pitying tear;

But envied all the hazards which they fear.

If wreck'd, said I, no cares will then molest;

790

If safe, they gain the haven of their rest:

Alas! more wretched far am I than these.

No way to die, no prospect of release!

While thus to sad anxiety consign'd,

With fruitless murmurs and complaints I pin'd;

A croud of masts within my prospect stood,

And seem'd a forest nodding o'er the flood.

The very sea was hid: each swelling sail

Expanded wide to catch the prosp'rous gale,

The foaming billows parted by their oars

800

Retir'd in anger to the distant shores.

And now confusion strange approach'd mine ear,

The shout of armies, and the din of war.

Far as the utmost bank I stretch'd my sight,

And saw th' *Egyptians* arming for the fight:

Part as in panic seem'd, while others greet

With loud acclaim, and usher in the fleet.

Soon

Soon I discover'd that this forc'd combin'd
 Was ships of *Cyprus* and *Phœnicia* join'd:
 No stranger now to maritime affairs,
 Taught by experience of my former cares.
 Too plain I saw that amity was lost,
 And dire dissention fill'd th' *Egyptian* host;
 Their Monarch's crimes with ease I could divine,
 Had forc'd his troops their duty to resign:
 And that oppression carried on so far,
 Had lighted up the flames of civil war.
 From off the turret, where secure I stood,
 I saw them combat in a field of blood.

810

The rebel squadrons who thus desp'rate made
 Had call'd this foreign army to their aid;
 Soon as to shore th' associate bands they bring,
 Attack'd th' *Egyptians* headed by their King.
 I saw this Prince with warlike ardour fir'd,
 Whose great example all his troops inspir'd:
 Like *Mars* himself, his flaming shield he bore,
 While all around were floods of reeking gore.
 His foaming wheels acquir'd a purple stain,
 And roll'd with toil o'er mountains of the slain.

820

Of graceful shape the royal youth was seen,
 Active and strong, and of exalted mien;

830

E 4

But

NOTE.

Verse 809, *Was ships of Cyprus*—An island in the *Mediterranean*, which still retains the same name; and was formerly supposed to be the peculiar residence of *Venus*, who is frequently stiled the *Cyprian Queen*.

IMITATION.

Verse 824, *Hom. Il. 13:*

But rage and fury in his eyes appear ;
 With all the tokens of a deep despair.
 And (like a steed untam'd that with disdain
 Spurs at his rider, and rejects the rein)
 Through ev'ry toil would he to fame aspire,
 Yet wanted prudence to direct his fire.
 Alike unskill'd his follies to repair,
 Or give precise directions for the war ;
 He saw not dangers of most obvious sort, 840
 But squander'd lives which could alone support.
 Yet had he genius too his crown to save ;
 His wit was lively, as his heart was brave ;
 But ne'er instructed to distinguish things,
 By adverse fortune fittest school for Kings.
 His very tutors had his thoughts confin'd,
 By flatt'ry, bane of ev'ry honest mind.
 Drunk with success, and arbitrary sway,
 He look'd that all implicitly obey :
 The least resistance would inflame his ire, 850
 The least obstruction to his lewd desire.
 'Twas then discarded Reason left her throne,
 And left him helpless, wretched and alone :
 By Pride transform'd a brutal life he led,
 And in a moment all his Virtues fled.
 His faithful friends, and counsellors retir'd ;
 Who sooth'd his follies, his esteem acquir'd :
 Destructive schemes and int'rests he pursu'd,
 Became the scorn, and terror of the good.

Yet

IMITATION.

Verse 832, *Ennius*.

Yet still his valour long superior rose 860
To all the daring multitude his foes :
At length by numbers cruelly oppress'd,
A *Tyrian* jav'lin enter'd at his breast.
Down from his hand now dropt the golden rein,
He tumbled headlong to the sanguine plain ;
The gilded chariot, where so late he rode,
The fiery coursers, trampling in his blood.
A *Cyprian* foldier next, with hostile blow,
Struck off the head of his illustrious foe ;
And grasping by its hair, with impious boast, 870
In triumph shew'd it to the victor host.

The shock I felt at this so foul disgrace,
No time can ever from my mind efface.
The bleeding front did yet no fears betray,
His eyes no longer could admit the day ;
Pale was his face, with many a dreadful streak,
His mouth half open'd as in act to speak :
As eager to express, yet wanting breath ;
Haughty his air, and threat'ning ev'n in death.

Long as I live, and draw this vital air, 880
That dreadful scene will to my sight appear.
And should the Gods, in pity to my moan,
At length advance me to my father's throne ;
That dire example will possess me whole,
And print this lasting truth upon my soul :
That he alone is worthy to preside,
He only blest, whose reason is his guide.

For oh! how great the misery to feel—
That one, exalted for the public weal,
Should only of mankind be rank'd the first; 890
To make them more emphatically curst!

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.



BOOK III.

ULYSSES parting with his infant son TELEMACHUS
Book 3.



London: Sculp.

W. B. Smith Del.

Take, take him, went he on, yet take him friends,
For on your Zeal alone his fate depends:
His infancy protect, and teach him well
That real Conquerors part, himself to quell.

Published as the Act directs, by M.A. Moulton. Sep. 1. 1792.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus relates how he was set at liberty, together with all the rest of the Tyrian prisoners, by the successor of Bocchoris: and sailed with them to Tyre on board the Admiral's ship, whose name was Narbal. That Narbal described to him their King Pygmalion, whose cruel avarice was to be dreaded: that Narbal afterwards instructed him in all the regulations relating to commerce at Tyre. That being just ready to embark on board a Cyprian vessel, in order to return by the way of Cyprus to Ithaca, Pygmalion discovered him to be a stranger, and gave orders to have him apprehended. That by this means he was brought in imminent danger of his life, when Astarbe, the King's Mistress, unexpectedly saved him; in order to have a young man, who slighted her, put to death in his place.

CALYPSO heard with pleasure and surprize
Th' account of conduct so discreet and wise.
What charm'd her most was that ingenious zeal
For truth, which made him ev'n his faults reveal:
Oft as unguarded youth had rashly err'd,
Or self-conceit to *Mentor* was preferr'd
She prais'd the virtuous Prince whose gen'rous breast
A soul of so much dignity possest;

Who

Who to himself severe more mod'rate grew,
 And still more prudent, by the toils he knew. 10
 " Proceed, my dear *Telemachus*, she said;
 " I burn to know what unexpected aid
 " Freed you from *Egypt*, and that friend restor'd,
 " Whose fatal loss so justly you deplor'd."

The Royal party, he resum'd, (though good
 And worthy all) no more unshaken stood:
 They saw their Monarch breathless on the field,
 And prest by numbers were constrain'd to yield:
Termutis' name through all the croud was heard,
 Who to the vacant sceptre was preferr'd. 20
 The *Cyprian* host, with their allies of *Tyre*,
 Leagu'd with *Termutis*, instantly retire.
 The *Tyrian* captives by that league were free,
 A num'rous band, in which they counted me.
 I left my tow'r embarking with the rest,
 A dawn of hope now rising in my breast.

The sails unfurl'd soon caught the kindling breeze,
 A glorious navy cover'd all the seas:
 Struck by our oars the foaming billows rise,
 And shouts triumphant rend the distant skies. 30
 Back fled fair *Egypt*, and her fruitful coast,
 Her tow'ring hills insensibly we lost;
 And scarce an object to our sight was giv'n,
 Save the wide ocean and chrystalline heav'n.
 From *Thetis'* lap now rose the golden sun,
 With sparkling beams his daily course to run;

The

IMITATIONS.

Verse 34, *Virg. Æn.* 3. and *Hom. Od.* 12.

The mountain-summits gilding from afar,
Which just above th' horizon seem'd t' appear.
Heav'ns blue expanse did ev'ry sweet display,
And gave us omen of a prosp'rous way.

40

Releas'd as *Tyrian*, yet of all our crew
Not one my nation or my person knew.
Narbal, beneath whose dread command we steer,
Desir'd my country and my name to hear.
" Since from *Phœnicia*," added he, "you came;
" Say, from what city there your birth you claim?"

" No *Tyrian*, Sir, do you behold," I said;
But one a captive by th' *Egyptians* made.

" In *Tyrian* vessel on this fatal coast,

" As one of *Tyre*, my liberty I lost.

50

" Mistaken thus, much labour I endur'd,

" And the same error my release procur'd."

At this, I found him with impatience glow
My real country and my name to know.

" You see," said I, " the great *Ulysses'* son

" Who fills in *Ithaca* a *Grecian* Throne:

" Of all the Leaders that to *Ilium* came,

" None rose superior to my Sire in fame.

" But righteous Heav'n, with most severe decree,

" Forbids that Sire his *Ithaca* to see.

60

" In vain I've sought the author of my birth,

" Thro' half the kingdoms of the peopled earth;

" While dire misfortunes on my footsteps wait;

" And still pursue me with a father's fate.

" Behold

IMITATION.

Verse 37, *Virg. Æn.* 12.

" Behold a wretch ! whose unambitious mind

" Aims but his Country and his Sire to find."

Surpriz'd he heard, and in my blooming face
Perceiv'd unusual happiness and grace;

Saw, as he thought, that Heav'n had gifts in store,

Confirm'd by tokens which few mortals bore.

70

Mild was his nature, generous and free, •

Nor unconcern'd could my affliction see;

And spake, as if inspir'd by Heav'n's high will,

To save me instant from some threat'ning ill.

" Forbid it Heav'n!" said he, " Thou noble Youth,

" That I should doubt thy honesty and truth;

" Your native sweetness hath too well express'd

" The various virtues which your heart possess'd.

" And well I see th' immortal Gods above

" Are all concern'd your fortunes to improve.

80

" Those Gods, *Telemachus*, those Gods require

" That I henceforth regard you as as your sire:

" Attend while I advise, a pleasing task,

" For which I nought but secrecy shall ask."

" Fear not," I answer'd; " for without a pain

" This faithful bosom can your thoughts contain;

" Young tho' I seem, in this at least I'm Old,

" And always scorn'd my secret to unfold:

" Nor would a friend in confidence betray,

" To rule the world with universal sway.

90

" O say," reply'd he, " in such tender years

" What proofs can you produce to calm my fears?

" 'Twere high delight your conduct to review,

" And know from whence that excellence you drew.

'Tis

" 'Tis wisdom's basis, without which you'll find
 " The greatest talents empty as the wind.
 " *Ulysses* ready," I return'd, " t'employ
 " His arms victorious in the siege of *Troy*;
 " Me on his knees, a tender infant plac'd,
 " And fondly there (as I have learn'd) embrac'd. 100
 " A thousand kisses on my lips impress'd,
 " And thus, in words I little knew, address'd.
 " My child, may Heav'n deprive me of thy sight,
 " Ne'er may I thus behold thee with delight!
 " But may the Fatal Sisters cut thy thread,
 " And thou, thus young, be number'd with the dead;
 " (As the rough mower crops the budding rose
 " Ere half its blooming beauties it disclose)
 " Thy Father's foes to thy destruction join,
 " And rob thy Mother of her bliss and mine; 110
 " If foul Dishonour must distain thy soul,
 " And make thee deaf to virtue's just controul!
 " My friends, to your fidelity approv'd
 " I trust this infant, as my life belov'd:
 " Guard well his tender age, and banish far
 " The Syren-voice of flatt'ry from his ear.
 " If e'er *Ulysses* could your love engage,
 " Teach him to triumph o'er unmanly rage;
 " And, like the tender vine, correction bear,
 " Which bends with ease unto the dresser's care. 120
 " Let

NOTE.

Verse 105, *But may the fatal Sisters*—The names of the three
Farcæ, or Fates, were *Clotho*, *Lachesis*, and *Atropos*. The first
 was to spin the thread of man's life, the second to twist it, and
 the third to cut it.

- " Let nought be spar'd to make him just and good;
 " True to his friend with hazard of his blood.
 " Whoe'er with falshood shall his mind debase,
 " Is man no more; but shame of human race:
 " And who intrusted secrets shall reveal,
 " Unfit to govern for the public weal.
 " This last advice 'tis proper you should hear,
 " Because so oft repeated to mine ear;
 " A ready passage to my soul it won,
 " And oft I ponder'd on it when alone. 130
 " The friends my father's prudence had procur'd,
 " Betimes his son to secrecy inur'd;
 " While yet a puny stripling, I had share
 " In all the sad anxieties they bare:
 " And much they suffer'd from that spendthrift crew
 " Who still with love *Penelope* pursue.
 " Thus in a child they fearless could confide,
 " As one whose Reason would the test abide:
 " No close design, no subject of debate,
 " Was found for my fidelity too great; 140
 " They shew'd me all the schemes their thoughts employ,
 " How best those lawless miscreants to destroy.
 " Well pleas'd I saw the credit I had gain'd,
 " And thought by this to Manhood I attain'd;
 " Nor were their hopes deceiv'd: Reserv'd and close
 " I dropt no word their counsels to expose.
 " Oft would the suitors spread the wily snare,
 " And artful press me, somewhat to declare:
 " In hopes a child, that still so young appear'd,
 " Would quickly publish all he saw or heard. 150
 " I

" I scorn'd a lye; yet artful in my turn,
 " Gave back an answer whence they nought could learn."
 Here *Narbal* interpos'd---" You see, my friend,
 " What great success the *Tyrians* doth attend :
 " They're grown the terror of the nations round,
 " So vast their navy and their strength is found.
 " Far as *Alcides'* pillars do they trade,
 " By wealth superior to all others made.
 " The Great *Sesostris*, though of pow'r posses't,
 " T'extend his conquests o'er the farthest East, 160
 " In vain had strove our navy to withstand,
 " And 'twas with labour he o'ercame by land.
 " 'Tis true, a tribute on our soil was laid,
 " Of which no payment has for years been made.
 " *Phœnicians* mov'd in much too high a sphere,
 " With patient neck his servile yoke to bear.
 " We soon resum'd our liberties; and Fate
 " Permitted not his triumph to compleat.
 " Yet such his wisdom, and his tow'ring thought,
 " We fear'd it more than all the pow'rs he brought: 170
 " But when his frantic Son the sceptre bore,
 " Our fears were flown, and danger was no more.
 " No more th' *Egyptian* hosts with dreaded arms
 " Now fill'd our country, and with dire alarms;

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" But

NOTE.

Verse 157, *Far as Alcides' Pillars*—Near the Streights of Gibraltar are two mountains, *Calpe* and *Abila*; which to mariners at a distance had the appearance of two pillars; who accordingly gave them the name of *Hercules's Pillars*. Because this was the extremity of that hero's conquests to the Westward.

- " But straight implor'd us all our aid to bring,
 " And save their nation from its tyrant King.
 " We did. A glorious epocha for *Tyre* !
 " To raise her freedom, and her fortune higher.
 " But oh !---Th' assertors of th' *Egyptian* cause
 " Are slaves themselves beneath a tyrant's laws. 180
 " Beware, *Telemachus*, from this same hour
 " You come not rashly in *Pygmalion's* pow'r !
 " His hands still reeking with *Sicheus'* blood,
 " His sister's husband, whom his rage pursu'd !
 " With num'rous fleet from *Tyre* Great *Dido* fled,
 " And breathing vengeance for the blood he shed :
 " Attended on her way by clouds of those
 " That honest Virtue and fair Freedom chose.
 " A glorious city on the *Lybian* coasts
 " She rear'd ; and *Carthage* is the name it boasts. 190
 " *Pygmalion's* endless thirst t'increase his hoard,
 " Makes him each day more wretched and abhorr'd ;
 " 'Tis treason grown against the *Tyrian* State,
 " Whoe'er has riches eminently great.

" By

NOTE.

Verse 185, *Great Dido*—*Dido*, *Pygmalion*, and *Barca*, (which last gave name to the noble family of the *Barcæ* in *Africa*) were the children of *Metminus*, King of *Tyre* and *Sidon*. *Pygmalion* succeeded to the throne at the age of sixteen, and in the seventh year of his reign was guilty of this murder of *Sicheus*; being tempted thereto by his great riches; notwithstanding he was both his uncle, and married to his sister. But *Dido*, who was a woman of great address, disappointed him; and, being assisted by her brother *Barca*, made her escape into *Africa*; where she laid the foundation of *Carthage*, which in process of time proved a powerful rival to *Rome* itself.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 183, *Virg. Æn.* 1,

Verse 193, *Petron.*

“ By av’rice, cruel and distrustful made,
“ The rich he views with hate, the poor with dread.
“ True Merit now no longer understood,
“ No crime so great, as to be Just and Good.
“ The Good, he thinks, unanimous declare
“ Against his rapines, and the wrongs they bear: 200
“ Virtue condemns, and wounds his guilty breast;
“ And he in turns her enemy profess.
“ No quiet finds he by his fears betray’d,
“ Starts at himself, and trembles at his shade:
“ Strangers to ease, and to refreshing sleep,
“ His unclos’d eyes eternal vigils keep;
“ While Heav’n, to curse him more, his fancy cloy
“ With endless Treasure which he ne’er enjoys.
“ Whate’er he hopes will happiness compleat,
“ Still proves the means that prospect to defeat; 210
“ He’s rack’d for profit, and with pain bestows;
“ In hourly dread those golden heaps to lose:
“ Is rarely seen, but quits his regal throne;
“ And flies to corners wretched and alone.
“ His foul suspicions banish ev’ry friend,
“ Who dread his presence, fearful to offend.
“ With swords unsheath’d around his Palace-gate,
“ And pikes uprais’d, the dreadful squadrons wait:
“ In thirty rooms thus lonesome and distress’d,
“ With each a passage leading to the rest; 220
“ With iron door, and massive bars secur’d
“ (Strong barricadoe) doth he lie immur’d.
“ No mortal e’er of his domestics knows
“ In which of these he chuses to repose:

“ The fear of ruffians so distracts his frame,
“ ’Tis never two succeeding nights the same.
“ Stranger to ev’ry sweet the Gods bestow,
“ And friendship, dearest of delight below.
“ In vain would friends officious zeal employ,
“ To soothe his breast, and give him taste of joy: 230
“ Alas! no seeds of chearfulness are there,
“ Nor e’er can pleasure mingle with despair.
“ His flaming eyes shoot forth a dreadful gleam,
“ And ever watchful as for danger seem:
“ At slightest noise unusual panics seize,
“ And all the Monarch shudders at a breeze.
“ Languid and pale his wrinkled cheeks appear,
“ The seat of sad solicitude and care,
“ In silence breathing from his inmost soul
“ Those sighs, he now no longer can controul; 240
“ While raging guilt, and infinite remorse,
“ Prey on his vitals with resistless force.
“ The sumptuous banquet is prepar’d in vain,
“ His very children he beholds with pain:
“ Those promis’d comforts of declining age
“ Made foes invet’rate by his brutal rage.
“ Not all the labours of his life insure
“ One easy moment, or one hour secure;
“ Nor could he longer draw his vital air,
“ But murd’ring those who most excite his fear. 250
“ Unthinking wretch! who sees not that the rage
“ He so much trusts his ruin doth presage!
“ For not a slave but would exult with joy
“ From off the earth this monster to destroy.

“ For

“ For me, obedient to the Will of Heav’n,
“ I’ll faithful serve the Monarch it has giv’n:
“ Whate’er befall, preserve th’ allegiance due,
“ Nor in his blood my rebel hands imbrue.
“ Yea, let him slay me on some foul pretence,
“ Ere I be wanting in his just defence. 260
“ But you, *Telemachus*, conceal with care
“ The high descent of Great *Ulysses*’ heir:
“ A weighty ransom will he hope t’ enjoy
“ Whene’er *Ulysses* shall return from *Troy*.
“ Meanwhile, his wretched captive you’ll remain,
“ And in some dungeon fruitlessly complain.”

Soon as the stately tow’rs of *Tyre* we view’d,
His faithful counsel I with care pursu’d:
And soon abundant evidence appear’d,
That all was truth which *Narbal* had declar’d. 270
With wonder I beheld, and scarce conceiv’d
That one so wretched as *Pygmalion* liv’d:
A sight so shocking, and withal so new,
Had ne’er before presented to my view.
Behold, said I, the miserable man
Whose only view was happiness to gain!
Who thought his Riches could that bliss bestow,
And pow’r despotic o’er the slaves below!
Possess’d of all his greedy soul desir’d,
The wealth, the power he so much admir’d, 280
He sees that Riches are amass’d in vain,
And Pow’r is but pre-eminence in pain.
Had he, like me, in humble cottage dwelt,
And all the charms of sweet Contentment felt;

Like me he'd praise that undisturb'd retreat,
 And have some taste of Happiness compleat.
 Partake of rural joys without a groan,
 Those joys conferr'd by Innocence alone;
 Caressing others be by all carest,
 Nor swords, nor poisons terrify his breast. 290
 No longer plagu'd with wealth he dares not reach,
 (Useless to him as sand upon the beach)
 He'd taste the fruits which Nature's hand prepares,
 Stranger to sad anxiety, and cares.
 'Tis true, he seems as all were at his will:
 But 'tis himself that is his torment still.
 Slave to fierce passions which his bosom tear,
 Distrust, and av'rice, and unmanly fear.
 This Lord of others with unbounded sway,
 Great as he seems, is to himself a prey: 300
 His foul desires so many tyrants grown
 Which in his savage breast erect their throne.

Such were the thoughts *Pygmalion's* state inspir'd,
 So censur'd I a Sov'reign so retir'd;
 For none e'er see him. In those lofty tow'rs
 Dreadful to sight, and compass'd by his pow'rs,
 (Who night and day are his attendants sure)
 Close pent he lives; his treasures to secure.
 Here in my mind a parallel I drew,
 Between this Monarch whom no eye could view, 310
 And good *Sesostris*; who but liv'd to bless:
 Courteous, and kind, and easy of access.

Who

IMITATIONS.

Verse 292, *Hor.* lib. 1. *Sat.* 5.

Who look'd on strangers with a curious eye,
 Heard ev'ry grief, and ev'ry plaintive sigh;
 Aim'd from the heart those honest truths to drain,
 Which Kings too oft solicit for in vain.
 That glorious Prince, said I, had nought to fear,
 No secret dread could in his thoughts appear:
 All eyes beheld him, and all eyes approv'd;
 Seen by his subjects, as his sons, belov'd. 320
 But terrors justly on this Monster wait,
 And ev'ry hour seems pregnant with his fate.
 In vain are doors of adamant prepar'd,
 The tyrant's mortal, compass'd with his guard:
 While Great *Sesostris* liv'd to nobler ends,
 Was safe in crouds; his people were his friends.
 As tender fathers with their blooming boys
 Can taste in safety of domestic joys.

The *Cyprian* host which, by th' alliance made
 Between the State, so late had furnish'd aid, 330
 Were now by virtue of the King's command
 Dismiss'd with honour to their native land.
 With joy did *Narbal* this occasion see
 So kind, so opportune, to set me free:
 By his instructions in that army plac'd
 As one of *Cyprus* in review I pass'd.
 For high *Pygmalion's* jealousy was wrought,
 And meanest trifles discompos'd his thought.
 The fault of Princes to their ease resign'd
 Is, trusting fav'rites with affection blind: 340

Pygmalion's

F 4

IMITATION.

Verse 328, *Plin. in Panegy.*

Pygmalion's error was of diff'rent dye,
He saw none good on whom he could rely.
Unable to discern, with judging eyes,
The virtuous few that act without disguise;
He thought none honest among human race:
For none that were, his friendship would embrace.
His Court had from the first been throng'd with knaves,
Dissembling villains, sycophants, and slaves:
Pretending virtue, virtue all betray'd;
He look'd on all men as in masquerade. 350
He deem'd Sincerity was flown from earth,
And thought all mortals were of equal worth;
Deceiv'd by one, he look'd not for another:
'Twas labour lost---each villain had a brother.
The Good appear'd still blackest to his eye,
As joining vices with hypocrisy.
But to return---Mix'd with these *Cyprian* bands
I mock'd his vigilance, and 'scap'd his hands.
The virtuous *Narbal* dreaded a surprize:
For both our lives had fall'n the sacrifice. 360
Wish'd us to sail with vehement desire,
But adverse winds detain'd us long at *Tyre*.
Good use I made of this delay unkind,
To learn their manners, and improve my mind:
T'observe a State was now so famous grown,
Wherever Arts and Sciences were known.
And first, I mark'd with infinite delight
Amidst an Isle its advantageous site:
Beheld the neighb'ring coast with plenty smile,
Rich were its fruits, and fertile was its soil. 370

Unnumber'd

Unnumber'd towns and villages were seen ;
 The climate temp'rate, healthful, and serene ;
 From sultry South by shades of mountains free,
 Northward, refresh'd by breezes from the sea.
 This Isle at foot of *Libanus* appears,
 Whose cloud topt summit reaches to the stars.
 His front is cloath'd with everlasting snow,
 Which pours in torrents o'er the rocks below :
 Beneath, a spacious forest you behold
 Of cedars ancient as their parent mould. 380
 Each limb luxuriant seem'd itself a wood,
 In height extending to the farthest cloud.
 Below this forest, on the steepy side,
 Delightful meads, and pastures I descried ;
 Where lowing herds, a num'rous tribe, I view'd
 Wand'ring secure to crop their flow'ry food :
 Around, the bleating flocks and tender lambs
 Frisk'd o'er the lawn, attended by their dams.
 A thousand diff'rent rivulets from hence,
 To ev'ry part their limpid streams dispense ; 390
 And underneath appear'd the mountain's base
 Which, as a garden, all conspir'd to grace.

There

NOTES.

Verse 375, *This isle at foot of Libanus*—So called from the Phœnician and Hebrew word *Laban*, which signifies *white*—the tops of this mountain being white with snow, the greatest part of the year.

Verse 380, *Of Cedars ancient as their parent, &c.*—The cedars of *Libanus* have been famous in all ages. *David* seems to allude to the great antiquity of them, when he ascribes the plantation of them to God himself in those remarkable words; *Even the cedars of Libanus which Thou hast planted.*

There dancing hand in hand the friendly pow'rs
 Of Spring, and Autumn, join'd both fruits and flow'rs:
 No Southern gales e'er parch'd the painted ground,
 The North was hush; nor breath'd an iron found.

Such was the coast near which, with wide domain,
 Stood ancient *Tyre* uplifted from the main.
 This stately town, as if on float, I view'd
 Nodding supreme, the Empress of the flood. 400
 All traders here, excited by her worth,
 Came from all quarters of the peopled earth;
 And all her sons, with love of gain inspir'd,
 Form'd such a Commerce as the world admir'd.
 Who looks on *Tyre*, will find abundant cause
 To think it govern'd by no private laws:
 No private city e'er appear'd like this,
 Which seems, in truth, the world's Metropolis;
 By situation, and by Nature made
 The Grand Exchange, and Centre of their Trade. 410
 Two spacious moles the harbour's entrance grace,
 And, as with arms, the azure waves embrace;
 Which form a port of most surprizing strength,
 To winds impervious; infinite in length.
 The masts afford a kind of sylvan scene,
 So thick, the sea is scarce discern'd between.
 Each citizen with views commercial fir'd,
 Sees wealth increasing; and is never tir'd.
Egyptian linens exquisitely fine,
 And *Tyrian* purples in all quarters shine: 420

Which

NOTE.

Verse 420, *And Tyrian purples*—One of the most considerable
 branches of *Phanician* trade arose from the fishery upon their
 own

Which doubly ting'd acquire unusual grace,
 Beauty which time itself can ne'er efface.
 For these they traffic with advantage full,
 These colours fix they on the choicest wool;
 Which after they enrich with purest gold,
 And work with silver, curious to behold.
 Nor is their trade too narrowly confin'd,
 They visit all as wafted by the wind:
 The Western *gades* are their only bounds,
 And the vast ocean which the globe furrounds. 430
 Oft have they pass'd the *Erythrean* wave,
 And touch'd at isles which unknown waters lave;
 Whence Gold, and precious Odours they import;
 And Creatures rare of most peculiar sort.

This glorious State so fill'd me with delight,
 I scarce indeed could satisfy my sight.
 Active were all; unlike the towns of *Greece*,
 Curious and idle; lovers of their ease.

Where

NOTES.

own coasts. For the fish which they here caught produced that celebrated purple, which was looked upon as the most beautiful dye in the world. This is now entirely lost: but the authors of the Universal History informs us, that the *Indians* on the coast a little to the Westward of *Panama*, have a kind of fish resembling it, with which they dye their yarn of a red purple.

Verse 429, *The Western Gades*—*Gades*, or *Gadir*, which is said to be the true *Phœnician* name, was one of the most ancient colonies of the *Tyrians*; and is now called *Cadiz*: being a small island of *Hispania Bætica*. Some authors are however of opinion, that they sailed much further Westward; and that several parts of *America* were not unknown to them.

Verse 431, *Erythræan wave*—The *Persian Gulph* took the name of *Erythræan* or *Red Sea* from a Prince, as some say, called *Erythrus* which signifies *red*; or as is more probable, from the reflection of the Sun's rays, which in so warm a climate may give the water a reddish hue.

Where ev'ry sluggard his own scheme pursues;
 To gaze at strangers, or enquire for news. 440
 At *Tyre*, no mortal but had full employ,
 T'unload his cargoe with transporting joy;
 Or fit out more to cross the dang'rous seas,
 Or sell, and reap the fruits of his success:
 Dispose his magazines, and see th' amount
 Of foreign debts; and ballance the account.
 Their very wives were busy at the wheel,
 Or plied their needles for the public weal;
 On curious robes the gay embroid'ry laid,
 Fancied the stuff; and wove the rich brocade. 450

Whence is it, question'd I my friendly host,
 The *Tyrians* thus all commerce have engross'd?
 How roll they thus in opulence and worth,
 'Bove all the nations of the peopled earth?

" Obvious and plain the reason," *Narbal* said:

" By situation they were form'd for trade.

" To this peculiar honour they aspire;

" That Navigation owes its rise to *Tyre*.

" Far as remote antiquity you trace,

" The *Tyrian* sailors hold the foremost place; 460

" Ere *Tiphis* first assay'd the Golden Fleece,

" With a l the boasted Argonauts of *Greece*.

" They

NOTES.

Verse 440, *To gaze at strangers*—This idle custom which prevailed among the *Grecians*, and particularly the *Athenians*, is taken notice of in the *Acts*, and is severely censured by *Demosthenes* in his first *Philippick*.

Verse 459, *Far as remote antiquity*—*Pliny* says, the first contriver of a merchant-ship was one *Hippus*, a *Tyrian*.

IMITATION.

Verse 461, *Virg. Ecl. 4.*

" They first adventur'd other lands to find,
 " All at the mercy of the waves and wind;
 " Fathom'd the deep, and mark'd with just survey
 " The distant stars, and planetary way:
 " To knowledge thus of farthest nations brought,
 " An Art *Chaldea* and fair *Egypt* taught.

" The

NOTES.

Verse 461, *Ere Tiphis first assay'd the Golden Fleece*—The Argonautick expedition being one of the earliest in profane history, and greatly obscured by fable at which the *Greeks* were so ingenious, it is no wonder if at this distance it seems altogether unintelligible. The story is, that *Jason* was sent (as upon an errand which appeared impracticable) by his uncle *Pelias* King of *Theffaly*, to fetch this Golden fleece, which was in the possession of *Æetes* King of *Colchis*, a country lying between the *Euxine Sea* and *Iberia*, and now called *Mengrelia*. This part of *Asia* was then famous for some golden mines. The number of adventurers was fifty-two; of which *Hercules*, *Hylas*, *Theseus*, *Pirithous*, *Orpheus*, *Peleus*, and *Telamon*, were the chief. They were called *Argonauts*, from the ship *Argo* in which they sailed; and which was built by *Argus*, with the assistance of *Minerva*, of the pine trees in *Didona's* grove. And the *Tiphis* here mentioned officiated as pilot. Some say, these *Argonauts* sailed into *Scythia*, and that the Golden Fleece was nothing else but the Great riches of that country, where the inhabitants got large quantities of gold in the rivers near Mount *Caucasus*. And because they made use of sheep skins with the wool on, to take up the gold dust, it gave occasion to call them Golden Fleeces. But what is meant by the Dragon that guarded them, and never slept, is hard at this time to decypher: unless it were a constant guard set over this trade by the King of *Colchis*.

Verse 468, *An art Chaldæa*—*Chaldæa*, or *Babylonia*, had for its metropolis *Babylon* upon the river *Euphrates*; built by *Belus*, or *Ninrod*, and as far as appears from Scripture, the first City after the flood. As this flood in a very open country, viz. the Plains of *Shinaar*, its inhabitants were early famous for their skill in Astronomy; for the improvement of which, they erected an Observatory on the top of the Temple of *Belus*, or the *Babel* of the Holy Scriptures. And so extravagantly vain were

IMITATIONS.

Verse 463, *Hor. lib. 1. Od. 2.*

" The men of *Tyre* are frugal, sober, just,
 " Patient of toil; and faithful to their trust: 470
 " Are govern'd well, their harmony entire,
 " None more sincere, or less indulge desire.
 " Virtue has none more steady in her cause,
 " Or more observing hospitable laws.
 " There needs no other reason that they live
 " To see their Empire and their Commerce thrive:
 " If e'er dissention interrupt their peace,
 " Or idle luxury, and effeminate ease;
 " If e'er their chiefs shall grow averse to pain,
 " Remiss in toil, less frugal, and less plain; 480
 " If Art and Science be no more rever'd,
 " And public faith no longer be preferr'd;
 " If trade and commerce be no longer free,
 " And manufactures in contempt shall be,
 " Nay, should they cease to bend, as now, their mind
 " To make each branch most perfect in its kind;
 " You'll see that Splendour you so much admire
 " Drop into Nothing, with the fall of *Tyre*."

But oh! instruct me in the means, said I,
 To make with *Tyre* mine *Ithaca* to vie. 490

" Learn

NOTES.

were they of their knowledge in these matters, that they pretended to have registered the Transactions of 150,000, according to some, or 473,000 years, according to others; reckoning down to *Alexander*, from the first time they began to observe the stars.

Verse 472, *None more sincere*—In *Virgil*, and *Lucan*, we find a very different account of the *Tyrian* sincerity. But these are both to be understood of the *Carthaginians* only, whose treachery became remarkable even to a proverb. And *Carthage* being nothing more than a colony from *Tyre*, this reproach did not affect the mother-country.

- “ Learn that from hence,” return’d he, “ learn it here:
“ Receive the strangers with a courteous air.
“ Be all your ports convenient, open, free;
“ Secure their goods, and persons let them see.
“ Use no dissembling, avaricious art;
“ Nor leave to Pride one corner of your heart.
“ The way to wealth is not at once to seize,
“ But gain by soft insensible degrees:
“ Know ev’n to lose, in proper time and place;
“ And make all foreigners your love embrace. 500
“ Injurious treatment you sometimes must bear,
“ Be meek; nor rouse their jealousy and fear.
“ Plain rules of Trade religiously observe,
“ Nor suffer any from those rules to swerve:
“ Chastising Pride, and tricks wherever play’d,
“ The pest of traders, and the bane of trade.
“ This counsel above all, be sure, pursue---
“ Engage in nothing with a Selfish view.
“ ’Tis best a Prince be wholly unconcern’d,
“ And leave his subjects what so dear they’ve earn’d; 510
“ He’ll draw sufficient from the common store,
“ But if discourag’d they embark no more.
“ Trade in one path, like certain streams, will go;
“ Once change their channel, and they cease to flow.
“ When foreign merchants leave their native home,
“ ’Tis for their Ease, and Profit too they come:
“ Once make their profit and convenience less;
“ To other ports insensibly they press.
“ Some neighbour nation will attack their sails,
“ And take th’ advantage where your prudence fails. 520
“ But

- " But here 'tis fit *Telemachus* be told,
 " How fall'n is *Tyre* from all her fame of old :
 " O ! had you seen us ere *Pygmalion* rose ;
 " Far greater splendour could we then disclose :
 " You now behold the ruins of the past,
 " Faint relics of a State that must not last.
 " Unhappy *Tyre* ! from what an height thou'rt hurl'd,
 " Who once couldst claim the tribute of the world !
 " *Pygmalion*'s life is sacrific'd to Care,
 " Strangers, and subjects both excite his fear : 530
 " His ports, by custom immemorial, free
 " To farthest nations that should tempt the sea ;
 " Are so no more : while with unjust pretence
 " He asks their number, lading, and from whence ?
 " Each owner registers, their stay, their wares ;
 " And what the price which ev'ry species bears.
 " To make him still more hated and despis'd,
 " With treach'rous view these merchants are surpriz'd :
 " Each wealthy dealer's fair designs are crost,
 " And all his goods by confiscation lost. 540
 " New Duties are impos'd, new Taxes laid ;
 " The King himself will have his share in trade ;
 " Though all mankind his partnership abhor :
 " And thus is Commerce languid grown, and poor.
 " The road to *Tyre* now unfrequented grows,
 " Strangers forget the port, which once they chose ;
 " And

NOTE.

Verse 525, *You now behold the ruins*—This decay of trade was much more visible under the *Roman* Emperors ; when, *Pliny* says, the *Tyrians* retained no part of their commerce, but that for purple.

" And should our Master to his purpose stand,
 " Our wealth, our fame, must grace some happier land."
 Desirous to obtain all proper light,
 And the true art of Governing aright; 550
 I next demanded what peculiar aid
 The *Tyrian* navy thus superior made?
 " Behold," said *Narbal*, " how those woods are stor'd;
 " What stately groves doth *Libanus* afford!
 " There grows the timber for this noble use,
 " Which none to other purpose may abuse.
 " To build our vessels we have artists rare:
 " None may with *Tyrians* in the world compare.
 " And if you ask me, how obtain'd we these?
 " Form'd on the spot, I answer, by degrees. 560
 " Where men of genius meet their just reward,
 " You're sure to have them worthy your regard;
 " And ev'ry work is to perfection brought
 " By those of shining faculties and thought:
 " Who gladly sacrifice their time and ease;
 " For int'rest calls, and all aspire to please.
 " 'Tis Navigation that we most admire,
 " And all that help it are rever'd in *Tyre*.
 " Whoe'er is skill'd in Geometric Arts,
 " Or proves himself Astronomer of parts; 570
 " Or Pilot good, and excellent to steer;
 " Is sure to meet his Compensation here:
 " And ev'ry good mechanic highly priz'd,
 " Well paid, well treated, and is ne'er despis'd.

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" The

IMITATION.

Verse 561, *Tull. Tusc. Qu. 1. Plin.*

" The meanest slave that's ready at his oar,
 " However friendless, destitute, and poor,
 " Has food, and pay proportion'd to his skill,
 " Is not neglected when or lame or ill.
 " And when for foreign service they prepare,
 " Their wives and children are the public care. 580
 " Nay, should they perish by tempestuous wind,
 " The State provides for all they leave behind.
 " One stated time does all their labour last:
 " Dismiss'd, and free, when once that time is past.
 " Thus have we forces in our native land
 " Large as we please, and ready at command.
 " The fire industrious can behold with joy
 " The promis'd good, and educate his boy;
 " Teach from his cradle what himself pursu'd,
 " To row, to sail, and brave the threat'ning flood. 590
 " 'Tis thus our subjects are with ease controul'd,
 " No force but order, and the view of gold:
 " For stern commands alone are little worth,
 " Nor flows obedience from inferior birth;
 " The surest method is to gain their love,
 " And make their duty their advantage prove."

He ended here; and now to diff'rent scenes
 Pointed my view, their stores their magazines:
 Sent me to visit ev'ry dock and yard,
 And mark whate'er their shipping might regard. 600
 So curious, so inquisitive was I,
 No trifling 'scap'd my penetrating eye:

I noted

IMITATION.

Verse 593, *Phædr.* 3, 15.

I noted all which I had there discern'd,
Nor trusted mem'ry for one thing I learn'd.

Meanwhile the friend, to whose obliging care
So much I ow'd, did some discov'ry fear:
He knew his Sov'reign saw with jealous eyes,
Inform'd of all things by his trusty spies;
Who night and day were ready to remark,
And with impatience wish'd me to embark. 610

Alas! we waited for a prosp'rous gale,
And adverse winds permitted not to sail.
While thus the port we curiously survey'd,
Proposing questions to the sons of trade;
Sudden we see (and tremble for our doom)
A Royal Officer to *Narbal* come.

"The King," he cried, "is given to understand,
"(By one who late had in the fleet command,
"And now from *Egypt* in your squadron came)
"You've brought some stranger, and conceal'd his name;
"Who as a *Cyprian* passes in disguise: 620
"My orders are this stranger to surprize.
"That from himself his country he may hear:
"Your head must answer should you not declare."

(That instant I was parted from his side,
At distance wand'ring, and without my guide;
The just proportions of a bark to view,
Which on the stocks just finish'd stood, and new.
And so exact its parts of ev'ry fort;
A better failer never grac'd their port. 630
Much of the master-builder I enquir'd,
Whose skill produc'd a work so much admir'd.)

" I'll seek him now," said *Narbal*, in surprize:

" He's truly *Cyprian*, and in no disguise."

Yet when this messenger had disappear'd,
He ran to tell, that for my life he fear'd.

" Too just, my dear *Telemachus*, hath been

" My dire presage, and all I have foreseen:

" Lost are we both---The King, whose tortur'd breast

" Nor night nor day can e'er compose to rest; 640

" No more a *Cyprian* will believe my friend:

" Warrants are issu'd now to apprehend.

" Good Heav'n! assist us his designs to fly!

" I must resign you, or prepare to die.

" This instant must we to the Palace-gate:

" Be sure to own subjection to that State.

" Firmly maintain---that *Amathus* your town,

" Your sire a sculptor of no small renown;

" Who still for *Venus* frames the costly shrine:

" No other means can save your life and mine. 650

" I'll feign to've known him, and as firmly speak;

" Perhaps he'll free you, and no farther seek."

" O *Narbal*," I reply'd, " permit to fate

" A wretch, whom nought but dire misfortunes wait.

" Death frights not me: and, ah! too much I owe

" Thy love, to make thee partner of my woe.

NOTE.

Verse 647, *Firmly maintain that Amathus*---So named from *Amathus* the son of *Aerias* who founded it; or, as *Bochart* says, from *Amath* the son of *Canaan*. There was in *Cyprus* a Temple dedicated to *Venus Amathusia*: the inhabitants of *Amathus* like-wise worshipped *Adonis*.

IMITATION.

Verse 647, *Œv. Met.* 10.

“ I cannot feign---my soul disdains a lye :
“ Ne’er saw I *Cyprus*, and no *Cyprian* I.
“ The Gods, whose will I steadily perform,
“ With ease can rescue, and dispel the storm. 660
“ In them I trust: who, when they please, can save :
“ But falshood ne’er shall keep me from the grave.”
“ Ah! gen’rous youth,” said he, “ this false pretence
“ Is well consistent with our innocence :
“ The Gods themselves can never be displeas’d,
“ For none are hurt; two guiltless are releas’d.
“ And is the King deceiv’d some little time ?
“ ’Tis to preserve him from a flagrant crime,
“ Too far the love of virtue you pursue,
“ And that respect is to Religion due.” 670
“ Falshood, my friend,” I cried, “ is falshood still :
“ Sufficient this to constitute it ill.
“ Unworthy of that faith to man was giv’n,
“ Who’s bound to truth, and speaks in face of Heav’n.
“ Who risks a lye, against that Heav’n offends :
“ And wounding conscience, wounds the best of friends.
“ Cease then at once an advocate to be
“ For things unworthy both of you and me.
“ Should the just Gods commiserate our case,
“ They know the means to save us from disgrace : 680
“ But should their pleasure be to close these eyes,
“ We fall to truth a glorious sacrifice.
“ Our great example all mankind shall raise ;
“ Preferring innocence to length of days.
“ Too long already doth my life appear,
“ One endless source of misery and care ;

" For you, my *Narbal*, you alone I grieve;
 " My soul is shock'd so dear a friend to leave.
 " Gods! that a love so tender, and so kind
 " For a poor stranger, such return should find!" 690
 Much time in this our friendly contest past,
 When, lo! a courier breathless, and in haste!
 This prov'd another servant of the King,
 Who from *Astarbe* did fresh orders bring.
 This woman had a form divinely fair,
 Such as might ev'n with Goddesses compare:
 To all the charms of person had she join'd
 A flow of wit, and elegance of mind.
 Flatt'ring and false, and practis'd to deceive;
 No eye but lov'd, no ear that could believe. 700
 Deck'd like a Syren with fallacious charms,
 Her heart, like theirs, artificer of harms.
 But well she knew her malice to conceal,
 And make *Pygmalion* all her power to feel:
 Her sparkling wit, and beauty rais'd desire,
 Her voice harmonious, and her breathing lyre.
 The wretched Monarch, blinded by his love,
 Did Royal *Topha* from his grace remove:
 To please th' ambitious fair was all his aim,
 This, bad as av'rice, had obscur'd his fame. 710

But

NOTE.

Verse 701, *Deck'd like a Syren*—The *Syrens* are described as having wings, half women and half fish. They were the daughters of the River *Achelous*, and the Muse *Calliope*. Their habitation was near *Pelorum*, a promontory of *Sicily*; and their name they say is derived from *Sir*, a *Phœnician* word which signifies a *Song*. The poets feigned that, by the harmony of their voices, they enchanted the sailors; by which means they were shipwrecked, and lost upon the rocks.

But yet the charmer he so highly priz'd,
 Within abhorr'd him, and his flame despis'd:
 Yet hid her thoughts, tho' long disgusted grown,
 And artful feign'd to live for him alone.

It chanc'd, to *Tyre* a beauteous *Cretan* came
 Of angel form, and *Malachon* his name:
 Soft his address, and delicate his air;
 For love and pleasure were his only care.
 His thoughts on dear complexion were bestow'd;
 To comb those locks which o'er his shoulders flow'd, 720
 Perfume his person, and his robes behold;
 That ev'ry part preserv'd a graceful fold:
 With voice melodious urge his am'rous suit,
 And notes harmonious of the melting lute.
Astarbe saw, and to distraction lov'd;
 But he as much her passion disapprov'd:
Pygmalion's cruel jealousy he fear'd,
 And to another had his vows preferr'd.
 Thus slighted and despis'd, the furious dame
 Straight to the desp'rate resolution came: 730
 To make this *Malachon* for me be sought,
 The stranger *Narbal* had from *Egypt* brought:
 With ease she taught *Pygmalion* to believe,
 And stopp'd the mouths of those could undeceive.

G 4

For

NOTE.

Verse 716, *Malachon his name*—Derived from the Greek *μαλαχος*, effeminate. This *Malachon* was of *Lyctus*, a town in *Crete*, which is mentioned by *Virgil* as the birth-place of *Idomeneus*.

IMITATION.

Verse 725, *Virg. Ecl. 8.*



For hating all who act to virtuous ends,
 And quite unable to discern his friends,
 The King was compass'd round with artful bands
 Prepar'd to execute his worst commands.

Courtiers like these, with so corrupt a soul,
Astarbe's power could with ease controul; 740
 So great the fear of her displeasure grew,
 Whose haughty air, and interest they knew,
 All follow'd passive as she led the way,
 And join'd their force their Sov'reign to betray.
 Thus was th' unhappy *Malachon* disgrac'd,
 For *Narbal's* friend thus impudently pass'd;
 And close confin'd---tho' ev'ry tongue could tell
 He came from *Crete*, and innocently fell.

Astarbe fearing *Narbal* should disclose
 The fatal secret, and her fraud expose, 750
 Had sent in haste this messenger away,
 And bid to *Narbal* this dispatch convey---

" *Astarbe* charges, on your life forbear
 " Before the King your stranger to declare!
 " Be silent only, and assur'd of this,
 " The King in safety shall you soon dismiss.
 " Meanwhile, with those of *Cyprus*, quick as thought
 " Embark the youth whom you from *Egypt* brought.
 " Let him with care avoid this hostile shore,
 " And in this city be he seen no more." 760

Narbal transported with this pow'r to save
 Himself and me just sinking to the grave,
 Obedience promis'd; which obtain'd, in haste
 The joyful courier to *Astarbe* past.

Narbal,

Narbal, and I, with reverential fear
Ador'd the Gods, whose providence and care
Our faith rewarded; and these signs had giv'n,
That friends to Virtue were the wards of Heav'n.
The guilty Prince with horror, we survey'd
By av'rice thus, and lawless love betray'd; 770
And both agreed his punishment was just:
Rightly he suffer'd for his foul distrust.
A common case, and fit it now appear'd,
That one who had for villainy declar'd;
Slighted the worthy and the good refus'd;
Should live in ign'rance, and be much abus'd.
Behold *Pygmalion*, to his endless shame,
Dupe to an harlot prostitute his fame!
Meanwhile all gracious Heav'n th' advantage draws,
And makes ev'n falshood serve in Virtue's cause; 780
Makes Vice a tool the worthy to preserve,
Who gladly die ere from the truth they'll swerve.

That moment we perceiv'd a prosp'rous gale
Had swell'd the canvas of each *Cyprian* sail.
"The Gods," cried *Narbal*, "ev'ry pow'r divine,
"My dearest youth, to your deliv'rance join:
"Away, *Telemachus*, delay no more,
"But fly this curs'd inhospitable shore.
"Thrice happy he! that blest with such a friend
"Through unknown climates shall your steps attend: 790
"Your firm companion, in whatever state,
"In life, in death; partaker of your fate!

"A

IMITATION.

Verse 778, *Cic. in Verr. 5.*

" A diff'rent lot my fortune had dispos'd,
 " In this sad country must mine eyes be clos'd;
 " With her must I expect some wretched death,
 " And haply in her fall resign my breath.
 " But what of that? So Truth possess me whole
 " And godlike Justice still inspire my soul.
 " For you, *Telemachus*, my constant pray'r
 " Is this---that Heav'n its choicest gifts prepare! 800
 " In Virtue's path direct you to the end,
 " In all your wants its pow'rful arm extend!
 " Live, Royal Youth, to bless your native shore!
 " Avenge your Mother of the wrongs she bore.
 " May yet *Ulysses* valorous, and wise,
 " Fill your embrace; and bless your longing eyes!
 " Your prudent conduct may that sire approve,
 " And find a son well worthy of his love!
 " But, when exalted to this glorious state,
 " Remember *Narbal*, and his wretched fate: 810
 " 'Midst all the joys the bounteous Gods can give,
 " Ne'er cease to love me, till you cease to live."

He ended here: when lo! a tender sigh
 Choak'd up my voice, and hinder'd my reply.
 With floods of tears his bosom I bedew'd,
 And thus in silent extasy we stood.
 Far as my bark he came with friendly care,
 There fix'd remain'd, and with dejected air:
 And when I sail'd, did still with signs pursue,
 Till he, and land, were parted from my view. 820

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

BOOK IV.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Calypso interrupts Telemachus to make him take some repose. Mentor blames him in private for undertaking the story of his Adventures, but since he has begun, advises him to go on with the narration. He relates, that in the voyage from Tyre to the Island of Cyprus, he fell into a dream; and saw Venus and Cupid, from whom Minerva protected him. That Mentor, as he thought, appeared afterwards to him, who exhorted him to fly from the Isle of Cyprus. That upon his awaking from this dream, he had narrowly escaped being wrecked by a tempest; that in order to prevent it, he was obliged himself to take the helm; the Cyprians being all drunk and incapable of service. That on his arrival at Cyprus, he saw with indignation the most pernicious examples; but that Hazael the Syrian, to whom Mentor was a slave, finding him in this place, restored to him his prudent guide; and put them both on board his own ship in order to carry them to Crete. That in their passage they were entertained with a glorious sight of the Goddess Amphitrite, drawn in her Chariot by Sea-horses.

THUS far *Calypso*, with extreme delight,
Had heard the youth his wondrous tale recite:
Now, with a smile, to interrupt him rose,
And press his instant parting to repose.

“ ’Tis

- " 'Tis time," she said, " (the toils and dangers past)
 " That you the sweets of balmy sleep should taste.
 " All here are friends: in safety shall you lie,
 " Dispel your fears, and give a loose to joy.
 " Seize ev'ry gift the bounteous Gods bestow;
 " The peace, the pleasures which around you flow. 10
 " When rosy-finger'd Morn, with rays increas'd,
 " Unlocks the golden portals of the East;
 " When Great *Apollo's* steeds the ocean leave,
 " And all in flames his glorious car upheave,
 " To chace the stars presiding o'er the gloom;
 " The pleasing thread with transport we'll resume.
 " Ne'er did *Ulysses*, though so brave, so wise,
 To this exalted pitch of virtue rise:
 " Nor *Peleus's* son by whom Great *Hector* bled,
 " Nor *Theseus* borne in triumph from the dead. 20
 " *Alcides'*

NOTE.

Verse 20, *Nor Theseus borne in triumph*, &c.—*Theseus* was the son of *Ageus* King of *Athens*, and *Æthra* daughter of *Pittheus* King of *Troezen*. He is supposed to be the author of the *Isthmian Games*. After killing the *Cretan Minotaur*, and many other great achievements, he engaged with his friend *Pirithous* in a design upon the famous *Helen*, at that time only nine years old, but the greatest beauty in the world. Having succeeded in their attempt, they cast lots who should have her; and he that obtained her was to assist his friend in the stealing of some other beauty. As *Helen* fell to *Theseus*, they agreed to go in quest of *Proserpine*, the daughter of *Aidonius* King of the *Molossi* in *Epirus*. This lady was guarded by the dog *Cerberus*, or rather perhaps by some officer about the Court of that name. The king being informed of their design, threw *Pirithous* to *Cerberus* to be torn in pieces by him, and shut up *Theseus* in prison; from which he was afterwards set at liberty at the request of *Hercules*. As there is some

IMITATIONS.

Verse 11, *Virg. Æn. 12. Ov. Met. 2.*

" *Alcides*' self that monsters could subdue,
 " And purge th' infected earth; must yield to you.
 " May rest profound now banish ev'ry care,
 " And short, and pleasant may your night appear!
 " Alas! to me full tedious will it prove,
 " So long secluded from the man I love:
 " So long debarr'd your conversation sweet,
 " Desirous still that you each part repeat;
 " Burning to hear, impatient to explore
 " Both what remains, and what has gone before. 30
 " Go, dear *Telemachus*, and with the friend
 " The gracious Gods to your assistance send;
 " Go, and repose in this imbower'd shade,
 " Where all is fit for your reception made.
 " May heav'nly *Morpheus*, with a lib'ral hand,
 " Show'r down his blessings, and his vapours bland;
 " Refresh your wearied limbs, your eye-lids close,
 " And lock each member in a sweet repose!
 " While pleasing dreams, and visions light as air,
 " Flit round your couch, and all your senses chear. 40
 " May ev'ry ruder breath be far away,
 " And nought disturb you till the dawn of day!"
 By her conducted to a grot he pass'd
 Neat as her own, at little distance plac'd.

Hard

NOTES.

Some resemblance between the Greek word *A'idēs*, hell, and the name of *Proserpine*'s father, it is probable that the fable of *Theseus*'s going into hell, might take its rise from hence.

Verse 35, *May heav'nly Morpheus*—The son or servant of *Somnus* the God of Sleep.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 25, *Virg. Ecl.* 7. Verse 35, *Öv. Met.* 11.

Hard by, a rill, with dulcet murm'ring found,
 Roll'd o'er the pebbles, and th' embroider'd ground;
 Inviting gentle slumbers. While with care
 The Nymphs two beds of yielding moss prepare.
 O'er each a glorious covering they cast,
 A shaggy bear the couch of *Mentor* grac'd; 50
 And for *Telemachus* the nobler spoils
 Of a young lion taken in the toils.

Ere yet they clos'd their willing eyes to rest,
Mentor his pupil briefly thus address'd:

" The pleasing joy your history affords,
 " Too far engag'd you in a flow of words.
 " Charm'd is *Calypso* while you thus recount
 " The various toils your courage could surmount.
 " And what is this, but to augment your pain;
 " And for yourself to forge the servile chain? 60
 " How hope you thus to 'scape the wily snare,
 " Or fly the borders of th' enchanting fair?
 " Vain glorious boasts, extravagant, and wild,
 " *Ulysses'* son, of prudence have beguil'd.
 " She stood engag'd to tell you in her turn
 " Your Father's fortunes, which you long to learn:
 " But 'twas amusement all, and idle prate;
 " And nought of moment would she deign relate:
 " Meanwhile (such pow'r have females to controul)
 " She search'd the deep recesses of your soul. 70
 " Say, dearest youth, O say when shall these eyes
 " Behold *Telemachus* discreet and wise?

" When

IMITATION.

Verse 45, *Ovid. Met. 11.*

- " When see him ev'ry vainer thought reject,
" Speak, or be mute, as Wisdom shall direct ?
" Let others less sincere with wonder gaze,
" Admire your prudence, and extol your praise :
" I grant, discretion seldom dwells with youth ;
" But 'tis my province to advise with truth.
" 'Tis I best know you, and your friend will prove ;
" And much must blame you, as I much must love. 80
" Alas ! how great th' improvement I require
" To make you equal to your godlike fire !"
" And could I then refuse," the Prince replied,
" Could I from her my strange misfortunes hide ?"
" Tell her you might," said he, " but with an air
" That should have forc'd a sympathizing tear ;
" You might have told her ev'ry wrong you bore
" On the *Trinacrian* and *Egyptian* shore :
" This much alone might her compassion claim,
" The rest was adding fuel to the flame. 90
" Deep is the wound you gave, and hard t'endure ;
" Grant Heav'n ! your innocence be now secure."
" He answer'd modest---" Teach me, teach me you
" What course I now discreetly shall pursue ?"
" 'Tis all too late," said *Mentor*, " to conceal ;
" You must unfold the utmost of your tale.
" Enough she knows from what she learn'd before,
" The least reserve will but provoke her more.
" When next we meet, submit unto her thought
" What wonders Heav'n for you assistance wrought. 100
" But

IMITATION.

Verse 91, *Virg. Æn. 4.*

" But learn henceforth, no vain applause to raise ;

" Nor drop one hint that may attract your praise."

Telemachus receiv'd with open breast

Th' advice ; and both compos'd themselves to rest.

Scarce had the Sun shot forth an early ray,
And the gilt earth proclaim'd approaching day,

Calypso's voice amidst the grove was heard,

Who in th' assembly of her Nymphs appear'd.

Mentor perceiv'd it, and the Prince awoke :

" 'Tis time," he cried, "our slumbers should be broke. 110

" Away, the Goddess you this hour must meet :

" Guard well your heart against her smooth deceit.

" Beware your secret purpose to impart,

" When most she praises, most suspect her art :

" Last night she ventur'd to exalt your name,

" Above *Achilles* in the rolls of fame ;

" Your prudence too so fondly seem'd t'admire

" She gave you ev'n precedence of your fire :

" Would *Theseus'* self to you inferior prove,

" *Alcides* too th' immortal son of *Jove*. 120

" Can praise like this a virtuous mind controul ?

" Think you she speaks the language of her soul ?

" Trust me, she's wiser : but believes you vain,

" That grossest flatt'ries may admission gain."

This converse ended, instant they repair
To the close shade to meet th' expecting fair.

Smiling she rose, and with dissembled joy

Conceal'd the troubles which her breast annoy.

Convinc'd,

IMITATION.

Verse 105, *Virg. Æn. 7.*

Convinc'd, the youth thus led to high renown,
 Ere long would be like Great *Ulysses* flown. 130
 " Proceed, my dear *Telemachus*," she said,
 " To cure that pleasing wound yourself have made.
 " In dreams and visions all this tedious night
 " Your beauteous image play'd before my sight;
 " I saw you parting from *Phœnicia's* shore,
 " In *Cyprus* Isle new fortunes to explore.
 " Mark out this voyage then, describe the way,
 " Nor lose one moment of this precious day:
 " On vi'let beds we'll pass the jocund hours,
 " Shaded with woodbonds, and o'er-arch'd with flow'rs."

The Goddess labour'd, but alas! in vain (140
 From am'rous looks and glances to refrain:
 Saw, and with secret indignation griev'd,
 Her least advance by *Mentor* was perceiv'd.
 Meanwhile, the Nymphs had form'd the circle round
 In solemn silence, and in peace profound.
 Intent werë all; each o'er her sister hung,
 To see, and catch the music of his tongue.
 With downcast look, and graceful blush he rose,
 And thus proceeds the sequel to disclose. 150

Our swelling canvas fill'd with breezes bland
 Convey'd us quickly from *Phœnicia's* strand.
 Stranger to all the *Cyprian* crew on board,
 Their laws of life which could some light afford;

VOL. I.

H

I chose

IMITATIONS.

Verse 147, *Virg. Æn.* 2. Verse 150, *Plato in Charm.*Verse 151, *Virg. Æn.* 7.

I chose the circumspect, the prudent part;
 To mark their ways, and win upon their heart.
 Unactive thus, my senses by surprize
 At once were seiz'd; and o'er my yielding eyes
 With dewy vapour gentle slumbers past,
 My soul seem'd joys unspeakable to taste. 160
 That instant, seated in her car above
 Methought I saw the beauteous Queen of Love:
 Two silver doves drew on the glorious load
 The clouds disparted to prepare her road.
 Amazing beauty in her face appear'd,
 And grace, and youth, as when at first she rear'd
 Her wondrous form from forth the azure wave,
 And dazzled *Jove* became himself her slave.
 Sudden she dropt from this ærial height,
 And stood presented to my nearer sight. 170
 To tap my shoulder with a smile she came,
 And thus address'd me by my proper name:
 " Young *Greek*, you're bound for *Cyprus* my domain,
 " And safe arrival at that Isle shall gain;
 " Where mirth and youthful sports eternal play,
 " And thousand pleasures as I lead the way.
 " There shall your incense on mine altars blaze,
 " Immers'd in joy there shall you sing my praise;
 " On

NOTE.

Verse 162, *Methought I saw the beauteous Queen of Love*—*Venus*
 was daughter of *Jupiter* and *Dione*, or as others say, sprung from
 the froth of the sea. She was Goddess of Love and Beauty,
 was married to *Vulcan*, and is said to have been the mother of
Hymeneus, and *Cupid*, *Aeneas*, and the Graces.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 163, *Propert. lib. 3. Eleg. 2.*

“ On pleasing hopes be ev’ry thought intent,
“ And see you force not *Venus* to repent! 180
“ *Venus*, the greatest of the Pow’rs above,
“ Who woos you thus to happiness and love.”

That moment I perceiv’d her darling child
Ethereal Cupid, with an aspect mild,
In airy circles round his mother play,
And spread his plumage in the face of day.
Soft were his features, but his eye severe:
I know not wherefore, but it rais’d my fear.
He look’d upon me with contemptuous smile,
Which cutting seem’d; and infamous and vile. 190
Forth from his golden quiver first he drew
The sharpest pointed arrow that he knew.
Then bent his bow, and took a deadly aim;
When lo! *Minerva* to my rescue came.
Her flaming *Ægis* o’er my limbs she plac’d,
Her lovely form with modest charms was grac’d,
Majestic, brave, and noble was her mien,
Unlike the softness of the *Cyprian* Queen.
With ease that buckler could its force repel,
At once to earth the guiltless arrow fell. 200

The God enrag’d with secret anguish mourn’d,
Asham’d the fortune of the day was turn’d.
“ Away,” said *Pallas*, “ idiot boy, away!
“ None but the vicious ever fall your prey:
“ Who barter wisdom, innocence, and fame,
“ For empty pleasure, infamy, and shame.”

H 2

Scarce

IMITATION.

Verse 189, *Anacr.* 3.

Scarce had she spoke, when with indignant flight
 He upward soar'd, and eas'd my troubled fight.
 Fair *Venus* next to high *Olympus* flew,
 Yet long her glorious chariot could I view; 210
 Till in an azure cloud with gold emboss'd,
 The doves, the chariot, and the fair were lost.
 And when to earth I turn'd me as before,
 Confus'd I found *Minerva* was no more.

Transported now to fragrant vales I seem'd,
 Like what the poets have *Elysium* deem'd:
 There *Mentor* met me, and with look austere
 Fly, fly, he cried, this pestilential air;
 This sink of vice. Where barely to respire
 Is to inhale inordinate desire. 220

The firmest mind may tremble at this feat;
 Since flight alone averts impending fate.
 Soon as I view'd my much lov'd *Mentor's* face,
 I strove to clasp him in a close embrace:
 But all too weak my trembling knees I found,
 My feet seem'd fix'd, and rooted to the ground.
 In vain my hands around his neck were laid,
 My dearest *Mentor* was an empty shade.
 I wak'd, convinc'd the mystic dream would prove
 Some friendly warning from the Gods above: 230

Found

NOTE.

Verse 216, *Like what the poet's have Elysium deem'd*—The *Elysian* fields, supposed to be the seat of pious and happy souls after death, were placed by the ancients among the fortunate islands now called the *Canaries*, a little south of *Madeira*.

IMITATION.

Verse 227, *Ou. Met. 10.*

Found it with strength already seem'd t'endue,
 'Gainst all that *Cyprus*, or that pride could do.
 What most a terror round my soul had spread
 Was, that my friend was number'd with the dead:
 And passing *Styx*, was now to bliss consign'd,
 Fit habitation for so pure a mind.

O'erwhelm'd with tears, despairing of relief,
 The sailors all enquiring of my grief;
 I answer'd: it befits a wretch to mourn,
 Exil'd from home, and hopeless of return. 240
 And now the crew gave all a loose to joy,
 No more the rowers would their strength employ;
 But nodding o'er their seats securely lay,
 The very pilot indolent and gay:
 With half exhausted pitcher was he found,
 His head with wreaths and flow'ry garlands crown'd.
 He left the helm, and mixing with the rest
 (As if with rage of bacchanals possest)
 To *Venus* and her son they hymns prefer
 In phrase too shocking for a virtuous ear. 250

As thus reclin'd imprudent at their ease,
 They brav'd the dangers of th' inconstant seas;
 A sudden tempest blacken'd all the sky,
 Th' horizon darken'd, and the waves ran high.
 The raging winds commission'd to prevail
 Bellow'd aloud, and swell'd in ev'ry sail.
 The vessel groan'd, while big with angry pride
 The ruffled billows lash'd her sounding side.

H 3

Now

IMITATIONS.

Verse 255, *Vir. Æn.* 1. Verse 257, *Od. Met.* 11.

Now tow'ring high the swelling surges rise,
And on their backs exalt us to the skies; 260
And now retiring sink us in a trice
A thousand fathom in the vast abyfs.
Hard by, the rocks with front terrific flood,
Dash'd by the billows and the roaring flood.
Then first I saw, what *Mentor* oft declar'd,
How soon the vicious are by danger scar'd:
Our coward crew, like simple girls dismay'd
In ev'ry corner wept, and sigh'd, and pray'd;
Bewail'd the dear delights they now must leave,
And fondly to the Gods their eye-lids heave, 270
With victims aim'd to bribe Heav'n's awful Court,
To bring them safe unto their wish'd-for port;
Not one had courage, in this dreadful plight,
To hand the sails, or order them aright.
In this distress, one certain truth appears;
My life depended on preserving theirs.
I seiz'd the helm which, overcome with wine,
The frantic sot was ready to resign:
Chear'd all the crew, and o'er their fears prevail
To act like men, and lower ev'ry sail. 280
They tugg'd amain, we cross'd the foaming flood;
While death at hand in all his terrors stood.

A very vision this adventure show'd
To all who thus their preservation ow'd;
On me, their kind deliv'rer, with surprize
They fix'd as thunder-struck their wond'ring eyes.
We came to *Cyprus*, when the vernal gale
Calls forth the buds, and sports in ev'ry vale:

(A month to *Venus* sacred, as they say,
Who then delights her beauties to display; 290
All Nature cheers, brings on the genial hours,
And raises pleasures, as she raises flow'rs.)

The dulcet air which now around us hung,
Unbrac'd our fibres, and our nerves unstrung:
Inducing by insensible degrees
Frolic, and mirth, and indolence, and ease.
The soil by nature fertile seem'd, and fair;
But useless, wild, no culture shew'd or care.
On ev'ry side in gaudy dress appear'd
The wanton females with their youthful herd; 300
Who all in praises of the Goddess join,
And march'd as prostitutes to *Venus*' shrine.
Grace was in all their steps, in ev'ry eye
Was beauty seen, and jollity, and joy:
But affectation reign'd in ev'ry face,
No Meekness here, or Modesty had place;
That noble Virtue which, devoid of art,
Alone can charm and captivate the heart.
Their soft address, set looks so much design'd,
Vain garb, and trip so languishingly kind; 310
The wanton glances which around they threw,
To catch men's eyes, and to attract their view;
Those jealous feuds with which they seem'd on fire,
And strove who most should raise the lewd desire.

H 4

Their

NOTE.

Verse 287, *We came to Cyprus when the vernal gale*—This was the month of April, which was consecrated to *Venus*. *Vid. Ov. Fast. lib. 4.*

Their ev'ry gesture I at once disprais'd,
 Their ev'ry look my indignation rais'd.
 Straight to the Temple of the *Cyprian* Queen
 They led; and numbers in this isle are seen:
 These *Paphos*, and *Idalia* both afford;
 And at *Cythera* is her pow'r ador'd. 320
 The last I visited: a glorious pile
 Of marble all a perfect Peristyle.
 In stately rows the beauteous pillars rise,
 Of height immense, and of amazing size:
 On ev'ry front a pediment was rear'd,
 Which o'er the frize and architrave appear'd;
 Of all her love adventures here the chief
 Were finely figur'd in a bas-relief.
 In crowds for ever at the Temple-gate,
 The madding people with their off'rings wait: 330
 Within th' inclosure of this sacred wall
 No fat is ever burnt, no victims fall;
 No blood of heifers or of bulls is shed,
 But all in triumph to her altars led:
 There white as snow their youthful necks exalt
 Without a blemish, and without a fault.

Their

NOTES.

Verse 319, *These Paphos*—In the Island of *Cyprus* were two cities of the name of *Paphos*; the new, and the old. In the latter *Venus* is said to have made her first appearance immediately after she was formed from the froth of the sea. This city was therefore in a more peculiar manner sacred to her. The young women here used to prostitute themselves to all strangers that came ashore, in order to raise money for their portions. *Idalia* was the name of both a city and a grove in this island.

Verse 320, *And at Cythera*—*Venus* was worshipped here by the name of *Urania*.

Their gilded horns with fragrant garlands crown'd,
 Their limbs with gold and purple fillets bound.
 Presented thus, at distance are they slain,
 To feast the Pontiffs, and their wanton train. 340

Here, in libations to the Queen of Love,
 (Sweet as the nectar of immortal *Jove*)
 The costly wine incessantly was pour'd;
 And all perfumes that Eastern climes afford.
 The Priests in habit glorious to behold
 Of white, with girdle, and with fringe of gold.
 Both night and day, upon her altars rise
 Whole clouds of incense, to perfume the skies:
 While ev'ry column round her temple plac'd,
 With choice festoons, and ornaments is grac'd. 350
 With golden knives are all her victims slain,
 And myrtle groves inclos'd the hallow'd Fane.
 None here but nymphs, and youths divinely fair,
 Before the Priests may venture to appear:
 None else presume to light the sacred fire,
 Or lead the victim destin'd to expire.
 Yet vile immodesty, and lewd disgrace
 Deform the honours of this glorious place.
 At first, with horror I beheld the sight;
 But growing custom reconcil'd me quite. 360
 No more could vice affright my tender mind,
 I grew like them to luxury inclin'd;

To

NOTE.

Verse 357, *Yet vile immodesty* — *Strabo* mentions more than twelve hundred courtesans in one Temple of *Venus*.

IMITATION.

Verse 344, *Virg. Æn. 1.*

To cruel jests my innocence gave birth,
 And my reserve was subject for their mirth:
 All arts they practic'd passion to inspire,
 And give me relish of some lewd desire.
 Each day I found my fortitude to fail,
 My education was of small avail;
 My good resolves all vanish'd in a trice,
 Nor had I pow'r to stem that stream of vice: 370
 Beheld ev'n Virtue with a secret shame,
 As if to have it were to merit blame.
 As one who ventures in the rapid flood
 Beyond his depth, and high in youthful blood,
 The dashing wave at first repels with force,
 Rises superior, and pursues his course;
 If chance the bank with craggy side appear,
 No shore to make to, no refreshment near;
 He finds his strength retiring by degrees,
 And dreadful numbness on his members seize; 380
 Then all fatigu'd the fruitless toil neglects,
 And floats at random as the stream directs;
 So did suffusion dim o'ercast mine eyes,
 My courage fail'd thus taken by surprize.
 No more I summon'd reason to my aid,
 No more those virtues which my fire display'd.
 That dream which had describ'd my *Mentor* dead,
 And in Elysium, still increas'd my dread:
 A secret languor had possess'd me whole,
 And sweet inaction charm'd my inmost soul. 390

I lov'd

IMITATION.

Verse 373, *Virg. Georg. 1.*

I lov'd the poison now so pleasing grown,
Which pierc'd each vein, and crept thro' ev'ry bone.
Yet still in sighs some small regret I shew'd,
My face with tears was frequently bedew'd;
And, like a lion taken in the toil,
I roar'd aloud impatient of the spoil.
Unhappy youth! I cried, O why hath Heav'n
In cruel sport this state to mortals giv'n?
And wherefore pass we through this dang'rous age,
Where folly governs, and where fevers rage? 400
Why spring not forth those venerable hairs,
Which grace *Laertes* in decline of years;
Why bend I not, like him, with knees infirm
In haste t'accomplish my appointed term?
Far better were it to resign my breath:
A life of weakness is ev'n worse than death.

Scarce had I spoke, when all my griefs subside,
My heart corrupt resum'd its wonted pride;
Shook off all shame, and fell from bad to worse,
To which succeeded infinite remorse. 410
Thus troubled and perplex'd, I madly rove
Through ev'ry quarter of the sacred grove.
As when a sportsman with envenom'd dart
Hath in the chace transfix'd the bounding hart;
Instant she flies the forest shades to gain,
And ease in solitude th' afflictive pain:
But all in vain she shifts th' uneasy ground,
Still sticks the weapon, and still bleeds the wound.

The

IMITATIONS.

Verse 392, *Catull.*Verse 413, *Virg. Æn. 4.*

The murd'ring shaft no flight can e'er remove,
 It haunts her still amidst the covert grove; 420
 So would I fly myself, and ease a breast
 Which nought could soften or compose to rest.

That moment saw I in the distant shade,
 By rows of myrtle thick embow'ring made,
 The form of *Mentor*; but with look severe,
 Pale was his face, dejected was his air;
 And all so alter'd to my wond'ring eye,
 As stopp'd at once the current of my joy.

"And is it you, my dearest *Mentor*, say;
 "Or does illusion fond my sense betray? 430
 "Is it that friend on whom my hopes are staid,
 "Or com'st thou here a disembodied shade;
 "Whose pious soul still anxious for my good
 "Extends its care beyond the Stygian flood?
 "Have you not lately to those regions past,
 "Where righteous souls the fruits of Virtue taste;
 "And know, by favour of th' all-bounteous Gods,
 "External peace among the blest abodes?
 "O speak, if yet a mortal state you hold;
 "If yet these arms my *Mentor* shall infold?" 440

Thus having said, with extasy I fly
 Breathless to grasp the object of my joy.
 O gracious Heav'n! you only can reveal
 How great the transport; I in vain would tell:
 While he with coolest expectation staid,
 And round his neck my circling arms I laid.
 "No vision this," I cried, "no fancied face":
 "'Tis he, 'tis *Mentor* whom I thus embrace!"

I drown'd

I drown'd him with my tears, there fix'd remain'd,
And now no more the pow'r of speech retain'd. 450
Sighing he view'd me: in his streaming eyes
I saw a melting tenderness arise.

I thus resum'd---“What means; O what procur'd
“My best of friends? O what have I endur'd
“So long depriv'd of his prudential care;
“Alone, unskill'd, a proper course to steer!”
He wav'd my questions and, with haughty tone,
“Fly, fly,” he cried, “this instant haste, be gone:
“For pestilential is the air you breathe,
“The land's infected; and her fruits are death. 460
“Here barely to converse to danger leads,
“From man to man, the dire contagion spreads.
“Pleasure, the chief of all those ills that flow'd
“When curs'd *Pandora* her dread gifts bestow'd,
“Corrupts all hearts; nips virtue in the bud:
“No mortal here or gen'rous is, or good.
“Haste, haste away, nor cast one look behind;
“But banish all remembrance from your mind.”
He ended here. I found, with vast delight,
As 'twere a cloud disperse before my sight: 470
A purer

NOTE.

Verse 464, *When curs'd Pandora*—The fable of *Pandora* is to be found at length in *Hesiod*; who says that *Jupiter*, enraged at *Prometheus* for stealing fire from heaven, ordered *Vulcan* to form this extraordinary person. That *Venus* gave her beauty, *Pallas* wisdom, *Mercury* eloquence, &c. He then sent her to *Epimetheus*, the brother of *Prometheus*, with a fatal box; which box he no sooner opened, than all sorts of evils flew out of it, only *Hope* remained in the bottom.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 464, *Hesiod. Hor. l. 1. Ode 3.*

A purer ray my ravish'd eyes possess,
 Fresh joy, fresh courage rose within my breast.
 A joy far diff'rent from that passion foul
 Which fool'd my sense, and poison'd all my soul.
 The one, the child of wantonness and care;
 Check'd by remorse, by trouble, and despair:
 The other, offspring of fair reason's light
 Where Heav'n and happiness at once unite:
 Unmix'd, and equal, never knows decay;
 But as enjoy'd will further charms display. 480
 No cares approach a pleasure so refin'd,
 Engrossing all the powers of the mind.
 From joy like this did now my tears proceed,
 Source of delights which nought but this could breed.
 "Thrice happy those," I cried, "who thus with me
 In all her native charms can Virtue see!
 For who that views those charms can chuse but love,
 Or who be wretched that shall her approve?"
 "No longer now," said *Mentor*, "must I stay:
 Adieu! this moment must I haste away." 490
 "Not stay!" exclaim'd I, "whether do you tend?
 Is any land too wretched for your friend?
 O think not thus my rising hopes to cheat:
 I'll die a thousand deaths first at your feet."
 This said, I held him in a close embrace:
 "But vain," he answer'd, "are the hopes you raise.
 Me brutal *Metophs* long since for gold,
 To *Ethiopians* and *Arabians* sold:

"Who

IMITATION.

Verse 487, *Tall. Off.* 12.

" Who trading after to the *Syrian* shore,
 " Brought me to *Damas*, destitute, and poor. 500
 " Here hop'd to make advantage of their slave,
 " And great reward from *Hazael* to have ;
 " Who diligently sought a slave of *Greece*,
 " To learn our morals, and our arts of peace.
 " This *Haz'al* bought me at a noble price :
 " Fir'd with th' account I gave, by my advice
 " He sails for *Crete* ; with curious eye to read
 " Those wholesome laws which *Minos* hath decreed.
 " But adverse winds to *Cyprus* forc'd our sail,
 " And while we're waiting for a prosp'rous gale, 510
 " He takes occasion now at *Venus*' shrine
 " To make his off'ring to her power divine.
 " Lo ! where he comes. The wind's again our friend,
 " And the swoln canvas calls us to attend.
 " Adieu ! dear youth. A slave that thinks on Heav'n,
 " Must faithful serve the master it hath giv'n.
 " No more the Gods permit me to enjoy
 " My former state, or mind my own employ :
 " Were

NOTES.

Verse 500, *Brought me to Damas*—*Damas* or *Damascus* was once the metropolis of *Syria*, founded, it is said, by *Uz* the eldest son of *Aram*, and famous as early as the days of *Abraham*. According to *Maundrell's* account it was full thirty miles round. It stands in a spacious plain at the foot of *Mount Libanus*. From its gardens were first transplanted the plumb called the *Damascene* and the *Damask rose*. Silk *Damasks* are likewise said to have been there invented.

Verse 508, *The wholesome laws which Minos*—The son of *Jupiter* and *Europa* daughter of *Agenor* king of *Phanicia*. He reigned in *Crete* about eleven hundred and ten years after the deluge, and had so great a reputation for his justice, that the poets took occasion from hence to feign, he was made choice of by *Pluto* for one of the infernal Judges.

- " Were this my case; to them I now appeal!
 " They my attachment to yourself can tell. 520
 " Adieu! remember what *Ulysses* bore,
 " Your Mother's tears, and Heav'n's eternal pow'r.
 " Ye righteous Gods that innocence defend,
 " In what a region must I leave my friend!"
 " My dearest *Mentor*," I with tears rejoin'd,
 " You will not, must not leave me thus unkind:
 " Rather than so, I'll on your footsteps wait
 " Though ev'ry hour be pregnant with my fate.
 " This *Syrian* Lord will he no pity show,
 " And is he all insensible to woe? 530
 " Suck'd he a tigress in some desert land,
 " And will he tear you hence with savage hand?
 " Let him at once the mortal wound then give:
 " I still must follow, or must cease to live.
 " You bid me fly---and can you then refuse
 " To let me go in company I chuse?
 " I'll speak to *Hazael*---These trickling tears
 " May move compassion for my tender years:
 " It cannot be that one of savage breed
 " In search of wisdom should so far proceed. 540
 " An humble suppliant at his feet I'll fall,
 " Embrace his knees, and loud for mercy call:
 " Nor let him pass till pity he extend,
 " And give consent I follow with my friend.
 " With you will I become his trusty slave,
 " Without a price my service shall he have;
 " Undone

IMITATIONS.

Verse 531, *Virg. Æn. 4.* Verse 532, *Virg. Æn. 5.*

“ Undone, and lost if he reject my pray’r;
“ This hand shall free me from the griefs I bear.”
That moment *Hazael* the signal gave,
To be attended by his faithful slave. 550
Prostrate I fell, and humbly clasp’d his knees;
Surpriz’d he saw a stranger in distress,
Enquir’d my bus’ness? I replied, “ To live:
“ A boon which you, and you alone can give.
“ No longer will I draw this vital air,
“ Unless with *Mentor* ev’ry lot to share.
“ In me you view the Great *Ulysses*’ son:
“ A wiser King ne’er fill’d a *Grecian* throne.
“ Chief of all those assembled to destroy
“ The pride of *Asia*, and to ruin *Troy*. 560
“ I speak not this my high descent to boast,
“ But raise your pity for a wretch that’s lost.
“ Through all the quarters of th’ extended main,
“ The Great *Ulysses* have I fought in vain;
“ While this my friend, this object of my love,
“ In ev’ry danger did a father prove.
“ But dire misfortune, and mine envious fate,
“ To make my woes, and wretchedness compleat;
“ Remov’d ev’n him, and made him slave to you:
“ O! heal my suff’rings, and receive me too! 570
“ If true, what late with pleasure I have heard,
“ That Justice is by *Hazael* preferr’d;
“ That ev’n to *Crete* this instant you are bound,
“ To study *Minos*, and his laws profound;
“ O then relent! receive my suppliant pray’rs,
“ Assuage my sighs, and stop these flowing tears!
VOL. I. I “ You

" You see a Prince by sad misfortune driv'n,
 " To beg for slav'ry as a gift from heav'n:
 " There was a time, when on *Sicilia's* shore,
 " Ev'n death appear'd a misery less fore. 580
 " Light then my suff'rings---Fortune did but frown,
 " Not overwhelm with ills I since have known.
 " I'm now reduc'd the servile chain to chuse,
 " And die with fear lest you that boon refuse.
 " O Gods! relief to my afflictions bring:
 " O *Hazael!* regard that *Cretan* King,
 " For whose dread laws so great esteem you show;
 " And who shall judge us in the realms below."
 With kind compassion, and with visage bland,
 He saw my tears, and rais'd me with his hand. 590
 " I know," said he, "*Ulysses'* deathless name,
 " His worth, his wisdom, and immortal fame:
 " Oft has my *Mentor* all his acts explain'd,
 " And told what honours he in *Greece* obtain'd,
 " While swift report those honours hath increas'd,
 " And spread through all the quarters of the East.
 " Come, Royal Youth, and (till that fire appear
 " Who gave you birth) behold a Father here:
 " For should *Ulysses'* fame too feeble prove,
 " With all his toils, and yours, to raise my love; 600
 " Yet would the friendship I to *Mentor* owe
 " Engage my pity to relieve your woe.
 " 'Tis true, a slave he does my steps attend:
 " But I regard him as my faithful friend.

" The

IMITATIONS.

Verse 588, *Virg. Æn. 6, Hom. Od. 11.*

“ The price he cost, unequal to his worth,
 “ Gain’d me in him the greatest wealth on earth.
 “ I’ve found him wise: and to his virtuous mind
 “ Owe that to Virtue I’m so well inclin’d.
 “ This hour I free you both---discharge your parts,
 “ And in return oblige me with your hearts.” 610

Thus, in one moment, from a desprate state
 I pass’d at once to happiness compleat:
 Saw with complacence danger was no more,
 That hourly I approach’d my native shore;
 Had found a person could assistance lend,
 Whom the pure love of Virtue made my friend.
 In brief, my *Mentor* I again possess’d,
 A bliss which absence should no more molest.
 Straight to the shore did *Hazael* proceed,
 Whose steps we follow’d, and embark’d with speed. 620
 Now all in motion out to sea we stood,
 With equal oars we cut the silver flood;
 The shrouds extended caught the rising gale,
 Which gently fill’d, and wanton’d in each sail.
 Smoothly we pass’d, with infinite delight,
 And soon did *Cyprus* vanish from our sight.

With great impatience *Haz’el* seem’d to glow,
 My sense of *Cyprus* and its rights to know:
 Without disguise I open’d all the truth,
 What snares were laid for my unguarded youth; 620
 And found his gen’rous soul with pity melt,
 When told the secret anguish I had felt.

“ O *Venus*,” he exclaim’d, “ all honours due
 “ I gladly give to *Cupid*, and to you;

" Upon your altars hath mine incense blaz'd:

" Yet pardon if I say how much amaz'd

" I there beheld the lewd licentious crowd

" Which thus profanely in your presence bow'd!"

Now converse sweet 'twixt him and *Mentor* rose
Of that first cause which all things could compose; 640
That Great, immutable, primæval Light,
Which spread the earth, and fram'd the starry height.
That Sov'reign Truth within no limits pent,
Which lives thro' all, extends thro' all extent;
The world of spirits chearing with its ray,
As matters nourish'd by the God of Day.

" Oh! blind," he cried, " as one depriv'd of sight,

" The wretch who looks not on this glorious light!

" Darkness and clouds envelop all his soul,

" (Like those who grope beneath the frozen Pole; 650

" To whom but seldom in the circling year

" Will golden *Phæbus* condescend t'appear.)

" Pretend he may to wisdom, and to sense;

" But all is folly, and impertinence.

" Nought reads he right in Nature's wondrous page,

" False lights, false colours all his thoughts engage;

" An idiot dies deceiv'd by empty toys,

" And grasps at shadows for substantial joys.

" Such is the state of ev'ry sensual mind,

" To lawless love and luxury inclin'd; 660

" None else are men, none merit our respects,

" Who act not alway as that light directs:

" 'Tis that alone can prudent thoughts inspire,

" And can correct inordinate desire.

" From

" From that eternal Wisdom we derive
 " Both that we reason well, and that we live.
 " Our souls like rivers from that sea descend,
 " Here take their rise, and hither should they tend."

Though all too high this excellent discourse,
 I seem'd no stranger to its wondrous force. 670
 My heart was ravish'd, in despite of youth,
 And relish'd something of its heav'nly truth.
 They next ascended to the bless'd abodes,
 To trace the series of th' Immortal Gods :
 Heroes and Poets fir'd with holy rage,
Deucalion's deluge, and the Golden Age.
 Deduc'd all hist'ry from the earliest times,
 And talk'd of penal fire for impious crimes,
 Oblivious *Lethe*, black *Cocytus'* flood,
 Elysian fields and mansions of the good ; 680
 Who taste eternal joys, and endless peace,
 Without a fear that happiness should cease.

They reason'd thus ; when wondring we behold,
 With glorious scales of azure mix'd with gold,
 Disporting dolphins rise on ev'ry side,
 While *Ocean* foam'd, and roll'd a larger tide.
 Next rose the *Tritons* from their beds profound,
 With trumpet-shells that breath'd a silver sound ;

I 3

And

NOTE.

Verse 679, *Oblivious Lethe*—One of the rivers of hell, the waters of which whoever tasted immediately forgot the transaction of his past life. *Cocytus* was another of those rivers of hell, on whose stream the wicked were to be tormented after death.

IMITATION.

Verse 688, *Ovid. Met. 1.*

And all in bright array encircling flood
 Fair *Amphitrite* Empress of the flood. 690
 Sea-horses whiter than descending snow
 Drew on the splendid chariot; while below
 The briny flood seem'd broken, and disjoint;
 And shew'd their track for many a league behind.
 Their eyes shot flame, and from their nostrils broke,
 And mouths expanded, clouds of curling smoke.
 The chariot seem'd of some surprising shell
 Of form which all description would excel:
 No ivory upon earth was half so white,
 The wheels of gold, and dazzling to the sight. 700
 Light o'er the surface of the level deep
 With rapid fiery course it seem'd to sweep,
 Follow'd by Nymphs with flow'ry wreaths behind,
 Their locks dishevel'd waving with the wind.
 A golden sceptre grac'd the Goddess' hand
 To awe the floods, and shew her dread command:
 With rother, she the God *Palemon* prest
 Her infant son, then sucking at the breast.
 Her look majestic full of peace and love,
 Did ev'ry furious wind and storm remove: 710

And

NOTES.

Verse 687, *Next rose the Tritons*—The chief of these was the son of *Neptune*. *Virgil* says that the business of *Triton* was to release vessels that ran aground, and to heave them off the rocks. He was painted half man, and half fish.

Verse 690, *Fair Amphitrite*—Called likewise *Tethys*, daughter of Heaven and Earth, but, according to *Ovid*, of the Sun. She was sister and wife of *Oceanus*.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 701, *Virg. Æn. 1. and Æn. 5.*

And while her courfers skim the watry main,
The *Tritons* guide, and hold the golden rein.
Above the chariot shone a purple veil,
By gentle gales expanded as a sail:
Within its folds a thousand zephyrs play'd,
And strove its motion with their breath to aid.
Aloft behold stern *Æolus* appear,
With aspect wrinkled, and with front severe!
Fierce and impatient he his task performs,
The whirlwind bridles, and repels the storms. 720
His eyes dart fire, with threats he rules the gloom;
And makes each tempest silent as the tomb.
Meanwhile the monsters of the hoary deep,
In constant ebb and flow, the waters keep:
Each leaves the cavern where so late he lay,
And spouts his waters in the face of day.
Exulting all some glimpse at least to gain
Of this their Queen, and Mistress of the main.

NOTE.

Verse 717, *Aloft behold stern Æolus appear*—Son of *Jupiter* and *Aeste*, the daughter of *Hippotas* the *Trojan*. From his skill in foretelling the winds, he was feigned to be the God of them.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 717, *Virg. Æn. 1.* Verse 723, *Virg. Æn. 1.*

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus relates that upon his arrival at Crete, he was informed that Idomeneus, the King of that Island, had sacrificed his only Son in discharge of a vow which he had rashly made. That the Cretans, eager to revenge the blood of the son, had obliged the father to abandon their country : that, after long indeterminate consultations, they were actually assembled to elect another King. Telemachus adds, that he was admitted into that assembly; that in various Games he bore away the Prize, explained the Queries left by Minos in his Book of Laws; that the venerable Sages who were Judges, and all the people, convinced of his superior understanding, were unanimous in their desire to advance him to the Throne.

WE gaz'd a while with exquisite delight
 When hills of Crete presented to our sight.
 Yet still at distance we those mountains view'd,
 And scarce distinguish'd from the sky and flood.
 But *Ida*, sacred grove, soon stood confest
 With airy summit rising o'er the rest.
 As when a branching stag o'erlooks the lawn
 In height superior to each bleating fawn.

Soon

IMITATIONS.

Verse 2, *Virg. Æn.* 3, l. 105 and 206.

Verse 7, *Virg. Eclog.* 7, l. 30.

TELEMACHUS in the CHARIOT-RACE at CRETE.
Book V.



Barlow Sculp.

1792

*With indignation flashing in his eye,
Saw Grantor now, my car his own draw nigh,
And putting forth each nerve to win the day,
Moves every Being of supernal sway.*

Published as the Act directs, by M.A. Millar, Nov. 30 1792.

Soon to the coast our ravish'd eyes we rear'd,
Which like an amphitheatre appear'd : 10
Unlike to that of *Cyprus* was the shore,
(A soil neglected, destitute, and poor;)
For this by diff'rent husbandmen was till'd,
And Nature's gifts did in abundance yield.

On ev'ry side the beauteous prospect shows
Villas and towns that elegantly rose;
Huge cities finish'd with uncommon care,
And boroughs which might ev'n with these compare.
No land appear'd through all th' extended plain
But shew'd the toil of some industrious swain. 20
In ev'ry part the plough-share's wounds you meet,
For thorns and briars are unknown at *Crete*.
The grazing flocks with pleasure on the brow
Of steepy hills we view'd; the dales below,
Where lowing heifers cropt delicious food;
And rang'd luxuriant by the silver flood.
In ev'ry prospect rose the yellow grain,
Great *Ceres*' gift, through all the rich champain.
The clust'ring vines which cloath'd each mountain side,
Already seem'd to glow with purple pride : 30
And promis'd plenty to the dresser's share
Of genial *Bacchus* antidote of care.

Here

NOTE.

Verse 28, *Great Ceres' gift*—*Ceres* was the daughter of *Saturn*
and *Rhea*, and mother of *Proserpine*. She first civilized the
Athenians

IMITATIONS.

Verse 28, *Virg. Georg.* 1, l. 147. *Ov. Met.* 5.

Verse 32, *Hor.* l. 4. *Ode* 12, v. 20.

Here *Mentor* told us that some years before
 He made a visit to the *Cretan* shore;
 And kindly deign'd to open to our view
 Each pleasing fact and circumstance he knew.
 This Isle, said he, by strangers so admir'd,
 Whose hundred cities have such fame acquired,
 Maintains with ease its multitude of hands,
 A tribe in number equal to the sands. 40
 The reason obvious---for the fertile soil
 Is never backward to reward our toil.
 Her fruitful bosom stranger to decay
 Will to the worthy ev'ry sweet display:
 Numbers are nothing where they active live,
 All climes support them, and in all they thrive.
 No jealous fears need e'er disturb their mind,
 For parent earth beneficent and kind,
 To bless her duteous sons will never cease;
 But still augment her stores as these increase. 50
 'Tis vile ambition, and the love of gain,
 Is source of all calamity to man.

We

NOTES.

Athenians and taught the use of corn. The whole body of her laws was comprized in one line—Honour your parents, worship the Gods, hurt not animals. The *Sicilians* worshipped alternately her and her daughter *Proserpine*, the former in the time of sowing, and the latter in the time of harvest.

Verse 38, *Whose hundred cities*—The Island of *Crete* now *Candia* in the *Mediterranean*, was famous for the purity of its air, and the fertility of its soil. Hence the ancients gave it the name of *Maceris*, or the Fortunate Island. It had ninety cities before the *Trojan* war, and ten more built by the *Donans*.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 38, *Virg. An. 3. Herat. Epod. 9.*

We grasp at more than nature's wants require,
And grow unhappy by that fond desire.
Would all content them with their proper share,
Joy, plenty, peace would rise to banish care.

So *Minos* thought, the wisest, best of Kings.
Hence fram'd his laws, and hence this beauty springs.
That education which his rules prescribe
In health and vigour breeds the youthful tribe. 60
Inur'd to labour from their tend'rest years,
A frugal plainness in all ranks appears.

He wisely judg'd that Vice of ev'ry kind
The body weakens, and enslaves the mind:
And all the pleasure he would have pursu'd
Is Fame, which springs from lives sincerely good.
Not only that true courage he defin'd
Which look on danger with an equal mind,
Or dares encounter in some glorious war
Ev'n death itself with an intrepid air; 70
He call'd that Courage too which with disdain
Could trample pleasures, and all sordid gain.
'Tis here alone (those three notorious crimes
Which find no punishment in other climes)
Ungrateful Baseness, Avarice, and Deceit
A due correction from the Sov'reign meet.

For Pride and Lux'ry, is no mulct prepar'd:
A fault like this in *Crete* was never heard;
All toil alike, none e'er aspire to wealth,
Sufficient gain they by a life of health; 80
Where

IMITATION.

Verse 55, *Plin. Nat. Hist.* 33.

Where under due restrictions they may know
Whatever Peace and Plenty can bestow.
All splendid furniture is banish'd hence,
In dress they're strangers to magnificence.
No curious dainties may their feasts compose,
No gilded roofs their palaces disclose.
Of choicest wool well colour'd is their dress,
And unadorn'd entirely of a piece:
Their meals are mod'rate, bread the chief repast,
And little wine will satisfy their taste: 90
Content with milk which ev'ry herd supplies,
And fruits which from the earth spontaneous rise.
On festal days, if haply they exceed,
On flesh with little dressing do they feed.
In ev'ry herd the fairest cattle found
Are set apart for tillage of the ground.
Their dwellings all commodious, neat, and fair,
But plain, and void of ornaments appear.
Not that good Architecture's here unknown;
But this reserve they for the Gods alone. 100
And hold it impious that to men be giv'n
Like habitations with the Pow'rs of Heav'n.
The *Cretans* blest with joys of ev'ry kind,
Health, strength, and fortitude, and peace of mind;
All love as brethren, what they want possess;
Are free alike, and strangers to excess.
Averse to sloth, all strive in Virtue's cause,
Adore the Gods, and reverence the laws.
I next enquir'd what rulers there preside,
In what their pow'r? When *Mentor* thus replied: 110
The

The King all subjects may with justice awe,
But is himself accountable to law.
To do them good his will is uncontroul'd,
But rules of state from tyranny withhold.
His sceptre holds he as a sacred trust
On this condition---he be good, and just.
That he by wisdom should a Father prove,
Promote their welfare, and deserve their love.
Not think so many born for him alone;
Dupes to his pride, and vassals to his throne. 120
For Kings in truth can no pretensions frame
To greater freedom than all others claim,
Save such delights as may their minds unbend
From cares, and troubles, which their post attend:
Or may submission to their persons draw
The grand supports, and centres of the law.
A King in merit should surpass the crowd;
Be less effeminate, arrogant, and proud.
Not wealth or pleasure should await his name,
But wisdom, virtue, and an honest fame: 130
Abroad the Guardian of his people's right,
To lead their armies, and their battles fight;
At home to judge whene'er complaints arise,
And make them happy, innocent, and wise.
For gracious Heav'n this dignity bestow'd,
Not for his own, but for his people's good;
Theirs is his time, their servant should he prove:
They all his cares demand, and all his love.

Who

IMITATION.

Verse 112, *Dion. Halic. 5.*

Who private views to public good prefers,
 But ill deserves the diadem he wears. 140
 On these conditions *Minos* hath decreed,
 And these alone, his children should succeed.
 He lov'd his offspring, but his people more:
 And wisely fix'd their happiness, and pow'r.
 By mod'rate counsels, such as these, appear
 Eclips'd the glory of those sons of war,
 Who for their fame would all mankind subdue,
 In truth, with nought but Vanity in view.
 Thus Sov'reign Judge presides he o'er the dead,
 By sacred Justice to those honours led. 150
 Discoursing thus we now approach'd the land,
 And saw the Lab'rinth, which with curious hand
 The subtle *Dædalus* had rais'd on shore:
 Model of that which *Egypt* shew'd before.

This

NOTES.

Verse 152, *And saw the Lab'rinth*—This Labyrinth at *Crete* is said to be but the hundredth part of that at *Egypt*. The latter being in the opinion of *Herodotus* a structure more amazing than the Pyramids, and above the art of man. It is supposed to have been built for a Pantheon or Universal Temple of all the Deities the *Egyptians* worshipped.

Verse 153, *The subtle Dædalus*—A celebrated artist the son of *Micion* and father of *Icarus*, who gave name to the *Icarian* Sea. He quitted *Athens* and went into the service of *Minos*, by whose order he built this Labyrinth with so many turnings that it was scarce possible to find the way out of it. Being afterwards in disgrace and imprisoned by *Minos*, he attempted his escape by wings which he contrived for himself and his son. But the heat of the Sun melting the wax which joined them, *Icarus* fell into the sea and was drowned. It is probable these wings were nothing more than sails, of which he is said to have been the inventor.

IMITATION.

Verse 152, *Virg. Æn. 5.*

This wondrous pile as we admiring stood,
 Prodigious tribes came pouring to the flood,
 No pow'r of numbers their amount could reach;
 So thick they prest, and cover'd all the beach.
 The cause surprizing which their cities drain'd,
Nansicrates, a *Cretan*, thus explain'd:

160

“*Idomeneus*,” said he, “*Deucalion*’s son,
 “Grandchild to *Minos* on the *Cretan* throne;
 “With other Sov’reigns of the *Grecian* State
 “Embark’d for *Troy*, her ruin to compleat.
 “That conquest oe’r, for *Crete* he took his way;
 “When lo! a furious tempest on him lay:
 “His very pilot, and experienc’d crew,
 “Had instant shipwreck present to their view.
 “Before their eyes stood death in dreadful shape,
 “Devouring floods; no prospect of escape. 170
 “While each bewail’d his miserable state,
 “Depriv’d thus sadly by his wayward fate
 “Of that repose, which parting souls may take
 “Which, after burial, cross the *Stygian* Lake;
 “High

NOTES.

Verse 161, *Idomeneus, said he, Deucalion's son*—This *Deucalion* is different from him who gave name to the famous *Deluge*, and who was King of *Phthia*.

Verse 174, *Which after burial, &c.*—The River *Styx* took its rise from the Lake *Phenaeus* in *Arcadia*. Its waters were so cold as to occasion death to those who drank them, and so corrosive as to eat through iron and brass. Hence the poets feigned it to be the river of hell, and that the ghosts of those who had not received burial were obliged to wander an hundred years on the banks of it before they could pass over.

" High on the deck *Idomeneus* appear'd,
 " With hands and eyes to Heav'n and *Neptune* rear'd.
 " Great God of Ocean, pow'rful King," he cried,
 " That o'er the floods extend'ft thine empire wide,
 " In pity hear me, and attend my pray'r;
 " O save a wretch abandon'd to despair! 180
 " If through the rage of this tempestuous wind,
 " Again my *Crete* in safety I shall find,
 " The first dear form I see shall to your shrine
 " Be led, as victim to your pow'r divine.
 " " Meanwhile the son with great impatience burn'd
 " To catch th' embraces of his fire return'd.
 " Unhappy youth! that here his course could bend,
 " Nor knew that ruin would his steps attend!
 " The King, no longer now of storms the sport,
 " Arriv'd in safety at the wish'd-for port. 190
 " To *Neptune* first with knee devout he bows,
 " Who heard his plaint, and had receiv'd his vows:
 " But soon perceiv'd how fatal was the pray'r,
 " With dire remorse o'erwhelm'd, and cutting care.
 " Fear'd to set foot upon his native shore,
 " Or view that object he most lov'd before.
 " But cruel *Nemesis*, that pow'r severe
 " (Which deaf to pity no distress will hear,
 " Which

NOTES.

Verse 183, *The first dear form, &c.*—*Jephtha's* vow in the Old Testament seems plainly copied in this story.

Verse 197, *But cruel Nemesis*—Daughter of *Jupiter* and *Fate*, or according to *Hesiod* of the *Night*. She had a celebrated temple at

IMITATION.

Verse 175, *Virg. Æn. 6.*

- " Which still to mortals some affliction brings,
" And most delights to humble haughty Kings;) 200
" With hand invisible now urg'd him on;
" He lands, he looks; the object is his son.
" Back he recoil'd with sad dejected air,
" And sought some other sacrifice less dear.
" Low at his knees the blooming youth appears,
" Struck with his coolness, and his bursting tears.
" My much lov'd Father, cried he, in surprise,
" O! say from whence these killing griefs arise?
" Can you, whose absence all your subjects mourn'd,
" When thus in safety to your realm return'd, 210
" Behold with pain a Son that humbly kneels,
" And grudge him joys he in your presence feels?
" O! say wherein my duty I forsook,
" And wherefore you refuse one gracious look.
" Surcharg'd with grief, long silent he remain'd:
" At length with bitt'rest sighs the whole explain'd.
" Ah! *Neptune*, what have I profanely vow'd,
" How great the price which sav'd me from the flood?
" Restore, restore me to the boist'rous main,
" Give me my dangers, and my rocks again: 220
" There let them dash, and sink me in the deep;
" And close my wretched eyes in endless sleep.
" But spare my child, O cruel, cruel God!
" And rest contented with the Father's blood.

NOTE.

at *Rhamnus* in *Attica*, and was supposed to preside over the punishment of the wicked.

“ Here stopp’d the wretched King, and at the word
“ To pierce his heart drew forth the glitt’ring sword.
“ The crowd of Courtiers that around him stand
“ Swift interpos’d, and eager seiz’d his hand.
“ The sage *Sophronimus*, to whom was giv’n
“ To know the secret purposes of Heav’n, 230
“ Affirm’d the God would grant him a release,
“ And other victims *Neptune* might appease.
“ Rash and imprudent was the thing you vow’d:
“ Gods seek not honour from the guilt of blood.
“ Beware to this no further crime you join;
“ Opposing Nature, and the laws divine.
“ Of whitest bulls an hecatomb bestow,
“ And let their blood around his altar flow:
“ Adorn his shrine with ev’ry fragrant flow’r,
“ And offer incense to invoke his pow’r. 240
“ Averse the Monarch heard, and inward mourn’d
“ With head reclin’d; but answer none return’d.
“ A dreadful rage now sparkled in his eyes,
“ Convulsive tremours in his limbs arise:
“ His features pale distorted all appear,
“ And diff’rent colours ev’ry moment wear.
“ Behold, exclaim’d the Prince, behold my fire
“ Your duteous son now ready to expire
“ Prepar’d to sacrifice his dearest blood,
“ To please that God who rules the raging flood. 250
“ Draw not his anger on your sacred head,
“ Content will I be number’d with the dead.
“ Strike then, nor fear I should the blow decline;
“ Or dreading death disgrace your Royal line.
“ Here

- " Here fierce *Idomeneus* (as though his breast
 " Infernal furies had at once possess'd)
 " Broke from his keepers with a sudden start,
 " And plung'd his poniard in the Prince's heart.
 " Then drew it reeking back with gore distain'd,
 " To end his days; but was again restrain'd. 260
 " In seas of blood, the youth resigns his breath;
 " His eyes, though darken'd with the shades of death,
 " Appear'd still eager to pursue the light,
 " Now all too pow'rful for their feeble fight.
 " As when a lily, pride of all the plain,
 " Cropt from the root by some laborious swain;
 " That instant feels the plough-share's deadly wound,
 " No more supported by its parent ground;
 " Yet still a while preserves its silver white,
 " And all those beauties which attract the sight; 270
 " Then languid falls, and drops its sickly head;
 " Its charms all vanish'd, and its honours shed;
 " So fell this lovely boy: as falls a flow'r
 " Too rudely gather'd in untimely hour.
 " The fire delirious through excess of grief,
 " Uncertain where he is, and past relief,

NOTE.

Verse 256, *Infernal furies*—There were three sisters, *Tisiphone*, *Allecto*, and *Megara*, the daughters of *Acheron* and the Night; whose employment was to torture bad men in this world and the next.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 263, *Virg. Æn.* 4, l. 692.

Verse 266, *Virg. Æn.* 9, 435; and *Æn.* 11, 70.

- " Directs his progress to the adjacent town,
 " And still enquiring for his darling Son.
 " Meanwhile the Commons grieving for the Child,
 " In just abhorrence of an act so wild, 280
 " Disown the Father as cast off by Heav'n;
 " A frantic madman to the furies giv'n.
 " Fell discord now spread wide contagious fire,
 " And stones, and cudgels, manifest their ire.
 " The greatest Statesmen on the *Cretan* shore,
 " Forgot that prudence they admir'd before :
 " Renounc'd th' allegiance, vacated the throne,
 " Where *Minos*' grandchild had so lately shone.
 " The royal party found no safety here ;
 " Back to the ships the wretched King they bear, 290
 " With him embarking leave the realm unkind,
 " All at the mercy of the waves, and wind.
 " The King, returning to a better sense,
 " Was pleas'd with those who had convey'd him hence :
 " Where he no more could dwell when thus defil'd,
 " And stain'd with blood of his beloved child.
 " Driv'n by the winds upon *Salentine* ground,
 " *Hesperia*'s happy coast, new realms he found.
 " The throne thus void, the *Cretans* all agreed
 " That none should e'er to Royalty succeed, 300

NOTE.

Verse 297, *Driv'n by the winds upon Salentine ground*—The *Salentines* were an ancient people of *Italy*, to the south of *Otranto* on the *Ionian Sea*.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 284, *Virg. Æn. 1, 154.*

Verse 297, *Virg. Æn. 3.*

" But

" But who to *Minos*' laws paid rev'rence due,
 " And mark the method which they now pursue.
 " The Chiefs assembled here from ev'ry town,
 " Twice fifty sev'ral districts of renown;
 " Already have begun in pray'r to join,
 " And offer'd victims to the Pow'rs divine.
 " Here too are summon'd all the Sages near,
 " To try whate'er competitors appear:
 " And public sports ordain'd, whence may be known
 " The worth of all pretenders to the throne. 310
 " The prize a Crown to him that shall excel
 " In strength of body, and in judging well.
 " They seek a King that's comely, strong, and brave;
 " Of soul discreet, and of deportment grave.
 " Such is the Prince with whom they would be blest,
 " And free is ev'ry stranger to contest."
 'Twas thus *Nausicles* the fact declar'd,
 Which full of wonder to our minds appear'd.
 " Then haste to our assembly, haste," he cries,
 " And strive with others for so fair a prize: 320
 " If Heav'n decree that you the palm shall gain,
 " Yours is the Sceptre of this wide domain."
 We follow'd, led by no ambitious view,
 But all impatience for a fight so new.

The place we came to like a circus stood,
 Of vast extent; surrounded with a wood:
 Its spacious area was of sand; prepar'd
 For those who enter'd for this high reward.

IMITATION.

Verse 325, *Virg. Æn.* 5, 287.

Of grassy turf upon its border rear'd
 A noble amphitheatre appear'd. 330
 Around unnumber'd multitudes were seen
 In rank, and order, seated on the green.

Uncommon honours to us all were giv'n:
 For *Crete* of all the nations under heav'n,
 Is most polite, and scrupulously kind,
 And most to Hospitality inclin'd.

They gave us place, and prest us to engage;
 When *Mentor* urg'd th' infirmities of age,
 And *Haz'el* sickness. I in bloom of life
 Had no excuse to shun the glorious strife. 340

Yet still on *Mentor* cast one transient glance,
 To learn if he would favour my advance.
 His looks benign complacence sweet betray'd,
 And I embrac'd the offer they had made.
 I straight undrest, while floods of fragrant oil
 Flow'd o'er my limbs, to fit me for the toil.
 Then join'd the crowd. When rumours round arise
Ulysses' Son was enter'd for the prize.

And divers *Cretans* still my form retain'd
 Who young beheld me in my native land. 350

We wrestled first. A *Rhodian* fierce appears
 (His age not more than five and thirty years)
 Still in the prime of youth; robust and strong,
 Whose nervous arms had triumph o'er the throng.

NOTE.

Verse 351, *A Rhodian fierce appears*—*Rhodes*, an island in the *Mediterranean*, took its name from the *Greek* *rhōdōs*, a rose, with which flower they say it abounds more than any other country. Several *Rhodian* coins are still extant, which represent the Sun on one side, and on the reverse a rose.

Whene'er

Whene'er he mov'd the swelling muscles rose;
 Vigour and force alike his frame compose.
 He look'd with pity on a beardless boy,
 As all too mean his efforts to employ.
 And seem'd as victor willing to retire,
 When I presented, and the fight require. 360
 With horrid gripe now each his rival crost,
 Close lock'd together, till our breath was lost.
 Shoulder to shoulder, and his foot to mine,
 Stretch'd were our nerves, our arms as serpents twine.
 Each striving from the ground to lift his foe
 And hurl him gasping on the sand below.
 On right and left by turns did he assail,
 And hop'd by strength superior to prevail.
 Thus urg'd I push'd him in a furious sort;
 That shock no longer could his reins support; 370
 Headlong he fell, his infamy compleat,
 And dragg'd me over balanc'd with his weight.
 Vain was th' attempt his limbs o'er mine to throw,
 I held him fix'd, and motionless below.
 Then all confus'd uprais'd him from the ground,
 While shouts of triumph fill'd the circle round.
 Our next encounter was more hardy far:
 To wage with Cestus a tremendous war.

NOTE.

Verse 378, *To wage with Cestus*—In fighting with Cestus, which was a severe kind of boxing, the combatants had their hands

IMITATIONS.

Verse 361, *Hom. Il. 23.*

Verse 363, *Virg. Æn. 10. Ov. Met. 9.*

A wealthy townsman's son from *Samos* came,
 Whose skill had rais'd him to the height of fame. 380
 To him each candidate would gladly yield,
 And none but I would dare dispute the field.
 Thick on my head and stomach, he bestow'd
 His deadly blows, forth rush'd the sanguine flood.
 Beneath the pow'rful stroke I blindly reel,
 And dreadful mists before my eyes I feel.
 Still prest he on, till breath was now no more,
 When *Mentor's* voice could all my strength restore.
 "O Son of Great *Ulysses*, is it fit
 "You thus inglorious to your foe submit?" 390
 Rous'd by these words to height of rage I pass,
 Declin'd those blows which else had prov'd my last;
 And when the *Samian* with extended arm,
 Had aim'd a stroke which guiltless fell of harm;
 As tott'ring thus, and pendulous he stood,
 I seiz'd th' occasion and with joy pursu'd.
 At this he shrunk, and when aloft in air
 My brandish'd cestus threaten'd to o'erbear;

NOTES.

hands and wrists bound about with thongs of leather, within which were sewed, according to *Virgil's* description in the fifth *Æneid*, pieces of iron and lead. But this seems to be unusual: for Mr. *Addison*, who inspected several ancient statues of this sort in *Italy*, could observe nothing but the leathern thongs.

Verse 379, *From Samos*—An island in the *Ionian Sea*, consecrated to *Juno*. *Bochart* says, it took its name from the Arabic word *sama*, which signifies lofty, on account of the high mountains with which it abounds.

IMITATION.

Verse 381, *Virg. Æn. 5.*

He

He dodg'd aside, but lo! the balance lost,
 Expos'd he stood to what he dreaded most. 400
 Scarce had I laid him prostrate on the sand,
 When to restore him I extend my hand:
 He scorn'd the proffer'd aid, and from the shore
 Uprose with dust besmear'd, and clotted gore.
 Beheld his fore disgrace in evil plight,
 Yet wanted courage to renew the fight.

Now all were summon'd to the rapid Race,
 To drive the Chariot through the level space.
 Each had by lot his equipage decreed;
 Nor wheels, nor horses fitted mine for speed. 410
 The signal giv'n, we started for the goal:
 While clouds of dust invellop'd all the pole.
 At first with gentle course, and quite at ease,
 I suffer all to pass me as they please.
 A *Spartan* youth, that eager seem'd for fame,
 Sprung foremost forth, and *Crantor* was his name.
 Next *Policletus* of the isle of *Crete*,
 And next *Hippomachus*, who hop'd to meet
 Once more the Crown, and home those honours bring,
 Because related to the banish'd King. 420
 His fiery steeds he aim'd not to restrain,
 They pant, they sweat, yet still he gives the reign:
 Bends o'er their flowing manes, the rolling car
 Seem'd void of motion when discern'd from far.
 As when an eagle cuts the ambient air
 With steady wings, which still at rest appear.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 412, *Hom. Il. 23.*Verse 422, *Virg. Georg. 3.*

My

My courfers by degrees recover'd heart,
 Were well in breath, and could fustain their part.
 I almost diftanc'd thofe who at the firft
 With fo much ardour from the goal had burft. 430
Hippomachus, by blood fo near a throne,
 So prefs'd each horfe to fix it for his own;
 The beft was tir'd, and falling prov'd how vain
 His mafter's hopes when he aspir'd to reign.
 Bent o'er their arch'd necks to force their fpeed,
 Fierce *Policletus* animates each fteed:
 A dang'rous attitude, which ill could bear
 The fudden jolting of his rapid car.
 Down from the top he tumbled to the plain,
 And from his hand let fall the filken rein. 440
 Happy indeed (though vanquish'd in the ftrife)
 That he was able to efcape with life.
Crantor perceiv'd, with indignation fir'd,
 How clofe I preft, the rank I had acquir'd.
 Doubled his efforts, to his courfers fpoke;
 And aim'd each pow'r with coftly vows t'invoke.
 My paffage was the chance he dreaded moft,
 Betwixt his whirling chariot and the poft.
 My cattle more obedient to the rein
 Already struggled hard the lead to gain: 450
 Nought then remain'd but to obftruct that pafs,
 And he with eafe might yet obtain the race.
 To gain this point might hazard all; but zeal
 Still drove him forward, till he broke his wheel.

IMITATIONS.

Verfe 435, *Virg. Æn.* 5. Verfe 445, *Hom. Il.* 23.

At

At once to turn was all remain'd to do,
Left his misfortune might affect me too.
That moment he beheld me touch the goal,
While shouts of triumph once more rent the pole:
Long live *Ulysses'* Son, the Lord of all;
Whom all the Gods to this dominion call!

460

The Sages now and all the Peers of *Crete*,
Led us directly to a sacred seat:
An ancient grove, remov'd from eyes profane,
Where hoary heads, as *Minos* pleas'd t'ordain,
Preside as Guardians of his righteous laws,
And give their judgment on each weighty cause,
To this retreat could none admittance gain
But we, who strove the Sceptre to obtain.
Expos'd to view now lay those fair records,
The laws of *Minos* in his proper words.

470

At first approach, when I these elders saw,
Their presence rais'd a reverential awe.
All seated round with most becoming grace,
Maintain'd their proper dignity, and place.
All equal seem'd, and all alike display'd
The snowy rings, and honours of their head.
Their age commanded infinite respect;
Lively their parts, and strangers to defect.
On ev'ry countenance serene, and mild,
Prudence enthron'd majestically smil'd.

480

None here were vain, or fond of idle prate,
But spoke their thoughts, and gave them proper weight.
And oft as diff'rent sentiments arose,
Such sense, such candour, all their heat compose;

With

With so much temper each his cause defends,
 All seem'd unanimous, and all were friends.
 By long experience, which discretion brings,
 A just idea they could form of things.

Yet still what rais'd their reason to the height,
 Was inward calmness, and that pure delight
 Those souls enjoy which still incline to truth,
 Free from the folly and caprice of youth.

490

Wisdom was all with them, the noble fruit,
 They reap'd from Virtue in a long pursuit,
 Was, free from Vice to taste her purest joys,
 And hear delighted Reason's glorious voice.

Much I admir'd them, yet with secret pain
 I wish'd my life that period could attain.
 For youth I found was rash and indiscreet,
 And far remov'd from virtue so compleat.

500

The Chief of all this venerable board
 Now op'd the book, and *Minos'* laws explor'd.
 Vast was the volume which with care they fold
 Within a box of frankincense and gold.
 All paid obeisance and profoundly bow'd:
 For (next the Gods who give us all that's good)
 They say that nought so much deserves applause
 As what shall mend mankind---as virtuous laws.

NOTE.

Verse 504, *Within a box of frankincense and gold*—Pliny says, that the same respect was paid by *Alexander* to the Works of *Homer*; who set apart the richest chest he found among the spoils of *Darius's* camp, adorned with pearls and precious stones, and the choicest perfumes, as a proper receptacle for what he esteemed the most valuable production of the human mind.

And

And Legislators who those laws dispense
Should, taught by them, be free from all offence. 510
For 'tis the law, not man, should bear the sway;
Man was by nature destin'd to obey.
Discourfing thus, the Chief three questions took
To be discuss'd according to the book.

The first:—"Of human race fay who is he
"That merits most to be accounted free?"
Some answer'd brief, It was a King that knew
Despotic rule, and could his foes subdue.
The next maintain'd, 'Twas he whose coffers grant
Supplies to purchase all that he can want. 520
Some held him happy in th' unmarried state,
Who only liv'd his travels to compleat:
To whom all quarters of the globe were known,
Lord of himself, accountable to none.
Some the barbarian fierce that rang'd the wood,
And unrestrain'd by laws the chace pursu'd;
Whose tranquil mind no anxious cares molest,
Of nature's stores abundantly possess.
Some judg'd the new emancipated slave
The sweetest taste of liberty to have: 530
As just emerging from a diff'rent state
Those pangs of servitude which all must hate.
The last suppos'd the man in pangs of death,
And now just ready to resign his breath:
Since death from ev'ry ill would set him clear,
The world's united force no more to fear.

My turn approaching, easy it appear'd
To speak what *Mentor* had so oft declar'd.

He most, said I, can liberty enjoy,
 Whose freedom slav'ry's self can ne'er destroy. 540
 Whatever lot he's destin'd to embrace,
 Whate'er his country, or whate'er his place;
 Still lives he free who fears the Gods alone,
 And other master will acknowledge none.
 In short, his freedom justly we admire
 That disengag'd from ev'ry vain desire;
 Yet bends to Heav'n, and to no pow'r beside,
 And takes the light of reason for its guide.
 The Sages smil'd to find me thus succeed
 That I, and *Minos*, were so well agreed. 550

The second question next in order rose,
 Which in explicit terms they thus propose.
 "Of all the various orders of mankind,
 "Which most doth mis'ry, and misfortunes find?"

Here all their diff'rent sentiments express'd,
 As diff'rent thoughts arose within their breast.
 The first affirm'd, The man who wanted health,
 The blaze of honour, and the sweets of wealth.
 Another band with eager warmth contend
 For some deserted wretch, without a friend. 560
 Some thought the sire whose children were his shame;
 Ungrateful, base, unworthy of his name.
 From *Lesbos* Isle a venerable man
 Attempted thus the question to explain:

Of

NOTE.

Verse 563, *From Lesbos Isle*—Among the many islands in the
Ægean Sea, none rose to greater fame than that of *Lesbos*; whose
 capital, *Mitylene*, gave birth to *Pittacus* one of the seven wise
 men,

Of all that mis'ry and misfortunes know,
 He suffers most, that most perceives his woe.
 For let unhappiness be ne'er so great,
 Yet sad Impatience will increase its weight.
 At this th' assembly thunder'd with applause,
 All judg'd, in this at least, he Victor was. 570
 Still my opinion eagerly they sought,
 I gave them answer as my friend had taught.
 Far most unhappy of all human kind
 The King who bliss would in oppression find.
 Whose blindness doubles ev'ry pungent grief,
 As wounds unknown can ne'er admit relief.
 Truth cannot reach him through his fawning train,
 Indeed he dreads it as the greatest pain.
 His passions lord it o'er fair Reason's light,
 False to his trust nought orders he aright: 580
 Strange to those pure delights from goodness spring,
 And all the charms that virtuous actions bring.
 He's curst indeed and well deserves that fate
 Each day augments the mis'ry of his state;
 His ruin certain; and his wretched reign
 Just Heav'n will punish with eternal pain.
 Th' assembled Elders in my praises join,
 The Lesbian's sentence now gave place to mine.
 The Chiefs acknowledg'd with a loud acclaim
 My sense and that of Minos were the same. 590

NOTE.

men, to *Alcæus* the lyric poet, *Sappho*, *Terpander*, and others the most celebrated names of antiquity. *Athens*, *Rhodes*, and *Mitylene* were esteemed by the *Romans* as the three grandest academies in the world. And to visit one of them was judged absolutely necessary to a polite education.

The

The third last question now aloft was heard,
 Which of the two deserv'd to be preferr'd :
 Th' heroic Prince invincible in Arms,
 Or he who, stranger to those fierce alarms,
 Had yet the skill his Commerce to increase,
 And bless his people with the arts of Peace ?
 The major part preferr'd the Son of War,
 And follow'd gladly his triumphal car.
 For what advantage, added they, can flow
 While he's unable to repel the foe ?

600

Useless those arts when once his country's lost,
 O'er-run, enslav'd, by some insulting host.
 Some held pacific Monarchs were the best ;
 Whose care prevents that war which they detest.
 But these were told---A Prince of Martial fire
 Could glory to himself and State acquire ;
 Enlarge their borders, and extend their name ;
 While others rul'd with infamy and shame.
 Eager they seem'd my sentiments to learn
 I ventur'd thus an answer to return.

610

That Sov'reign Prince who can exert his care
 In one condition only, peace or war,
 Unskill'd in both due prudence to display,
 Is half unqualified for Royal sway.
 But if a just comparison we drew
 'Twixt him who nought but Conquest should pursue,

NOTE.

Verse 591, *The third last question*—The decision here given is conformable to Tully's sentiments in the first book of his *Offices*.

And

And him that's blest with a Discretion rare,
 Though quite unpractic'd in the trade of war;
 The latter shines with much superior grace,
 Since ev'ry Gen'ral can supply his place. 620
 A Prince of martial turn will always aim
 T'extend his frontiers, and increase his fame:
 His subjects bleed; and wherefore should they roam,
 In search of conquest; slaves themselves at home?
 This too observe---what ills arise from war,
 And love of Conquest carried on too far.
 Oft share the Victors in the sad distress,
 Their morals lost; they suffer by success.
 Ask *Greece* what ruin captive *Ilium* brings,
 Which ten long years depriv'd her of her Kings. 630
 Adieu to law when flames of war prevail,
 All arts will droop, all husbandry will fail.
 The best of Monarchs in this desp'rate case,
 Submit with patience to the worst disgrace:
 Connive at Vice 'twere dang'rous to restrain,
 And use the service of the most profane.
 Oft punish we in peace, and oft discard
 The daring wretch, in war we must reward.
 Ambition still some sure misfortune brings,
 All States are sufferers by triumphant Kings: 640
 Who, mad for Glory, will alike pursue
 Their conqu'ring Subjects, and the Vanquish'd too.
 Nought will that realm, although victorious, gain
 Whose Monarch knows not well in Peace to reign.

IMITATION.

Verse 621, *Liv.* Book 1.

VOL. I.

L

Who

Who like one fencing his paternal ground,
 And still encroaching on his neighbours round,
 Is yet unskill'd to cultivate the soil,
 Or reap one harvest to reward his toil.
 Such Kings for Rapine seem alone design'd,
 Plagues of the world, and pests of human kind. 650
 Nought taste their people of that pure delight
 Which alway springs from governing aright.

View the next Monarch of pacific frame:
 I grant no Conquest will extend his Fame.
 No harrafs'd subjects in this state you find,
 He troubles not the quiet of mankind.
 Nor aims to make dependent on his throne
 Those realms whose Sceptre is by right their own.
 But if in Peace he rules with proper care,
 His State with ease he may secure from War. 660
 For Moderation will his steps attend,
 His ev'ry counsel will regard his friend.
 True to his league no neighbour he'll reduce,
 Nor e'er attempt what may disturb the truce.
 His firm allies his amity embrace,
 Nor fear in him their confidence to place.
 Should any Prince now with ambitious view
 Some haughty, proud, destructive scheme pursue,
 The neighb'ring Kings for him would all declare,
 Save whom they love, by crushing whom they fear. 670
 His justice, candour, and his faith profound,
 Will make him Umpire of the Nations round:

IMITATION.

Verse 663, *Plin. Panegy.*

And

And while the Conqu'ror hated is by all,
In danger ever by their leagues to fall,
Our peaceful Prince with greater glory blest
Is common Sire, and Guardian of the rest.
Such is th' advantage from abroad will come :
But more substantial will he find at home.
For if in Peace he can deserve applause,
I must suppose he rules by virtuous Laws ; 680
Suppresses lux'ry and unmanly pride,
And each pernicious art to Vice allied.
A nursing Father to all other arts
Which sweeten life, or can improve our hearts.
But chief will Husbandry engross his care,
And honest lab'ers of his favour share.
Hence plenty smiles on each contented swain,
And men industrious, honest, frugal, plain ;
Whose daily labour must their bread command,
Will quickly multiply, and fill the land. 690
Behold this kingdom and admire its Wealth !
Blest with unnumber'd multitudes in health,
Robust, and strangers to the path of Vice ;
Not giv'n to sloth, not finically nice ;
But active all, accustom'd to obey,
Despising death when Virtue points the way.
Who chuse to fall with glory in the field,
Before they tamely will their Freedom yield :
Blest with a Prince that's worthy to preside,
Who knows to rule, whose Reason is his Guide. 700
Should some victorious neighbour give th' assault,
He'll find perhaps this people at a fault :

Unus'd to camps, unskilful how to form
The line of battle, or the town to storm;
Yet still their force invincible he'll find,
Such strength of numbers, with such valour join'd;
Such patience of fatigue whate'er befall,
And sweet Contentment under loss of all;
In fight such vigour, worth so truly great,
As ev'n Misfortune's self can ne'er abate. 710
This Prince unable to direct aright,
Or head his armies in the dang'rous fight,
Experienc'd leaders will with care provide,
While yet all honours with himself abide.
Mean time due succours from allies he draws,
The Gods themselves all vindicate his cause;
And ev'ry subject hopes to breathe his last
E'er tyrant laws, and tyrant rule he taste.
Mark what recruits this Monarch now can raise,
What his resources in the worst of days! 720
My sentence is then, that a Prince so weak,
So rude in arms, is not the Prince we seek;
Is incomplete; unless that part he knows,
Greatest of all---to triumph o'er his foes.
And yet I add, imperfect as he is,
He'll far superior to your Hero rise,
Whose martial Genius troubles will increase,
But wants abilities to shine in Peace.

Through all th' Assembly numbers I perceiv'd
With great disgust my maxims had receiv'd. 730
Most men are dazzled with a vain parade,
By pomp of Conquest, and by shew betray'd:

These

These they prefer to what is truly great,
The peace and comfort of a well rul'd State.
Not so the Judges; who at once declar'd
That *Minos*' sense from me alone they heard.

I see, exclaim'd the Chief, and all must yield,
Apollo's ancient Oracle fulfill'd.

For virtuous *Minos* did a vow prefer,
And begg'd of Heav'n with certainty to hear; 740

How long his Sons the Sceptre should retain,
And make his laws the model of their reign?

Apollo answer'd---Then will end their course
When strangers come your counsels to enforce.

So spake the God. And apprehension grew
Some daring stranger would our Isle subdue:

But poor *Idomeneus* so late undone,

And the great Wisdom of *Ulysses*'s Son;

Who best appears those laws to understand

Apollo's meaning have enough explain'd. 750

Why doubt we then, my friends, to fix the crown

On him that Heav'n has destin'd to the throne?

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.



BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus gives an account of his refusing the Kingdom of Crete, in order to return to Ithaca: that he proposed to them to chuse Mentor, who likewise refused the Crown: that the Assembly at length urged Mentor, to make choice of a proper person for the Nation at large; who laid before them the report which he had received of the virtues of Aristodemus; who was instantly proclaimed Sovereign. That afterwards Mentor, and himself, embarked for Ithaca: but that Neptune, to console Venus for the provocation she had received, occasioned them to make ship-wreck, after which they were cast upon the Island of Calypso.

FORTH from the grove their course the Sages bend,
 Led by the senior I their march attend:
 Who hastes th' impatient *Cretans* to advise,
 That young *Telemachus* had gain'd the Prize.
 Scarce had they catch'd these tidings from his tongue,
 When acclamations rose among the throng.
 The neighb'ring shore and ev'ry mountain nigh
 Re-echo'd shouts of triumph and of joy.
 " *Ulysses'* Son was of the Throne posses'd,
 " And *Crete*, with one like *Minos*, should be blest." 10
 I paus'd

TELEMACHUS and MENTOR'S departure from CRETE.
Book VII.



Caricatured by

Bartholomew

*The Immortals, O my friends, in whom we trust
Are bounteous, and can never be unjust;
Our friendship they behold, and soon or late
Will reunite us in a deathless state!*

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I paus'd a while, and beck'ning with my hand
The signal gave their silence to command.
When *Mentor* whisp'ring o'er my shoulder bends---
" Renounce you thus your Country, and your friends?
" Shall fond Ambition and desire to reign
" Make all *Penelope's* assurance vain;
" The great *Ulysses* rev'rence you no more,
" Whom Heav'n has yet determin'd to restore?"
Swift to my soul these words their passage won,
And banish'd all Ambition for a Throne. 20
Mean while the crowd was hush'd, their tumults cease,
Which gave me licence for this short address:
Illustrious *Cretans*, plainly I perceive
Mine own unfitness for the rank you give.
For trust so sacred ill am I prepar'd,
Though well your famous Oracle declar'd;
Great *Minos'* offspring then should end their course,
When *Minos'* laws a stranger should enforce.
That Great *Apollo* had respect to me,
With secret transport and delight I see: 30
Yet in that Oracle no word is found,
To prove this stranger should himself be crown'd.
The prophecy's fulfill'd. I came from far
And *Minos'* sentiments have trac'd with care.
May then that explanation which I use
Cause their observance by the man you chuse!
But for myself, I seek another Crown:
My native *Ithaca* of small renown,
That barren spot shall my acceptance meet;
Before the wealth, and hundred towns of *Crete*. 40

Permit me, *Cretans*, there to hold the reins;
 Permit me to pursue what Fate ordains.
 If in your sports to any fame I've grown,
 Believe me, friends, I aim'd not at the throne:
 But your affections to secure, and love,
 And some compassion in your breasts to move;
 That you with speed my country might restore,
 And reconduct me to my native shore.
 My Royal Parents rather I'd obey,
 Than rule the world with universal way. 50
 Ye Sons of *Crete* impartially behold,
 While I the secrets of my soul unfold.
 By sad necessity constrain'd we part;
 But death alone shall blot you from my heart.
 Long as I live, and draw this vital air,
 The *Cretan* State shall my affection share:
 A just regard shall to her cause be shewn,
 And I'll consult her glory as my own.

Scarce had I ended, when a murmur'ing sound
 Crept through the ranks, and fill'd the circle round. 60
 As when the waves in fierce encounter meet
 When whirlwinds ruffle and when tempests beat.
 A part enquiring, as they stand agape,
 Was it some Deity in human shape?
 A part affirming they had seen my face
 And oft beheld in some far distant place,

NOTE.

Verse 64, *Was it some Deity, &c.*—So *Livy* describes the *Spaniards* in admiration at *Scipio*, lib. 26.

IMITATION.

Verse 64, *Virg. Æn. 4, 12.*

While

While some aloud for open force declare,
And would compel the diadem to wear.
Again I aim'd to speak, in silence rang'd
They now believ'd my sentiments were chang'd: 70
And I the proffer'd dignity would take,
When thus before th' assembled Chiefs I spake.
 Forgive me, *Cretans*, if without disguise
I tell what thoughts within my breast arise.
Of all the various nations under Heav'n,
To none more wisdom than to you is giv'n.
And by that wisdom should, I think, be fought
What seems at present to escape your thought.
Not he that reasons best upon your laws,
But he that firmest stands in Virtue's cause; 80
Whose ev'ry act those golden rules direct,
Such is the Monarch whom you ought t'elect.
Before you now a beardless boy appears,
Nor dwells experience with such tender years:
Of ev'ry passion do I live the sport,
And find for Sov'reign Rule my Reason short:
More fit to follow some experienc'd guide,
And learn of him hereafter to preside.
Think not in him a King compleat to find,
Superior seen in body or in mind. 90
But who self-conquer'd can his will controul,
And has your laws engrav'd upon his soul.
Whose life a transcript of those laws affords,
Whose deeds commend him rather than his words.

IMITATION.

Verse 91, *Plin. Nat. Hist.* 35.

Charm'd

Charm'd with th' harangue the Chiefs their thoughts
While louder still th' applauding shouts arose. [disclose,

" Since Heav'n hath shew'd us that our hopes are vain,

" And thus you flatly have refus'd to reign;

" At least assist us, with indulgence kind,

" This great asserter of our laws to find. 100

" O teach us, if you can, who knows with skill,

" And temper fit, the *Cretan* throne to fill?"

'Tis he, I cried, him worthiest I deem

From whom I hold whatever you esteem,

His sense, not mine, those prudent answers gave,

From him proceeds the little worth I have.

This said, on *Mentor* all their eyes were bent,
Whose hand I held, and for their King present.

I told them all th' anxieties, and fears

He knew as Guardian of my infant years: 110

The dangers threatening me on ev'ry side

'Gainst which his prudence could alone provide.

Declar'd those toils my ruin did portend,

When I forsook the counsels of my friend.

At first with small distinction was he seen,

So plain his garb, so negligent his mien:

His silence, modesty, and air reserv'd

Prevented all the honours he deserv'd.

But with attention view'd, and nearer brought,

Each feature shew'd that elevated thought, 120

That steady courage, and intrepid air,

No words of mine can properly declare.

His penetrating eyes they saw, and lov'd;

And that alacrity with which he mov'd.

He

He solv'd their questions, their applauses won;
 And all agreed to raise him to the throne.
 Calmly he wav'd their choice, nor blush'd to own
 "He thought retirement better than a Crown.
 "The best of Kings unhappy are in this---
 "Misled by flatt'ers they must act amiss. 130
 "Can rarely do one half the good they would,
 "While schemes they hate are frequently pursu'd.
 "If Servitude," said he, "be low and base,
 "No less are Sov'reigns subject to disgrace,
 "When best obey'd a gilded chain they wear,
 "The Slaves of those committed to their care.
 "Thrice happy he whose more auspicious fate
 "Hath ne'er enjoin'd the government of State!
 "When sov'reign pow'r's committed to our hands
 "It is our Country that our care demands: 140
 "No more henceforth of Freedom must we feel,
 "But labour earnest for the Public Weal."

Scarce could the *Cretans* credit what they heard,
 But ask'd who fittest for their choice appear'd?

"The man who best your constitution knows,
 "He best," said *Mentor*, "merits to be chose,
 "Who, since as Sov'reign he must rule the land,
 "Accepts that office with a trembling hand.
 "Who fondly aims at Royalty and State,
 "Is all unskill'd, unequal to their weight. 150
 "How then discharge the duties of a King,
 "When unacquainted with the cares they bring?

IMITATION.

Verse 127, *Sen. in Thyest.*

"Him

"Him Int'rest prompts:---but you should fill the throne
 "With one that seeks it for your good alone."

Amazement seiz'd on all the circle round,
 Two strangers thus refusing to be crown'd,
 Which others sought with vehement desire:
 Who brought them hither eager they enquire:
 Our guide *Nausistrates*, who from the port
 Led us directly to their public sport, 160
 Now shew'd them *Hazael*; declar'd his name
 With whom so late from *Cyprus* Isle we came.
 It rais'd their wonder that this *Hazael's* slave,
 So much of Virtue, and good Sense should have;
 And now no longer in that rank attend,
 But grow his Lord's chief counsellor and friend:
 That he, enfranchis'd from the servile chain,
 Was the self same that now refus'd to reign.
 That *Hazael* himself from *Syria* sail'd,
 To learn the customs which in *Crete* prevail'd: 170
 With *Minos'* golden rules t'enrich his mind,
 So much to wisdom was his heart inclin'd.

Him next the Chiefs address---"We dare not own
 "How much we wish you to ascend our throne;
 "But judge your thoughts like *Mentor's* we shall find,
 "And fear too much you disregard mankind:
 "Are too averse to wealth, and regal state,
 "To buy their cares and undertake their weight."
 "Judge not," ye *Cretans*, "he return'd so hard,
 "To think mankind so little I regard. 180
 "No; 'tis a point by gen'rous minds pursu'd,
 "To make men happy, and compleatly good:
 "But

" But toils and dangers great that task attend,
 " And all the tinsel glory it can lend,
 " Is much too weak, too transient, and too vain,
 " The love of any but of fools to gain.
 " Short is our span: and when aloft we soar,
 " Our passions mount too, and still crave for more.
 " Contempt of this to learn I come so far,
 " With no ambition in such toys to share. 190
 " Farewel! The sweets of private life be mine:
 " Where sacred Wisdom, Virtue's pow'r divine,
 " And Virtue's offspring Hope, shall crown the bliss
 " I look for in a life succeeding this.
 " Here centre all my views; this calms the fears,
 " And smooths the passage of declining years.
 " No crown I seek: if ought a wish could raise,
 " These should attend the ev'ning of my days!"
 In one petition all to *Mentor* join'd---
 " Tell us thou wisest, greatest of mankind, 200
 " Tell us who all depend upon your voice;
 " And kindly deign to influence our choice.
 " For never shall you leave the *Cretan* shore,
 " Till taught by you we fix the Sov'reign pow'r.
 He answer'd meek---" While yet unmark'd I stood,
 " And in the crowd the public pastime view'd,
 " A certain Sage I saw, and much approv'd;
 " Who gaz'd with others, but appear'd unmov'd:
 " Active and strong, though far advanc'd in years,
 " *Aristodemus* is the name he bears. 210
 " I heard, when one inform'd this aged sire,
 " That both his sons would to the Crown aspire:
 " This

- " This gave him no delight, he answer'd mild,
 " No cares, like these, he wish'd his fav'rite child;
 " Nor could the other for his King approve,
 " 'Twas inconsistent with his country's love.
 " Hence I inferr'd, that virtuous acts alone
 " Had caus'd th' affection for this fav'rite son:
 " And that, with equal dignity of soul,
 " He dar'd the other's vices to controul. 220
 " This made me curious, if I could, to hear
 " What life he led, what character might bear?
 " A citizen of your's, then near at hand,
 " Thus answer'd my inquisitive demand.
 " Long time a soldier hath he shone in war,
 " His body mark'd with many an honest scar;
 " But that unshaken virtue which abhorr'd
 " To fawn, and crouch, grew hateful to his lord.
 " *Idomeneus* refus'd his arms t' employ,
 " Or use his service in the siege of *Troy*. 230
 " He fear'd the man whose high deserts he knew,
 " Nor could resolve his counsels to pursue;
 " Was jealous of the fame he should admire,
 " And all that glory he would soon acquire;
 " Forgot his services, however great,
 " And left him here in miserable state;
 " Despis'd and scorn'd by that luxurious herd,
 " Who, foes to virtue, nought but wealth preferr'd.
 " Content with indigence, his wretched lot,
 " He chearful lives, improves a distant spot; 240

IMITATION.

Verse 227, *Ter. Andr.*

" With

- “ With labour cultivates the scanty foil,
“ His eldest son the partner of his toil.
“ Here mutual love and mutual concord reign,
“ A frugal industry can both maintain:
“ They taste securely, and devoid of strife,
“ Whate’er is needful in a private life.
“ This venerable man, if ought redound,
“ With care bestows it on the poor around;
“ Inures their youth to industry and pains,
“ Forms all their morals---their affection gains: 250
“ Exhorts, decides whatever feuds appear;
“ The common father of each household near.
“ His sole misfortune is a second son,
“ Whose tow’ring pride will counsel take of none.
“ Awhile his vices to correct he strove,
“ Now shakes him off unworthy of his love:
“ In ev’ry folly doth he bear a part,
“ While fond ambition hath possess’d his heart.
“ With due regard, ye *Cretans*, then attend,
“ You best can tell if rightly I commend. 260
“ If just the portrait, wherefore were your sports?
“ Why call ye foreigners from distant Courts?
“ Lo! in the midst of you a man appears,
“ Who knows you well, whom you have known for years;
“ A skilful soldier, with a valiant heart,
“ Not only proof against each hostile dart,
“ But whom ev’n poverty could ne’er subdue,
“ Who seeks no riches with a sordid view,
“ Will use no flattery to obtain his end;
“ To toil, and virtuous industry, a friend. 270
“ Who

" Who knows how husbandry improves a state,
 " Abhors the pride of the luxurious great;
 " Sees ev'n his children with impartial eyes,
 " Loves one for Virtue, and one blames for Vice;
 " Strange to that fondness which some parents feel,
 " And form'd already for the public weal.
 " Behold your proper King, unless in vain
 " You make pretence that *Minos'* laws shall reign."
 The crowd again in shouts their zeal display;
 " *Aristodemus* is the man you say, 280
 " These are his merits which we gladly own,
 " And hold him worthy to ascend the Throne."
 The Chiefs gave instant order he be sought;
 Lo! from the meanest of the tribes he's brought:
 And, when proclaim'd, thus spake, sedate and cool,
 " On these conditions only will I rule:
 " First, that full leave be giv'n me to retire
 " Ere in full course two circling years expire,
 " If no improvements merit your applause,
 " Or you be found reluctant to the laws. 290
 " The next is this: I earnestly implore,
 " Plain be my diet, frugal as before!
 " The third and last: Permit me to enjoin
 " My sons in no superior rank may shine;
 " That, whensoever I return to earth,
 " Their merit may commend them, not their birth."
 Here paus'd the Prince elect;---repeated cries
 Burst from a thousand throats, and rend the skies;
 The chief of all these Senators renown'd,
 Who guard the law, *Aristodemus* crown'd: 300
 Victims

Victims were offer'd to almighty *Jove*,
And other great divinities above.

Great were the presents he on us bestow'd
(Not such as Royal splendour might have shew'd)
But nobly plain. To *Haz'el* he ordain'd
The laws of *Minos* written with his hand,
The *Cretan* hist'ry from its earliest stage,
The reign of *Saturn*, and the Golden Age.
Nor stopp'd he thus, but order'd him aboard
The best of fruits his island could afford:

310

Delicious p'lants unknown to *Syrian* land,
And bade whate'er he wanted to command.

When now we seem'd impatient of delay,
He sent us robes, provisions for the way,
A sumptuous galley well prepar'd with oars,
And arms, and men, and military stores.

Just then for *Ithaca* th' expected gale
Propitious rose and spread the swelling sail.

But that which help'd us in so kind a fort
Detain'd still *Haz'el* in the *Cretan* port.

320

He saw us launch, embrac'd us o'er and o'er,
His dearest friends he should behold no more.

"Ye righteous Gods look down," said he, "with grace
"On love like ours that's fix'd on Virtue's base!"

NOTE.

Verse 300, *Aristodemus crown'd*—By the word diadem in the original is meant, a bandage of linen wreathed round the forehead of the ancient Kings, particularly the Eastern Kings, and over the tiara. The *Persian* diadem we are told was purple and white: and to place this on the Monarch's head was esteem'd the greatest honour a subject could enjoy.

" A day will come when we again shall meet,
" In fair Elysium, and those mansions sweet,
" Where pious souls (when death and danger's past)
" No more divided, endless peace shall taste.
" Grant Heav'n! whenever we shall cease to live,
" The self same urn our ashes may receive!" 330

The trickling tears now witness'd his distress,
Sighs choak'd his voice, nor more could he express.
Myself and *Mentor* our endearments blend;
Then seek the ship conducted by our friend.

Aristodemus now remain'd alone:

" Observe," he cried, "you rais'd me to the throne:
" You first exalted me to regal state,
" O think what dangers on that office wait.
" O beg of ev'ry Deity in Heav'n,
" From them such share of Wisdom may be giv'n, 340
" That as in pow'r all others I excel,
" I may surpass them too in acting well!
" My constant pray'r shall be---that by the hand
" They safe conduct you to your native land,
" Confound the insolence of ev'ry foe,
" Give you substantial happiness to know;
" Till in the end triumphant shall be seen
" *Ulysses* reigning with his virtuous Queen.
" My dear *Telemachus*, the ship I send
" Has arms, and men which may your cause defend; 350
" Will all assist you, will partake your cares,
" And free your Mother from the wrongs she bears.
" Your wisdom, *Mentor*, nothing can require;
" And to enrich you were a fond desire.

" Go,

" Go, virtuous pair, together happy live !

" Yet think on me if happiness arrive.

" And if at *Crete* your wants be ever known,

" While I have life, your cause shall be my own."

He said, and held us in a fond embrace,

While tears of gratitude bedew'd our face.

360

And now the breezes which our sail distend

In earnest seem'd our voyage to befriend.

The *Cretan* shores soon vanish'd from our sight,

Already *Ida* lessen'd in its height.

The *Grecian* Coast, of which a glimpse we gain,

Advancing seem'd to meet us in the main.

When lo ! a tempest cover'd all the sky ;

Old *Ocean* threaten'd, and his waves ran high.

The Sun obscur'd, his golden beam withdrew,

And instant death presented to our view.

370

'Twas you, great Emp'ror of the azure main,

You *Neptune* did this hurricane ordain,

Whose pow'rful trident this convulsion made,

And summon'd all the waters to your aid.

For *Venus* to revenge the slight we shew'd

At fair *Cythera*, where such numbers bow'd,

Arose in haste the watry God to find,

And to discharge the burthen of her mind.

All bath'd in tears her beauteous eyes were seen,

And thus indignant spake the *Cyprian* Queen.

380

(So *Mentor* hath inform'd to whom is giv'n

To know whatever appertains to Heav'n.)

" Will *Neptune* stand with calm indiff'rence by

" While impious mortals shall my pow'r defy ?

" And shall these miscreants thus unpunish'd live
" When Gods themselves my Deity perceive ?
" Yet they have ventur'd to condemn my rites,
" And mock that worship which my heart delights.
" Some strange superior wisdom they pretend,
" Call Love a folly, and refuse to bend. 390
" And are you too unmindful of my worth,
" Can you forget that hence I drew my birth ?
" Arise, and sink them ('tis a daughter cries)
" Ten thousand fathom in the vast abyss."

She spake ; and *Neptune* lifts his trident high ;
He smote the waves and swell'd them to the sky.
Well pleas'd the Goddess saw the promis'd aid,
And thought no prudence could the wreck evade.
Our Pilot in distress now roar'd aloud
That such a wind was not to be withstood. 400

The ship unable to resist the shocks
Would straight be forc'd upon the pointed rocks.
Our mizen mast was shiver'd at a blow,
The griding rocks next enter'd us below :
On ev'ry side th' o'erwhelming floods prevail,
The found'ring vessel could no longer fail.
In fore dismay with lamentable cries
The dying mariners invade the skies.

Clasping my dearest *Mentor*, " Lo !" said I,
" Our end is come, then valiant let us die. 410
" The Gods that oft from danger set us clear,
" Had this in view that we should perish here.
" Then welcome death ! nor is the comfort small
" That in the arms of *Mentor* I shall fall.

" All

“ All hopes that we can live, and conquest gain

“ O’er all these warring elements are vain.”

He answer’d brief---“ The soul that’s truly brave

“ In all misfortunes some resource will have.

“ ’Tis not sufficient that we calm receive

“ Whenever death the fatal stroke shall give; 420

“ We must undaunted ev’ry means explore,

“ Use all endeavours to repel his pow’r.

“ Seize we this plank on which the rowers sat,

“ And (while thus idly they regret their fate)

“ Lose we no time which Heav’n indulgent gives,

“ But strive our utmost to preserve our lives.”

This said, with looks dispatchful and in haste

A sharpen’d ax he rais’d to cut the mast :

Which broke already o’er the bark was laid,

And to the water’s edge one side had weigh’d. 430

With toil he heav’d, he threw the cumbrous load,

Then leap’d at once amidst the raging flood ;

And urg’d me likewise to perform the same,

My courage rais’d, and call’d me by my name.

As when conspiring winds with rudest gale

O’er some broad oak well rooted would prevail ;

Which still unmov’d the mighty shock receives,

And feels their force in nothing but its leaves ;

Just so did *Mentor* with undaunted mind

Unruffled seem’d to rule both waves and wind. 440

His great example eager I pursue ;

Rous’d by that voice who could not venture too ?

Thus steer’d we well our mast, and brav’d the wind ;

And happy for us this support to find.

Secure we sat: had swimming been requir'd,
 Our strength had fail'd; and we had soon expir'd.
 Yet frequent turns the furious tempest gave,
 And deep immerst us in the briny wave:
 Through nose and ears the nauseous waters past,
 Largely we drank though dreadful was the taste. 450
 Oft times constrain'd in fierce dispute to meet,
 And combat hard the floods to gain our seat.
 And oft a billow mountain high was roll'd
 To wash us headlong should we quit our hold.

While thus a desp'rate conflict we maintain,
Mentor, as now upon this flow'ry plain,
 Serene, and undisturb'd, with mind at rest,
 Propos'd his questions, and his thoughts express'd.

"Can you, my dear *Telemachus*, believe
 "That all at mercy of these storms you live? 460
 "Or they to hurt you can sufficient prove
 "Unless commission'd by the Gods above?
 "No. Rest assur'd those Beings ever blest
 "Dispose of all things as it likes them best.
 "To them then should we bend, them only fear,
 "The raging ocean is not worth our care.
 "For sink you now into the boundless main,
 "Almighty *Jove* can draw you forth again.
 "Or upward soar to yon ethereal sky,
 "And tread those stars which form the galaxy, 470
 "His hand to this abyss can bring you back,
 "Or hurl you headlong to the *Stygian* lake."

Admiring heard I all he did relate,
 It gave some comfort in this wretched state.

But

But yet my spirits were too weak to rise,
And give an answer to discourse so wise.
No longer now could each his friend behold,
Trembling, and half expiring with the cold:
In fore distress the tedious night we past,
Uncertain where this dreadful storm would cast. 480
At length the winds abate, the falling flood
Still murmur'd hoarsely, but no longer loud.
As when some angry churl hath spent his fire
(His fury just beginning to expire)
Still on his ruffled front some remnant wears
Of fierce emotions, and disquiet airs;
So roar'd the sea. The waves we now beheld
Were but as furrows in a new-plough'd field.

Lo! rosy-finger'd Morn, with aspect bright,
For *Phœbus* had unbarr'd the gates of light: 490
The ruddy East all flaming with his ray,
Fair omen gave us of a glorious day.
The stars so long obscur'd now fear'd t'encroach,
But scarce appear'd and fled at his approach.
Far off we saw the wish'd-for land appear,
And, aided by the wind, we soon drew near.
I felt my heart exult with courage new,
But none perceiv'd we of our wretched crew:
Who fainting sunk, we judg'd, in endless sleep,
And with their ship were buried in the deep. 500
When just at hand we view'd the promis'd shore,
Directly down upon the rocks we bore.
(So great the violence of the rapid waves)
And had we struck them, we had found our graves.

But with uncommon skill my worthy friend
The mast directed, and presents its end :
Th' experienc'd Pilot, with his helm in hand,
Not more discreetly could his course command.
Thus 'scap'd we from the rocks, though rudely tost,
And found this hospitable, quiet coast; 510
Where at our ease we skimm'd the liquid food,
Till quite securely on the beach we stood.
'Twas here, great Goddess, that you first perceiv'd
Our sad condition, and our wants reliev'd :
That you, whose sway doth o'er this isle extend,
First condescended to become our friend.

THE END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.



BOOK VII.

VENUS bringing CUPID to CALYPSO.
Book VIII.



Monnet delin.

Boston: J. P. S.

—LOVE is on thy side; then cease to fear;
Propitious to thy cause I leave him here.
THE MACHUUS shall see his childlike play,
With pleasure too shall pass the vacant day,
Contemplating his charms, and feel beside
What conquest Love can gain o'er human pride.

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BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Calypso is struck with admiration at Telemachus from the account of his Adventures, and employs every means to detain him in her Island, by engaging him in an amorous intrigue with herself. Mentor supports him by his remonstrances against the artifices of that Goddess, and against Cupid, whom Venus had brought to her assistance. Notwithstanding which Telemachus and the Nymph Eucharis entertain a mutual passion for each other: which at first excites the jealousy of Calypso, and afterwards her indignation against those two lovers. She swears by Styx that Telemachus shall leave her Island: Cupid goes to comfort her, and prevails upon her Nymphs to set fire to a Vessel built by Mentor, just as Mentor was hurrying away Telemachus in order to embark. Telemachus feels a secret joy at seeing the Vessel in flames. Mentor, who perceived it, pushed him headlong into the Sea, and jumped himself after him to gain, by swimming, another Vessel which he observed near that Coast.

THE beauteous Nymphs that form'd the circle round,
And view'd attentive, when an end they found
Gave now full licence to their tongues confin'd,
Gaz'd on each other and disclos'd their mind.

“What

- " What mortals these to whom such Virtue's giv'n,
 " So much the fav'rites, and delight of Heav'n?
 " Did e'er Adventures to this height arise,
 " Or so abound with wonder and surprize?
 " *Ulysses'* Son doth all mankind excel
 " In Wisdom, Valour, and in speaking well. 10
 " What beauty! sweetness, what a godlike mien!
 " What modest worth and Majesty is seen!
 " If well we knew not his terrestrial race,
 " He might for *Bacchus*, or for *Hermes* pass:
 " Nay such a shape, and such a lovely air
 " *Apollo's* self might not disdain to wear.
 " But what this *Mentor*? Is he not as great?
 " Plain in appearance, and of low estate;
 " Yet nearer view'd he strangely wins our mind,
 " And seems of rank superior to mankind." 20

NOTES.

Verse 14, *He might for Bacchus or for Hermes*—*Bacchus* the son of *Jupiter* and *Semele*, daughter of *Cadmus* King of *Thebes*, was worshipped in a particular manner, his victims being either asses or he goats; to signify the stupidity and lasciviousness of those given to much wine. The fable of his untimely birth, and being sewed into *Jupiter's* thigh, took its rise, according to *Diodorus Siculus*, from the preservation of him and his army, on Mount *Meros* in *India*; from the contagious distempers which raged in the plains about them. For *μῆκος* in Greek signifying a thigh, this was hint sufficient to the heathen Mythologists. *Hermes* or *Mercury* was son of *Jupiter* and *Maia*, the daughter of *Atlas*. He was the Messenger of Heaven, and the God of Eloquence, Commerce, and Thieves.

Verse 16, *Apollo's self*—Son of *Jupiter* and *Latona* the God of Medicine, Music, Poetry, and Divination.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 7, *Virg. Æn.* 4.

Verse 11, *Id. ib.*

Calypso

Calypso heard them thus their thoughts reveal,
And felt a pain not easy to conceal:
Her piercing eyes incessantly she roll'd,
Each guest by turns more nicely to behold.
Full oft she wish'd *Telemachus* would deign
His strange adventures to recite again:
Then on the sudden tender grew, and frail,
And rose herself to interrupt his tale.
At length, abruptly, to the Myrtle Grove
Alone she led the object of her love;
There tried all arts, and burn'd to be advis'd
If *Mentor* were no Deity disguis'd?
From him, alas! no full account she heard:
For *Pallas*, who in *Mentor's* form appear'd,
Repos'd not trust sufficient in his youth
T'unveil her person, or disclose the truth.
Beside she aim'd, by toils of ev'ry kind,
To bring to proof the virtue of his mind:
And were he able now to understand
Minerva's prudent aid so near at hand,
With rash attempt he might his danger court
Too much elated with this great support.
For *Mentor* then she pass'd; *Calypso*, aw'd,
In vain endeavour'd to detect the fraud.

30

40

Meanwhile th' assembled Nymphs, a Synod bright,
All question'd *Mentor* with extreme delight.
" In *Ethiopia* what the cares he knew?
" What saw in *Damas* worthy of his view?

IMITATION.

Verse 25, *Virg. Æn.* 4.

" And

" And did *Ulysses* such a friend enjoy
 " Before the siege and fatal end of *Troy*?" 50
 He answer'd all most affable and kind;
 His words, though plain, shew'd elegance of mind.
 Not long *Calypso* stay'd, but quick return'd,
 And put a stop to all they would have learn'd.
 While to amuse *Telemachus* they strove,
 Cull'd ev'ry flow'r, and warbled songs of love,
 The subtil Goddess *Mentor* led apart,
 To make him speak the secrets of his heart.
 Sleep lights not sweeter with a vapour kind
 On eyes and limbs of some o'er-labour'd hind, 60
 Than did her soft insinuating style
 Now aim the soul of *Mentor* to beguile.
 But something still, no language can explain,
 Mock'd all her charms; made all her efforts vain.
 As when a craggy rock the tempest braves,
 And to the clouds his tow'ring head upheaves,
 So *Mentor* firmly to his purpose held,
 Th' attempt permitted, but would never yield.
 Sometimes a glimm'ring hope he would afford
 And purposely let fall th' unguarded word: 70
 She to embarrass tried her utmost art,
 And thought to drain the secret from his heart:
 But in a moment facts which plain appear
 Were all illusion, and were lost in air.
 One short reply could ev'ry pain restore
 And make her still uncertain as before.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 56, *Virg. Ecl. 2.*Verse 65, *Virg. Æn. 10.*

Thus

Thus anxious past she many an irksome day,
With flatt'ry smooth oft aiming to betray,
And wean *Telemachus* from that regard
He ow'd to *Mentor*, whose reserve she fear'd. 80
Her fairest Nymphs were order'd to inspire
His youthful breast, and kindle am'rous fire.
A Pow'r superior from on high too came,
Brought aid to her, and fuel to the flame.

For *Venus* who still harbour'd in her breast
A deep resentment of the slight protest
(When *Mentor* and his ward on *Cyprus*' shore
Presum'd her vot'ries folly to deplore)
Saw with disdain that two of mortal kind
Had 'scap'd ev'n *Neptune* with his waves and wind. 90
At *Jove*'s sublime tribunal she appear'd,
And bitter plaint against them both preferr'd.
The Godhead smil'd (unwilling to declare
Minerva's fraud, who made the youth her care)
And gave her leave all methods to pursue,
T'avenge on both th' indignities she knew.
Swift from the realms above the Goddess flew,
(The harness'd doves her splendid chariot drew.)
Unmindful now that incense to receive
Cythera, *Paphos*, or *Idalia* give. 100

Then thus address'd her Son, with beauteous face
That witness'd grief, yet bloom'd with ev'ry grace.

" See'st thou, my *Cupid*, these of mortal line

" That spurn at your Divinity, and mine?

" By whom henceforth will altars e'er be rais'd?

" By whom will *Venus* or will Love be prais'd?

" This

- " This instant pierce them with your sharpest darts,
 " Infix the wound in their obdurate hearts :
 " Together light we on this flow'ry coast,
 " *Calypso's* Isle, whom I will now accost." 110
 She said, and instant cut the yielding air ;
 A golden cloud upheld the rapid car.
Calypso now discons'late and alone,
 Some little distance from her grot was gone ;
 When *Venus* stood confest upon the lawn
 Hard by a fountain where she sat withdrawn.
 " Unhappy Nymph," she said, " too hard you prove
 " The force of sad Ingratitude in love.
 " *Ulysses* scorn'd you first : his baser Son
 " The same career hath cruelly begun. 120
 " But *Cupid* is himself become your friend,
 " Will fight your battles, and your cause defend.
 " I leave him with you till your point you gain,
 " Here shall he dwell amidst your virgin train :
 " As mighty *Bacchus* liv'd content a while,
 " Instructed by the Nymphs of *Naxos* Isle.

" Here

NOTE.

Verse 126, *Instructed by the Nymphs of Naxos Isle*—*Naxos* is one of the islands called *Cyclades* in the *Ægean* Sea, and received its name from a *Phœnician* word which signifies a Sacrifice; on account of the many sacrifices there offered to *Bacchus*. The story of his being there educated by the Nymphs, probably arose from the excellence of the wines in that country, which are esteemed to this day as some of the best of the *Levant*. These Nymphs, were are told, were afterwards translated to Heaven, and changed into the constellation called *Iliades*. Their names were *Philias*, *Coronis*, and *Cleidis*. Near *Naxos* is a rock, on which

IMITATION.

Verse 106, *Virg. Æn. 1.*

“ Here shall *Telemachus* the boy behold,
 “ Fearless caress as one of common mould,
 “ But soon perceive in his unguarded heart,
 “ The pow’r of love, and his envenom’d dart.” 130

This said, again she mounts the golden car,
 Ambrosial fragrance fill’d the ambient air.

The stripling Love now fill’d *Calypso*’s arms,
 Whose bosom soon perceiv’d his fierce alarms.

To ease the sad disquiet of her mind,
 She soon the God to *Eucharis* consign’d:
 Alas! how oft hereafter did she grieve
 She such a present to that Nymph should give!

Nought seem’d at first so innocent, so mild,
 So fair, so brisk, so lovely as this child. 140

To see him sportive smiles perpetual wear,
 You’d think he pleasure could alone confer:
 But fondled once, you felt the growing pain
 And deadly poison creep through ev’ry vein.
 The treach’rous Urchin would these sweets display
 With nothing else in view but to betray.
 No dimpled smiles appear upon his cheeks,
 But when he mischief or performs, or seeks.

NOTE.

which is still to be seen a beautiful marble Gate, supposed to be part of that magnificent Temple which the *Naxians* erected in honour of *Bacchus*. And we are told that so late as in the year 1547, were to be seen the Conduits which conveyed the wine from *Naxos* into the cellars of the Temple.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 132, *Virg. Georg. 4.*

Verse 136, *Eurip. in Med. 630.*

In *Mentor's* presence shunn'd he to appear,
 Aw'd and discourag'd by that front severe : 150
 He found this wondrous stranger had an heart
 Would give no entrance to his keenest dart.
 But for the Nymphs---too quickly were they fir'd
 With all the flames this counterfeit inspir'd.
 Yet carefully conceal'd what sorely prest,
 And kept the wound still rankling in their breast.

The blooming boy *Telemachus* survey'd
 As thus disporting with the Nymphs he stray'd.
 Held on his knees, embrac'd him in his arms;
 Struck with his sweetness, and uncommon charms. 160
 Meanwhile his heart disquieted was grown,
 And secret griev'd; th' occasion yet unknown.
 He found his cares increase, his firmness fail,
 Delights, though innocent, could nought avail.
 When thus to *Mentor*---" See'st thou, dearest friend,
 " What beauteous Nymphs their glorious Queen attend?
 " How widely diff'rent from those *Cyprian* dames
 " Whose vile Immodesty their beauty shames?
 " These heav'nly maids preserve a decent air,
 " Their manners plain, their face divinely fair." 170
 He ceas'd---th' unlook'd-for blush had dy'd his cheek,
 Expression fail'd him though he burn'd to speak:
 Abrupt, obscure was ev'ry sentence heard,
 And void of reason frequently appear'd.
 " Unhappy youth," grave *Mentor* interpos'd,
 " Less dangers far has *Cyprus* Isle disclos'd

IMITATIONS.

Verse 159, *Virg. Æn.* 1.Verse 172, *Virg. Æn.* 4.

" (15

" (If fairly here the parallel you drew)
 " Than what you thus so fearlessly pursue.
 " For bare-fac'd Vice with horror fills our minds,
 " And brutal boldness just resentment finds: 180
 " But modest beauty will more dang'rous prove,
 " Admiring this we Virtue seem to love.
 " Yet tread on embers in a desp'rate state,
 " And scarce perceive it, till 'tis all to late.
 " Fly, fly the perils which would youth destroy:
 " But most avoid this undistinguish'd boy.
 " 'Tis he, 'tis *Cupid*, whose resistless pow'r
 " *Venus* hath late conducted to this shore;
 " To sate her vengeance for your scorn exprest,
 " Who at *Cythera* dar'd her rites detest. 190
 " *Calypso*'s heart already doth he move,
 " Of you enamour'd lo! she pines for love.
 " And farther still the spreading flames ascend,
 " Catch ev'ry Nymph that doth her steps attend:
 " Yourself, *Telemachus*, have felt the fires,
 " Though yet a stranger to your own desires."
 " Ah! fix we thus," he interrupting rose,
 " Why taste not here an elegant repose?
 " No longer life can dear *Ulysses* keep,
 " Long since defunct, and buried in the deep. 200
 " *Penelope* herself must cease to mourn,
 " When neither Son nor Husband shall return:
 " No more her glorious purpose will pursue,
 " Too weak that crowd of suitors to subdue.

IMITATION.

Verse 195, *Hor. Epod. 14.*

VOL. I.

N

" Her

- " Her father *Ic'rus* will consent afford,
 " Nay force her to accept another Lord.
 " Shall I, to *Ithaca* returning, view
 " Her thus engaging in alliance new;
 " False to my Father, and his Royal house;
 " And basely breaking all her former vows? 210
 " Besides, *Ulysses* is forgot by all;
 " And by returning we are sure to fall.
 " This point securing, her licentious Court
 " Have stopp'd up ev'ry avenue to port."
 " Behold," said *Mentor*, " what effects we find
 " When passion hoodwinks, and transforms the mind.
 " All aids we seek which for our purpose make,
 " But on opposing Reason turn our back:
 " Then manifest we most our art and skill,
 " When stifling thought, and list'ning to our will. 220
 " Have you ungrateful banish'd ev'ry thought
 " Of all kind Heav'n hath in your favour wrought?
 " The means it took your country to restore,
 " And how you parted from *Sicilia's* shore?
 " How in a trice to affluence you grew,
 " From all the sorrows you in *Egypt* knew?
 " What hand unseen did then your life support,
 " When danger threaten'd from the *Tyrian* Court?
 " Great object thus of providential care,
 " Can you be blind to what the Fates prepare? 230
 " But wherefore is my time or counsel giv'n
 " To one unworthy all the gifts of Heav'n?
 " Adieu! I'll leave this abject slave behind,
 " And soon for my retreat the means shall find.
 " Base

"Base offspring of a fire so wise, so good,
 "Stay here, the scandal of all noble blood!
 "Live with your girls in infamy, and ease;
 "And act what follies shall your fancy please.
 "Here, spite of Heav'n, perform without a fear
 "What great *Ulysses* must be shock'd to hear." 240

Reproach so keen, with so much scorn express'd,
 Made deep incisions in his tender breast.

Asham'd, and griev'd, he felt its utmost force;
 And *Mentor* saw him melt with this discourse.
 He fear'd t' offend, and great impatience shew'd
 At loss of him to whom so much he ow'd.
 Yet still the novel passion kept its flame,
 Strange to the cause, he was no more the same,
 While trickling tears bedew'd his lovely cheek,
 With fault'ring accent he presum'd to speak: 250
 "Count you as nothing that this heav'nly pow'r
 "Immortal life has proffer'd for her dow'r?"
 "'Tis nought," said *Mentor*, "from whatever hands
 "When Virtue's injur'd, and divine commands.
 "Virtue recalls you to your native seat,
 "The great *Ulysses* and his Queen to meet.
 "Virtue forbids t' indulge a passion vain:
 "And ev'ry God that rescu'd you from pain
 "(To make you one day shine with equal fire)
 "Now warns you hence to emulate your sire. 260
 "'Tis love alone can disappoint your fame,
 "The tyrant love inducing nought but shame.

IMITATION.

Verse 255, *Næv. in frag. Cic. Ac. 2.*

N 2

"Alas!

" Alas! what gain you by a length of days
 " In change for Virtue, Liberty, and Praise?
 " Eternal life will as a plague attend,
 " Still more unblest because it knows no end."
 Here breath'd *Telemachus* a tender sigh,
 And hardly press'd had little to reply.
 Sometimes resolv'd appear'd he to desire
Mentor himself would force him to retire, 270
 Then wish'd that monitor remov'd from sight,
 Who plac'd his failings in so strong a light.
 On ev'ry side by various thoughts distress'd,
 And all unfix'd his fluctuating breast,
 A strange commotion in his soul he finds,
 Like ruffled seas when torn by diff'rent winds.
 Oft on the beach beside the silver flood,
 And oft in covert of some dreary wood,
 With streaming eyes some quick relief implor'd,
 And void of motion like a lion roar'd. 280
 A pining atrophy had seiz'd his frame,
 His hollow eyes shot forth devouring flame.
 Thus pale, disfigur'd, and dejected grown,
 No mortal eye *Telemachus* had known.
 No more that beauty, and those charms were seen,
 That lively air, and that majestic mien;
 But as a flower which, at early dawn,
 Expands its sweets o'er all th' adjoining lawn,
 Yet at the close of each departing day,
 Its colours feel a gradual decay; 290

IMITATIONS.

Verse 273, *Virg. Æn.* 8. Verse 283, *Ter. in Eunuch.*

Its

Its fair enamel lost, its moisture fled,
Then sickly falls, and droops its beauteous head;
So pale, so languid all his beauties grow,
He seem'd as sinking to the shades below.

Th' unequal conflict *Mentor* soon perceiv'd,
How all in vain he strove to be reliev'd,
And wisdom quickly could a thought suggest
T' evade the danger and secure his rest.

He saw the youth had gain'd *Calypso's* love,
While *Eucharis* alone his heart could move. 300

(For Love, tremendous Pow'r, to plague mankind,
Rarely permits them just returns to find.)

Mentor resolv'd then instantly to fire
Calypso's heart, and jealousies inspire.

The beauteous *Eucharis* had fix'd the place,
And call'd the royal youth t' attend the chace.

When *Mentor* artfully his doubts propos'd,
And to *Calypso* thus his thoughts disclos'd:

"With secret wonder have I late beheld

"Our youthful hero's fondness for the field. 310

"Unmark'd before, it seems alone his bliss,

"And ev'ry pleasure now gives way to this.

"The barren hills, and wide extended waste,

"Have charms now wholly to engross his taste.

"Say, Goddess, is it you these thoughts inspire,

"And raise this unaccountable desire?"

Calypso took th' alarm, and felt the pain

Of ranc'rous spite; nor longer could contain.

"This hero," she return'd, "who brav'd the joys

"Of *Cyprus* Isle, and stil'd them empty toys, 320

" Finds now his prudence, and discretion short:
" Slave to the meanest beauty in my Court.
" How durst he then, a stranger thus to shame,
" Pretend to actions of immortal fame?
" Born with a soul voluptuous, low, and base,
" With girls design'd to pass his wretched days?"
Pleas'd *Mentor* saw those cares her bosom tore,
And, to avoid suspicion, spake no more.
Yet sad dejection on his face appear'd
Which seem'd to manifest the whole she fear'd. 330
The Goddess now her secret soul unveil'd,
Complain'd, discover'd all she e'er beheld.
This chace, and wanton joys, her thoughts engage,
And straight inspir'd her with a deadly rage.
She knew *Telemachus* this sport design'd
That he, no longer by her Nymphs confin'd,
Might (when all others were at distance gone)
Freely converse with *Eucharis* alone.
A second they propos'd should soon succeed,
Which well she saw might like misfortune breed. 340
To disappoint him, and th' intrigue to end,
Herself, she said, would now their train attend.
But in a moment these resolves she brake,
And thus transported with resentment spake:
" Was it for this then rash, presumptuous boy,
" You hither came to interrupt my joy;
" From *Neptune* 'scap'd and each avenging pow'r,
" The yawning deep then threatening to devour?
" And found asylum in my wish'd-for port,
" To which all mortals tremble to resort? 350
" And

" And come you now my Deity to prove,
 " Despise my pow'r, and scorn my proffer'd love?
 " Hear, all ye Gods that rules *Olympus*' height,
 " Preside o'er *Styx*, and reign in realms of night;
 " O hear my sorrows! 'tis a Goddess prays:
 " Confound a wretch so impious, and so base!
 " Since still more harden'd is that guilty breast,
 " Than ev'n the vile *Ulysses* e'er possess;
 " May greatest plagues your infamy requite,
 " And heavier toils accompany your flight! 360
 " O! never, never be so kind your lot
 " To view again that miserable spot,
 " The wretched *Ithaca*, you dar'd to prize
 " Before my offer of Immortal joys!
 " But rather sink you in the watry main,
 " When first a glimpse of *Ithaca* you gain!
 " Your carcase vile be sport of ev'ry wave,
 " And hither cast, be destitute of grave;
 " While I with secret extasy survey
 " When rav'nous vultures on your vitals prey! 370
 " She too, your *Eucharis*, your darling flame,
 " In fore affliction shall behold the same;
 " And while her heart-strings, yea her heart shall break
 " Her deep despair my happiness shall make."
 She spake; her eyes inflam'd had lost their grace,
 Her looks were wand'ring, never in a place.
 Her colour ebb'd and flow'd, and deadly pale,
 As when fierce passions o'er mankind prevail.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 376, *Œv. Met. 2. Virg. Æn. 4.*

No more those floods of tears could she produce,
 Rage and despair had stopp'd the chrystal sluice. 380
 Scarce trickled any down her faded cheek,
 Her voice was interrupted, hoarse, and weak.
 Nought 'scap'd of this from *Mentor's* piercing eyes,
 No more however would he deign t' advise.
 But now esteem'd the Prince in desp'rate state,
 As one to whom all med'cine comes too late.
 Yet still some soft endearments would he feel,
 And kindly pity whom he could not heal.

The royal youth perceiv'd with inward shame
 How much he wrong'd, and had deserv'd his blame. 390
 Avoided *Mentor's* sight with utmost art,
 Whose very silence cut him to the heart.
 Sometimes he burn'd his kind embrace to meet,
 And fall at once repentant at his feet:
 When lo! a strange unseasonable shame
 Stifled that thought and to prevent him came.
 Besides he fear'd this great advance to make
 Left it preclude him from returning back.
 For sweet the danger seem'd, and much too frail
 His poor resolves, o'er passion to prevail. 400

Th' Eternal Pow'rs now sought *Olympus'* hill
 And sat in council on *Calypso's* isle.
 In solemn state assembled all to see
 If *Cupid* or *Minerva* victor be.
 For Love disporting all his flames had spread
 And o'er the Nymphs his pleasing influence shed.

IMITATION.

Verse 379, *Hor. 1. Ode 13.*

And

And *Pallas*, who disguis'd, for conquest strove
Love's handmaid, Jealousy, oppos'd to love.
Almighty *Jove* determin'd to observe
But ne'er from strict neutrality to swerve.

410

Meanwhile the beauteous *Eucharis*, who fear'd
To lose a captive now so much endear'd,
Made use of ev'ry stratagem and art,
To keep her vict'ry and retain his heart.
She swift attends him to his second chace,
Like fair *Diana* deck'd with ev'ry grace.
The *Paphian* Queen and *Cupid* lent her arms,
And round diffus'd innumerable charms.
That day she seem'd so exquisitely fair,
Calypso's self no longer might compare.
Far off the Nymph *Calypso's* eye pursu'd,
Then in her clearest spring herself she view'd.
And blush'd for shame to be so much outdone,
Or find a form superior to her own.
Back to her grot in private she retir'd,
And solitary spake as rage inspir'd.
What, gain I nothing when, with so much care,
I strive to interrupt this happy pair?
I said, indeed, I would attend their sport;
Shall I, in earnest, to the chace resort?
Shall charms like mine be foils to *Euch'ris'* face,
Advance her triumph, with mine own disgrace?

420

430

IMITATIONS.

Verse 420, *Hom. Odyss.* 6. *Virg. Æn.* 1.Verse 424, *Virg. Ecl.* 2. *Or. Met.* 13.

And

And shall *Telemachus* beholding me
 Still more enamour'd all her beauties see?
 Wretch that I am! I must not, will not go,
 What have I rashly done t' enhance my woe!
 Nor shall they go themselves---the means I'll find
 To put a stop to all which they design'd.
 I'll search out *Mentor*, beg him to remove,
 And bear to *Ithaca* this plague of love. 440
 But oh! how wretched then will be my moan
 When he, my dear *Telemachus*, is gone?
 Where am I? whither shall I hopeless turn?
 O cruel *Venus*! 'tis from you I mourn.
 You first deceiv'd---the present you design'd
 Was artful Love, contagious, and unkind.
 O Love! when first I bar'd my harmless breast,
 I hop'd *Telemachus* would make me blest.
 But you immers'd me in a sea of care,
 And plung'd me in the lake of black despair. 450
 My Nymphs rebel, my Godhead serves no end
 But still the more my mis'ry to extend.
 O! were I free with one decisive blow
 To put a period to my life and woe!
 But since I'm barr'd, by sad decrees of Fate,
 Your blood, *Telemachus*, my rage shall sate.
 On you will I revenge th' ungrateful deed,
 And *Eucharis* herself shall see you bleed.
 But O! *Calyppo*, wherefore dost thou rave?
 What sink a youth when guiltless to the grave? 460

IMITATIONS.

Verse 446, *Virg. Ecl.* 8. Verse 453, *Ov. Met.* 1.

Whom

Whom you yourself have thus unhappy made,
For you it was his chaster thoughts betray'd :
His virgin soul you found immense in price !
What love of Virtue, and what scorn of Vice !
How bravely he declin'd the paths of shame !
And was it right to ruin all his fame ?
He should have left me then---alas, but how ?
Too plain I see that he must leave me now.
Or, I despis'd, incessantly must grieve
While he for *Eucharis* alone shall live. 470
Just are my suff'rings---Go then, go in peace,
Go cross, *Telemachus*, the dang'rous seas ;
Leave here *Calypso*, wretched Nymph, to sigh,
Who cannot live, yet knows not how to die.
Leave her o'erwhelm'd with shame, and sad despair,
Th' unhappy victim to that haughty fair.

Thus in her grotto lonely, and distressed,
The wretched Goddess all her griefs express.
Then swift as light'ning started from her seat,
And thus exclaiming *Mentor* rose to meet. 480
Where art thou, *Mentor*, is it thus you guard
Your pupil's breast when vices press so hard ?
Supinely sleeping, and secure you're found,
While wakeful *Cupid* walks th' eternal round.
No more with patience can I now behold
That unconcern'dness, and indiff'rence cold.
See you so calmly great *Ulysses'* Son
Reflect dishonour on his father's throne ;

IMITATION.

Verse 464, *Racine, Phœdr.*

Despise

Despise that glory which his Fates design,
 Was he entrusted to your care, or mine? 490
 Will you no aid afford, contribute nought,
 When I to cure him various ways have fought?
 Remote from hence on borders of this wood,
 Vast rows of poplar have for ages stood,
 Fit timber for a fleet. *Ulysses* thence
 That vessel fram'd which hath convey'd him hence.
 Hard by you'll find a gloomy cavern stand
 Where proper tools lie ready to your hand,
 Each plank to fashion with proportion neat,
 All requisites to make the work compleat. 500

She spake; but soon repented what she said:
 He seiz'd th' occasion, and no time delay'd.
 Straight to the cave describ'd he ran, he flew,
 The various tools presented to his view:
 The stately poplars felt the dreadful blow,
 The Galley in a day was fit to row.
 Small time suffic'd to act the greatest things,
 Such *Pallas'* wisdom, and the pow'r she brings.

Calypso's sorrows greatly were inhanc'd,
 She burn'd to see how *Mentor's* work advanc'd: 510
 Yet could not well resolve to quit the chace,
 And leave her rival to the youth's embrace.
 Her jealous eyes the happy pair pursue,
 Closely she watch'd; nor lost them once from view.
 Yet aim'd to guide the pastime of the field
 Where *Mentor* labour'd hard his bark to build,
 The sounding hammer thunder-struck she heard,
 At ev'ry blow as frantic she appear'd.

Listen'd

Listen'd, yet fear'd when thus intent to lose
Some glance or tender sign the Prince might use. 520

Meanwhile *Telemachus* her slave confess,
With tone sarcastic *Eucharis* address:
Presume you thus to hunt without your guide,
And think you *Mentor* will forbear to chide?
Poor youth! condemn'd that rigid lord to please,
Whom nothing e'er can soften or appease.

All joys alike affects he to disdain,
So will not bear that you a taste retain.
Delights, tho' ne'er so innocent and good,
Like greatest crimes, he says, must be withstood. 530

While yet an infant, you might well depend
Upon this wondrous wisdom of your friend;
But since so upright you yourself have born,
Methinks, henceforth, a leading-string I'd scorn.
Pierc'd was his soul, as artful thus she spoke,
He hated *Mentor*, and disdain'd his yoke.

Yet fear'd to see him, gave no answer back,
For secret anguish kept him on the rack.
But when the sun had lengthen'd every shade,
Led by the chace as all around they stray'd, 540

At length that corner of the wood they spy'd,
Where *Mentor* all the day his work had ply'd.
Far off the Goddess saw with vast surprize
The bark compleat: that instant o'er her eyes
Suffus'd, began the dark'ning cloud to roll,
Like that which waits on some departing soul.
Her trembling knees no more their office knew,
Cold clammy sweats her tender limbs bedew.

Constrain'd

Constrain'd at length upon those nymphs to lean
That round attend obsequious on their Queen. 550

First *Eucharis*, of all the virgin-band,
To help her Sov'reign, stretch'd her lily hand;
She sternly strove to disappoint her care,
And backward thrust her with a threat'ning air.

The youth who now the finish'd bark admir'd,
But saw not *Mentor* who was just retir'd;
Begg'd of the Goddess ardently to know,

"If her's, on whom she meant it to bestow?"

Fault'ring she said, "Tis made by my command

"To waft back *Mentor* to his native land. 560

"No more that stern companion shall you fear,

"The grand opposer of your fortune here:

"Who views with envy, and with jealous eyes,

"How near your prospect of immortal joys.

"Will *Mentor* leave me," cry'd *Ulysses'* son,

"Then am I truly wretched and undone!

"O *Eucharis*, should *Mentor* once be flown,

"On you must I depend, and you alone."

He spake; transported by his boundless love,
Nor thinking what the consequence might prove: 570

But found his error, when the nymphs around,

Astonish'd, kept a silence most profound.

Fair *Eucharis* appear'd with downcast eyes,

The rising blushes witness'd her surprize;

IMITATIONS.

Verse 549, *Virg. Æn. 5. Racine. Phedr.*

Verse 550, *Virg. Æn. 3.*

No longer dar'd she to approach her Queen,
 But all confus'd and hindmost was she seen.
 Yet though her lovely cheek vermilion dy'd,
 Her heart exulted with a secret pride:
 The youth himself was struck, could scarce believe
 So indiscreet an answer he should give. 580
 It seem'd a meer illusion and a dream,
 But such as might with ills unnumber'd teem.
 With rage less fierce the lioness is stung,
 Despoil'd and plunder'd of her tawny young,
 Than now *Calypso*: swiftly thro' the wood
 She heedless fled, no certain path pursu'd.
 At length arriving at the palace-gate,
 Where *Mentor* stood, her presence to await;
 "Begone," she cry'd, "ye strangers, quit this shore;
 "Enough have you disturb'd---I'll bear no more. 590
 "Far from my sight this foolish boy convey!
 "And, you imprudent dotard, hence away!
 "Within these hallow'd bounds remain an hour,
 "And feel the weight of my offended pow'r.
 "I'll see no more, nor shall a nymph of mine
 "Presume in converse with that wretch to join.
 "By all th' Infernal Gods, by *Styx* I swear;
 "That dreadful oath which Gods themselves revere!
 "Yet take *Telemachus* this last adieu!
 "Hear, while I tell what troubles shall ensue. 600

IMITATIONS.

Verse 585, *Virg. Georg. 3. Hom. Il. 18.*
 Verse 600, *Virg. Æn. 6, and 7. Hom. Od. 5.*

"Ungrateful

" Ungrateful youth, this happy feat you lose,
 " And fall afresh into a thousand woes.
 " I'll be aveng'd, and soon; will see your pain,
 " While you *Calypso* shall regret in vain.
 " *Neptune*, offended with your father's pride,
 " (Who, when in *Sicily*, his pow'r defy'd)
 " And rous'd by her whom you at *Cyprus* dar'd,
 " Hath other tempests, other storms prepar'd.
 " *Ulysses*, still alive, shall you behold,
 " But not discern, or in your arms infold. 610
 " Nor e'er revisit home, till first you sup
 " And drain the dregs of Fortune's bitt'rest cup.
 " Begone! And you Eternal Pow'rs above
 " Be ready to avenge my injur'd love!
 " May'st thou suspended on some pointed rock,
 " Amidst the waves, abide the thunder-stroke,
 " There, fruitlessly, implore my pow'r to ease,
 " While I shall laugh as agonies increase."

Enrag'd she spake. But soon her tortur'd breast
 Far diff'rent thoughts, and opposite possess'd. 620
 The flames of love rekindled in her heart,
 Nor could she bear that he should thus depart.
 " Ev'n let him live," she cry'd, "and not remove;
 " Perhaps henceforth more grateful he may prove.
 " From me those joys immortal may he know,
 " His darling *Eucharis* can ne'er bestow."
 O blind *Calypso*! by yourself betray'd,
 And bound by oaths you voluntary made!

IMITATIONS.

Verse 605, *Virg. Æn. 4.* Verse 617, *Virg. Æn. 4.*

No refuge now; that pleasing prospect fled,
 When you adjur'd the river of the dead. 630
 Those words tremendous none indeed had heard,
 But hell-born Furies in her face appear'd:
 And all the bane *Cocytus*' floods impart,
 Seem'd now exhaling from her ranc'rous heart.

The youth was seiz'd with horror and surprise,
 Which horror scap'd not from *Calypso*'s eyes.
 (For oh! what secret e'er too hard can prove
 For penetrating sight of jealous love?)
 Her rage increas'd: and as on airy heights
 Of *Thracian* hills, a Bacchanal delights 640
 To rend the air with ejulating cries,
 While mountain-echoes waft them to the skies;
 So rush'd the Goddess forth with dart in hand;
 On ev'ry Nymph she laid her stern command;
 Fled thro' the groves, and vow'd at once to end
 Whoever fail'd her summons to attend.
 Th' affrighted maids, in crowds, around her prest,
 And lovely *Eucharis* among the rest.
 The trickling tears bedew'd her pallid cheek,
 She ey'd *Telemachus*; but durst not speak. 650

NOTE.

Verse 639, *On airy heights* — The most remarkable of the *Thracian* Hills are *Hæmus* and *Rhodope*, two long chains of mountains, which run almost in a parallel line from the confines of *Macedon* to the *Euxine* Sea. The latter is famous for the death of *Orpheus*, who was there torn in pieces by the Bacchanals or Priestesses.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 637, *Virg. Æn.* 4.

Verse 640, *Virg. Æn.* 4. *Hor.* 3. *Od.* 15.

VOL. I.

O

“ At

At sight of her, fresh pangs the Goddess seize,
 And no submissions could her wrath appease;
 Since grief but serv'd her beauties to increase.

Alone *Telemachus* with *Mentor* stands,
 He fear'd t' approach him; yet with trembling hands
 Now humbly clasp'd his knees, nor dar'd to rise,
 But shew'd his anguish, by his streaming eyes.
 Fain would he vent those sorrows which prevail'd,
 But voice was wanting, and expression fail'd.
 Scarce knew he how t' address the wondrous man, 660
 Nor what he aim'd at when he thus began:

" O *Mentor*! *Mentor*! my indulgent Sire,
 " Save me from evils which around conspire.
 " I cannot leave you, nor your steps attend:
 " O! ease that burthen under which I bend.
 " Preserve me from myself, my greatest foe,
 " And send me lifeless to the shades below."

With out-stretch'd arms, him *Mentor* straight receiv'd,
 Spake words of comfort, and his care reliev'd:
 Bade him no more indulge a passion vain, 670
 But still his vigour and his strength retain.

" Son of *Ulysses*, worthiest man, attend!
 " Whom Heav'n hath favour'd, and doth still attend;
 " The various ills and miseries you feel,
 " Proceed from Heav'n, and may its love reveal.
 " In vain to wisdom would that man aspire
 " Whose heart ne'er felt irregular desire,
 " Or knew his weakness; but, elate with pride,
 " Without a fear could in himself confide.

" Th'

- “ Th’ immortal Gods have led you by the hand 680
“ To this dread precipice whereon you stand;
“ With no design t’ accelerate your death,
“ But let you see the vast abyfs beneath.
“ Learn then what else you never could have thought,
“ Unless in view of such a prospect brought.
“ In vain would bards describe that treach’rous boy,
“ That traitor Love who flatters to destroy;
“ Whose pleasing aspect serves but more to blind,
“ And veil afflictions of tremendous kind.
“ This dang’rous infant you at length have seen, 690
“ Admir’d his wanton smiles, and graceful mien:
“ He stole your heart; and you, too senseless grown,
“ No indignation at that theft have shewn.
“ A thousand diff’rent pretexts have you found
“ To cheat yourself, and to conceal the wound;
“ T’impose on me, and banish ev’ry fear;
“ Lo then what fruit your indiscretions bear!
“ Now urge you death to finish all your pains,
“ The last, the only refuge which remains.
“ *Calypso*, like a fury, stalks around, 700
“ Love worse than death your *Eucharis* hath found;
“ Each jealous Nymph would piece-meal tear her friend:
“ See now what ills this gentle Love attend.
“ Resume your courage then, dispel your fears:
“ How is’t that Heav’n so much your foe appears;
“ If to avoid this love it gives command,
“ And points the way into your native land?
“ The bark’s prepar’d, the Goddess, spite of guile,
“ Is bound by oath to force you from her isle.

" Why then delay we to forsake a place 710

" Where Virtue cannot live but in disgrace?"

The Sage here finish'd, and now seiz'd his hand
To lead him forward to th' adjacent strand.

He came reluctant, and at distance threw

A tender glance his *Eucharis* to view:

But when no more appear'd those features fair,

He look'd with pleasure on her plaited hair,

Majestic gait, and robe which loosely flow'd;

And would have kiss'd the ground whereon she trod.

And when at length she vanish'd from his sight, 720

Still would he listen with extreme delight;

Still seem to catch that sweet harmonious voice,

In absence feeding on ideal joys.

Still to his sight those brilliant charms appear,

Still seem'd he talking with that object dear;

Unable to discern when fancy stray'd,

Or hear one syllable which *Mentor* said.

At length, as rais'd from sleep profound, he cried,

" Proceed, I follow wheresoe'er you guide:

" Yet suffer me t' indulge one tender view, 730

" And bid my *Eucharis* a last adieu,

" I cannot thus abandon whom I love,

" Will rather die than thus ungrateful prove.

" O stay one moment while the Nymph I meet,

" And thus address her ere I make retreat.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 720, *Virg. Æn.* 4.

Verse 724, *Os. Trist.* 3. *Eleg.* 4.

- " O Nymph ! the Gods, grown jealous of my bliss,
" Compel me cruel to a flight like this :
" But should they sink me to the shades of death,
" I'll think on *Euch'ris* with my latest breath.
" O *Mentor*, father, grant this just request, 740
" Or plunge your sword this instant in my breast.
" No longer will I in this isle remain,
" No longer will indulge the pleasing pain.
" I feel no more of love, 'tis friendly care
" And dear remembrance only of the fair.
" I'll rest contented when these words I say,
" And instant follow when you lead the way."
" Your case," said he, " my pity doth require ;
" You rage, you burn, yet cannot feel the fire :
" Think all is calm ; and in the self-same breath 750
" Impatient grow and call aloud for death ;
" Presume t' affirm no am'rous pangs remain,
" Yet cannot leave the cause of all your pain ;
" Nought can discern, ah ! wretched youth, or hear ;
" Are blind, and deaf, to all the world but her.
" So when a raging fever rends his frame,
" The frantic madman thinks himself the same.
" Unhappy youth ! who blindly thus can leave
" Th' expecting sad *Penelope* to grieve.
" Are thus unmindful of *Ulysses* grown, 760
" Your fire, your country, and your promis'd throne ;
" With all the glory Heav'n and fate ordain
" Which taught you life and honour to maintain.

IMITATION.

Verse 739, *Virg. Æn. 4.*

- " All these delights imprudent you postpone
 " To live in infamy with her alone.
 " And say you now Love rules not in your soul,
 " Or *Eucharis* doth now no more controul?
 " Whence then the troubles which distract your breast?
 " Why seek you death too as your only rest?
 " Why so transported lately were you seen 770
 " So strangely mov'd in presence of the Queen?
 " No breach of faith my indignation fires,
 " Your blindness I deplore, and fond desires.
 " Fly, fly *Telemachus*, this hour remove,
 " This way alone you triumph over love.
 " Of such a foe no shame to be afraid,
 " In flight alone true courage is display'd.
 " But you must fly at once, to free the mind;
 " Make no delay, nor cast a look behind.
 " You have not sure forgot the various fears 780
 " I knew as guardian of your tender years;
 " And all the perils you surmounted brave,
 " By help of counsels which I freely gave.
 " Or trust me still, and still those counsels take,
 " Or else permit me freely to forsake.
 " O! could you feel th' anxieties I know,
 " While you thus headlong to destruction go;
 " Could you be sensible of all I fear'd,
 " When to advise you I no longer dar'd:
 " Her place in love your mother must resign: 790
 " Her pangs of childbed trifles were to mine.

IMITATION.

Verse 772, *Plant. in Trin.*

" My

" My health's impair'd while secretly I mourn,
" Stifling my sighs to see if you'll return.
" My dearest child, some comfort then impart,
" Some satisfaction to my bleeding heart:
" Restore what more than life can give delight,
" Restore my lost *Telemachus* to fight.
" Restore him to himself.---Should wisdom prove
" Of strength superior in this strife to love,
" I'm blest indeed. If conquer'd by its pow'r, 800
" Adieu! to life---for *Mentor* is no more."

Discourfing thus, he onward led the way
And kept the path which pointed to the sea.
The Prince as yet scarce able to proceed,
Yet passive follow'd where his friend should lead.
Pallas (who still disguis'd for *Mentor* past)
Did all around her flaming *Ægis* cast.
Rous'd by her ray divine such courage grew,
As in *Calypso's* zeal he never knew.
At length they reach'd this island's utmost verge, 810
And from the craggy shore beheld the surge.
Upon a rocky precipice they stood,
Whose foot was batter'd by the foaming flood.
They look'd, when first this eminence they gain'd,
If *Mentor's* bark its station yet retain'd?
When lo! a sight most shocking to their eyes!
Which fill'd at once with terror and surprise.

For *Cupid* to the quick was stung to find
This unknown senior had so firm a mind,
Could both himself avoid with so much care, 820
And disengage his pupil from the snare:

He wept for grief; *Calypso* then pursu'd,
 As wild she rang'd amidst the dreary wood.
 The Goddess groan'd aloud when him she found,
 She knew he'd quickly open every wound.

"Are you a Goddess," *Cupid* then began,
 "And are you baffled by a mortal man?
 "Shall he thus part, your better sense beguile,
 "Although a captive pris'ner in your isle?"

"O Love! ill fated pow'r," *Calypso* cries, 830
 "No more your adulation vile I prize.

"'Tis you have sunk me, from the height of bliss,
 "To dire Misfortune's bottomless abyss.

"'Tis done, I have adjur'd the *Stygian* wave,
 "That dear *Telemachus* this realm shall leave.

"Great *Jove* himself, the father of us all,
 "Presumes not rashly on that pow'r to call.

"Be gone, *Telemachus*, and leave my coast!

"And you too, *Cupid*, who disturb me most."

Love dried his tears, and with malignant sneer, 840
 Behold, he cried, what difficulty's here!

Leave it to me, and keep your vows aright:

Nor strive to stop him in his hasty flight.

Your Nymphs, and I, your credit still may save;

We have not yet adjur'd the *Stygian* wave.

I will inspire them to a glorious deed,

To burn what *Mentor* built with so much speed.

And that dispatch which hath your wonder wrought

Shall soon be useless, and avail him nought.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 837, *Apul. Met. 6. Sil. It. 13.*

Mentor

Mentor himself shall in his turn admire,
That with his Prince he can no more retire. 850

A speech so flatt'ring soon possess'd her whole;
While glimm'ring hope, and joy, distend her soul.
As on a river's brink when zephyrs bland
With sweet refreshment rise to bless the land,
What time the sultry Dog-star dries the ground,
And languid herds are drooping all around;
Thus did discourse so opportune, so fair,
Appease at once and quiet her despair.
Her visage clear'd, her griefs awhile were gone, 860
Her eyes again with native sweetness shone.
She fondly Love caress'd, indulg'd a smile,
And was again intangled in the toil.

The wanton God, content this much to gain,
Now went in search of all her virgin train.
Who soon dispers'd, and separate were seen
On ev'ry mountain round, and hillock green.
So timid flocks precipitate their flight,
And leave their pastor when fierce wolves affright.
He re-assembling, thus bespake the bands: 870
"As yet the Prince hath not escap'd your hands.
"Haste then, make no delay, ye virgins bright,
"Burn the gay bark which *Mentor* made for flight."
Swift at the word the blooming virgins came,
Each held a flambeau with devouring flame:

IMITATION.

Verse 874, *Virg. Æn.* 5.

Like

Like furious Bacchanals they rave, they roar,
 Impetuous rush o'er all th' extended shore :
 Their golden tresses loosen'd fell behind,
 In strange disorder waving with the wind.

Up rose the bick'ring flames and soon entwine 880
 The planks bituminous of season'd pine.
 Vast clouds of wreathed smoak incessant roll
 With dreadful flakes inveloping the pole.

Here as *Telemachus* and *Mentor* stood
 High on that rock which overlook'd the flood,
 They saw th' ascending fires, and heard the cry :
 The first scarce able to contain his joy.
 For still untam'd he struggled with the rein,
 And *Mentor* view'd with grief his love-sick pain :
 Which as a fire by embers close conceal'd 890
 From time to time, some sparks of life reveal'd :
 " See," cried *Telemachus*, with careless air,
 " Again am I intangled in the snare.
 " No thoughts of safety by a speedy flight
 " No hopes that *Ithaca* shall bless our fight."

His dire relapse wife *Mentor* quickly views,
 Each precious moment judg'd too much to lose.
 Far off he spied a vessel in the deep,
 With anchor cast its distance due to keep.
 T' approach was death ; for ev'ry pilot knew, 900
 Who landed here, his ruin would pursue.
 As thus *Telemachus* with mind at ease
 Sat heedless on the rock, and view'd the seas,
 O' th' sudden *Mentor* push'd him from its brow,
 And with him leapt into the floods below.

Stunn'd

Stunn'd with a fall of such tremendous sort,
Of ev'ry billow he became the sport:
But soon recov'ring saw his faithful guide,
Who lent his aid the surges to divide.
One single thought alone engross'd his mind, 910
To leave this island and his woes behind.

The Nymphs who thought their captives had been sure
Now wept aloud for ills they could not cure.
Calypso quite disconsolate return'd,
And in her grotto with impatience mourn'd.
Cupid, who deem'd his triumph was compleat,
But saw it chang'd into a sore defeat,
Straight shook his plumes, and soar'd aloft in air;
Swift to *Idalian* groves did he repair:
Where in the cover of that cool retreat 920
His cruel mother he was sure to meet:
From this abundant comfort he receiv'd
With her deriding those he had deceiv'd.

Well pleas'd the Prince at distance now discern'd
His strength of mind and virtuous thoughts return'd.
" O *Mentor* plainly I perceive the truth
" Of all your counsels to unguarded youth.
" Without experience had I never known,
" That Vice is vanquish'd by our flight alone.
" My faithful fire, what tribute's due to Heav'n, 930
" Which such support hath in my *Mentor* giv'n!
" Yet have I oft deserv'd this friend to lose,
" Stripp'd of a treasure I could thus abuse.

" No



" No more with terror be the tempest view'd,
" The raging whirlwind, or the boist'rous flood.
" 'Tis passion only can our ruin prove,
" And wrecks, and storms, are trifles all to Love."

IMITATION.

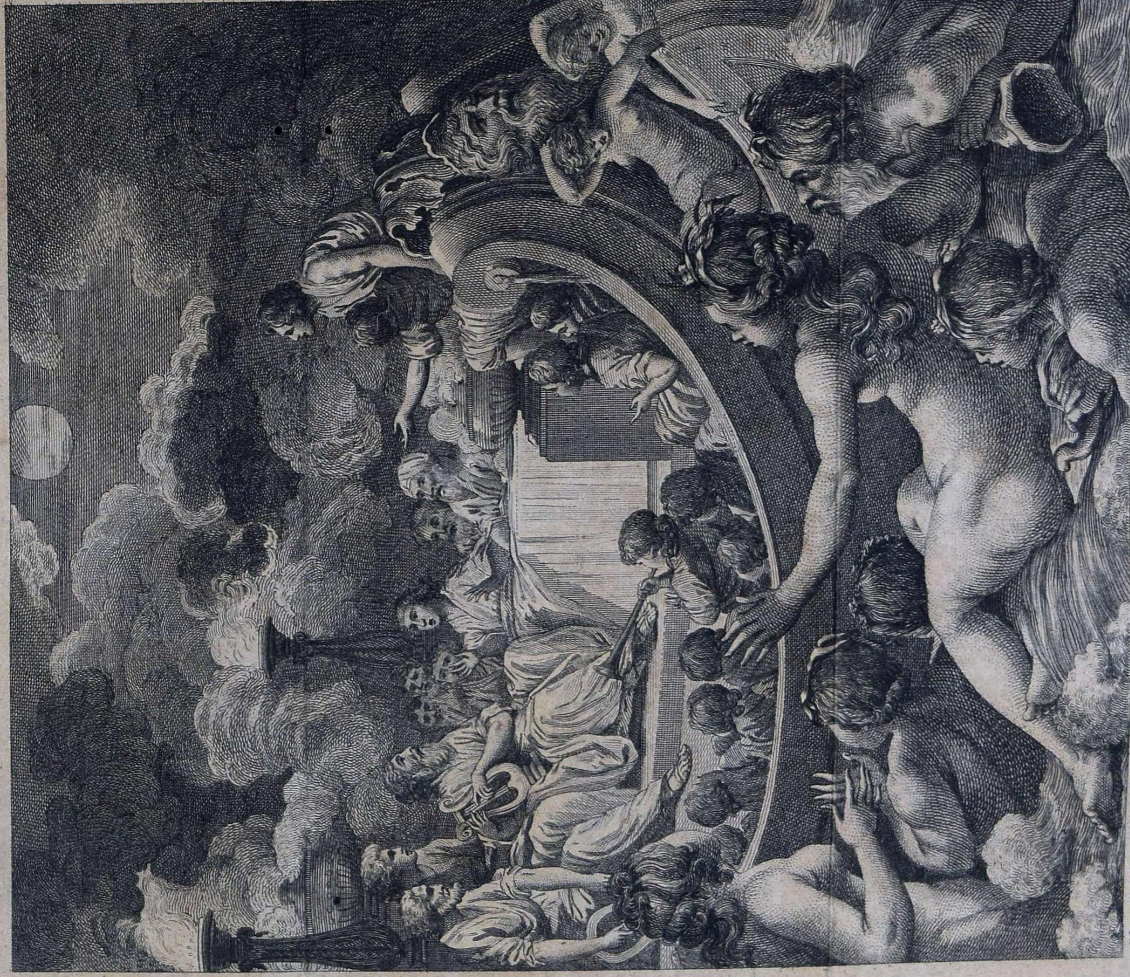
Verse 937, *Plant. in Trin.*

THE END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.



BOOK VIII.

MENTOR playing on the LYRE. *Book VIII.*



Mommet delin.

Barlow sculp.

*Now'd with his heavenly notes, the Future-brain
The NEREIDS, and each form that swims the main,
Emerging from their grotto, a depth profound
In gambols the tall vessel circle round.*

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BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adoam, the brother of Narbal, has the command of the Tyrian Vessel; on board of which Telemachus, and Mentor, are kindly received. This Captain, recollecting Telemachus, acquaints him with the tragical exit of Pygmalion and Astarbe; and afterwards the elevation of Baleazar to the Throne: whom the Tyrant his father had disgraced by the persuasion of that Woman. During a repast which Adoam gives to Telemachus and Mentor, Achitoas by the Melody of his Voice assembles round the Ship the Tritons, the Nereids, and other marine Deities. Mentor, seizing a Lyre, performs upon it in a style far superior to Achitoas. Adoam proceeds to recount the Wonders of Bætica: the sweet temperature of the air, and the other beauties of that country; whose Inhabitants lead a life of uninterrupted Tranquillity, amidst a simplicity of manners rare and uncommon.

THE ship they now approach'd, and anch'ring found,
Was of *Phœnicia*, to *Epirus* bound.

The crew had seen *Telemachus* before

What time he parted from the *Egyptian* shore,

But

NOTE.

Verse 2, To *Epirus*—The chief maritime province of *Greece*, bounded on the East by *Æthia*, on the West by the *Adriatick*,
on

But small attention to his features gave
 As thus he struggled with the azure wave.
 When *Mentor* now so near this bark appear'd,
 As that by all he might with ease be heard,
 Above the floods he rais'd his snowy head,
 And with exalted voice thus briefly said : 10
 Ye men of *Tyre*, whose piety and worth
 Is known to all the nations of the earth,
 Preserve our lives, your clemency extend
 To those that wholly on yourselves depend.
 If e'er religion could excite your love,
 And just respect unto the Gods above ;
 O take us in, two hapless wretches spare,
 Who both will equal in your dangers share !
 The mild Commander bade this answer give---
 With secret joy both of you we receive. 20
 For well we know due kindness to express
 To strangers compass'd by so great distress.
 Thus courteous spake he---ready at the word
 Th' obsequious crew receiv'd them both on board.
 At first, like statues, motionless they stood,
 Their breath exhausted by the briny flood :
 For long they swam, and utmost efforts tried,
 Tost on the deep, the billows to divide.
 But, by degrees, their vigour came anew,
 And other robes obtain'd they from the crew ; 30

NOTE.

on the North by *Thessaly* and *Macedon*, and on the South by the
Ionian Sea. A little to the South of this country stood the
 promontory of *Actium*, where was fought the decisive battle
 between *Augustus Cæsar* and *Anthony*.

Their

Their own o'erwhelm'd them with th' excessive load,
From ev'ry part the waters largely flow'd.

When speech return'd, the *Tyrians* all drew near,
With great desire their history to hear.

And first their Captain eagerly enquir'd---

"How got they thither, whence they now retir'd?"

"A land by pow'rs inexorable held

"Which to no mortals would admission yield?"

"Fenc'd round by rocks advancing high in air,

"'Gainst which the billows wag'd eternal war,

40

"But all in vain: they no impression make,

"And to approach them seem'd a certain wreck."

"That cruel chance," said *Mentor*, "we deplore;

"It was a shipwreck cast us on that shore.

"*Greeks* are we both, from *Ithaca* we come;

"Small distance parts *Epirus*, and our home.

"T' *Epirus* are you bound---and (since indeed

"We cannot hope you should your rout exceed

"And pass to *Ithaca*) it will suffice

"If once *Epirus* bless our longing eyes:

50

"There are we sure some friendly aid t' obtain,

"To help us on what little may remain.

"Professing endless gratitude to you,

"Who what we dearest hold have brought to view."

Sage *Mentor* thus the spokesman's part sustain'd,

Silent and mute *Telemachus* remain'd.

His various errors on *Calypso's* shore

Had made him much discreeter than before.

His own opinion had no longer place,

He found it wiser *Mentor's* to embrace:

60

And

And when occasion suffer'd not to speak,
His better counsel, and advice to seek,
Would watch at least the motion of his eyes,
Collecting thence what sentiments arise.

The *Tyrian* Captain with attention view'd
As thus *Telemachus* before him stood;
Seem'd, as he thought, to recollect that face,
But could not readily point out the place.

At length, "O gen'rous youth reflect," he said,
"Has fleeting time no fair impression made?"
"For sure that form hath often met these eyes:
"(Your first appearance fill'd me with surprize:)
"But where, or when, I cannot surely know;
"Perhaps my mem'ry may have aid from you."

The Prince replied with wonder, and with joy,
"The same perplexities my thoughts employ.
"I've seen, and known you; but in vain require
"If on the coast of *Egypt*, or at *Tyre*."

The *Tyrian* now (as one that early wakes,
And of a transient dream small notice takes;
Yet by degrees recalls th' illusive joys)
Exclaim'd in rapture, with exalted voice,

"Kind Heav'n! 'tis you; *Telemachus* your name:
"My *Narbal*'s friend, when we from *Egypt* came:
"'Tis I, 'tis *Narbal*'s brother greets your ear,
"That warfare o'er, I left you to his care:
"Then to *Alcides*' pillars cross'd the main,
"A fight of glorious *Bætica* to gain.
"Thus did I scarce behold you ere I sail'd,
"No wonder if at first remembrance fail'd."

"These

" These pleasing facts," replied the Prince, " agree ;
 " And prove 'tis virtuous *Adoam* I see.
 " I scarce beheld you then, but long rever'd ;
 " Induc'd by what from *Narbal* I had heard."
 " What joy ! some news of *Narbal* to receive,
 " Whom when I cease to love, I'll cease to live !
 " And dwells, he yet at *Tyre* ? and felt he nought
 " From fierce *Pygmalion's* jealousy of thought ?"

The Chief reserv'd return'd no answer back,
 But briefly interrupting thus bespake : 100

" Learn, Son of great *Ulysses*, and attend ;
 " For Heav'n in me hath rais'd another friend.
 " I will protect you ever, and restore
 " In greatest safety to your native shore,
 " Ere to *Epirus* I direct my sail :
 " So much the love of *Narbal* doth prevail.
 " Nor was his friendship ever more approv'd,
 " Than shall his brother's, to the man he lov'd."

He spake, and rising saw th' expected gale :
 Then hoist his anchor, and unfurl'd his sail ; 110
 And gave direction for his oars to sweep
 With nervous arms, and skim the level deep.

NOTE.

Verse 88, *A fight of glorious Bætica*—*Bætica* was a province of the farther *Spain* ; which took its name from the river *Bætis*, now called *Guadalquivir*, or the Great River. It had *Lusitania*, or *Portugal*, on the West, on the South the *Mediterranean* and the Gulph of *Cadiz*, and on the North the Bay of *Biscay*. This whole province contained what we now call *Andalusia*, part of the kingdom of *Granada*, and the outward boundaries of *Estramadura* ; and is celebrated by the elder *Pliny* for its extraordinary fertility.

This done, he lead *Telemachus* apart
In *Mentor's* presence to disclose his heart.

" I'll now," said he, " my dearest Prince, declare
" In order, all which you desire to hear.

" *Pygmalion* is no more---the pow'rs above
" At length that monster from the earth remove.
" In none could he a confidence repose,
" And in return were all mankind his foes. 120
" The good in silence mourn'd, and fled his rage;
" Yet all abhorr'd in treason to engage :
" The bad could find no way their lives to save
" But this---to lay the Tyrant in his grave.
" No *Tyrian* safe, but each returning day
" His life might fall to jealousies a prey.
" The guards most suffer'd by his dread commands,
" He saw his life committed to their hands :
" So fear'd them more than all the world beside,
" The least suspected for his safety died. 130
" Thus vainly for protection gaz'd he round,
" The guard he sought was no where to be found.
" Those valiant bands attendant on his state,
" Saw ev'ry hour was pregnant with his fate :
" And found no way their wretched lot to mend,
" But with his death the tyrant's fears to end.
" The vile *Astarbe*, whom so well you knew,
" Resolv'd the first this method to pursue.
" A *Tyrian* youth had rais'd her am'rous flame,
" Of wealth immense, and *Joazar* his name. 140

IMITATIONS.

Verse 117, *Claudian*. Verse 129, *Id. 4. Conf. Hon.*

" For

" For him she secret burn'd, for him alone;
 " And fondly hop'd to raise him to the throne.
 " To bring this hazardous design to bear,
 " She told the King that *Phadael*, his heir
 " His eldest hope, now eager to succeed,
 " His death conspir'd, his ruin had decreed.
 " And this suborn'd she witnesses to prove:
 " The wretched King, misguided by his love,
 " Was quickly on his child's destruction bent;
 " And *Baleazar* next to *Samos* sent. 150
 " The pretext was---this youngest should increase
 " In all the learning, and the arts of *Greece*.
 " But she in fact had to the King declar'd
 " His exile proper: for she greatly fear'd,
 " Lest he too rashly with their counsels close,
 " Who were his father's most rebellious foes.
 " Scarce was he sail'd, when his corrupted crew
 " (Who well *Astarbe*'s cruel pleasure knew)
 " Concerted measures to remove him quite,
 " And sink the vessel in the dead of night. 160
 " Themselves a bark at hand by swimming gain,
 " And leave the Prince at mercy of the main.
 " *Astarbe*'s vile amours now public grown,
 " To stern *Pygmalion* secret were alone:
 " All others fear'd he that around attend,
 " But thought her faithful, constant, and his friend:
 " So much he doated on that beauteous face,
 " So blinded by the worst of human race.

IMITATION.

Verse 146, *Justin*. 32, 2.

P 2

" But

“ But Av’rice urg’d him some pretence to find
“ To kill her fav’rite for the throne design’d. 170
“ By day and night his thoughts perpetual ran,
“ How best to feize the treasures of this man.
“ While thus a prey to base diffembling art,
“ Distrust, and lewdness, rend *Pygmalion’s* heart;
“ His dear *Astarbe* diff’rent thoughts employ:
“ Contriving means the tyrant to destroy.
“ She thought he haply had some hints receiv’d
“ How basely she intrigu’d; and how deceiv’d.
“ She knew his avarice, by which alone
“ Her lov’d gallant was sure to be undone: 180
“ No time could then be lost. In haste she went
“ In search of means this mischief to prevent.
“ His chief domestics readily she knew
“ Would in their Sov’reign’s blood their hands imbrue:
“ For not a single day had late appear’d,
“ But she some new conspiracy had heard.
“ None saw her schemes, none therefore could betray:
“ And poison seem’d the surest, safest way.
“ Oft would the King with her in private eat,
“ And meanly stoop himself to dress the meat. 190
“ None other dar’d he trust: but closely dwelt
“ In distant rooms, to hide the pangs he felt.
“ From curious eye of nice observers free,
“ That none thus busied might their Monarch see.
“ He bade adieu to all delicious fare,
“ Would nothing taste himself could not prepare.
“ Thus all the costly viands of the great
“ Which cooks can furnish, or their arts compleat;
“ *Bacchus*

" *Bacchus*' and *Ceres*' gifts, by him abhorr'd,
" Were banish'd far from his penurious board. 200
" Nor oil, nor milk, would he presume to taste,
" Or salt, tho' common to the worst repast.
" His food was fruit amidst his garden grown,
" Pulse which himself had gather'd, and had sown.
" And all the liquor of this wretched King
" Was humble water from a chrystal spring;
" Which closely was preserv'd, from danger free,
" And not a subject was allow'd to see.
" Though of *Astarbe* he betray'd no fear,
" Yet did he guard against her arts, and her: 210
" She first must taste whatever was his food,
" Thus to the State responsible she stood;
" That if by poison she should urge his fate,
" Death would on her inevitably wait.
" But she a subtle antidote prepar'd,
" A viler matron in the treason shar'd
" Accomplice of her crimes: and thus secure
" She banish'd fear, and thought his ruin sure.
" Observe her artifice:---at dining hour,
" Th' aforesaid matron thunder'd at the door: 220
" The King, who fear'd assassins, all in haste
" And trembling flew, to see the door was fast:
" The dame retir'd, and while in great dismay
" Unknowing who was waiting to betray;
" T' unlock his prison door the coward fear'd,
" Or satisfy himself in what he heard;
" *Astarbe* strove to calm, embrac'd his feet;
" And eager prest his Majesty to eat.

- " His cup empoison'd was already plac'd,
 " Nor fail'd she, safe in her receipt, to taste. 230
 " The King too freely drank without a fear,
 " But quickly after fainted in his chair.
 " *Astarbe* well appriz'd that this her love,
 " If once suspected, would her ruin prove,
 " Now tore her lovely hair, her garments rent,
 " And lamentable cries around her sent.
 " Embrac'd the dying Prince, and closely prest,
 " With floods of tears bedew'd his panting breast:
 " (For easy flow'd that artificial rain
 " From one so subtle, and so us'd to feign.) 240
 " His strength at last exhausted with his breath,
 " When now he seem'd in agonies of death;
 " Lest he recov'ring urge her dying too;
 " From tend'rest friendship in a trice she flew
 " To brutal rage. No longer she carest,
 " But all her weight upon his vitals prest.
 " The royal signet from his hand she tore,
 " Took off the precious diadem he wore;
 " And gave them both to *Joazar* her friend,
 " Who ready stood her pleasure to attend. 250
 " She fondly deem'd that who her smiles had known,
 " Would raise at once her fav'rite to the throne:
 " But those who most had to her views inclin'd,
 " Were men of abject, mercenary mind:

NOTE.

Verse 247, *The royal signet*—The custom of wearing rings and seals appears to be of great antiquity. We read of them in the Book of *Genesis*. *Judah* gave his signet to *Tamar*, and *Pharaoh* his ring to *Joseph*.

IMITATION.

Verse 232, *Tacit. An. 13.*

" Incapable

“ Incapable of love, and friendship true;
“ And heartless fear’d her foes would soon pursue.
“ To all so dangerous did her pride appear,
“ Her cruel cast, her false dissembling air;
“ Each seem’d his proper danger to deplore,
“ And wish’d the vile *Astarbe* was no more. 260
“ *Pygmalion*’s death was echo’d all around,
“ And cries tumultuous through the Court resound.
“ In consternation great some spread th’ alarm,
“ While others prest with eager haste to arm.
“ The consequence of this was fear’d by all,
“ Yet much rejoic’d they at the tyrant’s fall.
“ From tongue to tongue swift fame the tidings bore
“ Through ev’ry street---*Pygmalion* is no more.
“ But not a soul within the walls of *Tyre*
“ Did grief afflict, or indignation fire: 270
“ His death they look’d on as deliv’rance great,
“ A public blessing on the drooping state.
“ *Narbal*, good man, was troubled at the news,
“ Bewail’d a wretch who could himself abuse:
“ And thus his royal dignity disgrace
“ By wanton dalliance with a strumpet base.
“ Who chose with tyrant law the state t’ o’erwhelm,
“ Rather than rule the father of his realm.
“ True public spirit in his bosom glows,
“ He rallies all the worthy, to oppose 280
“ And crush *Astarbe*, whose unbridled rage
“ He fear’d in greater troubles might engage.
“ *Narbal* well knew that *Baleazar* liv’d,
“ And all the perils of the seas surviv’d.

" Those who had vouch'd him to *Astarbe* dead,
 " Believ'd, in fact, the very thing they said :
 " But he, by favour of the glimm'ring light,
 " Had in a *Cretan* sloop secur'd his flight :
 " Whose merchants, touch'd with pity, deign'd t' afford
 " Their kindly aid, and to receive on board. 290
 " No more presum'd he *Tyrian* air to breathe,
 " Too plain he saw what numbers wish'd his death.
 " No less alarming was *Pygmalion's* heart
 " And cruel outrage, than *Astarbe's* art.
 " Long time an exile on the *Syrian* shore
 " Left by the *Cretans*, a disguise he wore :
 " At length turn'd pastor, as the last resort,
 " To gain subsistence, and his life support.
 " Here found he means good *Narbal* to advise,
 " By trusty friends, of all his miseries. 300
 " To one of Virtue so approv'd, and tried,
 " He could his secret, nay his life confide.
 " Hard fare had *Narbal* from *Pygmalion* known,
 " Yet lov'd, and still was loyal to his son :
 " No better method could he first pursue,
 " Than to persuade him to allegiance due :
 " Bid him reflect it was his father reign'd,
 " And patient bear what cruel Fate ordain'd.
 " But soon directions from the Prince arrive,
 " If I secure can meet you, and can live, 310
 " Send back a token, send a ring of gold :
 " I'll think it safe, when I that sign behold.
 " Long as *Pygmalion* held his iron reign,
 " The prudent *Narbal* thought his presence vain :
 " For

" For various hazards would that scheme attend,
 " The Prince himself might perish with his friend.
 " 'Twere hard to 'scape *Pygmalion's* jealous eyes,
 " And mock the diligence of all his spies.
 " But when the tyrant's death brought better times,
 " When he was punish'd equal to his crimes; 320
 " *Narbal* soon hasted to salute his King,
 " And sent by courier swift th' expected ring.
 " That hour he sail'd for *Tyre*, arriv'd with speed;
 " When all were troubled who should next succeed.
 " The Peers with pleasure recogniz'd their Lord,
 " And all the Commons their consent afford.
 " His moderation and deportment mild
 " All jarring interests had reconcil'd,
 " And though his birth could no advantage yield,
 " Since all his fire with horror had beheld; 330
 " His tedious suff'rings of themselves alone,
 " Could strangely recommend him to the throne.
 " To ev'ry Virtue could fresh grace impart,
 " And to his favour win each *Tyrian* heart.
 " Now summon'd *Narbal* all *Phœnicia's* Peers,
 " And all their Senators advanc'd in years;
 " *Astarte's* Priests that guard her sacred fire,
 " Supreme of all Divinities at *Tyre*.

" To

NOTE.

Verse 337, *Astarte's Priests*—This was the same with the great *Syrian* Goddess whom they stiled likewise *Atergatis*. She answers to the *Ashtaroth* of the Holy Scriptures, and was represented with the horns like the *Egyptian* Isis to signify the increase and

IMITATION.

Verse 332, *Racin, Phedr. Act. 2.*

- " To *Baleazar* these their homage paid,
 " While heralds loud his every right display'd. 340
 " Applauding shouts arose amidst the throng
 " Who greet their Monarch with triumphal song.
 " *Astarbe* heard, as in a room of state
 " Close pent with shameless *Joazar* she sat.
 " The miscreant crew (which while *Pygmelion* liv'd
 " Beneath her auspices so well contriv'd)
 " Now all forfook: for ev'ry villain dreads
 " The secret partner of his impious deeds.
 " Knave trusts not knave, nor can he bear to see
 " His foul accomplice greater rise than he. 350
 " Th' abandon'd know, from what themselves would chuse,
 " How much their fellows will their pow'r abuse;
 " What furious measures will be soon pursu'd,
 " And rather aim t' associate with the Good.
 " In these at least some modesty they find,
 " Perhaps may meet too with indulgence kind.
 " The remnant few such lengths with her had gone,
 " They look'd for nought but punishment alone.
 " The palace storm'd; these knaves, in panic-fright,
 " Small efforts made; and soon prepar'd for flight. 360
 " *Astarbe* strove her worthless life to save,
 " Disguis'd in garb and habit of a slave;
 " But by a soldier known, and captive made,
 " Scarce was the people's fury to be stay'd.

NOTE.

and decrease of the Moon, which *Lucian* takes her to be. She was adored by the *Phœnicians* under the title of the Queen of Heaven. And *Macrobius* says, that she, together with the God *Adad* or the *Sun*, had an absolute power over all things.

" Who

" Who to have torn her piece-meal did require,
 " And had already dragg'd her in the mire,
 " But *Narbal* sav'd her, and restrain'd their ire.
 " Humbly she begg'd an audience of the King,
 " And thought her charms security might bring:
 " She gave him hopes that from her he should learn 370
 " Important secrets, and of great concern.
 " This could not be refus'd: th' enchanting fair
 " Display'd her beauties with so sweet an air,
 " And with such modesty her griefs express'd,
 " As might have calm'd the most obdurate breast.
 " The King, with soft insinuating style,
 " And well-turn'd praises, aim'd she to beguile:
 " She shew'd, with exquisite address and art,
 " How much *Pygmalion* had her at his heart;
 " And, by those sacred ashes of her Lord, 380
 " She now his royal clemency implor'd;
 " Her impious hands to Heav'n itself she rear'd,
 " As if in earnest she that Heav'n rever'd:
 " All bath'd in tears, with adulation sweet
 " She prostrate fell, and grasp'd the Monarch's feet;
 " Then try'd all methods to obtain her ends,
 " And make him jealous of his dearest friends.
 " She told him *Narbal*, he so much admir'd,
 " Against *Pygmalion* had before conspir'd:
 " Had taught the people to abhor his son, 390
 " And hop'd himself to mount the vacant throne.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 366, *Pacuv. in fragm.*Verse 376, *Id. ib.*

" By

- " By pois'nous draughts, affirming, he had aim'd
 " To kill the Prince whom he had now proclaim'd.
 " By thousand such like calumnies she strove
 " To blacken all that Virtue seem'd to love;
 " His unexperienc'd heart she hop'd to fire
 " With all the foul suspicions of his fire.
 " But *Baleazar*, who no more could bear
 " The base designs of this malicious fair,
 " Soon cut her short, and beck'ning to his guard, 400
 " To prison sent her; there t' expect reward:
 " While those of wisdom most approv'd in *Tyre*,
 " Receiv'd commission of her life t'enquire.
 " With inward horror their report they bring,
 " By fraud and poison she dispatch'd the King:
 " Her life appearing, from the earliest times,
 " One constant series of repeated crimes.
 " They now condemn'd her to the slowest fire,
 " By which they punish greatest crimes at *Tyre*.
 " Thus hopeless, when her fate she understood, 410
 " Fierce as a fury from *Cocytus'* flood,
 " She drank that draught which always lay prepar'd;
 " By death to shun the ling'ring woes she fear'd.
 " Her agonizing pain the guards perceive,
 " And kindly made some offer to relieve.
 " She heard indignant, but no answer made;
 " And shew'd by signs that she disdain'd their aid.
 " They mention'd Heav'n, and righteous Gods above,
 " Whom she had wrong'd, and forfeited their love;

IMITATION.

Verse 413, *Virg. Æn.* 4.

" But

" But no confusion, no repentant tears 420
 " Her guilt discover'd, or betray'd her fears:
 " She look'd on Heav'n with arrogance and spite,
 " And all its Powers seem'd t' insult and flight.
 " As thus in agonies of death she lay,
 " Her features all an impious rage display;
 " No trace remaining of that form below'd
 " Which had the ruin of such numbers prov'd;
 " Her eyes half-clos'd, lo! now with dreadful air
 " Incessant roll, and shoot an horrid glare:
 " Convulsions shake her lips, her mouth distort; 430
 " And wide expand it in unseemly sort.
 " Each muscle of her face contracted grew,
 " Presenting hideous spectacles to view.
 " Cold clammy sweats o'er all her limbs prevail,
 " Their colour livid grown, and deadly pale:
 " Yet seem'd she oft with vigour fresh to rise,
 " Affrighting all with lamentable cries,
 " At length expiring fell. Her impious ghost
 " Descended doubtless to that gloomy coast;
 " Where *Dan'us'* daughters endless plagues receive, 440
 " And draw eternal waters in a sieve.

" Where

NOTE.

Verse 440, *Where Dan'us' daughters*—These were fifty in number: their father *Danaus* being expelled *Egypt* by his brother *Aegyptus*, for refusing his fifty daughters to his brother's fifty sons, laid claim to the crown of *Argos*, as being descended from *Epaphus* the son of *Io*, who was daughter of *Inachus*. His refusal was founded upon the declaration of an Oracle—that he should

IMITATION.

Verse 435, *Ov. Met. 4.*

“ Where lewd *Ixion* *Juno*’s rage must feel,
 “ And whirl for ever on his rapid wheel.
 “ Where *Tantalus*, by lapse of murm’ring stream,
 “ Is burnt with thirst: nor can his crime redeem:

“ Sees

NOTES.

should be killed by his son-in-law. Hereupon *Egyptus* made war upon *Danaus*, and reduced him to such straits that he was obliged to give up his daughters; but not before he had made them promise to stab each her husband on the wedding night. This they all punctually performed except *Hypermnestra*, who spared her husband *Lynceus*, who became afterwards King of *Argos* by dispossessing his father-in-law. The *Argives* instituted a solemn feast which they called the Feast of Flambeaux, in commemoration of the signal which *Hypermnestra* gave to *Lynceus*. The Poets feigned that all the other sisters were condemned in the realms below, to fill vessels with water which were pierced through at the bottom.

Verse 442, *Where lewd Ixion*—The son of *Phlegias* King of *Thessaly*, who, having a design upon *Juno*, embraced a cloud in her stead which was formed by *Jupiter* to deceive him. From this cloud sprung the *Centaurs*. Being for this crime cast into hell, his punishment was to be bound to a wheel on which he was continually to turn with great rapidity. The *Centaurs* were represented as men from the middle upwards, and to have their other parts like a horse. Which fable took its rise from the great skill of the people of *Thessaly* in the management of horses. And as the most famous of them inhabited a canton called in the *Greek* *νεφέλην*, which signifies a cloud; hence the story of their being begotten by *Ixion* on a cloud.

Verse 444, *Where Tantalus*—King of *Phrygia* and *Paphlagonia*, and the poetical son of *Jupiter*, and the Nymph *Flora*. At a feast which he gave to the Gods, in order to make proof of their Divinity, he is said to have cut in pieces his son *Pelops*, and to have served him up at the table. *Jupiter*, and the rest of them, immediately discovered it and refused to eat: but *Ceres*, having her thoughts fixed on *Proserpine*, devoured the left shoulder. *Jupiter* restored the youth to life, and gave him an ivory

IMITATIONS.

Verse 441, *Hor.* l. 3. *Od.* 11. Verse 442, *Tibull.* l. 1. *El.* 3.

Verse 444, *Ov.* l. 2. *Amor.* *El.* 2. *Tibull.* l. 1. *El.* 3.

- " Sees limpid waters glide with eager haste
 " To mock his labour, and elude his taste.
 " Where *Sisyphus* is doom'd for endless days,
 " Up steepy hills a rock's vast weight to raise,
 " Which ever and anon, with dire rebound, 450
 " Again rolls down, and bears him to the ground.
 " Where tortur'd *Tityus* must with grief survey,
 " A greedy vulture on his vitals prey.
 " Freed from this monster, *Baleazar* strove
 " To shew to Heav'n his gratitude and love:
 " Ten thousand victims bled: his reign began
 " In opposition to *Pygmalion's* plan.
 " Commerce reviv'd, of late so languid grown,
 " He study'd trade as basis of his throne.
 " Advis'd with *Narbal* on affairs of weight, 460
 " Yet made him not chief ruler of the state;
 " But still himself the sov'reign power retains,
 " Attends to all, and holds the equal reins.
 " Hears all the various counsels which are prest,
 " And follows that which he approves the best.
 " Rich

NOTES.

ivory shoulder in its stead: but struck *Tantalus* with a thunderbolt to the infernal regions, where his punishment was to stand up to the chin in water which he could not taste.

Verse 448, *Where Sisyphus*—The son of *Æolus* and grandfather of *Ulysses*. He was slain by *Theseus* for the many robberies he committed in *Attica*.

Verse 452, *Where tortur'd Tityus*—The son of *Jupiter* and *Elara*, who attempting to force the Goddess *Latona*, was shot to death by *Apollo*, and cast into hell; where a vulture is continually gnawing his liver, which notwithstanding grows as fast as it is eaten.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 448, *Ovid in Ib.*

Verse 452, *Virg. Æn. 6, Tibull. 1. 1. Eleg. 3. Ov. Met. 4.*

" Rich in his people's love, he holds their hearts,
 " A treasure gain'd not by *Pygmalion's* arts:
 " For not a family that calls him Lord,
 " But would, at need, its utmost aid afford.
 " Thus what he leaves them is still more his own, 470
 " Than if he seiz'd it to support his throne.
 " Nor wants he guards his person to defend;
 " Their best affections, best of guards, attend.
 " And not a subject in his wide domain,
 " But fears to lose the blessings of his reign:
 " And would preserve, with hazard of his blood,
 " A life so precious, and a Prince so good.
 " Thus blest himself, and blessing all around,
 " He fears to tax beyond a certain bound:
 " His people fear as much to come behind, 480
 " Or let their bounty be too much confin'd.
 " He leaves them affluence, yet no evils flow;
 " No rebel-freedoms from the wealth they know.
 " Still trading, busy, meriting applause,
 " They keep inviolate their ancient laws.
 " *Phenicia's* now in zenith of her fame,
 " And all she boasts from *Baleazar* came.
 " Next him is *Narbal*. O! could he behold,
 " Could he again *Telemachus* unfold;
 " How would his joy by precious gifts be shewn, 490
 " With how much pomp he'd lead you to your own.
 " And am not I then happy thus t' approve
 " My best of service, and my best of love;
 " To place *Ulysses'* son upon the throne,
 " (The glorious task which *Narbal* would have done)
 " That

"That he, in *Ithaca*, succeed his fire,
"And rule discreetly as our King at *Tyre*?"

The Royal youth uncommon joy betray'd,
At all which gen'rous *Adoam* had said.
Struck with his friendship too when thus distressed, 500
With grateful heart the *Tyrian* he caress'd.
Who in his turn would fain some light receive
How in *Calypso's* island he could live?
The Royal youth inform'd his generous host
How first he parted from the *Tyrian* coast,
His passage thence unto the *Cyprian* shore
Where *Mentor's* presence blest him as before:
His *Cretan* voyage, and the Games ordain'd
To fill the throne *Idomeneus* had stain'd:
Describ'd the anger of the *Cyprian* Queen, 510
The terrors of the wreck, a dreadful scene!
How kind *Calypso* had them both receiv'd,
How jealous of her Nymph she after griev'd.
When prudent *Mentor* push'd him from the steep
And plung'd him headlong in the briny deep.

This converse o'er, an exquisite repast,
Compos'd with greatest elegance of taste,
Was serv'd. And *Adoam* to shew his joy
Seem'd ev'ry method of delight t'employ.
Phœnician youths with flow'ry garlands crown'd 520
In milk white vestments minister'd around:
The deck was scented with all rich perfumes,
All *India's* od'rous aromatic gums:
Musicians occupied each rower's seat
With jocund pipes incomparably sweet.

From time to time *Achitoas* was heard,
 His lyre, his voice mellifluous he rear'd;
 Such as *Apollo*, and th' immortal Gods,
 Might taste with rapture in divine abodes.
 The *Tritons*, *Nereids*, monsters of the main, 530
 And all that own great *Neptune's* awful reign,
 Charm'd with the notes harmonious, crowded round
 From oozy grottos, and the depth profound.
 And next *Phœnician* boys, a beauteous row,
 In linen vests more white than falling snow;
 In mazy dance surprisngly express
 The various modes of *Egypt*, *Tyre*, and *Greece*.
 Aloft in air the brazen trumpet roars,
 And echoes answer from the distant shores.
 Meanwhile the silent majesty of Night, 540
 The trem'ulous Moon that beam'd a silver light;
 The quiet seas, the silent azure sky,
 And thousand twinkling stars that flam'd on high;

NOTES.

Verse 530, *The Tritons, Nereides*—*Nereus* the son of *Oceanus* and *Tethys*, married his sister *Doris*, by whom he had fifty daughters called *Nereides*, who were Sea Nymphs. *Propertius* makes them a hundred.

Verse 537, *The various modes*—The thought of characterizing the several nations by the peculiarity of their dances, is at the same time poetical, and extremely proper. For great must have been the diversity in the early ages, when we are told the *Phrygians*, and some others, made dancing a part of their religious worship. Among these dances the most remarkable was the *Pyrhic*, which was performed in armour, and instituted by *Pyrhus* in honour of his father *Achilles*.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 530, *Ov. Met.* 13.

Verse 541, *Virg. Æn.* 7.

All,

All, all conspir'd as 'twere in concert new
T' enrich the scene and heighten all the view.

Of nature quick *Telemachus* was found
To taste the pleasures which embrac'd him round:
Yet dar'd not trust his unexperienc'd heart,
Suspecting all illusion was, and art.

Saw in *Calypso's* island, to his shame, 550

How much was youth susceptible of flame;

And ev'ry pleasure now excites his fear,

Tho' ne'er so mild, so harmless it appear.

He look'd on *Mentor*; from his features sought,

If what he saw were worthy of his thought?

Mentor with pleasure these his doubts beheld,

And secret transport, which he yet conceal'd.

Touch'd with his modesty, he smiling said---

" Well pleas'd I view this commendable dread.

" But though discreet, and prudent is your care, 560

" Permit it never to proceed too far.

" None wish you more of innocent delight,

" Where manly sense, and Virtue shall unite:

" Joys that refresh, and chear you while they last,

" And when poss'est may dwell upon your taste:

" But be they mild, and safe, of mod'rate kind:

" Not banish reason, and subvert your mind.

" Taste you no joy but what that reason suits,

" Leave rage, and wild disorder to the brutes.

" In safety here may you your mind unbend,

" And taste the gifts of *Adoam* our friend. 570

" Cheer up, *Telemachus*, be brisk, and gay;

" Indulge your mirth while you securely may,

" True Wisdom no austerity can know,
 " To affectation and grimace a foe :
 " 'Tis she alone can true delights procure,
 " She only make them still continue pure.
 " She wreathed smiles, and frolic knows to blend
 " With serious business; is to both a friend.
 " Thus toil and pleasure shall alternate reign, 580
 " And each from other shall new relish gain.
 " Nor will she blush in proper time and place,
 " With joyous aspect pleasure to embrace."

Thus saying, on a lyre his hand he laid,
 Such skill, such art, the heav'nly notes display'd;
Achitoas beheld with jealous eyes;
 And dropt his own, through envy and surprize.
 His eyes shot fire, his colour went and came,
 The whole Assembly had perceiv'd his shame;
 But that the lyre of *Mentor* all employ'd, 590
 And great the transport which their souls enjoy'd.
 Scarce would they breathe, so much to lose they fear'd
 A part of what so heavenly appear'd.
 In solemn silence all around attend,
 And only fear'd it should too quickly end.
 His voice, though sweet, had no effeminate air,
 But of amazing compass, strong and clear.
 With just expression could all themes pursue,
 And to minutest things gives lustre due.

He sang the praise of *Jove*, immortal King, 600
 Parent of Gods, and ev'ry living thing:

IMITATIONS.

Verse 601, *Virg. Æn. 2. Hom. Odyss. 1.*

Who

Who, if one motion of his head he make,
 Can all creation to its centre shake.
 He sang *Minerva* issuing from his brain;
 Which seems the wisdom of that God t' explain,
 The great ideas rising in his mind,
 And thence proceeding to instruct mankind.
 These glorious truths with such affecting air
 He warbled forth, and such religious fear;
 That all who heard transported seem'd above, 610 }
 And on *Olympus'* hill to look on *Jove*;
 Whose sight would fatal as his thunders prove. }
 Of young *Narcissus* next, unhappy boy,
 He sung, whose beauties all his thought employ:
 Who while in chrystal springs those charms he sees,
 Consum'd by soft, insensible degrees;
 Chang'd to a flower of no common fame,
 Which still preserves the fair *Narcissus'* name.
 And last *Adonis'* fate did he deplore,
 Untimely mangled by a cruel boar: 620

When

NOTES.

Verse 613, *Of young Narcissus*—Son of the river *Cephisus* and *Liriope*, beloved by *Echo* whom he slighted.

Verse 619, *Adonis' fate*—*Adonis* was the son of *Ciniras* King of *Cyprus*, by *Mirra*. A most beautiful youth beloved by *Venus* from his infancy, who committed the care of his education to *Proserpine* or *Diana*. By the decree of *Jupiter* he was to spend one third of his time with *Venus*, another with *Diana* and the remainder with whom he liked best. Upon his giving the preference to *Venus*, it fired the jealousy of *Diana*, who sent a boar to kill him. After his death *Venus* changed him into a red Anemomy. He was annually mourned, and lamented by the

Q 3

women

IMITATIONS.

Verse 603, *Ov. Met. 2. Æn. 9.*

When bath'd in tears at Heav'n's high gate was seen
 With bitter plaint th' enamour'd *Cyprian* Queen.
 Yet her petition, and his beauty fail'd;
 And nought for his return to life prevail'd.

The melting tale drew tears from ev'ry eye,
 Sad sorrow blended with complacency,
 Soon as he ceas'd, the *Tyrians*, all amaz'd,
 With great surprise upon each other gaz'd.
 One call'd him *Orpheus*, and his lyre the fame
 Which once in *Thrace* the savage beasts could tame: 630
 Could drag the craggy rocks, the groves along,
 And bind ev'n *Cerberus* with the magic song.
 The plagues of *Danaus'* daughter could suspend,
 And sad *Ixion* for a while befriend.
 And *Pluto* charm, inexorable King,
 From *Lethe's* shades *Eurydice* could bring.
 One call'd him *Linus* great *Apollo's* Son,
 A third affirm'd it *Phæbus'* self alone.

NOTES.

women of *Phœnicia*; at the time when the river *Adonis* began to appear of a bloody hue, which it constantly did upon the melting of the snows; by means of a red earth which then mixed with the water.

Verse 629. *One call'd him Orpheus*—The son of *Apollo* and *Calliope*, whose harmony wrought so upon *Pluto* that he gave him back his wife *Eurydice*, on condition he should not look back upon her till he was got out of the infernal regions; which orders he disobeyed and thereby lost her for ever.

Verse 637. *One call'd him Linus*—He was of *Chalcis*, son of *Apollo* and *Terpsichore*. Was the inventor of Lyric Poetry, and preceptor to *Orpheus* and *Hercules*. 'Tis thought he first brought the letters of the Alphabet out of *Phœnicia* into *Greece*.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 632, *Virg. Geor. 4. Ov. Met. 10.*

Not

Not less surpris'd *Telemachus* appear'd
Who ne'er before this excellence had heard. 640

Achitoas with rage and envy fir'd

Had leisure to conceal what these inspir'd.

Aloud began his aukward praise to force,

But often blush'd, nor finish'd his discourse.

Mentor whose glance his sore distress perceiv'd,

With sweet engaging eloquence reliev'd:

And strove his fainting spirits to renew,

By giving all th' applauses that were due.

Alas in vain! since *Mentor* seem'd t' excel

As much in meekness, as performing well. 650

Meanwhile *Ulysses'* son prefers his pray'r,

"Th' *Hesperian* voyage all on fire to hear:

"I burn to hear this voyage which you boast

"Since last we parted from th' *Egyptian* coast.

"O say if Fame hath not my sense deceiv'd?

"For strange th' account, and hard to be believ'd."

"Gladly," return'd he, "will I aim to shew

"A land where sweets in such abundance flow:

"A theme like this deserves my utmost pains,

"Fame speaks not half what *Batica* contains." 660

He thus began---"Amidst a fertile vale

"Where soft the clime, and temp'rate is the gale,

"Meand'ring *Bætis* cuts th' embroider'd ground,

"And gives its name to all the region round.

"Hence to *Alcides'* pillars wings its way,

"Its course pursuing to the utmost sea.

"Hard by that streight where once, in early days,

"A dread commotion could old *Ocean* raise;

- " Indignant burst its banks, and roughly tore
 " The land of *Tarſis* from the *Libyan* ſhore. 670
 " Here ſtill entire, unſullied we behold
 " Thoſe fair delights which grac'd that Age of Gold:
 " Mild are the Winters, and ſerene the air;
 " No bluſt'ring tempeſt, and no cold is there.
 " By noon-tide breeze is Summer's heat allay'd,
 " And gentle zephyrs bring reſreſhing aid.
 " Thus Spring and Autumn, like an happy pair
 " In ſocial wedlock, triumph through the year.
 " Each verdant vale, and wide extended field,
 " Their double harveſts to the owner yield. 680
 " Each path with laurels and pomegranates crown'd,
 " While flow'ring ſhrubs and jafmine breathe around.
 " High on the hills the bleating flocks conſpire
 " T' enrich with fleeces, which all lands require.
 " Nor want there mines of gold, and ſilver vein,
 " To raiſe the value of the fair champain.
 " But they, of native innocence poſſeſt,
 " And in that innocence ſupremely bleſt;
 " No precious metals hold in great eſteem,
 " What Nature aſks, that wealth alone they deem. 690

NOTES.

Verſe 670, *The land of Tarſis*—*Spain* ſuppoſed to be torn from the continent of *Africa*.

Verſe 672, *Age of Gold*—The reign of *Saturn* in *Italy*, when the earth, without cultivation, brought forth all things in the greateſt plenty; and men lived together in the greateſt harmony.

Verſe 684, *T' enrich with fleeces*—The wool of *Segovia* is famous to this day, much uſed in the manufactures both of England and Holland.

IMITATION.

Verſe 673, *Hom. Od. 4.*

“ When

“ When first we landed, and commenc’d a trade,
“ Of Gold and Silver were their plough-shares made.
“ No iron us’d they, and exporting nought
“ Coinage of ev’ry kind superfluous thought.
“ Most here are swains of the laborious kind,
“ Mechanic arts but rarely shall you find :
“ No artists are allow’d within the land,
“ But such as pure necessities demand.
“ And most (though flocks, and tillage be their care)
“ Can proper tools for humble life prepare. 700
“ The wives spin wool most delicate to sight,
“ And weave in stuffs of an amazing white :
“ These bake their bread, these furnish the repast,
“ An easy task to please their mod’rate taste ;
“ Content with fruits, and milk their flocks afford ;
“ For rarely flesh appears to grace the board.
“ The skins with care each prudent wife employs
“ To furnish sandals for her blooming boys,
“ Her husband, and herself ; and tents to build
“ With waxen cov’ring in the open field. 710
“ While diff’ring huts their diff’rent fancies please,
“ With art constructed of the barks of trees.
“ Domestic matters are the women’s care
“ They tend the laundry and the vests prepare.
“ With wise œconomy they all dispose,
“ With wondrous order regulate the house.
“ Their dress is quickly made, so soft the air
“ Light cov’ring serves, and finest stuffs they wear.
“ No certain form, no fashions you behold,
“ Each wraps his garment in a lengthen’d fold 720
“ Around

- " Around his naked limbs, as likes him best
 " With decent care : regardless of the rest.
 " The men apply to husbandry alone,
 " Or grazing herds ; all other arts unknown ;
 " Save that some small mechanics are pursued,
 " In framing instruments of iron, and wood.
 " The first scarce use they, but to till the ground :
 " No buildings raise, no architects are found.
 " T' erect us mansions which our lives outlast
 " Betrays, they think, an earthly sensual taste : 730
 " And since we mortals must so quickly die,
 " Enough to shield us from th' inclement sky.
 " All sav'rite arts of ev'ry polish'd state
 " What *Greece* admires, and *Egypt* loves, they hate :
 " Call them devices to corrupt the soul,
 " Make pride and luxury possess it whole.
 " Tell them of cities which superbly rise,
 " With costly furniture t' attract their eyes ;
 " Gold, silver, precious stones, and rich brocade,
 " The charms of music summon to your aid ; 740
 " Alas ! they cry, unhappy men to find
 " These various methods to pervert the mind.
 " Redundant joys but weaken, and enslave,
 " Th' intoxicating plagues of all that have,
 " And tempt who have not, with rapacious hands
 " To seize on what their avarice demands.
 " Name if you can but one superfl'ous joy,
 " Which will not tend our morals to destroy.
 " The men you mention live they all more free
 " From sad distemper ; more robust than we ? 750
 " Count

" Count they the circling years to greater age,
 " More firmly knit, more foes to hostile rage?
 " Live they more jocund in a calm retreat;
 " And taste they charms of liberty more sweet?
 " Alas! far diff'rent tortures must they feel;
 " Each jealous, envious of his neighbour's weal.
 " Ambition, Avarice, and unmanly Fear,
 " Make them incapable of joy sincere.
 " Imaginary wants which know no end
 " On which must all their happiness depend! 760
 " Thus reason they by simple Nature taught,
 " By Nature's dictates to discretion brought.
 " Thus our Politeness and our Arts despise,
 " And think their own Economy more wise.
 " In tribes they dwell, no hedge their land divides,
 " O'er ev'ry house a petty Prince presides.
 " Each Sire has pow'r his Children to chastise,
 " And Children's children, when they act amiss.
 " But first a solemn council will he call,
 " Correcting none without consent of all. 770
 " This rarely happens, scarcely in an age;
 " Such firm obedience doth them all engage,
 " Such faith, such innocence, and dread of Vice
 " At once conspire to constitute their bliss.
 " Justice retiring, fought, we're told, the Gods:
 " Yet seems residing in these blest abodes.
 " No

NOTE.

Verse 775, *Justice retiring*—*Astræa* the Goddess of Justice was
 daughter of *Justice* and *Themis*. During the Golden Age she
 re-

IMITATION.

Verse 749, *Cic. Parad. 1.*

- " No Judge employ they : Conscience is their Guide,
 " No gracious gifts of Providence divide :
 " Earth's various lap such plenty pours around,
 " Their milk, their fruits, in such abundance found ; 780
 " That mod'rate tempers, such as these possess,
 " No reason find to guard against excess.
 " From soil to soil through all the beauteous plain
 " Each family removes with all its train :
 " Erects its tent consuming all its store,
 " Nor stirs till fruits and pasture be no more.
 " 'Tis thus no sep'rate interest obtains,
 " Love undisturb'd, fraternal concord reigns.
 " Their union, peace, and liberties arise
 " From shunning follies others fondly prize. 790
 " All free, and equal in a golden mean,
 " Among their tribes is no distinction seen,
 " But what experience brings, and length of years,
 " Or equal prudence which in youth appears.
 " Rapacious fraud, and perjury profane,
 " With law debate, must here their voice refrain :
 " The brazen throat of war they never hear,
 " Which shuns a region to the Gods so dear.
 " Ne'er was this land distain'd with human gore,
 " Scarce that of lambs will they presume to pour. 800

NOTE.

resided among Mortals, but withdrew again to Heaven when they began to corrupt themselves.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 775, *Juv. Sat. 6. Senec. Orlav. 422.*

" Discourse

- " Discourse to these of some well foughten field,
" Of conquest, plunder, which all countries yield,
" Confounded, and amaz'd, they eager cry,
" What, are not mortals apt enough to die ?
" Seems life so long, though in itself so short,
" That each his brother ruins as in sport ?
" Live they for this to be each others foes
" With brutish rage to aggravate their woes ?
" Scarce are these people able to conceive
" That we such honours should to victors give 810
" Subverting states. How vain, say they, is this ;
" In wide extended rule to place our bliss !
" For vast the burthen which that man sustains
" Who wisely governs, and with Justice reigns.
" Strange then indeed that any should delight
" To govern others as it were in spite.
" To Kings discreet 'twill task sufficient prove,
" Rightly to rule when all their persons love :
" When Heav'n commands it, and the land has pay'd
" Their past'ral care, and their paternal aid. 820
" By force to rule is misery to crave
" For the poor fame that others we enslave.
" A conqu'ror is a scourge (by Heav'n design'd
" When most offended) to torment mankind.
" To ravage kingdoms, terror to diffuse,
" Despair, and mis'ry, oft as he pursues.
" In short, of slaves to multiply the train,
" And make all freemen drag the servile chain.

IMITATION.

Verse 804, *Tibull. 1. Eleg. 11.*

" Seeks

- " Seeks he for fame? and will it not suffice
 " What Heaven bestows---to rule with conduct wise? 830
 " Thinks he no praises will become his due
 " If he appear not in an hostile view?
 " Unless the proud usurper he be found,
 " Unjustly lording over all around?
 " In truth, no cause can justify our arms,
 " But vindication of fair Freedom's charms.
 " Happy, who lives himself the slave of none,
 " Nor fondly hopes to make another groan!
 " These lords triumphant with such splendour shewn,
 " Resemble rivers that are overflown: 840

" Majestic both, and dazzling to the sight,
 " But drown the fertile plains they should delight."
 Charm'd with the landscape *Adoam* disclos'd,
 The curious Prince his queries now propos'd.

- " Of *Bacchus*' gifts no portion do they share;
 " Drink they no wine their drooping hearts to cheer?"
 " In this," said *Adoam*, " are none confin'd;
 " For none appear to this excess inclin'd.
 " Yet grapes abound of most delicious taste,
 " And by no climate in the world surpass. 850
 " Contented this with other fruits they eat,
 " But fear the juice as pregnant with deceit.
 " A deadly bane, that will distraction give,
 " And make men brutish, though it lets them live.
 " Still may our vigour and our health be left,
 " Although of *Bacchus*' precious gifts bereft.

IMITATION.

Verse 853, *Plin.* l. 14. c. 28.

" Indulging

- " Indulging taste, we hazard health to lose,
 " Corrupt our morals, and our minds abuse."
 " Fain would I learn," *Telemachus* rejoin'd,
 " What laws connubial may this nation bind?" 860
 " One wife alone," said *Adams*, " they have;
 " To her remain they constant to the grave.
 " By strict connubial faith the man commands
 " Here like respect, with wives in other lands.
 " No people so inviolably true,
 " Or nuptial rites with so much strictness view.
 " The women here are exquisitely fair,
 " Laborious, modest, plain, of cheerful air.
 " The marriage-bed with fruitfulness is crown'd,
 " No spot, no discord in that state is found. 870
 " The husband and his wife compose one whole;
 " Two diff'rent bodies, but the self-same soul:
 " Partaking each of all domestic cares,
 " Abroad, the husband regulates affairs:
 " The woman still presiding in the house,
 " Well pleas'd in all to gratify her spouse;
 " Seems born for him, his confidence obtains,
 " His love by Virtue more than beauty gains.
 " Their social joys continue to the last:
 " Still friendship stays, when other charms are past. 880
 " Their sober rules, and purest manners raise
 " A stock of health, to hold their length of days.
 " 'Tis common here to see the hoary sage
 " Who reckons six score summers to his age.

IMITATION.

Verse 861, *Plaut. in. Merc.*

" The least an hundred---yet they journey smooth,
 " Retaining still the sprightliness of youth."
 " Yet hope I," adds *Telemachus*, " to hear
 " How shun they terrors of invasive war?"
 " Nature," return'd he " southward parted these
 " From all the world by intermediate seas; 890
 " Northward the mountains as a fence arise,
 " And neighb'ring nations much their virtue prize.
 " Full oft when feuds and discords high have grown,
 " To these as judges they respect have shewn;
 " Have trusted lands and cities to their care,
 " Safe the deposit in a faith so rare.
 " A state so wise and good is fear'd by none;
 " They ne'er invaded, or incroach'd on one.
 " Oft as they hear it, will those Kings deride,
 " Who know not how their frontiers to decide. 900
 " Think we, say they, the soil will not contain?
 " Alas! 'tis more than can be till'd by man.
 " While one free spot remains, that's unimprov'd,
 " We'll not resist if by our foes remov'd.
 " No single member of the *Bætic* race
 " One sign of pride or haughtiness betrays;
 " No breach of faith is found to foe or friend:
 " No fond desire their bound'ries to extend.
 " Thus all the neighb'ring states have nought to fear,
 " And know it vain against them to declare. 910
 " So never aim to interrupt their ease,
 " For all would leave the country by degrees.
 " Or bravely sell their lives in open field.
 " Ere they to servitude would basely yield.
 " Thou,

" Thus, as themselves have no ambitious view;
 " So were it hard their country to subdue.
 " Lo! here the reason why a peace profound
 " Subsists between them, and the nations round."

He ended not, till first he had display'd
 How the *Phœnicians* with this people trade. 920

" At first," said he, " in great amaze they stood
 " To see our vessel traversing the flood:
 " Admir'd that strangers harbour'd thoughts so wild,
 " But yet in *Gades* suffer'd us to build.
 " On us each hospitable thought employ'd,
 " Gratis partook we all which they enjoy'd;
 " And when their stores, their magazines were full,
 " They freely offer'd their superfluous wool.
 " A noble present these their bounties crown'd;
 " Pleas'd give they strangers, when themselves abound.
 " Their precious mines they readily resign'd; (930
 " From them no use, no profit could they find:
 " And thought it strange that men of sense should go,
 " Should hazard such variety of woe,
 " T' embowel earth, and search for hidden store,
 " Which made them ne'er more happy than before.
 " Wound not so deep, said they, our mother earth,
 " Which gives all wholesome aliments a birth:

NOTE.

Verse 924, *But yet in Gades* —The present *Cadiz*, formerly called *Tartessus*, an ancient colony of *Tyre*.

IMITATION.

Verse 927, *Plin. Nat. Hist. l. 33.*

" With tillage rest content, and she shall bear
 " Than gold, than silver, gifts more precious far: 940
 " For what by gold, or silver, can we gain
 " But proper food our bodies to sustain?
 " We aim'd to teach them maritime affairs,
 " And to *Phœnicia* in the bloom of years
 " Transport their sons: they no consent would give
 " That any child our laws of life receive.
 " Your wants, they said, your av'rice will they know,
 " And lose their virtue for an empty shew.
 " Like him, who with his limbs entire, and sound,
 " Through pride, or sloth, disdains to tread the ground:
 " By others borne about from place to place, (950
 " As though some weakness should his nerves unbrace.
 " Our navigation-arts they greatly love,
 " Think they're ingenious; but may hurtful prove:
 " These men, say they, if they at home possess
 " Whate'er is proper for their life and peace,
 " Why run they elsewhere through the watry way?
 " Is nature satisfy'd---and will not they?
 " Justly by shipwrecks then are such pursu'd
 " Who seek their ruin in the stormy flood; 960
 " To glut the av'rice of those sons of trade,
 " By whom all others are effem'nate made."
 Pleas'd to the soul *Telemachus* appear'd
 When this discourse of *Adoam* he heard:
 That men by nature wise, of so much worth,
 And all so happy still adorn'd the earth.
 How diff'rent, added he, their customs all
 From sottish crimes of those we prudent call!

Ambitious

Ambitious vanities our sense deceive,

We scarce this pure simplicity believe.

970

Regard the manners of a state so good,

As tales or fables scarcely understood.

In truth, our conduct rather should we blame---

Our life to theirs an inconsistent dream.

THE END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.



B O O K IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Goddess Venus still retaining her resentment against Telemachus, makes application to Jupiter to consent to his destruction. But, the Fates not permitting, she goes to concert with Neptune the most proper means; to keep him, at least, at a great distance from Ithaca, to which Adoam was conducting him. They employ a fallacious Deity to surprise the Pilot Athamas, who supposing he was arrived at Ithaca, enters full sail the Port of the Salentines. Idomeneus, their King, received Telemachus into his City then newly erected; where he was actually preparing a Sacrifice to Jupiter, to obtain success in a War against the Mandurians. The Priest, upon consulting the entrails of the Victims, gives ample assurance of Victory to Idomeneus: and gives him to understand, that he is indebted for his happiness to the two Strangers lately arrived.

CONVERSING thus they pleasing vigils keep,
 Unmindful of the sweets of balmy sleep;
 The Moon the pale meridian of the night
 Touch'd unperceiv'd, and reach'd her utmost height.
 Meanwhile some adverse Deity above
 Did far from *Ithaca* their bark remove;

Their

VENUS *supplicating* JUPITER *to make* TELEMACHUS.
Book 9.

Book 9



Dubourg delin

Barlow Joup

To supplicate her give the CYPRIAN queen,
Her daughter, hither came of bounteous mien,
Whose constellation charms displayed to sight
A radiance far even heavenly eyes too bright.

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Their pilot *Athamas* deceiv'd, in vain
With fruitless labour fought that port to gain.
Neptune, though friendly to the *Tyrian* state,
No longer could disguise his cruel hate: 10
Enrag'd *Telemachus* so safely past,
When on *Calypso's* rocks the tempest cast.
Venus with still more trouble had beheld
That one so young to her disdain'd to yield.
Escap'd her snare, and could triumphant prove
'Gainst *Cupid's* self, and all the pow'r of love.
Transported by her grief, she left awhile
Her humble vot'ries in fair *Cyprus* Isle:
Her lov'd *Cythera* could no longer please,
Idalian groves, or *Paphos* give her ease. 20
Nor could she view those realms without a pain,
Where young *Telemachus* despis'd her reign.
Swift to *Olympus'* radiant top she soars,
Where ev'ry God immortal *Jove* adores;
Where now assembled at his throne they meet,
Ten thousand stars revolving at their feet.
From hence this Globe of Mortals they behold,
As one small fragment of terrestrial mould:
The vasty deep no other prospect gave
Than drops of water which this fragment lave. 30
The greatest realms appearing to their eyes
As grains of sand, which on its surface rise.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 9, *Hom. Odyss.* 1.Verse 25, *Virg. Æn.* 1.

Unnumber'd hosts, and armies, as they pass,
 Like pismires fighting for a blade of grass.
 For things of greatest consequence on earth
 But move their laughter, and excite their mirth.
 Our puny efforts, and our State affairs,
 Like play of children in their infant years.
 And all the fame, th' authority we seek,
 Shews us to them more wretched, and more weak. 40

Upon this hill sublime with splendour shone,
 On basis firm, Great *Jove's* imperial throne.
 Swift through th' abyss his piercing eye can dart,
 And search the dark recesses of the heart.
 When with complacence sweet his looks are found,
 A calm succeeds, and Nature smiles around.
 But should he once his wavy ringlets shake,
 All Heav'n would tremble, and all Earth would quake.
 So dazzling bright the glory of his ray,
 The Gods themselves approach him in dismay. 50

Now all in circle bright attending *Jove*
 Appear'd the blest Divinities above:
 Low at his throne see lovely *Venus* bow!
 With all the charms which in her bosom glow.
 Her beauteous robe loose flowing in her march,
 Excell'd the colours of the show'ry Arch:
 When ev'ry ray fair *Iris* brings to proof,
 And in the sable cloud has dipt her woof.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 45, *Virg. Æn.* 1.

Verse 47, *Od. Met.* 1. *Hom. Il.* 1.

What

What time to frighted men she deigns t' appear,
 To chase the storm, and purify the air. 60
 Her slender waist the well known Cestus bound,
 Where smiling Graces sport the circle round:
 Her shining hair in golden knot behind
 Neglected fell, and wanton'd in the wind.
 All Heav'n astonish'd stood to view her charms,
 Which recent seem'd, and fill'd them with alarms.
 Their eyes o'erpow'r'd, like those of mortals, seem
 When from eclipse breaks forth the solar beam.
 Each gaz'd on other ravish'd with delight,
 And still to *Venus* would direct their sight. 70
 Yet bath'd in tears they saw her sparkling eyes,
 And heart-felt grief o'er all her features rise.

Light tripping past the beauteous Queen of Love,
 And soon approach'd the awful throne of *Jove*.
 Like bird of swiftest wing was seen the Fair,
 That prone in flight divides the marble air.
 The God beheld her with complacence mild,
 And smiling rose t' embrace his much lov'd child.

NOTES.

Verse 57, *Fair Iris*—Daughter of *Thaumas* and *Electra*, the messenger of the Gods, and particularly of *Juno*, as *Mercury* was of *Jupiter*.

Verse 61, *The well known Cestus*—*Venus* being mother to the Graces, they were supposed constantly to attend her, hence they are painted by the poets upon this mysterious Girdle.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 61, *Hom. Il.* 14.

Verse 63, *Virg. Æn.* 4.

Verse 71, *Virg. Æn.* 1.

Verse 75, *Hom. Od.* 5.

Verse 77, *Virg. Æn.* 1.

- " What tears," said he, " are these ? what griefs molest ?
 " Ev'n *Jove* feels pain when *Venus* is distressed. 80
 " Unbosom then your woes without a fear,
 " For well you know the kind concern I bear."
 With accent sweet the Goddess answer'd brief,
 While interrupting sighs display'd her grief:
 " O Sire of Gods and men, immortal *Jove* !
 " Who govern Earth beneath, and Heav'n above ;
 " Can you, whose eye the Universe surveys,
 " Not know what cause doth my affliction raise ?
 " 'Twas not enough that *Pallas* could employ
 " Her utmost efforts in the fall of *Troy*, 90
 " T' avenge on *Paris* (though myself took arms)
 " The prize he gave to my superior charms ;
 " *Ulysses*' son now leads she by the hand
 " Through distant seas, and ev'ry foreign land.
 " Cruel *Ulysses*, *Troy*'s invet'rate foe,
 " Chief cause of all her misery, and woe !
 " 'Tis thus *Minerva*'s presence that we miss,
 " Who leaves her station here in seats of bliss,
 " To form the giddy youth. Of late he came
 " By her conducted to attack my fame : 100

NOTE.

Verse 91, *T' avenge on Paris*—To the nuptials of *Peleus* and *Thetis* all the Gods and Goddesses were invited, except *Discord*; who thereupon threw among them a Golden Apple with this inscription " To be given to the fairest." The candidates for it were *Juno*, *Minerva*, and *Venus*, who made *Paris* the Judge. And he giving the preference to *Venus*, made the other two his enemies.

IMITATION.

Verse 91, *Virg. Æn. 1.*

" In

" In *Cyprus*' isle his insolence display'd,
" No sweets, no incense, on mine altars laid:
" Aloud declar'd abhorrence of my rites,
" And shut his soul to all my fond delights.
" In vain did *Neptune*, at my earnest pray'r,
" The stormy tempest, and the flood prepare:
" When to *Calypso*'s isle the wreck convey'd,
" Fresh conquest here of *Cupid*'s self he made:
" Whom I deputed, and on purpose sent
" To melt, and make his stubborn soul relent. 110
" Nor fair *Calypso* deck'd with ev'ry charm,
" Nor all her youthful Nymphs his breast alarm:
" Not Love himself with all his flaming darts
" Can ought prevail against *Minerva*'s arts:
" To see her snatch him hence all means employ;
" Behold your daughter vanquish'd by a boy!"
Great *Jove*, who heard th' occasion of her grief,
Thus kindly strove to minister relief.
" 'Tis true, my child, *Minerva* guards the heart
" Of this young *Greek*, 'gainst *Cupid*'s keenest dart: 120
" And for him keeps such glory too in store,
" As none so young e'er merited before.
" I'm griev'd your altars he should thus profane,
" But cannot suffer your revenge to reign.
" Yet, such the love I bear you, will agree
" He live a vagabond by land, and sea:
" Remain an exile from his country far,
" Doom'd ev'ry danger, and distress to bear:

IMITATION.

Verse 116, *Virg. Æn. 1.*

" The

“ The Fates forbid such Virtue should be lost,
 “ Or yield, like others, to the joys you boast. 130

“ Then dry these tears, and rest content to know:

“ Still crowds of Heroes and Immortals bow.”

Thus spake th’ eternal King, so chearing smil’d
 With graceful air majestically mild.

While streams of light proceeded from his eyes

Like forked lightnings darting from the skies.

Th’ ambrosial kifs when he dismiss’d the fair

With heav’nly fragrance round perfum’d the air.

Spite of her sorrows, and her trickling tears,

A secret transport in her face appears. 140

Nor could she hide the pleasure it had giv’n,

To be thus favour’d by the King of Heav’n.

But yet her great disorder to conceal

And rising blush, a little dropt her veil.

Applauses fill’d the Synod of the Gods,

That instant *Venus* left the blest abodes;

To seek the Ruler of the watry main,

And fix with him how best revenge to gain.

Soon as the Goddess in his sight appear’d,

She told him all that *Jupiter* declar’d. 150-

“ I know,” said *Neptune*, “ what the Fates decree:

“ *Ulysses’* Son must triumph o’er the Sea:

“ Yet let us nothing unattempted leave,

“ To keep him from his home, t’ afflict and grieve.

“ His bark is *Tyrian*; that I needs must spare:

“ The *Tyrian* State is my peculiar care.

“ No nation under heav’n deserves my love

“ So much, as *Tyre*, or doth so loyal prove:

“ To

" To them I owe that Ocean is the band
 " Of strict society, 'twixt land and land;
 " With constant victims they mine altars grace,
 " Most careful, wise, and best of human race.
 " To ev'ry shore by their extensive trade
 " Is plenty wasted, and convenience spread.
 " No, Goddess, no. I ne'er consent can give,
 " A ship of *Tyre* its ruin should receive:
 " But I'll confound the Pilot, make him rove;
 " And far enough from *Ithaca* remove."

160

Content with this malignant smil'd the fair,
 Then straight returning in her rapid car
 O'er 'broider'd meads of sweet *Idalia* past;
 To meet her ev'ry Grace advanc'd in haste,
 Frolic and Mirth in mazy dance she found,
 On velvet heads of flow'rs, which breath'd around.

170

A subtle Genius now from *Neptune* came,
 That bore a near resemblance to a dream:
 Yet dreams deceive us only in our sleep;
 In magic chains he could the wakeful keep.
 A thousand falsehoods wing'd around him play'd,
 And to his fraud contributed their aid:
 Hard by the Pilot *Atbamas* he stood,
 Who now the splendid Moon securely view'd;
 And mark'd the Planets as aloft they move,
 Revolving swift in argent fields above.
 The Pilot judg'd that *Ithaca* was near,
 Her coast at hand and craggy rocks appear:

180

IMITATION.

Verse 160; *Diogenes. Alex. Per. ex. Populi vers.*

When

When lo! the Genius o'er his visual ray
 A mixture pour'd, his senses to betray.
 From that same moment nought observ'd he right,
 False heav'n, false earth presented to his sight; 190
 Far diff'rent courses all the Planets ran,
 And seem'd returning whence they first began.
 A new rotation saw he in the Pole,
 In diff'rent circle seem'd the earth to roll.
 A phantom *Ithaca* appear'd to view,
 While he was still departing from the true.
 The more he thought t' approach the coast desir'd,
 The more this image mock'd him, and retir'd.
 Still fled before him, and deceiv'd his sight;
 While he remain'd a stranger to its flight. 200
 Oft heard he, as he thought, in port arise
 Th' accustom'd tumult, and the seamen's cries.
 He now prepar'd his orders to fulfil,
 And land in secret on a neighb'ring isle;
 To hide *Telemachus*' return from those
 Who woo'd *Penelope*, his bitt'rest foes.
 Oft fear'd he shelves so frequent near this shore,
 And heard the billows on those quicksands roar.
 Then in an instant vanish'd was the coast,
 Its less'ning hills almost to sight were lost: 210
 Like smallest clouds which skirting round appear,
 To veil th' horizon when the eve is near.
 Thus mock'd was *Athamas*, the wily Pow'r
 Of magic vapours pour'd so large a show'r;

IMITATION.

Verse 211, *Plautus*.

A strange

A strange oppression on his heart he bore
Of which he ne'er was sensible before.

Scarce that he waking was could he believe,
But thought illusive dreams his sense deceive.

Meanwhile, at *Neptune's* word, an eastern gale
To fair *Hesperia's* coast directs the sail:

220

With so much vigour rose th' obsequious wind,
They quickly reach'd the haven he design'd.

Now rosy Morn announc'd approaching day,
The jealous stars that fear'd *Apollo's* ray,
Already hasten'd prone to *Ocean's* bed,
There hid their fires, and their diminish'd head.

When loud the Pilot call'd---"Behold the port!

" 'Tis that, 'tis *Ithaca*, at distance short.

" Rejoice, *Telemachus*, one hour from this

" And fair *Penelope* shall bless your eyes.

230

" Perhaps *Ulysses* too may then be seen,

" Again presiding with his virtuous Queen."

This rous'd the sleeping Prince, he wak'd, he flew
T' embrace the Pilot; from the helm to view:

With eyes half clos'd he mark'd th' adjacent shore,

Which no resemblance of his country bore.

" Alas! where are we, *Athamas*?" said he,

" No signs of dearest *Ithaca* I see.

NOTE.

Verse 220, *To fair Hesperia's coast*—*Italy* so call'd from *Hesperus* the evening star, because it lay West of *Greece*, toward the Setting Sun.

IMITATION.

Verse 223, *Virg. Æn. 3.*

" Vain

" Vain are your hopes, and fondly do you roam,
 " Nor know a coast so distant from your home." 240
 " You wrong me," he return'd, " I cannot err,
 " When all its boundaries so plain appear.
 " How oft have I within this harbour been?
 " No rock among them which I have not seen.
 " The *Tyrian* soundings which so long I knew
 " Are not more fresh and present to my view.
 " For mark that cape which hither seems to tend,
 " Observe those hills like stately tow'rs ascend:
 " And see you not how yonder floods arise
 " And dash the craggy rocks with dreadful noise? 250
 " How high their summit, how with batter'd brow
 " They threaten ruin to the sea below?
 " See you not too *Minerva's* temple shroud
 " Its head aspiring in yon painted cloud?
 " Lo! there the citadel, and there the spire
 " Of Great *Ulysses'* palace, and your Sire."
 " O *Athamas*," said he, " again you're lost:
 " I see a Contient, a lofty coast,
 " A City too; but not my native place:
 " Gods! is it thus you sport with human race!" 260
 He spake; that instant from the Pilot's eyes
 The charm dissolv'd: with infinite surprise
 Abash'd his error own'd and straight believ'd,
 And frankly own'd his senses were deceiv'd.
 " My dearest Prince," he cried, " some foe divine
 " Left free your eyes, but hath enchanted mine:
 " I thought, in truth, your *Ithaca* at hand;
 " Its perfect image saw before me stand:

" But

" But in a moment is it vanish'd quite,
 " Like fleeting dreams, and visions of the night. 270
 " A diff'rent town I view, nor fear to say
 " *Salentum's* tow'rs are what we now survey :
 " Which poor *Idomeneus*, since *Crete* he lost,
 " Hath late erected on th' *Hesperian* coast.
 " I see the rising walls not yet compleat,
 " And the rude port; as yet no safe retreat."

While thus *Salentum* in its infant state
 He notic'd, and the Prince bewail'd his fate,
 The sprightly breeze by *Neptune* sent prevails,
 The road they enter with expanded sails: 280
 There under shelter, and secure they found
 The port at hand; and struck th' *Hesperian* ground.

Mentor no stranger to Great *Neptune's* rage,
 Or the base arts *Cythera's* Queen engage;
 In secret smil'd at *Athamas'* mistake,
 And as they sail'd *Telemachus* bespake :
 " This trial is from *Jove*. Nay more, it came
 " Not for your hurt; but to exalt your fame.
 " For think what toils the Great *Alcides* knew,
 " Your father's suff'rings summon to your view. 290
 " Mean is the soul which stoops to adverse fate :
 " With patience you, and constancy must wait.
 " Must tire out Fortune by supporting pain,
 " And make her greatest persecution vain.

NOTE.

Verse 272, *Salentum's tow'rs*—Capital of what is now called
Qiranto in the kingdom of *Naples*.

" Must

" Much less I fear you should to *Neptune* yield
 " Than when *Calypso* with caresses held.
 " Why stop we then, why fear we to resort
 " Straight to *Salentum's* hospitable port?
 " All there are trusty friends, and all of *Greece*:
 " The King himself no stranger to distress. 300
 " Of Fortune's bitt'rest cup did he partake;
 " Will therefore help us for our mis'ry's sake."
 Just then they gain'd the port. A bark of *Tyre*
 Was soon receiv'd, none wish'd her to retire;
 To all *Phœnicians* are these honours giv'n;
 Who trade with all the nations under heav'n.

Telemachus beheld with wond'ring eyes
 An infant City thus superbly rise.
 As when a tender plant from dewy Eve,
 Doth strength and kindly nourishment receive; 310
 Encourag'd still by *Phœbus'* early ray,
 Imbibing colours exquisitely gay;
 By soft degrees insensibly it grows,
 Unfolds its buds, which ev'ry sweet disclose;
 Expands its verdant leaves, its blossoms new
 A thousand dyes astonishing to view;
 While ev'ry hour we on its beauties gaze,
 Some recent charm will admiration raise;
 Such charms this fair metropolis might boast,
 Superbly seated on the utmost coast. 320

IMITATIONS.

Verse 293, *Virg. Æn.* 5.Verse 300, *Æn.* 1.

Each day, and hour, majestic saw it rise,
 Far off the mariner, with ravish'd eyes,
 Beheld new columns reaching to the skies.
 On ev'ry side was heard the lab'ring sound,
 And cries of artists echoed all around.
 Stones of enormous weight aloft in air,
 By cranes and cords suspended, they uprear.
 And soon as morn had gilt the ruddy east,
 The chiefs to toil, their diff'rent squadrons prest:
Idomeneus himself directing stood,
 And with amazing diligence pursu'd.

330

When first the *Tyrian* bark advanc'd to shore,
 The friendly *Cretans* shew'd the love they bore.
 On ev'ry hospitable thought intent,
 To *Mentor* and the Prince assistance lent.
 Soon to the King the couriers swift report
 That great *Ulysses'* Son approach'd the Court.
 " *Ulysses'* Son?" he cried, "my honour'd friend,
 " To whom we owe that all our toils had end!
 " To whom all *Greece* by grateful tie is bound,
 " That *Troy's* proud tow'rs were level'd with the ground!
 " Haste, and conduct him here, that he may prove
 " How much his father I esteem and love."
 The Prince conducted to his presence came,
 Implor'd his friendship, and declar'd his name.
 When thus *Idomeneus* with aspect sweet,
 And kind complacent smile, began to greet.

340

IMITATION.

Verse 330, *Virg. Æn. 1.*

- " Had none inform'd me of *Ulysses'* son,
 " Methinks his features I had surely known.
 " Lo! there *Ulysses'* self! behold his eyes 350
 " Where steady courage beams, and fires surprize!
 " Behold his air! at first reserv'd and cold,
 " Which yet doth ev'ry sprightly grace infold.
 " I know th' engaging, unaffected smile,
 " Sweet elocution, plain, yet full of guile,
 " Which can at once persuade, and win the heart,
 " Ere it have leisure to suspect his art.
 " Yes, you indeed may claim that fire divine;
 " Yet suffer likewise that I call you mine.
 " My son, my child, what storm's resistless pow'r, 360
 " What fore adventure brought you to this shore?
 " Seek you that fire? alas! I can't inform:
 " Him fortune plagues, and me, with ev'ry storm.
 " He, wretched man, his country could not find:
 " I gain'd my *Crete*, but found its Gods unkind."
 Thus spake he, and on *Mentor* turn'd his eyes,
 Whose face he knew, whose name could not devise.
 O'erwhelm'd with tears, *Telemachus* replied,
 " Forgive, great sir, the griefs I cannot hide.
 " Forgive th' afflictions which my thoughts employ, 370
 " Whom all your bounties should have fill'd with joy.
 " While thus yourself for great *Ulysses* grieve,
 " O think what anguish must his son perceive!
 " Think what I feel, this best of parents lost,
 " Whom I in vain have sought on ev'ry coast.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 350, *Virg. Æn. 3.* Verse 354, *Virg. Æn. 8.*
 " Offended

" Offended Heav'n still keeps me from his sight,
 " If wreck'd, or not, I can obtain no light:
 " Nor can my native foil or mother see,
 " Who vainly hopes from suitors to be free.
 " I thought in *Crete*, *Idomeneus* to view, 380
 " But quickly learn'd the sad distress he knew.
 " Ne'er hop'd I to approach th' *Hesperian* strand,
 " Or see this infant state which you command.
 " But chance, which disappoints our fond desire,
 " And makes me still from *Ithaca* retire;
 " At length has thrown me on this fertile shore,
 " Of all the wrongs this least will I deplore.
 " Though far from home, at least some comfort springs
 " From this acquaintance with the best of Kings."
Idomeneus, well-pleas'd with what he said, 390
 Embrac'd him kind, and to his palace led.
 " But tell me," cried he, " who this reverend sage
 " That comes as guardian of your tender age?
 " I seem to recollect his air and mien,
 " And think his person I before have seen."
 " 'Tis *Mentor*," said the Prince, " *Ulysses'* friend,
 " By him assign'd mine infant-steps t' attend.
 " And oh! what tongue can e'er suffice to show
 " What I to *Mentor's* kind protection owe?"
 The King advanc'd, to *Mentor* gave his hand: 400
 " I've seen you," said he, " in some distant land:
 " Can you remember, or doth mem'ry fail,
 " When to the *Cretan* shore you first made sail?

IMITATION.

Verse 355, *Hom. Il. 3.*

S 2

" What

- " What wholesome counsels you were pleas'd t' impart,
 " But wayward youth and pleasure steel'd my heart?
 " 'Twas fit misfortune should inform a mind
 " So backward to believe, to truth so blind.
 " O would to Heav'n! thou venerable man,
 " I had the course which you appointed ran.
 " But with surprise I see your form appears, 410
 " So little alter'd by the circling years;
 " The self same vigour, shape, and visage gay:
 " Your whit'ning locks alone a change betray."
 " Dread Sir," said *Mentor*, " could I stoop to fawn;
 " Just so by me your portrait should be drawn.
 " Your blooming youth my pencil should employ,
 " As erst it shone before the siege of *Troy*.
 " But rather shall I chuse t' offend a King,
 " Than sacred truth in jeopardy to bring.
 " Besides, I learn from your discreet discourse, 420
 " That nauseous flattery would lose its force.
 " And I in no great danger shall be brought
 " Although I venture to disclose my thought.
 " Much are you alter'd, and that beauty flown:
 " In truth, *Idomeneus* I scarce had known.
 " Yet see I plain the cause. From trouble grew
 " The dreadful change, from suff'rings known to few.
 " Yet gain you still, whate'er misfortunes rise;
 " If thence you learn to be discreet and wise.
 " Well may he bear the wrinkles of his face, 430
 " Whose heart for Virtue still preserves a place.

IMITATION.

Verse 430, *Cic. de fin.* 5.

" Know

" Know too, that Kings much sooner feel decay
 " Than meaner souls, accustom'd to obey.
 " When fortune frowns they wither in their prime :
 " And age approaches long before its time.
 " Should fortune smile, yet luxury will tear
 " Their tender frame, ev'n more than toils of war.
 " Nought hurts our health like pleasures when they reign,
 " And we no more our passions can restrain.
 " Hence 'tis that Monarchs both in war and peace, 440
 " Have pain, and pleasure, in so great degrees ;
 " That they decrepid age will sooner find,
 " Than by the course of Nature was design'd.
 " A sober mod'rate course exempt from cares,
 " From raging passions, and distracting fears ;
 " Laborious, simple, plain, preserves our pow'rs :
 " And makes us active to our latest hours.
 " Without it, Youth's a transitory joy
 " Which time with fleeting wings will soon destroy."

Charm'd with his talk the King had longer heard, 450
 But that in haste a messenger appear'd ;
 Who said *Jove's* sacrifice was now prepar'd.

The Prince and *Mentor* follow'd in the train,
 In crowds the people pour'd a view to gain.
 With curious eyes around these strangers prest,
 And each his friend thus variously address'd.

" What diff'rent charms," said they, " do we behold !

" The Prince appearing of no common mould :

" Sprightly, and gay, is seen his beauteous face,

" His body deck'd with ev'ry blooming grace ; 460

" Yet nought effeminate or soft appears,
 " But lively, strong, and brave above his years.
 " And this his friend, though more advanc'd in age,
 " Retains a splendour may our hearts engage.
 " At first less graceful were his features seen,
 " Less striking, less majestic was his mien :
 " But nearer view'd, in that neglected air "
 " The marks of Virtue, and good sense appear.
 " In former ages when th' immortal Gods
 " With men conversing, left divine abodes ; 470
 " Such were the forms their Deities conceal'd,
 " And such the charms their dazzling glories veil'd."

Now all in ranks, a bright procession, move
 Straight to the Temple of *Etherial Jove*.

A stately, glorious edifice it stood,
 Built by *Idomeneus* allied in blood.

A double range of jasper columns rose
 With silver chapiters, the front t' inclose :

The Fane itself with base-relievos shone,
 And all its walls were animated stone. 480

There mighty *Jove* himself to sight appear'd,
 Chang'd to the fairest of the lowing herd.

And there to *Crete Europa* cross'd the main,
 The beauteous load see *Jove* himself sustain !

Low bow'd the floods, and hush'd was ev'ry storm,
 The God respecting though in borrow'd form.

The birth of *Minos* next in order came,
 His education, and his road to fame.

IMITATION.

Verse 469, *Hom. Od.* 17.

When

When in decline of life his laws were giv'n
 To make his country like another heav'n. 490
 Here saw *Telemachus*, with inward joy,
 The chief adventures in the siege of *Troy* :
 In which *Idomeneus* had fame acquir'd,
 And as a chief commander was admir'd.
 He fought *Ulysses* in the sanguine field,
 Amidst his foes that hero he beheld :
 Behold him *Rhesus*' fiery steeds pursue,
 While *Tydeus*' son the valiant *Rhesus* slew.
 Again he view'd him, and with ravish'd eyes,
 Dispute with *Ajax* for the glorious prize. 500
 When all the heads of *Greece* in council sat :
Achilles' arms the subject of debate.
 And last, he saw him leave the fatal steed,
 While *Trojans* numberless around him bleed.
 Nor as a stranger seem'd he to behold,
 Things oft by *Mentor*, and by others told.
 Down from his eyes distill'd the chrystal tear,
 His features all the marks of sorrow wear.

NOTES.

Verse 497, *Behold him Rhesus*—King of *Thrace*.

Verse 498, *While Tydeus' son*—*Diomedes* King of *Ætolia* who carried off the *Palladium* by surprise from the *Trojans*.

Verse 500, *Dispute with Ajax*—The son of *Telamon*, and next to *Achilles* the greatest General among the *Greeks* at the siege of *Troy*. He commanded the troops of *Salamis*, and was so enraged at the disappointment when the arms of *Achilles* were adjudged to *Ulysses*, that he immediately grew distracted.

IMITATION.

Verse 492, *Virg. Æn. 1.*

The King perceiv'd him, though he turn'd aside,
And strove his utmost that concern to hide. 510

"Your sense," he said, "of great *Ulysses'* fame,
"And dire misfortune, are no cause of shame."

Mean while in crowds the citizens were found
Beneath those columns which the fane surround.

On either hand was seen a beauteous tribe
Of youths, and virgins, who the God describe
In hymns melodious: he, aloft in air,
Grasping ten thousand thunders did appear.

Of either sex the fairest forms they chose,
Whose hair dishevel'd o'er their shoulders flows; 520
White was their garb, their heads with roses crown'd,
While rich perfumes and odours breath'd around.

An hecatomb of bulls the King decreed
For mighty *Jove*, to make the war succeed:
T'implore his favour, and almighty aid;
When he his hostile neighbours should invade.

Beneath each beast a bowl capacious stood
Of gold, or silver, to receive the blood.

Sage *Theophanes*, favourite of Heav'n,
To whom the priesthood of this fane was giv'n, 530
Long as the off'ring lasted veil'd his head,
And o'er his face the purple robe had spread;
The trembling entrails then began t'explore,
And to the sacred tripod scarcely bore,
When, "Gods!" he cried, what strangers these so great,
"By pitying Heav'n conducted to our state?"

IMITATION.

Verse 527, *Virg. Æn. 6.*

"Without

" Without their kindly aid, success had fail'd;
 " *Salentum's* foes against her had prevail'd;
 " Her stately tow'rs would sure destruction meet,
 " Ere yet her walls and bulwarks are complete. 540
 " A youthful hero, lo! before me stand,
 " And Wisdom's Goddess leads him by the hand!
 " 'Tis not permitted further to explore,
 " No tongue of mortal may unravel more."
 He spake, and in that instant we behold
 His sparkling eyes in wild disorder roll'd.
 A frantic madman he at once became,
 With aspect fierce, and visage all on flame.
 Strange objects saw he, while the bristling hair
 Erected stood, his arms aloft in air. 550
 He foam'd at mouth, to rave aloud began,
 With voice surpassing that of mortal man.
 Then spent, and breathless, could oppose no more
 The sacred fervour which his vitals tore.
 " Hail! happy King," he cried, " what is't I feel!
 " From what misfortunes shall you now be free!
 " What tranquil peace within these walls shall reign!
 " Without, what combats shall the fields distain!
 " What shouts of triumph in mine ears resound!
 " Hail! son of great *Ulysses*, who are found 560
 " In feats of arms superior to your sire,
 " Though all his patient virtue must admire!
 " Beneath your puissant sword shall ev'ry foe
 " Confounded fall, and kiss the dust below:

IMITATION.

Verse 545, *Virg. Æn. 6.*

" Ev'n

“ Ev’n gates of brass shall furnish no retreat,
“ But stoutest forts fall prostrate at your feet.
“ O glorious Goddess, may his fire! --- O youth
“ Again shall you behold.” ---

Here ceas’d the voice prophetic; on his tongue,
Now silent grown, th’ expiring accent hung. 570

Amaz’d he aim’d to speak, but strove with pain;
The crowd felt horrors thrill thro’ ev’ry vein.
The trembling Monarch, seiz’d with panic fear,
No longer prest him further to declare;
Telemachus himself scarce understood

These high predictions, big with so much good.
Yet *Mentor*’s features unconcern’d appear:

“ The fix’d decrees of Heav’n,” said he, “ you hear!

“ Whatever state your royal arms assail,

“ The Gods determine you shall sure prevail. 580

“ And all the glory which shall thence accrue,

“ Is to your friend, *Ulysses*’ offspring due.

“ Nor envy him for this, but gladly take

“ What Heav’n bestows for dear *Ulysses*’ sake.

The King, not yet recover’d, vainly strove
T’ express his wonder, and discourse to move.

The Prince, less daunted, *Mentor* thus address’d:

“ My promis’d glory doth affect me least.

“ But teach me you the whole to understand;

“ Shall I once more behold my native land? 590

“ Alas! why finish’d not th’ inspired sage!

“ Doubts more than ever now my thoughts engage.

“ *Ulysses*, much lov’d father, is it true,

“ That I yourself in proper shape shall view?

“ Alas!

" Alas! I dream; O cruel thus to shock.
" And take a pleasure the distressed to mock!
" O barb'rous Oracle! one word to this,
" And I had mounted to the height of bliss."
" What Heav'n," said he, " thinks proper to declare
" Grateful receive with reverential fear: 600
" Seek not its hidden purpose to unfold,
" Confusion waits upon designs so bold.
" The Gods in wisdom, and in mercy, shroud
" The fate of mortals in the darkest cloud.
" 'Tis fit we should foresee, and well prepare
" For things depending on our proper care:
" 'Tis likewise fit we ignorant should live
" Of what, without our care, must needs arrive.
" Such is our destiny, which Heav'n decrees:
" Our lives disposing as itself shall please." 610
These words suffic'd his ardour to restrain,
Which struggled hard th' ascendant still to gain.
The King, recover'ing from his fears, ador'd
And offer'd praise to *Jove*, etherial Lord,
Who young *Telemachus*, and *Mentor*, chose
To make him shortly triumph o'er his foes.
These rites were follow'd by a sumptuous feast,
When thus *Idomeneus* his friends address'd:
" What time from *Troy* well laden with her spoil,
" I came in triumph o'er my native soil; 620
" No skill possess'd I, frankly will I own,
" No prudence proper to preserve a throne.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 603, *Hor.* l. 3. *Od.* 29.

" You

- " You know, my friends, who thence so lately came;
 " You know my exile, suff'rings, and my shame.
 " Yet am I happy if from Fortune's frown,
 " More mod'rate thoughts, and more discreet I've known,
 " A wretched fugitive I cross'd the flood,
 " Whom Heav'n and earth with vengeance just pursu'd.
 " And all the splendour of my former state
 " Made my disgrace and ruin more compleat. 630
 " Here sought I refuge on this dreary coast,
 " Here brought those Gods which had their country lost.
 " A rude uncultivated tract I found;
 " Brambles and thorns o'erspread the wretched ground.
 " Vast rocks, the haunts of savage monsters, stood;
 " Old as the world itself was ev'ry wood.
 " Here, with a slender train of warlike friends
 " That shares my fortune, and my steps attends,
 " Was I constrain'd my residence to take,
 " This desert spot my country forc'd to make: 640
 " No hopes remaining I again should find
 " My fertile *Crete*, my realm by Heav'n design'd.
 " Alas! said I, how chang'd the face of things!
 " How sad a warning do I stand to Kings!

NOTE.

Verse 632, *Here brought those Gods*—The notion of Good and Evil Genii that presided over whole provinces, as well as those attendant on every particular person, is of very great antiquity. These were represented by the Lares, Penates, or household Gods, which were a very small kind of images that we meet with as early as the days of *Jacob*, at which time *Rachel* stole them from her father *Laban*. To these they made daily offerings of wine and incense.

" Thus

" Thus plac'd by Heav'n a Monument to all
 " The haughty Rulers of this earthly ball!
 " Who, when exalted high in regal state,
 " Above their fellows, fear no frowns of Fate!
 " Alas! from that pre-eminence of pow'r
 " Fresh cause of fear derive they ev'ry hour. 650
 " Once was I dreaded by my foes around,
 " And firm th' affections of my people found:
 " A pow'rful nation rul'd of martial fame,
 " And regions far remote rever'd my name.
 " Twice fifty towns their annual tribute paid,
 " My *Crete* by plenty was delightful made;
 " Myself acknowledg'd of the race of *Jove*;
 " Whose birth in *Crete* th' inhabitants can prove.
 " As *Minos'* Grandson too was I rever'd,
 " Whose laws the source of all their bliss appear'd. 660
 " What wanted I to bless me to the height,
 " What, but discretion, to preside aright?
 " But Pride, and baneful Flattery alone
 " Were soon sufficient to subvert my throne.
 " And thus all Monarchs shall conclude their reign,
 " When passions blind them, and their fawning train.
 " From morn to eve I labour'd to display
 " Some gleam of hope, and wore an aspect gay:
 " By this the fainting courage to support
 " Of faithful friends, that form'd my little Court. 670

IMITATIONS.

Verse 649, *Claudian*.Verse 655, *Virg. Æn.* 3.

- " Come on, I cried, new Cities let us raise,
 " Forget the past; and think on happier days.
 " Behold our neighbours in th' adjacent soil!
 " Let their example animate our toil.
 " Mark how *Tarentum's* beauteous turrets rise
 " At hand they seem, and fill us with surprise.
 " See how *Phalantus* with his *Spartan* tribe
 " Doth new dominions and new walls describe.
 " See *Philoctetes* in *Petilia* boast
 " A glorious city on the self same coast. 680
 " The *Metapontines* too now live in peace,
 " Though, like ourselves, a colony of *Greece*.
 " With greater ills perhaps these strangers strove,
 " Shall we less active, and industrious prove?
 " While thus I tried to mitigate their pain
 " By smooth discourse, and their affections gain;
 " Hard was the task my trouble to conceal,
 " Those racking griefs which in my breast I feel.
 " My greatest comfort, when the shades of night
 " Th' all-cheering lamp of *Phæbus* hid from sight: 690
 " And I could unobserv'd at midnight hour,
 " My fortune's strange vicissitude deplore.
 " Torrents of tears, alas! incessant flow,
 " No sleep, no gentle slumbers could I know;
 " Returning morn saw me afresh engage:
 " No marvel if I feel th' approach of age."

NOTE.

Verse 679, In *Petilia* — Now *Petigliano* in *Thuscany*: famous in history for the noble defence it made against *Hannibal*.

The

The Monarch thus unburthen'd all his care,
Then begg'd their succours for th' impending war.
" That warfare o'er, again shall you be free,
" Again in safety *Ithaca* shall see. 700
" Mean while my fleets to distant shores I'll send,
" To learn some news of my heroic friend.
" Where'er on earth *Ulysses* shall be driv'n
" By furious tempests, or the wrath of Heav'n,
" I'll search him out, and to your presence give;
" Grant Heav'n that still *Ulysses* may survive!
" The fairest vessels of the *Cretan* fleet
" Shall then conduct you to your native seat,
" All fell'd in *Ida's* consecrated Grove,
" Much honour'd birth-place of Immortal *Jove*! 710
" That sacred wood no tempest dares assail,
" No rocks can harm, no floods can e'er prevail.
" And *Neptune's* self when madding billows roar,
" When most he rages, here restrains his pow'r.
" Then rest assur'd that you no more shall mourn,
" But both in peace to *Ithaca* return.
" No more by adverse pow'rs from shore to shore
" Incessant tost, shall you that port explore:
" Short is the passage, straight before the wind,
" At no great distance, and not hard to find. 720
" Back now to *Tyre* may you this vessel send;
" O think what glory will the fact attend;
" To fix once more *Idomeneus* a King,
" And some relief to his misfortunes bring!
" 'Tis thus, *Telemachus*, must you aspire
" To reputation equal with your fire.

" Should

- " Should cruel fate deprive him of his breath,
" Should he now wander in the shades of death,
" All *Greece* amaz'd your Virtue shall perceive,
" And still *Ulysses* in his Son shall live." 730
Here interrupting rose *Ulysses'* son,
" Back to *Phœnicia* let our bark be gone.
" Why arm we not, and summon all our pow'rs
" To meet your foes; that now are likewise ours?
" If for *Acestes* of the race of *Troy*,
" With such success we could our arms employ;
" And on *Sicilian* plains fair fame pursu'd,
" For one averse to all of *Grecian* blood;
" Shall we not now more happily succeed,
" When Heav'n itself applauds the glorious deed? 740
" And when a *Grecian* hero we shall aid
" Who *Troy's* proud towers hath in ashes laid?
" Fear not; the sacred Oracle we heard
" Makes vict'ry sure; and ev'ry doubt has clear'd."

THE END OF THE NINTH BOOK.



BOOK X.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus acquaints Mentor of the cause of the War with the Mandurians. That this people had at first retired from that part of the coast of Italy, where he had founded his City; that they withdrew to the summit of the neighbouring mountains; where some of them having been ill treated by a party of his men, this nation had deputed two venerable Sages, with whom he had settled the conditions of the Peace. That after an infraction of the Treaty, by those of his countrymen who were utter strangers to it, the Mandurians prepared to make War upon him. During this racial of Idomeneus, the Mandurians, who with great expedition had taken up arms, presented themselves at the gates of Salentum. Nestor, Philoctetes, and Phalantus, whom Idomeneus believed to stand neuter, appear to be against him in the army of the Mandurians. Mentor goes forth from Salentum, without any to attend him to propose to the enemy terms of accommodation.

MENTOR, with looks benign and calm, beheld
 Th' heroic Prince, who panted for the field;
 Saw martial ardour rising in his breast,
 And briefly thus his kind concern express:

" O son of great *Ulysses*, worthiest fire,
 " Well-pleas'd I see you thus to fame aspire.
 " Yet know, *Ulysses* ne'er that height attain'd,
 " Nor such pre-eminence at *Troy* had gain'd,
 " But that his wisdom so resplendent shone,
 " By moderation thus superior grown. 10
 " *Achilles*' self, that valiant son of war,
 " Whom none could vanquish, and who nought could fear,
 " Upon whose dreadful crest sat horror plum'd,
 " While thousands, where he fought, to death were doom'd;
 " Saw force in vain great *Priam*'s tow'rs assail,
 " And bravely fell, unable to prevail.
 " Beneath those walls his valiant blood was shed,
 " *Troy* conquer'd him by whom her *Hector* bled.
 " Not so *Ulysses* --- who, to firmest mind,
 " Had all th' advantage of true wisdom join'd: 20
 " Who 'midst their army like a torrent came,
 " With terrors arm'd, and with devouring flame.
 " He only could subdue that *Trojan* pride
 " Which ten long years united *Greece* defy'd.
 " As great *Minerva* is superior far
 " In arts, and arms, unto the God of War;
 " So much doth Valour with Discretion join'd,
 " Surpass all courage of the savage kind.
 " Learn we then first th' occasion of the fight:
 " And if the quarrel we sustain be right? 30

IMITATIONS.

Verse 25, *Hom. Il.* 21.Verse 31, *Cic. Offic.* 1.

" No

- " No dangers, great *Idomeneus*, I fear
 " But think it proper this should first appear :
 " And next, that you as frankly should disclose
 " What nations are they we must meet as foes ?
 " Lastly, what strength, what forces you possess,
 " To crown our labours with the wish'd success ?"
 The King return'd---"When driv'n by fortune's pow'r
 " We first set footing on this desert shore,
 " We found th' inhabitants a barb'rous race,
 " That rang'd the woods supported by the chace. 40
 " From ev'ry tree their sustenance they drew,
 " And fruits which from the earth spontaneous grew.
 " Their name *Mandurians*. These in great surprise
 " Our ships, our arms beheld with jealous eyes.
 " Swift to the summits of the hills retire :
 " And while our vet'rans burnt with great desire
 " To search the country, and their stags pursue ;
 " These savage bands presented to their view.
 " When thus their chiefs---To you content we yield
 " This pleasant coast, and each adjoining field. 50
 " Yon craggy-hills, at least, 'tis fit you give :
 " There, unmolested, suffer us to live.
 " Dispers'd, and wand'ring in an unknown ground,
 " And weaker than ourselves, you now are found.

NOTE.

Verse 43, *Their names Mandurians*—A people inhabiting the kingdom of *Naples*; who took their name from the lake *Andorio* mentioned by *Pliny*, whose waters were salt, and never increased or diminished at all. The modern name is *Casal Nuovo*.

IMITATION.

Verse 35, *Ovid*.

" Your distant friends all strangers to your state;
 " And we entirely masters of your fate.
 " Yet are we men ourselves; and fear to stain
 " Our spotless hands with blood of fellow man.
 " Go then in peace, live each our grateful friend;
 " Since on our mercy all your lives depend. 60
 " Be this for ever present to your mind---
 " That those you term so cruel and unkind
 " Could yet the height of gen'rous Virtue reach,
 " And moderation to yourselves could teach!
 " Thus freed, our soldiers to the camp resort,
 " And to their comrades this event report:
 " All took th' alarm: asham'd to have it told,
 " The valiant *Cretans* should their safety hold
 " From such a fugitive barbarian crew,
 " Whom not as men, but mountain bears they view. 70
 " Far greater numbers now for chace prepare,
 " Completely arm'd as for offensive war.
 " Nor long ere they these savages beheld,
 " And fierce encounter'd in the open field.
 " Dire was the conflict, dreadful rage appear'd;
 " On ev'ry side the hissing darts were heard:
 " As when a storm of hail in frequent show'rs
 " O'er *Ceres'* golden fields incessant pours.
 " At length o'erpow'rd, they to their mountains flew 80
 " Where we no longer ventur'd to pursue.
 " But soon a solemn embassy they send:
 " Two hoary sages in my camp attend,

IMITATION.

Verse 77, *Virg. Æn.* 10.

" In

“ In name of all the rest for peace they sought;
“ And various presents in their hand they brought:
“ The shaggy spoils of monsters they had kill’d,
“ And choicest fruits the country round could yield.
“ These gifts in order at my feet they laid,
“ Then made obeisance, and undaunted said:
“ All unconcern’d, as you perceive, O King,
“ A sword, and olive, in our hands we bring: 90
“ (And both indeed they held) advise with care,
“ And chuse which likes you best, or peace or war.
“ Peace be our choice! For this we left the coast,
“ Nor think it purchas’d at too great a cost.
“ Though there the genial Sun with tepid ray
“ Makes ev’ry field more fertile, and more gay:
“ Though there delicious fruits will fast increase,
“ Those fruits are nothing to the charms of Peace.
“ For this retire we to the mountain brows,
“ To chilling frost, and everlasting snows; 100
“ No longer to behold the vernal flow’rs,
“ No more the fruits of Autumn shall be ours.
“ It shocks us to the soul to hear you name
“ That fine ambition, and desire of fame;
“ Which butch’ring all, can plunder’d states divide
“ While men to men as brothers are allied.
“ Should glory, false as this, your fancy cheat,
“ If meanly thus aspire you to be great;
“ Not envy’s due, but pity to the blind
“ Grant Heav’n that reason still direct our mind! 110

IMITATION.

Verse 92, *Qu. Curtius. 7, 8.*

T 3

“ If

- " If haughty science, which you *Greeks* admire;
 " If your politeness all these wrongs inspire;
 " Thrice happy we who all your arts disown,
 " Blest with our native Innocence alone!
 " Still may we glory, still with pleasure see
 " Our minds unpolish'd, barbarous, and free;
 " Still just, humane, and faithful to our pow'r
 " With wills unbiass'd to our latest hour.
 " Content with little scorn that vain parade
 " By which men slaves to Avarice are made! 120
 " The greatest blessings we in life can find
 " Are health, and strength of body, and of mind:
 " With wise œconomy, and void of care,
 " T' enjoy our moderate and simple fare.
 " Religious rites with constancy attend,
 " Are kind to neighbours, faithful to our friend;
 " Obedient alway to fair Virtue's call,
 " By ills unmov'd, benevolent to all.
 " Not puff'd by fortune, we without a fear
 " Disdain all flatter'y, and the truth declare. 130
 " Behold, O King, behold the barb'rous race
 " That would your friendship and good will embrace.
 " If Heav'n with rashness hath resolv'd to plague,
 " And fondly you reject our proffer'd league;
 " Too late shall you perceive, and that with cost,
 " What valiant neighbours and allies you lost.
 " And learn; who Peace thus cultivate with care
 " Are blest with souls invincible in War.
 " While thus they spake, I with attention gaz'd,
 " Their rev'rend forms my admiration rais'd. 140
 " Their

" Their flowing beards of length, and whiteness rare,
" Wav'd o'er their bosoms with neglected air:
" Their arched brows thick o'er their eyes were spread,
" And short the snowy honours of their head.
" Lively their looks, firm courage in their face,
" Their speech had somewhat of uncommon grace.
" Their whole address ingenuous seem'd, and plain,
" But magisterial form'd the heart to gain.
" The furs they wore upon their shoulders tied
" Suffic'd not well their nervous arms to hide. 150
" Display'd such muscles to our wond'ring eyes,
" As ne'er in *Greece* disputed for the prize.
" I gave my answer---when they peace requir'd,
" That I as much their amity desir'd.
" Together now the friendly league we drew,
" Fix'd the conditions with sincerest view;
" Call'd Heav'n to witness, and in turn I sent
" My envoys too their Monarch to present.
" But oh! the Gods who such disgust had shown,
" And driv'n me far from my paternal throne, 160
" Were still resolv'd to persecute me more,
" And make me yet more wretched than before.
" Our hunters (who as yet no news had heard
" Of this agreement, and the peace declar'd)
" That self-same day this savage troop attack
" Who from our army came exulting back.
" A part they massacred, the rest pursu'd
" Who sought for shelter in the neighb'ring wood.
" Lo! here the war with recent flames arise:
" No more our oaths or promises they prize. 170

- " Th' *Apulians* now, and *Locrians* in rage
 " To make the battle stronger, they engage
 " Call the *Lucani*, *Brutii* to their aid,
 " And with *Brundisium* have alliance made;
 " Ev'n to the feeble *Neritus* they send,
 " And fierce *Crotona* is become their friend.
 " See from *Lucania* comes the rapid car,"
 " With cutting scythes provided for the war.
 " See each *Apulian* cover'd for the field
 " With skins of monsters which himself hath kill'd. 180

NOTES.

Verse 171, *Th' Apulians now, and Locrians*—*Apulia* in *Magna Græcia* extended from the river *Trento* to the streights which divided *Italy* from *Greece*. It was divided into three parts, viz. *Daunia*, lying between the *Trento* and the *Aufidus*, now called *L'Ofanto*; *Peucetia*, extending from the *Aufidus* to the isthmus between *Brundisium* and *Tarentum*, and *Messapia* which was likewise called *Calabria* and *Iapygia*. The *Locrians* were situated on the eastern coast of *Italy* near the streights which divide *Italy* from *Sicily*. These people originally came from *Phocis*, where they inhabited on each side of Mount *Parnassus*.

Verse 173, *Call the Lucani, Brutii*—*Lucania* lay between the *Silarus* and the *Laiis*, now the *Laino*, the former parting it from the country of the *Picentini*, and the latter from that of the *Brutii*. It was divided from *Peucetia* by what is now called the *Brandano*, and from *Calabria* by part of the *Tarentine Gulf*. The *Brutii* were seated in the peninsula which extends from *Lucania* to the streights which divide *Italy* from *Sicily*. They were originally *Arcadians*, and their metropolis was *Consentia*, now called *Consenza*.

Verse 174, *And with Brundisium*—A town of *Calabria*, and the most famous sea-port in all *Italy*.

Verse 175, *Even to the feeble Neritus*—A small town in the kingdom of *Naples*, now called *Nardo*, about a league from the Gulph of *Tarentum*.

Verse 176, *And fierce Crotona*—A city of *Thuscany* between the lake *Perugia*, and *Arezzo*. Before the arrival of *Pyrrhus* in *Italy* it is said, to have had a wall twelve thousand paces in circumference.

" A knotty club each hardy warrior bears
 " With iron spikes; tremendous he appears.
 " By rigid labour ev'ry nerve they brace,
 " In size resembling the gigantic race.
 " So vast their limbs and so robust their frame,
 " Aw'd by their aspect, we retire with shame.
 " The *Locrians* still revolving in their mind,
 " They once were *Greeks*; more courteous are, and kind:
 " But to the *Grecian* discipline unite
 " Barbarian fervour, and resistless might. 190
 " Adopt their laws of life, their scanty fare;
 " And hence are grown invincible in war.
 " Small shields of osier, and of skins they chuse,
 " Of length immense the sabres which they use:
 " Light o'er the lawn the nimble *Brutians* go
 " Fleet as the forest stag, or bounding roe:
 " No printed footstep on the sands they leave,
 " Nor can th' unbending grass their weight perceive.
 " Swift on their foes as lightning-glimpse they dart,
 " And in a trice as suddenly depart. 200
 " Expertest archers doth *Crotone* send,
 " A common *Grecian* would in vain pretend
 " Their arms to handle, or their bows to bend.
 " O! should ambition once their bosom seize,
 " Theirs were the prize in ev'ry game of *Greece*.
 " Each arrow dip they in a deadly juice
 " Which herbs by dire *Avernus'* lake produce.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 179, *Virg. Æn.* 7.Verse 187, *Virg. Æn.* 3.Verse 197, *Virg. Æn.* 4. *Œv. Met.* 10.

" No

" No fame peculiar can those forces boast
 " From the *Tarentine*, or *Brundusian* coast ;
 " Save that small glory nervous limbs impart, 210
 " And brutal courage destitute of art.
 " Indeed the shouts with which they rend the skies
 " On sight of adverse armies, oft surprise.
 " Yet sling they well, and show'rs of stones prepare
 " Which thick as hail can darken all the air.
 " Yet void of discipline. Thus sees my friend
 " Against what nations we must now contend
 " You know the rise, and progress of the war :
 " This the detail which you desir'd to hear."

He spake ; *Telemachus* soon took th' alarm, 220
 And nothing thought remaining but to arm.
 When *Mentor* strove this ardour to restrain,
 And prest the King still further to explain.
 " How is it," said he, " that such tribes as these ;
 " How come the *Locrians*, who derive from *Greece*,
 " Against the *Greeks* so rashly to combine,
 " And all their powers with barbarians join ?
 " How is't so many Colonies we view
 " Safe on this coast, and not attack'd like you ?
 " Alas ! *Idomeneus*, you said before 230
 " The Gods resolv'd to persecute you more.

NOTE.

Verse 207, *Which herbs by dire Avernus' lake*—A lake near *Suz-
zuchi* in the kingdom of *Naples* ; from the mortal quality of its
waters, feigned by the poets to belong to the infernal regions.

IMITATION.

Verse 214, *Virg. Æn. 7.*

" Far

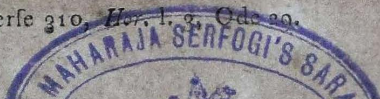
“ Far diff’rent reasons I, methinks, can find;
“ That all for your instruction is design’d.
“ Great as your suff’rings are, they have not taught
“ Preventive knowledge, or discretion brought.
“ Such upright dealing in so rude a race
“ Plainly evinces you might live in peace.
“ But over weening pride, and haughty airs,
“ Can soon involve us in the worst of wars.
“ With ease some proper hostage could you give, 240
“ And some from them of equal rank receive:
“ Could with their embassy some leaders send
“ To guard them back, and to their camp attend.
“ Ev’n now since flames of discord fresh arose,
“ Some little might be done, t’ appease your foes:
“ By representing right the sad mistake
“ That strangers to the league had made th’ attack.
“ You might have offer’d sureties for the peace
“ Of such a kind as ev’n themselves should please:
“ And grievous penalties on all have laid 250
“ Who durst infringe th’ alliance you had made.
“ But pray inform me; since this dire mischance
“ What your condition, how may you advance?”
“ I thought,” replied he, “ we must stoop too low
“ Should we thus humbly to barbarians go.
“ Who now in haste had summon’d all of age,
“ And form’d their battle ready to engage.
“ Who to their neighbours round had sent for aid,
“ And us both odious, and suspected made.
“ I rather chose my forces to divide, 260
“ And seize some passes on the mountains’ side.

" Ill were they guarded, and success we found:
 " By this can streighten all our foes around.
 " I next determin'd fortresses to build,
 " Which soon with arms, and armed troops I fill'd.
 " Who from that eminence o'erwhelm with darts
 " The few that venture to approach these parts.
 " While we ourselves at pleasure can annoy
 " Their fairest dwellings, and their lands destroy.
 " Thus, though inferior, can we well oppose 270
 " And still make head against our num'rous foes.
 " For what remains; you easily perceive
 " How small the hopes that we in peace can live.
 " We dare not now evacuate those tow'rs,
 " For soon would they invade with all their pow'rs:
 " And they as citadels those tow'rs survey,
 " Design'd by us to make them all our prey."
 " Dread Sir," said *Mentor*, " wisdom great as yours
 " Without disguise the naked truth endures;
 " Unlike those ideots who advice reject, 280
 " And want the soul their errors to correct.
 " Who all their power and their int'rest use
 " T' uphold their follies, and their faults excuse.
 " Know then, this savage and this barb'rous race,
 " When condescending thus to sue for peace,
 " No common signs of moderation gave;
 " Think you through weakness they your friendship crave?
 " Or want they courage equal to the war,
 " Unable strength sufficient to prepare?
 " Not so. Ev'n now they burn with martial rage, 290
 " Each valiant neighbour to their side engage.

" Why

" Why see you not th' example they have giv'n?
 " False fame alone to these extremes hath driv'n.
 " You fear'd to raise the spirits of your foes,
 " But not to make them all their strength disclose.
 " Your conduct haughty, and unjust they found;
 " And therefore join'd with all the nations round.
 " And what avail these towers which you boast,
 " Save only to provoke this num'rous host?
 " To drive them to despair, and make them strive 300
 " By your disgrace in freedom still to live?
 " The walls you rais'd your safety to insure
 " Now threaten most your ruin to procure.
 " The firmest fence, and bulwark of a state
 " Is that which Justice and good Faith create:
 " When all around your moderation see,
 " And live from dread of your encroachments free.
 " The fort impregnable, the stoutest wall,
 " By thousand chances unforeseen may fall.
 " The fate of armies, various as the wind, 310
 " For ever changing and unfix'd we find.
 " But love of friends will all your foes disarm,
 " Ne'er can they vanquish, rarely will alarm.
 " No worthy Prince, when wrongfully assail'd,
 " Hath ever yet of due assistance fail'd:
 " All will assemble in that King's defence
 " Whose worth they value, and esteem his sense.
 " Supported thus by all the nations round,
 " That in your own their happiness shall found;

IMITATION.

Verse 310, *Hor.* l. 2. *Od.* 20.

" Far

“ Far greater strength and glory shall you know 320
“ Than these destructive towers can bestow.
“ O! had you shunn’d this jealousy with care,
“ Form’d no ambitious projects for a war,
“ This rising town much happier times had seen,
“ And you the Umpire of *Hesperia* been!
“ But let us now the proper means explore,
“ T’ amend whatever was amiss before.
“ O’er all th’ extended coast, you say, in peace
“ Are settled divers colonies of *Greece*.
“ These people all should in your favour rise, 330
“ And seem indeed your natural allies.
“ They cannot sure forget their former love
“ To *Minos*, offspring of Almighty *Jove*.
“ Nor all the wonders which yourself perform’d
“ When *Troy*’s proud turrets were besieg’d and storm’d.
“ What time your valour in the common cause
“ ’Mong *Grecian* Princes found so great applause.
“ Why lose an hour their fury to assuage
“ And to your side those colonies engage?”
“ The states you mention,” said he, “ to a man 340
“ Will all a strict neutrality maintain.
“ Yet once were well inclin’d our cause to own,
“ Till struck with splendour of this rising town.
“ They now, like others, their suspicions have;
“ We form designs their country to enslave.
“ And think if conquest should our arms attend,
“ Beyond these hills our vict’ries would extend.
“ Thus all are foes, and all are jealous grown:
“ Not one ally supports our tott’ring throne.

“ Ev’n

" Ev'n those who shun t' oppose us in the field, 350

" Still hope our fall: are enemies conceal'd."

" Amazing state!" said *Mentor*, " thus t' employ

" The shade of pow'r its substance to destroy!

" Abroad the object of your neighbours fear,

" At home, too feeble to support a war.

" Ah wretched, wretched Prince! whose suff'ring days

" To no degree of prudence yet could raise!

" Would you again by ruin learn the things

" Which threaten danger to the greatest Kings?

" But leave this war to me---And only tell 360

" What *Greeks* refuse in amity to dwell?"

" *Tarentum* chief," he cried---" Three years are past

" Since first *Phalantus* her foundations cast.

" A num'rous race he from *Laconia* led,

" Whose mothers had defil'd the nuptial bed:

" And ventur'd to indulge unlawful joy,

" In tedious absence of their Lords at *Troy*.

" T' appease those Lords return'd, who all had known,

" These virtuous matrons would the fact disown:

" The bastard-brood, who neither parent knew, 370

" To such a pitch of lewd disorder grew;

" No more the laws their fury could restrain,

" They chose *Phalantus* o'er their tribes to reign:

NOTE.

Verse 362, *Tarentum* chief—*Tarentum*, which answers to the present *Otranto*, was a city of *Magna Græcia*: founded by the *Spartans* under the conduct of *Phalantus*, and *Tarras*, or as he is otherwise called *Tarentus*. Its dominion took in the greatest part of the South coast of *Italy*.

- " A bold aspiring youth, possess'd of art
 " T' advance his interest, and win their heart.
 " He landed here with all his *Spartan* crew,
 " *Tarentum* soon a second *Sparta* grew.
 " Brave *Philoctetes* (who such fame acquir'd,
 " And who at *Troy* so greatly was admir'd;
 " Who brought *Alcides'* arrows to the town, 380
 " And gain'd thereby an infinite renown)
 " Hath rais'd *Petilia* on the opp'site coast,
 " Which, though no equal battlements it boast,
 " Doth yet outvie *Tarentum*, and excell
 " In civil polity and ruling well.
 " Here *Metapontum* too o'erlooks the plain
 " By *Nestor* founded with his *Pylian* train."
 " And doth *Hesperia*," *Mentor* cried, "yet hold
 " A friend like *Nestor* valorous, and bold;
 " Whose bravery oft at *Ilium* you have tried, 390
 " And you not yet engage him to your side?"
 " Alas," return'd the King, "he's lost, he's gone;
 " The fierce *Mandurians* have my *Nestor* won:
 " The foremost rank in politics they claim,
 " In fact, barbarians only in their name.

NOTES.

Verse 378, *Brave Philoctetes*—The son of *Pæan*, and companion of *Hercules*.

Verse 386, *Here Metapontum*—Another town of *Italy* on the *Tarentine Gulph*.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 383, *Virg. Æn.* 3.

Verse 386, *Dion. Alex.* 368.

“ With great address could they persuade my friend,
“ That all *Hesperia* to my yoke must bend.”
“ New light,” said *Mentor*, “ shall he soon receive:
“ Nor long in error like to this shall live.
“ Ere yet from *Pylos* he the ocean cross, 400
“ And brought his legions to *Hesperia*’s coast;
“ Or we had sail’d *Ulysses* to explore,
“ The Prince beheld him on the *Pylian* shore.
“ Still, still the great *Ulysses* will he own,
“ And all that friendship which he shew’d his son.
“ But first his soul suspicions must we heal,
“ Those apprehensions which your neighbours feel
“ Are what alone have lighted up the war:
“ And these we first must dissipate with care.
“ Then will fair peace return, and halcyon days: 410
“ Mine be the task their fury to appease.”
The King to his embrace transported flew,
But wanted words his gratitude to shew.
“ O wife,” he cried, “ and venerable friend,
“ Sent by the Gods my follies to amend!
“ Should any else thus venture to advise,
“ My indignation, I confess, would rise.
“ No tongue but yours could e’er to peace persuade,
“ Or such a change in my resolves have made.
“ Determin’d was I that my foes should yield, 420
“ Or I would bravely perish in the field.
“ But better is it passion should subside,
“ And I your wisdom follow as a guide.
“ Hail! happy Prince, who ne’er like me can stray,
“ While such a friend as *Mentor* points the way:

“ Whose mind’s enrich’d with prudence from above,
 “ Not wisdom’s Goddess more discreet can prove.
 “ Away, conclude, and promise all you please:
 “ I’ll give the sanction to your wife decrees.”

Conferring thus a sudden noise they hear 430
 Of rattling chariots, and the din of war.
 Of brazen tubes that breath’d a martial sound,
 Of neighing steeds, and shouts that shook the ground.
 “ Hark, hark,” the guard exclaim’d: “ the foes at hand,
 “ Have fetch’d a compass, and their passage gain’d:
 “ Mock’d all our armed citadels and tow’rs;
 “ And now invest *Salentum* with their pow’rs.”
 Great consternation fill’d each female breast,
 And hoary heads their misery express’d:

“ Was it for this we left our fertile *Crete*, 440
 “ T’attend a wretched Monarch in retreat?
 “ Crost we for this the floods, a town to rear
 “ Which soon like *Troy* in ruins must appear?”
 Meanwhile from battlements, and bulwarks new,
 The burnish’d armour of the foe they view:
 Helmets and shields reflecting *Phæbus*’ rays,
 That ev’ry eye was dazzled with the blaze.
 On ev’ry side was seen the ported spear,
 Thick as when *Ceres* crowns the jocund year:
 When fertile *Enna* and *Sicilian* plains, 450
 With golden harvests recompence the swains.

Arm’d

NOTE.

Verse 450, *When fertile Enna, &c.*—In the middle of *Sicily*
 (which on account of its great fertility was looked upon as the
 granary of the *Roman Empire*) stood the ancient city of *Enna*,
 surrounded

Arm'd for the fight the scythed chariots shone,
And ev'ry nation could with ease be known.

The better to survey this adverse pow'r,
Both follow'd *Mentor* to a lofty tow'r.

There once arriv'd, he soon convinc'd the King,
That valiant *Philoctetes* led the wing:

And opposite to him was *Nestor* known,
Who march'd with brave *Pisistratus* his son.

For *Nestor* soon their notice could engage, 460
Sunk by the weight of venerable age.

"Unhappy King," cried *Mentor*, now aloud,

"Who thought these heroes would have neuter stood!

"Alas! they diff'rent sentiments disclose,

"Are both in arms; and joining with your foes.

"And, if I right discern that further band,

"So rang'd and so obedient to command;

NOTE.

surrounded by beautiful plains; remarkable for its fruitful soil, and the great variety of lakes and rivers which watered its territory. These waters were greatly commended by the ancients, inasmuch that *Bochart* derives its name from *Ennaam*, which signifies in the *Phœnician* language a fountain of pleasures. Here was a famous temple dedicated to *Ceres* and *Proserpine*. The inhabitants shewed a spacious cavern, which, they said, opened of itself to make *Pluto* a way into his infernal kingdom. The people of *Syracuse* had an annual solemnity near the fountain *Cyane*, which sprung up under *Pluto's* feet at the time when he stole *Proserpine*, who was gathering flowers in the adjacent fields. *Castro Ianni* is now thought to have been the ancient *Enna*.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 446, *Virg. Æn.* 7. and *Æn.* 11.

Verse 450, *Ovid. Fast.* 4.

Verse 461, *Hom. Od.* 3.

“ Who march so slow beneath their valiant head,

“ Are daring *Spartans* by *Phalantus* led.

“ All, all oppose, no single friend appears: 470

“ Without design do you excite their fears.”

This said; descending to that gate he hies,

Where all in front the hostile tents arise,

Commands it open, and a signal gave,

That none their station on the walls should leave:

Struck with his noble and majestic mien,

And graceful air in ev'ry action seen;

The great *Idomeneus* no more could vent,

His secret thoughts, or question his intent.

The foe surpris'd a single warrior view'd, 480

Who firm undaunted in their presence stood:

Saw him from far, an olive branch extend,

In token this that he approach'd a friend:

And when in hearing of the hostile bands,

Straight he th' assembling of their chiefs demands;

From tent to tent the speedy summons ran,

And thus in council, fearless he began.

“ Ye chiefs, invested with the high command

“ Of states that hold *Hesperia's* happy land;

“ I know, and I applaud your gen'rous zeal: 490

“ Your cause is freedom, and the public weal.

“ Permit me yet thus briefly to explain,

“ That you with ease this freedom can maintain:

“ Extend your fame, promote the public good;

“ Without th' effusion, and the guilt of blood.

IMITATION.

Verse 482, *Virg. Æn. 8.*

“ O

" O *Nestor*, *Nestor*, wisest of mankind,
 " (Who plainly I perceive this host have join'd)
 " You know what fatal ills on war attend,
 " Tho' just our quarrel; and tho' Heav'n our friend.
 " Of all the scourges which the Gods prepare, 500
 " The most destructive and the worst is War.
 " O think what troubles could the *Greeks* employ,
 " Ten tedious years before ill-fated *Troy*!
 " How often fortune shifted to their foes,
 " What foul dissention 'mong their chiefs arose!
 " O think what *Greeks* were number'd with the dead,
 " What tribes beneath the valiant *Hector* bled;
 " In pow'rful states what strange disorders grew,
 " By war forbidden each its Prince to view!
 " And when from *Troy* they sail'd triumphant back, 510
 " Some on *Caphareus* found a dreadful wreck,

NOTE.

Verse 511, *Some on Caphareus*.—This was a promontory to the East of the island of *Eubœa* or *Negropont*, very dangerous on account of the many rocks and whirlpools on that coast. *Nauplius* King of *Eubœa* being enraged, that his son *Palamedus* had been unjustly condemned by the artifices of *Ulysses*, and *Diomedes*, at the siege of *Troy*, lighted fires on the top of this dangerous cape, to make the *Grecians* believe it was a safe harbour—that being the custom in those early ages. His malicious plot succeeding, above two hundred of their ships were dashed to pieces, and many thousands perished. It happened, however, that *Ulysses* and *Diomedes* both escaped; and *Nauplius*, grieved at the disappointment, cast himself headlong from the rocks. *Caphareus* is at present called *Capo d'Oro*, *Capo Chimi*, and *Capo Figera*.

IMITATION.

Verse 500, *Thucyd.* l. 4.

U 3

" While

- " While some a fate still more disastrous prov'd,
 " Slain in the bosoms of the wives they lov'd.
 " O Gods! that war so glorious for the *Greeks*,
 " Still your resentment, who first arm'd them, speaks.
 " And O *Hesperians*! 'tis my earnest pray'r,
 " You ne'er may purchase victory so dear!
 " Low prostrate in the dust doth *Ilium* lie:
 " Yet better were it could the *Greeks* descry
 " Her ancient splendour, and her ancient tow'r's; 520
 " And *Paris* yet indulg'd his lewd amours.
 " O *Philoctetes*, who such ills have known,
 " So long in *Lemnos* wretched, and alone,
 " Dread you not all these troubles to renew,
 " Another war thus off'ring to your view?
 " Nor hath *Laconia* quite exempted been
 " From those misfortunes other *Greeks* have seen.
 " Enough she found to interrupt her joy:
 " Her chiefs, her armies, and her King at *Troy*.
 " Hear all ye *Greeks*, who left your native land, 530
 " In search of comforts on th' *Hesperian* strand:

NOTES.

Verse 513, *Slain in the bosoms*—As was *Agamemnon* by *Ægisthus* the gallant of his wife *Clytemnestra*.

Verse 523, *So long in Lemnos*—An island in the *Archipelago* or *Ægean Sea*, lying between Mount *Athos*, now called *Monte Santo*, and the *Thracian Chersonesus*. Its present name is *Stalimene*. The first inhabitants of this country were the *Sapeans* and *Sintians*, a people of *Thrace*. In it was dug up a certain kind of earth which was esteemed a sovereign remedy against all sorts of poisons, wounds, and bloody fluxes. But as it does not appear that *Philoctetes* made any use of this, its virtues probably were not discovered so early as the *Trojan war*.

Your

" Your travels hither, and the toils you bear,
 " Are all but sequels of the *Trojan* war."
 Here *Mentor* paus'd, and to the *Pylians* turn'd;
 Whom *Nestor* greeting soon as he discern'd,
 " Is it then you," said he, " that I behold?
 " 'Tis joy indeed my *Mentor* to infold,
 " Much time has past, and many a circling year,
 " Since first at *Phocis* *Mentor* deign'd t' appear,
 " Then scarce fifteen: yet in that tender age 540
 " Your future wisdom could I well presage.
 " What strange adventures brought you here, declare;
 " And what your scheme to terminate the war!
 " Long has *Idomeneus* our patience tried,
 " And now compell'd us to chastise his pride:
 " Yet is it peace we ask. And ev'ry state
 " Hath reasons good to wish that peace compleat:
 " But never can we on this Prince depend,
 " Who breaks all promise, and deceives his friend:
 " With him all treaties are precarious grown, 550
 " One view he has in all, and one alone;
 " That firm alliance to dissolve, and break,
 " From which we all security must seek.

NOTE.

Verse 539, *Since first at Phocis*—*Phocis* was a part of *Græcia Propria*, now *Turkey* in *Europe*, situate between *Thessaly* and the Bay of *Corinth*, famous for its mountains *Parnassus*, *Helicon*, and *Cythæron*, the first sacred to *Apollo*, as the two last were to the *Muses*: and not less celebrated for its great Oracle of *Apollo* at *Delphos*.

IMITATION.

Verse 545. *Cic. Off.* 1.

U 4

" He

- " He forms designs t' enslave the nations round: }
 " This only method then by us is found, }
 " To lay *Salentum* level with the ground. }
 " His breach of faith compels us this t' assay,
 " Or he must perish soon; or we obey.
 " If just proposals for a peace you bring,
 " And we can trust securely to the King; " 560
 " Gladly this num'rous host their arms will quit,
 " And all acknowledge your superior wit."
 " Full well," said *Mentor*, " prudent *Nestor* knows
 " The trust *Ulysses* thought he could repose:
 " Who to my care *Telemachus* consign'd,
 " His blooming son; to form his tender mind.
 " That youth impatient grown the fate to learn,
 " And all his much lov'd father might concern;
 " Did first at *Pylus* to yourself repair,
 " Who there receiv'd him with a friendly air: " 570
 " Nay sent your son *Pisistratus* t' attend,
 " And acted worthy of *Ulysses*' friend.
 " Departing thence a circuit great we take,
 " The tour of *Sicily*, and *Egypt* make;
 " To *Cyprus* next our travels to compleat
 " And last we landed in the Isle of *Crete*.
 " Hence seeking *Ithaca* by winds were tost,
 " Or Heav'n's decrees, upon th' *Hesperian* coast.
 " In fact, well timed our coming may appear,
 " To stop the rage of this tremendous war. " 580

IMITATION.

Verse 559, *Ter. Eunuch. Grotius.*

" 'Tis

" 'Tis now no more *Idomeneus* that speaks,
 " 'Tis great *Ulysses*' son your friendship seeks:
 " Myself, and he, will to our utmost skill
 " Now all engagements, and all vows fulfil."
 While *Mentor* thus the *Pylian* chief accosts,
 Encompass'd round by the confed'rate hosts;
 High on the walls *Idomeneus* dismay'd,
 With young *Telemachus* the whole survey'd.
 His *Cretans* all in arms intent appear,
 To see th' event; and burning still to hear. 590
 For *Nestor*'s fame admitted no increase:
 Esteem'd by all the Oracle of *Greece*.
 Experience join'd with nervous sense, conspir'd
 To make him most of all her Kings admir'd.
 Among the leaders that to *Ilium* came,
 He only stern *Achilles* knew to tame:
 Could make the rage of *Diomede* subside,
 Quench *Ajax*' fire, and *Agamemnon*'s pride.
 Upon his lips did soft persuasion dwell,
 And sweetest sounds like streams mellifluous fell. 600
 Each captiv'd hero on those accents hung,
 Enchanted all by magic of his tongue.

NOTE.

Verse 598, *Quench Ajax's fire, and Agamemnon's pride*—*Ajax*
 the son of *Oleus*, and King of *Locris*, ravished *Cassandra Priam's*
 daughter even in the Temple of *Minerva*, after *Troy* was taken:
 but was punished for so doing and struck dead by thunder.
Agamemnon was King of *Mycenæ* in *Argos*, and Commander in
 Chief of all the *Grecians* at the *Trojan* war.

IMITATION.

Verse 600, *Hom. Il. 1.*

Aw'd

Aw'd by his stern command disorders cease,
 None else could tumults of the camp appease.
 His speech still nervous, sweet; but past its prime:
 And somewhat injur'd by the shocks of time.
 Old stories would he tell of ages past,
 T' instruct the rising youth, and form their taste;
 Tho' now less brisk and lively his discourse,
 Still was it delicate; and still had force. 610

This prodigy of *Greece* when now compar'd
 With *Mentor*, void of majesty appear'd.
 No more that voice harmonious could engage,
 Clouded his air, and wither'd seem'd his age.
 To *Mentor*'s years were strength and vigour join'd:
 Firm constitution, and exalted mind.
 His speech, though plain, by manly sense prevail'd:
 Respect commanding where the other fail'd.
 Short, to the point th' expressions he would choose;
 No vain harangues, no repetitions use. 620
 Th' affair in hand alone would he pursue,
 No foreign subject introduc'd to view.
 If more than once the truth must be display'd,
 Firm on the mind t' imprint it, or persuade;
 By various turns new lustre would he give,
 By sweet allusions at his point arrive.
 With this preserv'd he an obliging air,
 Uncommon sweetness all his features wear;
 When he the truth to others would convey,
 And condescend to those that should obey. 630

IMITATION.

Verse 619, *Hor. Art. Poet.*

Struck

Struck with a pair so venerable found,
Th' assembled multitudes all pour'd around:
While those who to *Salentum's* fall conspire
Each prest on each, to hear, and to admire;
Salentum's King furrounded with his host,
T' observe their looks no single moment lost:
Mark'd ev'ry motion with the utmost heed,
And in their gestures aim'd his fate to read.

THE END OF THE TENTH BOOK.



B O O K X I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, seeing Mentor in the midst of the confederates, is desirous to know what passes between them; Commands the Gates of Salentum to be opened to him, goes to join Mentor; and his presence among the Allies contributes to make them accept those conditions of Peace which Mentor proposed on the part of Idomeneus. The Princes as friends make their entrance into Salentum. Idomeneus accepts the articles which had been agreed on. They give hostages on both sides, and join in one common Sacrifice between the City and the Camp for the confirmation of this Alliance.

ULYSSES' son who with impatience glow'd,
 Broke from the throng which now around him stood:
 Then wing'd his speed, and sought with eager haste
 The gate, whence *Mentor* to the foe had past.
 He spoke, the brazen valves were open'd wide;
 The King, who still believ'd him at his side,
 Astonish'd saw that he the plain had crost;
 And stood by *Nestor*, and the adverse host.
 The *Pylian* chief who quickly knew that face,
 Advanc'd to meet him with a fault'ring pace:

The Reconciliation of IDOMENEUS with his ENEMIES.

Book XI.



De Bary del.

Barton sculp.

*'O ye kings, be cried,
'Once rivals for his throne, your separate bands
'Henceforward shall be join'd in friendships bands.'*

Published as the Act directed by M.A. Weston, Oct. 22, 1793.

At once the Prince to his embraces sprung,
 And speechless round his neck his arms he flung.
 At length, "O! Sire," he cried "(for you'll excuse
 " If I that venerable term shall use
 " Who vainly seek the author of my birth)
 " Your various bounties, and experienc'd worth
 " Must all obedience and affection claim;
 " And give me right to call you by that name.
 " My Sire, my dearest father, is it you?
 " O may *Ulysses* thus yet bless my view!
 " If ought can recompence the loss I bear,
 " 'Tis you, that rival his paternal care."

20

Touch'd with these words, the venerable man
 His flowing tears no longer could restrain:
 And pleas'd beheld the sympathetic show'r
 Which young *Telemachus* began to pour;
 While ev'ry drop that trickled from his face
 Gave lustre new, and heighten'd ev'ry grace.
 The winning sweetness of this youth unknown,
 The daring courage which he now had shown;
 Who fearless ventur'd to approach th' allies,
 Had fill'd them all with wonder, and surprize,
 " And is not this," they reason'd, "*Mentor's* heir
 " Who came so late with *Nestor* to confer?
 " The self-same wisdom see we in them both,
 " A contrast beautiful of age, and youth.
 " This, like a tender plant with blossoms pure;
 " That, ripe with years and bent with fruits mature."

30

IMITATION.

Verse 24, *Cic. in Som. Scip.*

Mentor, who gladly saw and past belief
 The Prince thus treated by the *Pylian* chief, 40
 Th' auspicious moment seiz'd--" And lo!" he cried,
 " *Ulysses*' son your glory, and your pride!
 " *Ulysses* sure all *Grecians* will approve:
 " Yourself, O! *Nestor*, too that hero love.
 " Behold! his son an hostage will I leave
 " The dearest pledge that *Grecians* can receive.
 " He for *Idomeneus* shall all fulfil
 " Prepar'd and ready to perform your will.
 " Ne'er would I give consent, be Judges all!
 " This noble youth should like his father fall; 50
 " Ne'er wish from sad *Penelope* to hear:
 " I rashly sacrific'd a life so dear:
 " T' uphold the follies of *Salentum's* King,
 " Or any crimes which from ambition spring.
 " Ye tribes assembled here from distant lands!
 " With pledge like this, thus precious in my hands;
 " Who comes himself your scruples to remove,
 " Sent by those guardian Gods that peace approve;
 " With this would I now treat; use all my pow'r,
 " T' establish peace, 'till time shall be no more." 60

At sound of peace a cry confus'd arose,
 From rank to rank it spread among the foes.
 For many diff'rent int'rests were engag'd,
 And ev'ry nation now distinctly rag'd.
 Thought time was lost while fighting was prolong'd,
 By such discourse imagin'd they were wrong'd:

IMITATION.

Verse 58, *Sil. Ital.*

Amusement

Amusement all, their fury to abate
And save the spoils which should their av'rice fate.
But chief the fierce *Mandurians* inly griev'd
And fear'd once more the King would have deceiv'd. 70
With cries tumultuous, often interpos'd,
And thought a speech which so much art disclos'd,
Would soon their league, and firm alliance break;
In truth, were jealous of the name of *Greek*.
Wife *Mentor* soon these rising doubts descried,
And aim'd the more their counsels to divide.

“Justly,” he cried, “these people seek the war,
“And reparation of the wrongs they bear;
“But yet no proper reason can they find,
“No cause sufficient can be well assign'd; 80
“Why all these valiant colonies of *Greece*,
“Fix'd on the coast and cultivating peace,
“Should thus be odious, and suspected found
“By all its old inhabitants around.
“Those *Greeks* united rather should appear,
“That all their neighbours may their pow'r revere.
“Should yet with modesty their rights defend,
“Nor aim t' usurp dominions of their friend:
“*Salentum's* King, it must not be denied,
“Provok'd your rage by breach of faith, and pride: 90
“But now is ready to deserve your love,
“And ev'ry foul suspicion to remove.
“See! for his side *Telemachus* declare,
“Myself too hostage for his faith appear:
“Frankly our persons to yourselves we yield,
“Till all the King hath promis'd be fulfill'd.

" If right I judge, th' occasion of the war
 " Is, that the *Cretans* have presum'd so far,
 " To seize the passes which your hills command;
 " By this enabled to o'errun your land, 100
 " And waste those dwellings your alone requir'd,
 " When from the coast contented you retir'd.
 " These passes have they fortified with tow'rs,
 " With military stores, and armed pow'rs:
 " Say, is not this the source of all your care?
 " Is ought beside the subject of the war?"

Their Chief advancing now before the rest,
 In name of all, their grievances express:

" Th' eternal Gods are witnesses," he cried,
 " That we all methods for a peace have tried. 110
 " Nor ever thought on violence, and force,
 " Till war alone was left for our resource.
 " Ambitious, restless, we these *Cretans* find,
 " No leagues can hold them, and no vows can bind:
 " Rash, inconsiderate race! who fondly dare
 " To drive a warlike nation to despair.
 " Which now in nothing can for safety trust,
 " Till first *Salentum's* level'd with the dust.
 " Long as possession of these tow'rs they have,
 " They aim, we think, our country to enslave. 120
 " If peace alone they sought with all around,
 " Contented would they take th' allotted ground:
 " Without ambition to extend their reign,
 " Would ne'er attempt those passages to gain.
 " Alas! their artifice you little know,
 " Ourselves have found it through the depth of woe.
 " Cease

" Cease then, thou fav'rite of the Gods above,
 " To war so just th' obstruction still to prove:
 " Without this war fell discord ne'er can cease,
 " *Hefferia* ne'er be blest with lasting peace. 130
 " O! nation vers'd in ev'ry treach'rous art,
 " Deceitful, cruel, with ungrateful heart;
 " Sent by the Gods that are become our foes,
 " T' avenge our crimes and trouble our repose!
 " Yet Heav'n, to whom our punishment belongs,
 " Will one day amply vindicate our wrongs:
 " Yes, ye tremendous pow'rs! our foes shall know
 " That you like justice to themselves can show."

These words with ardour fresh the troops inspire
 And ev'ry breast now caught the martial fire. 140

From rank to rank *Bellona* stalk'd around,
 And *Mars*' rekindling flames of war was found.
 T' extinguish these had *Mentor* toil'd in vain,
 Yet once more he assay'd, and thus began.

" If thus deputed by *Salentum's* King,
 " I nought but feeble promises could bring;
 " My weak proposals well might you refuse,
 " More sure and cogent arguments I use.

NOTE.

Verse 141, *From rank to rank Bellona*—She was the Goddess of War, and was known by the name of *Enyo* among the *Greeks*. The daughter of *Phorcys* and *Ceto*. At *Cumana* in *Cappadocia* was a famous temple dedicated to her, where her priests and attendants amounted, in *Strabo's* time, to six thousand and upwards. She was supposed to be the constant companion of *Mars*, together with *Discord* and the *Furies*.

IMITATION.

Verse 141, *Virg. Æn. 8.*

" For if with me *Ulysses'* offspring join'd,
" Still insufficient seem the league to bind; 150
" Twelve valiant youths shall yet this work compleat,
" Sprung from the noblest families of *Crete*.
" And, as from us you hostages receive,
" 'Tis just in turn that you the like should give.
" The King a peace desires that's simple, pure,
" He will not stoop a base one to procure.
" By him, as by yourselves, that peace is sought
" Through moderation, and result of thought.
" With soul disdaining soft inglorious ease,
" The threats of war without a fear he sees. 160
" Alike to conquer, or to fall prepar'd:
" Yet peace to greatest vict'ry hath prefer'd.
" No army fears, but fears to blast his fame
" With foul injustice, and a tyrant's name:
" And thinks it no dishonour to a King,
" Some reparation of his faults to bring.
" With sword in hand doth he for peace declare,
" No terms prescribes with magisterial air;
" Esteems it not if violence obtrude,
" The gen'ral interest would he have pursu'd. 170
" A peace all parties shall acknowledge just,
" To cure all jealousy, and all distrust.
" In short, such only is his state of mind,
" As you, I'm satisfied, would gladly find.
" 'Tis your concurrence I alone require,
" And soon pacific thoughts shall I inspire.
" If waving ev'ry prejudice, and fear,
" Calm, and compos'd, you condescend to hear.

" Attend

- “ Attend ye chiefs discreet, ye squadrons bright,
“ That bravely thus in freedom’s cause unite; 180
“ Attend while I my sentiments disclose,
“ And for *Idomeneus* these terms propose.
“ First, who so aims his borders to extend,
“ Against the law of nations shall offend:
“ Nor he, nor you, each other shall invade;
“ But each contented rest with what he had.
“ The passes strengthen’d, by his lofty tow’rs,
“ He gives consent be held by neutral pow’rs:
“ You, *Philottetes*, and you, *Nestor*, claim
“ A Greek original, a Grecian name: 190
“ Yet in a cause like this, you frankly close
“ With all that now *Idomeneus* oppose.
“ Hence no suspicion e’er can light on you,
“ That you this monarch’s int’rest should pursue.
“ For public good alone these arms you bear,
“ And for *Hesperia*’s liberty declare.
“ Guard then these passes, be yourselves trustees:
“ And this occasion of the war will cease.
“ On each of you doth private int’rest call
“ To save *Salentum*, and prevent her fall: 200
“ (Nor let a sister colony be lost,
“ Through rage and fury of th’ *Hesperian* host)
“ Alike should you avert that foul disgrace,
“ And former failings of the King efface.
“ Hold you the balance. Bear not sword and fire,
“ Against those *Grecians* who your love require:
“ But rather shew the glorious task you chose,
“ To mediate peace, and terminate their woes.

- " Such terms, say you, might merit great applause,
 " Were we secure the King would stoop to laws: 210
 " Then hear me further with indulgence kind,
 " This scruple soon I'll banish from your mind.
 " To make all sure, let either party give,
 " And, as I said, twelve hostages receive:
 " Let these as pledges in your hands remain,
 " 'Till you possession of those passes gain.
 " When thus in safety shall *Hesperia* be,
 " And you *Salentum* at your mercy see,
 " Together with her King; will this suffice?
 " Can any recent jealousies arise? 220
 " Fear ye yourselves? the King you dar'd not trust:
 " Yet with intention pure, and conduct just;
 " To you commits he, and to you alone,
 " His life, his people's freedom, and his own.
 " If it be true that solid peace you chuse,
 " Lo here! what honestly you can't refuse.
 " Once more, conceive not that unmanly fear
 " Hath made *Idomeneus* for peace declare:
 " 'Tis the result of justice, and good sense.
 " He wants not proper means for his defence; 230
 " And scorns your censures, if that fear you name,
 " Which he proposes with a virtuous aim.
 " He owns at first he grievously might err,
 " 'Tis now his pride those errors to repair.
 " The headstrong fool unable to discern
 " The things 'tis most his interest to learn;

IMITATIONS.

Verse 234, *Claudian, Ovid.*

" With

“ With clamour hopes, and overbearing pride,
“ T’ uphold his errors; and his faults to hide:
“ But he that to his foe shall condescend
“ Those faults to own, and offer to amend; 240
“ By that evinces he no more can err,
“ And that his enemies have all to fear;
“ Unless some quick accommodation rise
“ With one of soul so valiant, and so wise.
“ Beware, beware, like moderation learn:
“ Left o’er yourselves he triumph in his turn.
“ If proffer’d peace, and justice you reject;
“ They will avenge, and will the good protect.
“ From ev’ry God shall he assistance find,
“ That once, he fear’d, against him were combin’d. 250
“ Myself and young *Telemachus* shall fight
“ In virtues cause; and vindicate the right.
“ Ye blest divinities attend and know!
“ Ye *Stygian* pow’rs that rule in depths below!
“ I call you all; impartial to survey
“ The fair proposals, I have brought this day!”

He ended here, and in his hand uprear’d,
The olive branch, pacific sign, appear’d.
The chiefs who nearest stood, in vast surprise
Beheld th’ amazing lustre of his eyes: 260
His awful presence, and majestic grace,
Surpass’d the greatest of all human race:
All ears were charm’d with music of his tongue,
Sonorous, sweet, it drew the heart along.
So in the silence of the night obscure,
Can magic words the silver moon allure;

Arrest the planets in their mid career,
 Stop the rotation of the starry sphere;
 Make ocean calm, make ev'ry wind obey,
 And check the rapid currents in their way. 270

Amidst th' imbattled hosts he took his stand,
 Suppress'd their tumults, and their rage restrain'd:
 Calm and compos'd like *Bacchus* was he seen
 When rav'nous tigers wait him on the green,
 Which charm'd with heav'nly notes, and accents sweet;
 At once submissive fawn, and lick his feet.
 Hush'd were the troops the moment he began,
 Chief gaz'd on chief, transported by a man
 Whose elocution nothing could withstand,
 Who, though unknown, seem'd destin'd to command. 280
 On him each warrior fix'd his ravish'd eyes,
 Fear'd ev'n a word, a single breath should rise;
 Lest haply something still behind remain,
 And proper audience *Mentor* should not gain.
 None could propose t' amend what he had said,
 And none a single circumstance could add;
 Yet still they burn'd to hear, admir'd his parts;
 And found his sense engrav'd upon their hearts.
 At once he credit, and esteem procur'd,
 Intent they seem'd to catch each falling word. 290

Some little time as motionless they stood,
 But soon low murmurs crept through all the crowd;

IMITATIONS.

Verse 266, *Virg. Ecl. 8. Hor. Epod. 5. and Epod. 17.*

Verse 276, *Hor. l. 2. Od. 19.*

Verse 288, *Cic. ad Her. 3.*

And

And soft applause which no resemblance bore
To that confusion which had reign'd before.
Unusual gladness in the host was seen,
Compos'd was ev'ry aspect, and serene.
Th' enrag'd *Mandurians* felt their ire at stand,
And ev'ry dart fell guiltless from his hand.
Amaz'd *Phalantus* with his *Spartans* felt
Their iron souls so suddenly to melt, 300
And ev'ry nation's vain resentments cease,
While all were eager for this glorious peace.
Brave *Philoctetes* worn with toil, and care,
Exulting most, dissolv'd into a tear.
Nestor transported with discourse so sweet
Found language fail, but rose his friend to meet,
And close embrac'd. These tokens of his love
To all th' encircling chiefs a signal prove:
Peace, peace, they cried: O venerable man
Who all disarm, and all affections gain. 310
Just then rose *Nestor* to harangue the field,
This with impatience great the troops beheld:
They fear'd some new objections might arise,
And shouts of Peace again invade the skies.
To quell the tumult could no means be found,
Till peace was echo'd by the Chiefs around.
Nestor, who plainly saw discourse too long,
Would find an ill reception from the throng;
Thus acquiesc'd---“O *Mentor*, you perceive
“Th' advantage piety and goodness give: 320
“When Wisdom once with Virtue joins her pow'r,
“Calm'd are our minds, our passions are no more.

" Our just resentments instantly retire,
 " A lasting peace and friendship we desire.
 " With joy accept we all which you propose,
 " No longer now shall be *Salentum's* foes."
 He spake; the Chiefs at once their hands extend,
 In token each that he was now a friend.

Swift to *Salentum Mentor* cross'd the plain,
 Commands it open, banish'd all their pain: 330
 And bade *Idomeneus*, without a fear,
 Straight to the council of th' allies repair.
 The *Pylian* chief embrac'd *Ulysses'* son,
 And in this pleasing interval begun.

" Thou lovely offspring of the wisest man
 " That *Greece* can boast, or *Grecian* realms contain;
 " May you at wisdom like to his arrive,
 " But far more happy, and successful live!
 " Say, have you nought discover'd of his fate?
 " The dear remembrance of his former state, 340
 " Your ev'ry feature which so well agrees,
 " Contribute much our fury to appease."

Phalantus, form'd by nature fierce, and bold,
 Who never yet *Ulysses* could behold;
 Yet heard with grief th' afflictions he had known,
 And dropp'd a tear in pity for his son.
 His strange adventures they desir'd to hear,
 And eager press'd him somewhat to declare:
 When *Mentor* saw they from *Salentum* bring
 The valiant *Cretans* headed by their King. 350

IMITATION.

Verse 321, *Virg. Æn. 1.*

When

When first th' allies *Idomeneus* discern'd,
 Their former malice, and their spleen return'd.
 Till *Mentor*'s prudence interposing came,
 And in a moment quench'd the bick'ring flame.
 "Haste, haste," he cried, "this treaty let us end;
 "Which ev'ry God shall witness, and defend.
 "May they with justice, and with vengeance due,
 "And ev'ry dreadful plague of war pursue
 "The wretch profane, who shall presume to break
 "This sacred league or interruption seek! 360
 "Guard they the good! but ev'ry torment shed
 "Upon his perjurd, execrable head!
 "May he the hatred of all mortals prove,
 "And detestation of the Gods above!
 "Ne'er may he live his treach'ry to enjoy,
 "But hell-born furies all their arts employ;
 "In forms, and figures of tremendous kind
 "With anguish, and despair, to haunt his mind!
 "May some strange death, and sudden, be his doom,
 "Depriv'd all hopes or prospect of a tomb! 370
 "His carcase vile of hungry dogs be food
 "And gnawing vultures batten in his blood!
 "Sunk in the lowest realms of dreary night,
 "May greater pains his infamy requite,
 "Than *Tantalus*, or lewd *Ixion*, knew,
 "Or *Dan'us* daughters when their lords they slew!
 "But may this peace immoveable remain,
 "Like *Atlas*' self which doth the heav'ns sustain:
 "And

NOTE.

Verse 378, *Like Atlas' self*—A King of *Mauritania* famous for
 his skill in Astronomy, thence feigned to have borne the
 heavens.

" And all who now to its conditions swear,
 " Behold it still with reverential fear! 380
 " Taste all its fruits consign'd to deathless fame
 " That late posterity may bless their name!
 " Be this, which on the base of Justice stands,
 " Be this a model to far distant lands:
 " That future times, and nations yet unborn,
 " Which thus with concord would their realms adorn;
 " Like fair *Hesperia* may to greatness rise,
 " And learn from you true happiness to prize!"

He said; each Monarch with an oath confirms,
 That he most strictly would observe the terms. 390

On either part twelve hostages were shown,
Ulysses' son desiring to be one.

All jointly *Mentor* as a pledge refuse,
 His constant presence at *Salentum* chuse:

At once to awe its council, and its King;
 And all agreements to perfection bring.

Between th' embattled host and stately town,
 With gilded horns, and each a flow'ry crown;

Twice fifty heifers yet unskill'd to bear
 The galling yoke, or drag the crooked share; 400

As many milk-white bulls in order stood,

And bath'd the altars with their purple blood:

While costly wines in rich libations flow'd.

NOTE.

heavens on his shoulders. He was descended from *Japet* and
Clymene the daughter of *Oceanus* and *Tethys*, and gave name to
 Mount *Atlas*.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 378, *Virg. Æn.* 4.
 Verse 403, *Hom. Il.* 1.

Beneath

Beneath the sacred knife huge piles arise,
 The hills re-echo'd to their mournful cries.
 The soothsay'rs round, a tribe prophetic, bore
 Their part, the trembling entrails to explore:
 On ev'ry altar blaz'd *Arabia's* gums,
 Her choicest odours, and her best perfumes:
 Thick clouds of incense rose on ev'ry side; 410
 That heav'nly fragrance fill'd the circuit wide.

Meanwhile the troops of either host advance,
 No more with hostile front, and lance to lance:
 But courteous all with converse sweet relate
 Each to his friend, the story of his fate.
 Already seem'd they to forget distress
 And to anticipate the joys of peace.
 For divers *Cretans* who in early life
 At *Troy* contended in that glorious strife;
 With *Nestor's* forces now familiar grew, 420
 Their former comrades, who like dangers knew.
 These all embracing in the tend'rest way,
 Each to his friend their various toils display:
 And ev'ry strange misfortune they had found,
 Since *Asia's* pride was levell'd with the ground.
 Thus on the grassy turf reclin'd they lay,
 Their heads with roses crown'd, and garlands gay:
 Together thus indulg'd their genial souls,
 And quaff'd rich liquors from capacious bowls:
Salentine wines, while joyful shouts ascend 430
 That all their labours had so blest an end.

IMITATION.

Verse 426, *Virg. Æn. 9.*

When *Mentor* high exalted o'er the rest
All unexpected rose, and thus address'd.

“ Ye sceptred Kings and chiefs assembled here,
“ Who now in shining Synod thus appear,
“ Henceforth a single state may you controul,
“ With diff'rent heads one body, and one soul!
“ The righteous Gods from whom we all began,
“ Who stamp'd their image on the soul of man;
“ Still, still esteem the creature of their hand, 440
“ And bid us knit in love's eternal band.
“ In truth all mortals from one stock derive,
“ Howe'er dispers'd, or distant they may live:
“ All then are brothers, and as such with care
“ Should like affections, and like friendships share.
“ Accurs'd be they who to acquire renown
“ Shed brother's blood, more properly their own!
“ Yet war may prove a necessary ill;
“ For which mankind are bound to answer still.
“ O! say not fame on impious wars attends: 450
“ Fame can't begin, where human nature ends.
“ Whoe'er to sentiments humane, and good,
“ Prefers his glory at the expence of blood;
“ Is man no more: by pride transform'd his mind,
“ Himself a monster of most savage kind.
“ False fame alone, false praise shall he pursue;
“ Since virtue only can obtain the true.
“ Dissembling sycophants may please his ear
“ With tinsel-praise which he delights to hear:
“ But could one faithful friend advice impart 460
“ And frankly speak the secrets of his heart; “ These

“ These devious paths he’d shew ne’er lead to fame,
“ And foul injustice forfeits all our claim.
“ In truth no subjects should that King esteem,
“ Who shews so great a disregard for them:
“ Who thus the rein to vile ambition gives,
“ Profuse, and lavish, of his people’s lives.
“ Happy the Prince whose people are his care,
“ And who in turn is to his people dear!
“ Who ne’er in needless wars his realm involves, 470
“ Who all intestine broils with care dissolves:
“ In whom his subjects have a treasure found,
“ And live the envy of the nations round!
“ You then that rule *Hesperia*’s happy plains,
“ And in her stately cities hold the reins;
“ At stated times, ere thrice to crown the year
“ The golden Sun hath finish’d his career,
“ Convoke th’ assembly: let all here attend,
“ And ev’ry Sov’reign whom we call our friend:
“ In league, and friendship to engage anew, 480
“ Consult, debate; and public good pursue.
“ While thus united you together stand;
“ In safety shall ye hold this fertile land.
“ At home shall glory, and abundance know;
“ Abroad, unhurt be terrors to your foe.

NOTE.

Verse 476, *At stated times*—The *Olympic* and other *Grecian* Games were instituted, we are told, for the like purposes. And that the *Swiss* Cantons in particular, to this day, have their certain times of meeting, to take a view of their forces, to consult upon their several interests, and renew their alliances.

- " To plague mankind afresh should Discord fell,
 " With looks malign emerge from blackest hell;
 " She, she alone can e'er rekindle war,
 " Or stop those blessings which the Gods prepare."
 " You see," said *Nestor*, *Pylian* sage, " you see 490
 " (When thus to peace we readily agree)
 " How much thro' vile ambition we abhor
 " T' extend our empire, by injurious war.
 " But oh! what salutary means remain
 " That neighbour prince, that tyrant to restrain
 " Whose law is int'rest, thus his only view,
 " For which all nations he'll alike pursue?
 " Think not *Idomeneus* excites my fear,
 " That Prince no longer dreadful can appear.
 " No. 'Tis *Adrastus Daunia's* warlike head, 500
 " 'Tis he, and he alone can raise our dread.
 " Th' immortal Gods no longer he esteems,
 " And all of human race his slaves he deems:
 " All born t' extend the glory of his reign,
 " Obey his nod; and drag his servile chain.
 " Nor aims he as a Prince to win their love,
 " Nor as a father to his state to prove:
 " But claims the worship due to Heav'n above.

NOTE.

Verse 500, No. 'Tis *Adrastus*—Son of *Talaon* and *Eurinome*, and King of *Argos*, famous for the war he undertook against *Thebes* in favour of his son-in-law *Polynices*. After his failing in that enterprize, he took refuge first at the Altar of Mercy in *Athens*, and became next King of *Sicyon* in *Peloponnesus*.

IMITATION.

Verse 500, *Hom. Il. 2.*

" Thus

" Thus far, blind fortune hath his wishes crown'd;
" And made him triumph o'er the nations round. 510
" In haste we came *Salentum* to attack,
" And crush at once an enemy so weak;
" As yet not firmly settled on the coast,
" And then encounter with his stronger host.
" Already tow'ring his successes rise,
" And numerous towns are torn from our allies.
" *Crotona's* troops that hazarded the fight,
" Have twice been baffled; twice been put to flight.
" No means untried will his ambition leave,
" Alike to him to conquer or deceive. 520
" Immense the treasures he hath late amass'd,
" Well train'd are all the forces he hath rais'd.
" His leaders vet'rans, and experienc'd all:
" True to their Prince, and ready at his call.
" His watchful eyes advantages survey,
" Constraining all his orders to obey:
" Chastising those reluctant to command,
" Rewarding others with a lib'ral hand.
" His martial soul disdaining e'er to yield,
" Inspires like courage into all the field. 530
" Greatest of Sov'reigns would he stand confess,
" Could truth and justice but inform his breast.
" But oh! not Heav'n now knows he to revere,
" Nor reputation prize, nor conscience fear.
" Thinks good report a toy of lightest kind,
" To bubble children; and for fools design'd.
" By all around with terror to be view'd,
" And roll in wealth; the only solid good.

" In

" In this alone true glory seems to place,
 " To trample under foot all human race. 540
 " Soon at our doors shall he the spoils divide,
 " Unless united thus we stem the tide :
 " Unless we firm, and resolute appear,
 " Adieu ! to liberty, and all that's dear.
 " Alike concern'd then is *Salentum's* King °
 " Against th' invader all his pow'r to bring :
 " Whose haughty soul no rival will endure,
 " Nor leave one state in liberty secure.
 " If once defeated we the yoke receive,
 " Next to *Salentum* he the law will give. 550
 " Haste then, ye warriors, lead th' imbattled host ;
 " Arise, prevent, or be for ever lost !"
 While *Nestor* thus for their assistance calls,
 Th' *Hesperian* Kings, and Chiefs, approach'd the walls ;
 There, at *Idomeneus'* request, unite
 In social mirth, to pass the friendly night.

THE END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.



BOOK XII.

B. O O K XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Nestor, in the name of the Allies, demands aid from Idomeneus against the Daunians their enemies. Mentor, who wishes to new-model the City of Salentum, and train the inhabitants to husbandry, prevails upon them to rest satisfied with having Telemachus at the head of an hundred noble Cretans. After his departure, Mentor takes an exact Survey of the City, and the Port: informs himself of every thing, causes Idomeneus to make new regulations in regard to Commerce and Police; divides the people into seven Classes, whose rank and birth he distinguishes by the difference of their habits; makes him retrench all Luxury, and arts which turn to no account; in order to employ those Mechanics in Agriculture which he renders highly honourable.

THROUGH all th' extended plain refulgent rise
 The tents, and rich pavilions of th' allies;
 Of colours various as the show'ry arch;
 Where rest th' *Hesperians* wearied with their march.
 When first the Monarchs enter'd with their train,
 And of the town a beauteous prospect gain,

Amaz'd they seem'd, that in so short a space
 The *Cretan* Prince those noble piles could raise:
 And that his state thus glorious should appear
 Amidst th' obstructions of a cruel war.

10

Much they admir'd the wisdom of his reign;
 Who could with so much industry, and pain,
 Erect a kingdom of so fair a kind:
 A work well worthy of his royal mind.
 No small advantage hop'd they from the peace,
 Since all th' allies would find their strength increase;
 If he a party to the league was made,
 And for the *Daunian* war should furnish aid.
 This point t' obtain they all their int'rest us'd,
 And gain'd consent which could not be refus'd.
 But *Mentor* well appriz'd of what relates
 To raising high prosperity of states,
 Ev'n from the first inferior much esteem'd
Salentum's force, and weaker than it seem'd.
 Her Monarch from the rest he led apart,
 And thus disclos'd the secrets of his heart.

20

" Success you see hath our endeavours crown'd,
 " Freed is *Salentum* from her fears around:
 " On you depends it now that she shall rise,
 " And lift her lofty turrets to the skies.

30

NOTE.

Verse 18, *And for the Daunian war*—The *Daunii* are supposed to be descended from the *Pelasgi*, the ancient inhabitants of *Epirus*, and one of the oldest nations in the world: who, being driven out of *Aemonia* by *Deucalion*, settled in *Italy*.

" On

“ On you depends it to exalt your name,
“ And rank with *Minos* in the rolls of fame.
“ Like him with prudence to confirm your throne,
“ And make your people’s happiness your own.
“ You see what freedom of address I use,
“ As thinking truth, not flattery you chuse.
“ While these your grandeur view with ravish’d eyes;
“ To me absurd’s your conduct, and unwise.”

At sound so harsh the Monarch’s colour came,
His visage alter’d; and his eyes shot flame. 40
Scarce he the rising choler could restrain,
Scarce from opprobrious language could refrain.
Mentor perceiv’d it, and, with due respect,
Majestic rose this harshness to correct.
“ When thus absurd your conduct I declare,
“ I find that word is grating to your ear:
“ All others might have fear’d that term to use,
“ Nice is the task when Monarchs we accuse.
“ Their station challenges our utmost care,
“ Nor must we treat them with neglectful air: 50
“ Truth can itself sufficiently offend,
“ Although no rude expression it attend.
“ Yet fondly I believ’d my friend could bear,
“ Without disguise, his failings now to hear.
“ At once t’ inure you was my only aim,
“ To hear all matters by their proper name:
“ That you to knowledge of this truth be brought,
“ When others speak, they speak not all their thought.
“ Would you indeed a perfect Monarch be,
“ From Vice, from folly, and from error free? 60

" Whoe'er your faults shall venture to reveal,
 " Be sure he means much more than he can tell.
 " For me, your pleasure gladly I'll fulfil,
 " And soften all expressions to your will;
 " But better were it that, devoid of art,
 " I plainly spake the language of my heart.
 " Unbiafs'd I, and no importance bear;
 " So can in secret all my sense declare.
 " None else will dare with freedom to advise,
 " You'll see but half, and that too in disguise." 70

These words again the King to reason brought,
 Who blush'd to own how delicate his thought.

" Ah *Mentor*, *Mentor*, you perceive," he cries,
 " What dire effects from adulation rise.
 " To you indebted for my crown I stand,
 " Who propp'd my state, and sav'd my sinking land:
 " I'll think it happiness from you to learn
 " Whatever truths my welfare may concern:
 " But oh! have pity on a wretched King,
 " Whom pois'nous flatteries to destruction bring: 80
 " Who in the worst of days could never find
 " One gen'rous friend, to open all his mind.
 " No, not a man that lov'd me half so well,
 " To risk my anger and the truth reveal."

At this the tears came trickling from his face,
 In tend'rest sort he *Mentor* rose t' embrace.

When thus the sage---"Heav'n knows the grief I feel,

" Compell'd thus rudely all your faults to tell.

" But shall I prove a traitor on record;

" Behold your foibles, and no light afford? 90
 " Suppose

- “ Suppose yourself should *Mentor*’s office bear ;
 “ You had not err’d but that you chose to err,
 “ And fear’d consulting with a friend sincere. }
 “ Say, have you search’d the regions round to find
 “ The man of pure disinterested mind ;
 “ Of sense and parts sufficient to advise,
 “ And contradict in what he saw amiss ?
 “ Have you with care encourag’d those to speak
 “ Who shun the task, and least your favour seek ;
 “ Whose upright souls no int’rest have in view, 100
 “ But would with just rebuke your faults pursue ?
 “ And when with servile flatt’ers you convers’d,
 “ Have you at once the fawning tribe dispers’d ?
 “ Have you with modest diffidence of thought
 “ Still to the test your own opinions brought ?
 “ Alas ! no act of yours did yet declare
 “ That love of truth, or that desire to hear.
 “ But let us see if you have now a soul
 “ Can stoop to counsels which your faults controul.
 “ I’d tell you then---that what these Monarchs praise 110
 “ Their blame should rather their resentment raise.
 “ For while without your foes unnumber’d wait,
 “ And threaten dangers to your infant state ;
 “ Within, are works of infinite expence,
 “ And piles superb improper for defence.
 “ Hence all your troubles, as yourself admit,
 “ Your day of labour, and your sleepless night.
 “ Thus waste you all the treasure you possess,
 “ Without one thought your numbers to increase ;

- " Or cultivate this coast with proper care, 120
 " Which ev'ry fruit would in abundance bear.
 " Say, is not this the method to be great;
 " And are not these the pillars of your state;
 " T' abound in subjects who shall throng your court,
 " And lands well till'd those subjects to support?
 " To make your people multiply apace,
 " You want at first an unmolested peace:
 " By prudent laws, and husbandry alone,
 " Should you endeavour to confirm your throne.
 " To brink of ruin hath ambition brought 130
 " While empty greatness thus transports your thought.
 " Haste then, repair those errors which betray'd,
 " Suspend your buildings, stop your vain parade:
 " Which else will surely ruin your affairs,
 " And blast your empire in your infant years.
 " Fair peace, and plenty, to your people give;
 " In joys connubial suffer them to live:
 " For know when subjects fail o'er whom to reign,
 " That you no longer can a King remain:
 " Ne'er measure empire by extent of ground, 140
 " But by the numbers in that empire found:
 " For these alone must constitute your sway,
 " When loyal all, and ready to obey.
 " The straitest confines let your kingdom have,
 " Stock'd with a people numberless, and brave;

IMITATIONS.

Verse 127, *Liv. lib. 1.*

Verse 137, *Cic. Orat. pro Marcello.*

" Industrious

- “ Industrious all, well order’d let them prove,
“ True to their country, and the king they love ;
“ More fame, more pow’r, and solid blifs you’ll find,
“ Than all those conqu’rors that disturb mankind.”
“ How then shall I behave,” return’d he, “how? 150
“ Shall I my weakness to these Kings avow ?
“ True, I’ve neglected husbandry, and trade,
“ Though seated on a coast for traffic made.
“ A stately town was all I had in view :
“ Shall I, my dearest *Mentor*, shall I shew
“ Amidst th’ assembled Kings my foul disgrace,
“ Expose my rashness, and my crown debase ?
“ Whate’er the price if *Mentor* but command
“ Without reluctance I the shock will stand.
“ From you I learn---A Prince that’s truly great, 160
“ Design’d by heav’n for welfare of his state ;
“ Whose views all centre in their good alone,
“ Should for its safety sacrifice his own.”
“ There spake,” said *Mentor*, “with becoming grace,
“ There spake the Father of the human race,
“ ’Tis not from works magnificently fine
“ A King is shewn, but sentiments divine.
“ Yet is it fit your honour be secur’d,
“ By this the safety of your state’s insur’d.
“ Leave it to me---from me these Kings shall know, 170
“ You stand engag’d, and by a solemn vow,
“ If yet *Ulysses* lives, with all your pow’r
“ To reinstate him, and his throne restore :
“ To aid the Prince his son, if he be dead,
“ And chace those vile pretenders to his bed.

" A war like this, they'll readily agree,
 " Claims all your forces, both by land and sea:
 " They'll rest contented if at first you bear
 " But little portion in the *Daunian* war."

The King transported by the words he heard, 180
 As one with comforts quite o'erwhelm'd appear'd.

" My dearest friend," he cried, " while thus you seek
 " To cast a veil on my condition weak,
 " You save my people's credit, and my own,
 " The reputation of my rising town.
 " But oh! permit me further to explore,
 " What troops have I *Ulysses* to restore?
 " O! say, with what similitude of truth
 " Pretend I to assist this royal youth;
 " Who doth in presence of these Kings prepare 190
 " To act in person in the *Daunian* war?"
 " Let this," said *Mentor*, " no disturbance give:
 " I scorn a falsehood; will not so deceive.
 " The squadron sent your commerce to restore,
 " Shall visit in their way th' *Epirot* shore.
 " And two commissions shall at once receive,
 " T' invite the merchants, and that trade retrieve;
 " Which duties most exorbitantly great,
 " Too rashly banish'd from *Salentum's* state.
 " Be this the first: the next some news to gain 200
 " If yet *Ulysses* on the earth remain?
 " For should he live; he must approach those seas
 " Which part *Hesperia* from the realms of *Greece*.
 " Nor long since we assuredly have heard,
 " That on *Phaacia's* borders he appear'd.

" But

- " But should all prospect fail of his return,
 " And we for ever must his absence mourn;
 " Yet may some service by this fleet be done
 " For young *Telemachus*, his blooming son.
 " This fleet to *Ithaca* shall spread his fame, 210
 " And fill the lands with terror of his name:
 " Confirm his subjects, awe th' adjacent coast;
 " Which now believes him with his father lost.
 " With great confusion shall the suitors learn,
 " That, aided thus, he meditates return.
 " This to *Penelope* shall hopes afford,
 " Who'll look with horror on a second lord:
 " Thus you his int'rest shall preserve with care,
 " Who fights your battles in the *Daunian* war."
 Charm'd with these words *Idomeneus* replies, 220
 " Blest is the Prince upheld by counsel wise!
 " (One faithful friend is treasure greater far
 " Than conqu'ring troops o'ercharg'd with spoils of war.)
 " But doubly blest if he his bliss perceive,
 " And due attention to advice shall give!
 " For oh! too oft are diff'rent paths pursu'd,
 " We view with dread the virtuous, and the good:
 " Abhor their presence; and without a fear
 " To fawning traitors bend our royal ear.
 " Such was my hapless fate---and I'll disclose 230
 " From hence what scenes of misery arose:
 " While to one faithless slave, one flatterer kind;
 " Who for his faults like favour hop'd to find."

IMITATION.

Verse 222, *Plin. in Panegy.*

Th'

Th' associate Kings from *Mentor* quickly learn'd,
 How much *Salentum*'s Monarch was concern'd,
 To guard the int'rest of *Ulysses*' son;
 While he in person to the war was gone.
 Well pleas'd they acquiesce, o'erjoy'd to find
 They held a Prince of such heroic mind:
 Who came so well attended to the plain 240
 Twice fifty noble *Cretans* in his train.

The King the flow'r of all his peerage sent,
 (So *Mentor* counsel'd) and with this intent:
 "Be this," said he, "your aim in time of peace,
 "T' augment your numbers, and promote increase.
 "But lest your state too much their ease should love,
 "Averse to arms, and ignorant should prove;
 "Send forth your nobles in their blooming years
 "To gain experience in some foreign wars.
 "These may suffice to feed the martial fire, 250
 "With love of glory all the rest t' inspire
 "Teach them to meet ev'n death with fearless heart,
 "And still preserve the military art."

Soon from *Salentum* march'd the high allies,
 Charm'd with her Prince, and his adviser wife:
 Well pleas'd to find *Telemachus* attend,
 Who inly griev'd at parting from his friend.
 While these depart a solemn leave to take,
 And vow'd a truce no time should ever break;
 Lock'd in his *Mentor*'s arms the youth appears, 260
 Hung o'er his neck, and bath'd him with his tears.
 "No more," said he, "can I my grief controul:
 "Alas! this parting racks me to the soul.

"Inferrible

" Insensible to fame, and all her charms,
" The pomp of conquest; and the blaze of arms;
" Again, methinks, I view those wretched days
" When forc'd in *Egypt* from your fond embrace;
" A wretched exile I with pain surviv'd,
" Of ev'ry hope of your return depriv'd."

To raise his drooping heart, and calm his mind, 270
With sweetest accent *Mentor* thus rejoin'd.

" Far diff'rent parting this, from that before:
" Spontaneous, short, and conquest to explore.
" 'Tis fit, my son, more courage you express:
" Still may you love but with affection less.
" Use you at length to live without your friend
" Who will not always on your steps attend.
" 'Tis wisdom, virtue, should your actions fire:
" And more than *Mentor's* precepts should inspire."

The Goddess here, who long by *Mentor* veil'd 280
From mortal eyes her radiant form conceal'd,
Her flaming *Ægis* o'er his shoulders plac'd,
Inspir'd new courage; and his strength increas'd.
With sense, and foresight, now enrich'd his mind:
And modest thoughts; with merit rarely join'd.
" Away," she cried, " and to no dangers yield
" When fit occasion calls you to the field!
" A coward Prince is more inglorious far
" Than one untutor'd in the school of war.
" The valiant chief must bid adieu to fear, 290
" From all suspicions of that fault be clear.

IMITATION.

Verse 283, *Hom. Od. 1.*

" If

" If this the care of ev'ry state demand,
 " To save its chief who must the rest command!
 " With greater reason may that chief desire
 " That ev'ry eye his fortitude admire.
 " Be this great truth imprinted in your breast,
 " That one by Heav'n ordain'd to rule the rest,
 " Should be their model; should be free from blame,
 " And kindle in their hearts an equal flame.
 " Let valour then *Ulysses'* son command, 300
 " Refuse no perils which to glory tend.
 " But rather bravely in the field expire,
 " Than any should suspect your martial fire.
 " When honour calls, the flatterer accurst
 " To check your noble ardour will be first:
 " And yet if heeded; will be first to say
 " You wanted courage, and his Prince betray.
 " Yet court not danger rashly, and in vain;
 " When you by daring no advantage gain.
 " Valour's no virtue, but an empty sound, 310
 " Unless conjoin'd with prudence it be found.
 " Contempt of life without some certain base,
 " Is brutal fierceness, infamy, disgrace.
 " Whoe'er in dangers is not still the same,
 " Deserves a bully's, not an hero's name.
 " His tortur'd soul transported must appear,
 " Ere he can rise superior to his fear.
 " For simple nature is in him too weak,
 " Some foreign aid is he reduc'd to seek.

IMITATION.

Verse 298, *Liv. lib. 7.*

" I

- “ In such a state should he disdain to fly, 320
“ He’ll lose that precious gem his liberty:
“ O’erwhelm’d with anxious doubts his breast he’ll find,
“ Want that compos’d, that steady frame of mind;
“ To give just orders in those conflicts rude,
“ And take th’ advantage for his country’s good.
“ For grant him all the private soldier’s fire,
“ Yet wants he judgment such as chiefs require:
“ Nay ev’ry private sentinel can show
“ More of true courage, than this wretch can know.
“ The meanest soldier must be free from dread, 330
“ Be firm, be steady, to obey his head;
“ For he who rashly shall his life expose,
“ May turn the scale of vict’ry to his foes:
“ Perverts all order, breaks all martial laws;
“ And fatal ills may his example cause.
“ When thus a fond ambition is pursu’d,
“ Heedless of safety, and the public good,
“ Reproof, and shame, should be its recompence:
“ To praise, and honour, it hath no pretence.
“ Beware, my dearest child, lest you pursue 340
“ Ev’n fame, and glory, with too hasty view.
“ The way to gain them is, with patient mind
“ Compos’d, and calm; to wait th’ occasion kind.
“ Then most doth virtue merit our esteem,
“ And then with greatest lustre doth she beam;
“ When humble, plain, and modest, she appears:
“ No pride indulging, no fantastic airs.
“ And, in proportion to the toils we know,
“ Should both our courage, and our prudence grow.

- " For what remains, my son, be this your praise: 350
 " No envy to attract, no foe to raise.
 " Nor be you jealous of another's fame,
 " But give him all the honours he can claim.
 " Yet praise discreetly: pleas'd the good to tell,
 " Forget the ill; and cautiously conceal.
 " Before the chiefs by long experience taught,
 " Appear with modest diffidence of thought.
 " Grey hairs have wisdom which you cannot reach:
 " With deference hear them, nor presume to teach.
 " Advise with those whom affable you find, 360
 " Attribute all to their instruction kind.
 " And shun at all times to give ear to those,
 " Whose pois'nous breath would make those chiefs your foes
 " What confidence and trust to age belongs
 " With freedom give: and if you suffer wrongs,
 " With honest plainness open all your heart,
 " Explain your reasons, and those wrongs impart.
 " If modest Virtue can their bosoms warm,
 " You gain your point; your conduct sure to charm.
 " Your dignity of soul they'll soon discern, 370
 " You'll draw that from them which you want to learn.
 " If they too haughty, and imperious prove,
 " And will not deign your scruples to remove;
 " Then are you certain of the wrongs you bore,
 " And that they merit your esteem no more.
 " Acquitted by yourself may rest in peace,
 " Till foul injustice with the war shall cease.

IMITATION.

Verse 358, *Cic. Offic. 1.*

" But

MENTOR in IDOMENEUS'S name ENTREATING Peace.

Book 10.



Dickens del.

Barrow sculp.

Still long had weilt the Sage; and silent All
And hush'd as when soft sleep invets the hall,
Their Phalanx was condens'd: All eyes; All ears
Shud to remark him better, crowding near?

Published as the Author's Dr. M. Wilson, July 4. 1793.

“ But guard you well that no insidious tongue,
“ Which sows dissention through th’ embattled throng,
“ E’er know your grievance, or your heart surprise, 380
“ Whate’er dishonours from those chiefs may rise.
“ My station shall be here---the King to aid
“ In all designs for public welfare laid.
“ To share his labours and with prudent care,
“ Teach him how best those errors to repair;
“ Which evil counsels, and his flatt’ers base,
“ So late inspir’d, his kingdom to disgrace.”

The Prince, who now no longer could refrain,
Observ’d that Monarch’s conduct with disdain:
His various foibles scann’d with eye severe, 390
Till *Mentor* sternly check’d his fond career.
“ Is this,” said he, “ a matter of surprise,
“ That ev’n the best, the virtuous, and the wise,
“ Should yet be men? and, howsoever great,
“ Still shew the weakness of their mortal state?
“ Weigh you aright the precipices found,
“ Th’ unnumber’d dangers which a throne surround?
“ ’Tis true *Idomeneus* was early taught,
“ With wanton pride, to feed his tow’ring thought.
“ But what could ev’n philosophy avail; 400
“ Who thus exalted, flatter’d, but might fail?
“ I grant that those whose services he us’d
“ Have much their Master’s confidence abus’d.
“ Yet wisest Kings, however great their care,
“ Are oft entangled in that fatal snare.
“ A Sov’reign Prince must trust to many friends,
“ Unable of himself to gain his ends.

" And private men much better can adjust
 " The various task, and know to whom they trust.
 " In courts all mask'd appear: and monarchs live 410
 " By crowds encompass'd, practic'd to deceive.
 " Alas! my dearest youth, too soon you'll find
 " How very few to virtue are inclin'd.
 " Long may you strive those virtuous few to gain,
 " Long seek for talents; and long seek in vain.
 " Men must be tried, and sifted, ere they're known:
 " And ev'ry day no sooner come, than gone.
 " Endless pursuit of what is ne'er enjoy'd,
 " Till first in public business they're employ'd.
 " All inconsistent, false, with private views, 420
 " While each his own dear interest pursues.
 " Deaf to all counsel, let who will persuade,
 " And rarely better by correction made.
 " The greater is your state, the greater far
 " In choice of ministers must be your care:
 " Numbers are wanting to support your throne,
 " And do what kings can never do alone.
 " Yet in proportion to the crowd you use,
 " Must be the risque, and danger when you *choose*.
 " A man to-day with unrelenting eyes 430
 " May wretched monarchs censure and despise:
 " And yet to-morrow, should he bear the sway,
 " Act the same follies, and still more than they.
 " The private station if with prudence join'd,
 " Can cover all infirmities of mind:

IMITATION.

Verse 406, *Cic. Offic. 1.*

" Shew

" Shew talents to the sight most passing fair,
 " And make men worthy of all ranks appear.
 " But 'tis pre-eminence alone can prove
 " Our worth; the sphere in which we ought to move :
 " As optic glasses of contrivance rare, 440
 " Present all objects greater than they are ;
 " So is't with grandeur, and exalted height,
 " Which sets all failings in a stronger light.
 " Where ev'ry slip may dire events create,
 " And ev'ry fault, convulsions in a state.
 " Where ev'ry eye is still intent on one,
 " And ready all to stigmatize the throne.
 " Yet those who judge but little know the cares,
 " Are unacquainted with the weight he bears.
 " With strictest rigour all his actions scan, 450
 " Would have him perfect, and be more than man.
 " Be sov'reign Princes ne'er so wise, and good,
 " Weakness is still inherent in their blood.
 " Their genius has its bounds, their virtue too :
 " Their passions, habits, humours, ebb and flow.
 " They share in common with each other man,
 " Nor easy is't the mastery to gain.
 " Surrounded by a false designing band,
 " No succour find they ready at their hand :
 " Fresh disappointments meeting ev'ry hour 460
 " Or from themselves, or delegated pow'r.
 " One fault repair'd, another instant springs :
 " Such the condition of the best of Kings.

IMITATION.

Verse 456, *Ter. Adelp.*

VOL. I.

Z

" The



" The longest reign, with greatest blessings crown'd,
 " Will much too short for their designs be found:
 " Those wounds to heal, those errors to retrieve,
 " Which they at first too trifling might believe.
 " All these, and more, a thousand, thousand woes
 " To constant dangers royalty expose.
 " Nature must bend beneath th' oppressive weight, 47
 " And we should pity, and bewail their fate.
 " Have we not cause to pity their distress,
 " Who 'midst such numbers shall the helm possess;
 " Whose wants are infinite; whom few indeed
 " Can fitly rule, while they the means impede.
 " In truth, mankind with sorrow may reflect,
 " That none can e'er sufficiently protect;
 " None like themselves; who like indulgence ask:
 " The Gods alone are fitted to the task.
 " Yet Kings their grief in stronger terms may speak, 48
 " That mortals as they are, imperfect, weak;
 " They're still compell'd o'er multitudes to reign,
 " Of heart corrupt, deceitful, and profane."
 Lively to this *Telemachus* return'd---
 " By pers'nal faults this King his ruin earn'd.
 " These lost him *Crete*, and his paternal throne;
 " Who, but for you, had been again undone."
 " His faults," said *Mentor*, " I acknowledge great:
 " But search you *Greece*, search ev'ry polish'd state;
 " Find, if you can, a single Prince whose fame 49
 " Is all unsullied; and deserves not blame.
 " The greatest genius in the peopled earth,
 " Hath in his very frame, and from his birth,

" Some

" Some ruling passion, which betrays him still,
 " And draws him on insensibly to ill.
 " Those are the greatest, most deserve respect,
 " Who dare acknowledge, and their faults correct.
 " Thing you *Ulysses*, your much honour'd fire,
 " (Model of *Greece*, whose virtues all should fire)
 " Think you, all great and glorious though he be, 500
 " He lives from foibles, and from failings free?
 " If wise *Minerva* had been less his friend,
 " Who inch by inch did on his steps attend,
 " How oft had he, unequal to the weight,
 " A wretched victim fall'n to adverse fate!
 " How oft has *Pallas*, guardian of his life,
 " Restrain'd, upheld him in the glorious strife!
 " To lead him safely to a deathless fame
 " Through virtue's paths, and eternize his name!
 " But think not yet, when high in regal state 510
 " Enthron'd you view him at his native seat:
 " (A glorious fight which you shall surely see)
 " To find him there from imperfections free.
 " *Greece, Asia*, lov'd him in despite of these:
 " And farthest isles remov'd by distant seas.
 " The thousand shining qualities which grace,
 " Dart such a lustre, as his faults efface.
 " Happy! if you those qualities admire,
 " And as your pattern imitate your fire!
 " Use you betimes with prudence to reflect; 520
 " From mortals mortal excellence expect.

IMITATION.

Verse 502, *Hom. Odyss.* 3.

Z 2

" Raw

" Raw unexperienc'd youth will rashly blame,
 " And takes disgust at what might lead to fame.
 " Thus prepossess'd no virtues they discern,
 " And find it all impossible to learn.
 " 'Tis not enough *Ulysses* you should praise,
 " Respect, revere, and emulate his ways,
 " Imperfect as he is; but you must love
 " The poor *Idomeneus* whom I reprove.
 " Good is his nature, gen'rous, and sincere, 53
 " His views are upright, and his conscience clear.
 " Brave as the bravest: whose unfetter'd soul
 " No falshood stains, no vices can controul.
 " His outward talents great without disguise,
 " And all proportion'd to his station rise.
 " That winning sweetness, and that patient ear,
 " With which he deigns the worst of truths to hear,
 " Avows his crimes with purpose to amend,
 " And never more his people to offend;
 " Self conquer'd make him seem a King compleat, 54
 " And speak a soul magnificently great.
 " A prosp'rous state, or counsels of a friend,
 " May private life from certain faults defend:
 " But 'tis uncommon virtue must engage
 " The flatter'd tyrant, to suspend his rage.
 " And far more glorious is it thus to rise,
 " Than if no errors should his heart surprise.
 " Perhaps none faulty like *Salentum's* King:
 " But none such proofs of reformation bring.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 536, *Sen. Epi.* 28 and 57.

" Fo

" For me, his virtues I admire, and love, 550

" Ev'n then when most his conduct I reprove.

" Admire him you: for know these counsels kind

" Are less for him than for yourself design'd."

By words like these sage *Mentor* strove t' explain
The foul injustice of those censures vain;

When we to any our dislike declare,

Those chief, who burthens of a state shall bear.

He ended thus---"'Tis time you now pursue

" Your destin'd march; my dearest Prince, Adieu!

" One thing remember; those who heav'n revere, 560

" From puny mortals can have nought to fear.

" Here will I wait, while you untaught to yield

" Shall combat greatest dangers in the field.

" Be strong: be this your comfort in distress;

" *Pallas* shall aid you, *Pallas* give success."

Here felt *Telemachus* a secret joy,

Minerva's bounties all his thoughts employ.

'Twas she, 'twas *Pallas*, as he thought, that spake;

Who thus of *Mentor* call'd th' idea back.

" My son, forget not my repeated cares, 570

" And ~~what~~ I suffer'd in your tender years.

" The pains I took to make you wise, and good;

" Valiant like him, whence you derive your blood.

" Do nought unworthy of *Ulysses'* fame,

" Observe my precepts, and incur no blame."

Now rose the golden Sun with dazzling ray,
The mountain tops proclaim'd approaching day.

IMITATION.

Verse 567, *Hom. Odyss.* 1.

Forth from the town the sceptred Kings in haste
In bright procession to their forces past.

Th' imbattled troops around *Salentum* spread, 580
All strike their tents; and march beneath their head.

On ev'ry side was seen the bristling spear,
The flaming buckler, and the blaze of war;
With clouds of dust which darken'd all the air:

Salentum's Monarch with his faithful friend,
Far as the distant plains their steps attend.
When halting there all take a tender leave,
And in remembrance kind some pledge receive.

All doubts now vanish, and all scruples cease,
Th' allies depended on a lasting peace: 590

Plainly they saw the *Cretan's* noble mind,
Which babbling fame describ'd of diff'rent kind;
Yet those who judg'd no certain rule could frame;
In heart, in nature, he was still the same:
But was by wicked flatterers seduc'd,

To them he trusted; was by them abus'd.

Scarce was the army with its leaders gone,
When through all quarters of his infant town
The *Cretan* Prince his kind associate brought:
To learn his sense, and eager to be taught. 600

"First then," said *Mentor*, "let us fairly see
"In town, and country, what your tribes may be?
"Compute their numbers, and attempt to find
"Of these what stock of the laborious kind?
"Next let us view the product of your soil,
"What annual profit to reward their toil;

"What

“What *Ceres*’ golden gifts; what fruitage springs,

“Wine, oil, and other necessary things?

“By this may we discover by degrees,

“If earth repays you with a due increase, 610

“To feed these subjects, to supply your court;

“If you have ought superfluous to export?

“Proceed we next to view your naval store,

“Thus can we judge precisely of your pow’r.”

He said, and to the harbour took his way,

Examin’d ev’ry vessel in the bay:

What was its market, whither did it trade,

What it return’d; what merchandise convey’d?

Th’ expence to fit them for each foreign land,

And what the credit merchants would demand? 620

He next enquir’d what companies there were,

And if their charters were observ’d with care;

To sum up all, what dang’rous risques they ran

Of ev’ry kind, as well as from the main:

Preventing thus the ruin of all those

Who life, and fortune, will for gain expose.

His sentence was---that ev’ry Bankrupt base

Some penalty incur, some foul disgrace:

Since ev’n those few of reputation clear

Are avaricious, and proceed too far. 630

T’abolish this, he regulations made,

That none henceforth a bankrupt be in trade:

Appointed Magistrates to take th’ amount

Of all effects; and keep a strict account.

What gains, and what expence in foreign land,

And what the enterprize each took in hand?

Permitting none to risque another's goods,
 Or trust their own whole fortune to the floods.
 Societies he prov'd could bear the storm,
 And act what singly none could e'er perform. 640
 He urg'd obedience with severest clause,
 And pains, on all that violate their laws.
 Thus made he commerce on the open sea,
 Quite unrestrain'd to all, and wholly free.
 No customs he impos'd, no taxes laid,
 Which might obstruct, or clog the wheels of trade:
 But gifts to all propos'd of fairest sort,
 Who brought the stranger to *Salentum's* port.

From ev'ry climate soon, of ev'ry name,
 In crowds the merchants to *Salentum* came: 650
 Commerce uprais'd her head with pleasing pride,
 And trade was fix'd unerring as the tide.
 From ev'ry quarter treasures they receive,
 And wealth pour'd in like wave succeeding wave.
 Free were all imports, exports were the same:
 And nothing usefess to their harbour came.
 Whate'er superfluous was rais'd at home,
 Left riches more substantial in its room.
 Presiding Justice held aloft her scale,
 Kept thousands firm, and suffer'd none to fail. 660
 Fair public Faith exerting all her pow'rs,
 With candour mounted on these royal tow'rs,
 Now call'd the traders from far distant shores.

IMITATION.

Verse 654, *Ov. Met.* 15.

Whate'er

Whate'er the state or country which they leave,
If whence the Sun from forth the azure wave
Rejoicing comes, or where at eve retires
And in the vast *Atlantic* dips his fires;
All here in peace a safe asylum found,
And blest *Salentum* as their native ground.

He next th' interior Government survey'd, 670
Their public works, their magazines, and trade.
Forbidding merchandise of ev'ry kind
Which serv'd to soften, and debase the mind.
Fit dress, fit food, resolv'd he to ordain,
And shew'd how best their station to maintain.
To ev'ry rank fit buildings he assign'd,
And proper moveables of ev'ry kind.
No gold, no silver, were henceforth allow'd:
And this confirm'd he thus with reason good.
" This way alone, *Idomeneus*," he cried, 680
" Shall you suppress extravagance, and pride:
" Set you th' example first; reform your court,
" 'Twill soon be follow'd by the meaner sort.
" External grandeur must you still maintain,
" And due respect shall you with ease obtain;
" If guards in public on your person wait,
" If compass'd round with officers of state.
" Let then your robe attract each vulgar eye,
" Of choicest wool compos'd, and *Tyrian* dye.
" The self-same wool let all your nobles wear 690
" But let it diff'rent in its hue appear.
" And let some slight embroidery of gold
" To yours be added, to enrich the fold.

" Without

- " Without or silver, gold, or precious stone;
 " By diff'rent colours may all ranks be known.
 " Let Birth precedence have. The foremost place
 " Be giv'n to Peers of most illustrious race.
 " While those whom you employ in post of trust
 " Will acquiesce, and own th' allotment just.
 " Of ev'ry honour will they yield the prime 700
 " To such as claim from immemorial time.
 " Unless too high you suffer them to soar,
 " Giddy with wealth, intoxicate with pow'r.
 " Be it your care the mod'rate to approve,
 " Give modest merit your esteem, and love.
 " None live so little envied upon earth
 " As those of ancient race, and noble birth.
 " To cherish Virtue next, and actions great,
 " And make all forward prefs to serve the state,
 " Sufficient is it that you all invite; 710
 " That titles, statues, shall their zeal requite.
 " And that their children shall from hence have claim
 " To ev'ry honour that may lead to fame.
 " White be the garb of those, with fringe of gold,
 " Who first precedence in your state shall hold.
 " And let a golden ring their finger grace,
 " About their neck a golden medal place
 " Expressive of yourself. The next in blue
 " With silver fringe, shall stand expos'd to view:
 " The self-same ring their peerage shall declare, 720
 " But these no medal on their breast shall wear.

IMITATION.

Verse 711, *Plin. Hist. Nat.* 34.

" The

“ The third next class may bear it cloth’d in green,
“ On them no ring, no fringe, be ever seen.
“ The fourth in lively yellow shall be drest,
“ As when *Aurora* streaks the gilded East.
“ The next a dif’rent colour shall disclose,
“ As blooms the pink, or buds the virgin rose.
“ Less bright the sixth, less florid, and less gay :
“ Grave be their habit, like the vi’let grey.
“ While the last order shall at once unite 730
“ The flaming yellow, with the spotless white.
“ Fit habits here for ev’ry rank you see,
“ For all conditions you account as free.
“ The Slaves shall all be clad in dusky brown :
“ And thus, without expence, may well be known
“ Each man’s condition; thus you banish far
“ What arts or useles, or effem’ate are.
“ The Poor, which now some dang’rous trade pursue,
“ To nobler arts shall then direct their view.
“ To husbandry and tillage lend their hand, 740
“ Or aim by commerce to enrich your land.
“ No change permit, no diff’reuce to arise,
“ Or in the stuff, the fashion, or the dyes.
“ ’Tis all unworthy men of gen’rous mind,
“ For serious, nobler thoughts by heav’n design’d,
“ In empty trifles to exert their pow’rs,
“ Or affectation vain mispend their hours.
“ Nor should the women, though the shame were less,
“ Be e’er indulg’d in folly, and excess.”
As when a skilful gardener with care 750
Prunes each luxuriant plant to make it bear;

So

So labour'd *Mentor*, and with hand as kind,
 Retrench'd all Vices that corrupt the mind.
 Strict œconomic law to all he gave,
 The diet fix'd of freeman and of slave.

"Strangely absurd," he said, "that men of wealth
 Should think it grandeur to impair their health:
 That costly viands should so much prevail,
 Which sink the soul; and sad disease intail!
 By moderation should their bliss be known,
 By fair beneficence their pow'r be shewn.
 By worthy actions should they rise to fame,
 Perpetuate thus their character, and name.
 The sober palate can with pleasure taste
 Of homely diet, and a plain repast.
 From temp'rance only we true joys can know,
 That only health, and vigour can bestow.
 Be then at once all luxury supprest,
 Yet be their food, and diet of the best,
 With no delicious fauce; excess is bane:
 And certain cause of misery to man."

The King his error instantly perceiv'd,
 To find his people now so long had liv'd
 In opposition to that sober law;
 By which Great *Minos* kept his *Crete* in awe,
 "But should you," *Mentor* said, "this law revive,
 Unless yourself the great example give,

IMITATIONS.

Verse 756, *Juven. Sat. 1.*

Verse 770, *Hor. lib. 1. Sat. 7.*

"Twere

" 'Twere useleſs all—ſince nought can ſanction bring
" Like the fair conduct of a virtuous King."
Then firſt reform'd was ſeen the royal board, 780
Which now no longer dainties might afford.
The bread indeed was exquisitely fine,
With frugal portion of *Italian* wine
Of native growth; a noble gen'rous juice,
Such as *Salentum* could herſelf produce.
Meats, plain as thoſe *Ætioneus* had known,
With other *Greeks*, at *Troy's* devoted town.
None ventur'd to condemn theſe orders good,
Or cenſure meaſures by the King purſu'd.
But all grew wiſe, more frugal than before, 790
Exceſs was ſrown, profuſion was no more.

Next *Mentor* labour'd much to baniſh far
Each melting ſound, each ſoft effeminate air
Of am'rous muſic; and the myſtic ſong
Which to lewd *Bacchus* and his rites belong.
Theſe quench good morals, bring aſſurance vain,
And bad as wine intoxicate the brain.
To genial feaſt was melody aſſign'd,
And ſacred worſhip of the Gods confin'd:
To chant their praiſes, and thoſe heroes brave 800
Who fair examples to their country gave.
The pediments enrich'd with curious art
For temples of the Gods were ſet apart:
For theſe alone the portico was made,
The ſwelling arch, and ſtately colonade.
For other buildings his decrees ordain
A diff'rent model, elegant, and plain:

Yet

Yet such as beauty still preserv'd, and grace;
 And numbers could contain in little space.
 Turn'd to some healthful point was ev'ry house
 Whose fair apartments independent rose.
 Its order and proportions had regard
 To strength alone, and was with ease repair'd.

To ev'ry larger fabric he allow'd
 One ample parlour, which encompass'd stood
 With small pilasters fronting to the court;
 Near which were lodgings for the better sort.
 In these he all magnificence forbad,
 Pomp of attendance, and all vain parade.
 Thus diff'rent dwellings for all orders soon
 Delightful rose, to beautify the town.

At small expence more regular appear'd
 Than what the pride of others late had rear'd:
 Which though superb, and exquisite to sight,
 Were less convenient, and gave less delight.
 Small time suffic'd this infant town to grace,
 In troops the workmen flock'd from ev'ry place.
 Whate'er of skill adjoining *Greece* could boast,
 Whate'er be furnish'd from th' *Epirot* coast.
 The terms were these---that when their toil was done, 830
 They should possess the suburbs of the town.
 There clear the waste, and till the barren ground,
 There multiply, and fill the country round.

To make the canvaſs breathe, to ſpeak the ſtone,
 Were arts too high for *Mentor* to diſown:

IMITATION.

Verſe 806, *Cic. Off. 1.*

Yet

Yet he confin'd th' employment to a few,
Nor would that multitudes those arts pursue.
He founded schools in which should men preside
Of taste exact, and their disciples guide.

"In arts," said he, "which endless may appear, 840

"All should be great, be striking, and be rare.

"Then suffer none within these schools to dwell

"But youths of genius, likely to excel.

"By souls less great be other arts pursu'd,

"Which more contribute to the public good:

"Great acts, and men t' immortalize, will ask

"Both paint, and sculpture; and be this their task.

"Let public virtue, actions of renown,

"In public buildings then be fairly shewn.

"Let acts like these your monuments adorn, 850

"And publish worth to ages yet unborn."

Nor, frugal as he was, did *Mentor* spare
T' erect the Theatre, the Circus fair,
Where fiery steeds might urge the rapid race,
And whirl the chariot through the dusty space.
Where brawny wrestlers might dispute the field,
Where the stout boxer might his cestus wield:
Or other exercise of diff'rent kind

For man's improvement, and his health design'd.

Unnumber'd trades resolv'd he to suppress 860

Which foreign fashions introduc'd, and dress:

The gay embroid'ry of excessive price,

And figur'd plate extravagantly nice;

Where to the ravish'd sight at once were giv'n

Men, beasts, and birds, and Deities of Heav'n:

And

And order'd none hence forward should presume
 Strong liquors to retail, or choice perfume.
 The plainest furniture to all their tribes,
 And such as might endure, he next prescribes.
 Convincing those who now as poor complain 870
 What riches still superfluous remain.
 Yet wealth like this deceitful is and base:
 Would they true wealth, true affluence embrace,
 A diff'rent course must they resolve to steer,
 And humbly stoop from that exalted sphere.
 The way to wealth, is heartily to hate
 Whate'er we find impoverish the state:
 Curb wanton pride, and that alone desire,
 Which simple Nature, and her wants require.

Their arms, their magazines he next reviews 880
 If all were fit, and ready for their use?

"The surest method to avoid a war

"Is this," he cried, "for battle to prepare."

Alas! he found deficiency in all,

And proclamations issu'd forth to call

The various artists, who should most excel

In works of brass, of iron, or of steel.

On ev'ry side the heated furnace glows,

While clouds of smoak, and bick'ring flames arose.

As when with front terrific *Ætna* shrouds 890

Her awful brow, with whirlwinds and with clouds:

While ever and anon, as she respire,

Vast cakes are thrown of subterranean fires.

IMITATION.

Verse 876, *Lucret.* lib. 5.

The beaten anvils dreadfully resound,
 The neighb'ring hills, and all the coast around
 Re-echo to the stroke. It seem'd that isle
 Where mighty *Vulcan* condescends to toil:
 Where at his word the *Cyclops* rude are driv'n
 To forge new thunders for the King of Heav'n.
 Thus in profoundest peace, through *Mentor's* care, 900
 Were fit provisions making for a war.

With him the Monarch left his town a while,
 To view a vast uncultivated soil:
 Their present arable lay half untill'd,
 Though ev'ry part would fruits abundant yield.
 But penury, and sloth, depress'd their mind,
 They wanted utensils of ev'ry kind:
 No proper husbandry could there be found
 Where hands were wanting to improve the ground.
 "Dread Sir," said *Mentor*, "you perceive how stor'd, 910
 "How ready is this earth t' enrich its lord.
 "But lords are much too few, or rather none:
 "Take we all uselefs artists from your town!
 "Teach them t' improve these hills, these beauteous plains,
 "Who now corrupt our morals by their pains.
 "'Tis true that those who sedentary live,
 "Brought up to trades which no fatigue can give;
 "Are ill dispos'd to cultivate your land:
 "But, lo! I see a remedy at hand.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 894, *Virg. Æn.* 8.

Verse 903, *Virg. Georg.* 1.

“ ’Mong these, participation of your lands be made, 920
“ And call the neighb’ring nations to their aid;
“ Let them be lords, let them possession have;
“ And let the strangers for their service slave.
“ Hard will they toil, should you a promise make
“ They of the rising profits shall partake:
“ These, as you list, ingraft into your state;
“ Which greatly wants its numbers to compleat.
“ If these observant of the laws shall prove,
“ If they by diligence deserve your love;
“ No better subjects can a throne surround, 930
“ None more conducive to your pow’r be found.
“ Meanwhile those artists from the town remov’d,
“ Shall teach their infants and their sons belov’d,
“ To relish all the sweets the country yields,
“ And work with pleasure in these healthful fields.
“ Your builders too, that late from *Greece* arriv’d,
“ And your metropolis so well contriv’d;
“ All stand engag’d, with unremitting pains,
“ To labour for you, and to rid your plains.
“ Whenever these your city shall compleat; 940
“ Account them all as members of your state:
“ And they with secret transport shall be fill’d,
“ To live secure in government so mild.
“ As these from youth have been inur’d to toil,
“ If once they gain an int’rest in the soil,
“ Mix’d with what artists from the town you draw,
“ Their good example will those artists awe.
“ Th’ event will be---with such a sturdy race
“ You’ll find your tribes and husbandry increase.
“ No

- " Nor doubt but people num'rous as the sand 950
 " Will quickly multiply, and fill the land:
 " If you by wedlock forward the design,
 " And make it easy in those bands to join.
 " Obvious the way---for most incline to wed,
 " 'Tis what that frights them from the marriage bed.
 " Let but your taxes and your impost cease
 " Men and their families shall live in peace.
 " The grateful earth will never fail to feed
 " Th' industrious swain, and satisfy his need.
 " None feel the pinch of famine, and distress, 960
 " But those who earn it by inglorious ease.
 " With num'rous offspring be the lab'rer crown'd,
 " (If good the Prince) his wealth shall more abound.
 " His tender infants are his comforts made,
 " And early to their fire shall furnish aid.
 " The puny stripling is a guardian good,
 " While bleating flocks shall crop their flow'ry food.
 " Those more advanc'd, to greater trusts preferr'd
 " In verdant vales may tend the lowing herd.
 " And those who now to manhood shall aspire, 970
 " Shall in the furrow'd field attend their fire.
 " Meanwhile the mother, as her part beseems,
 " Shall mingle with her maids the dulcet creams:
 " Shall for her spouse, and much lov'd boys, prepare
 " The homely diet, and the simple fare.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 958, *Virg. Georg. 2.*Verse 972, *Hor. Epod. 2.*

- " What time fatigu'd they homeward bend their way,
 " Spent with the toil, and labour of the day;
 " She with unsparing hand the wood shall pile,
 " Round which the happy swains their cares beguile
 " With jocund song, and tale, the live long night, 980
 " Till gentle slumbers shall to rest invite.
 " Shall press the snowy curd, and from her store
 " Bring forth her firmest fruits, her chesnut-show'r:
 " Fair as when Autumn gilds the various year,
 " And they ungather'd on the stalk appear.
 " With joyous pipe returns the jovial swain,
 " And to his listning tribe in sportive vein
 " Repeats incondite rhythms, or carols new;
 " Which from the neighb'ring villagers he drew.
 " Lo! *Colin* drives from field th' inverted plow, 990
 " With necks reclin'd th' o'erlabour'd oxen go,
 " Nor heed the goad, with feeble step, and slow. }
 " Yet all their labours with the day have end,
 " And sleep with poppies crown'd, a common friend,
 " Sheds balmy dews on all; as heav'n ordain'd:
 " And charms all nature with his vapours bland.
 " Black care is hush'd: each lock'd in sweet repose,
 " To-morrow's trouble nor regards, nor knows.
 " Hail! happy race, who no distrust can feel,
 " Whose breast no pangs of dire ambition swell. 1000

IMITATIONS.

Verse 990, *Virg. Georg. 2.*Verse 994, *Hor. lib. 3. Ode. 1.*Verse 999, *Virg. Georg. 2.*

" Hail!

“ Hail! happy race, if heav’n a Prince shall send
“ Of worth your harmless freedom to defend.
“ But oh! what words can paint the savage mind
“ Which (mad with pride, or with ambition blind)
“ Would rob them of the fruits which Nature gives,
“ So dearly bought with labour of their lives?
“ She, bounteous Queen, beneficent and good,
“ Would furnish millions with all proper food.
“ ’Tis pride, and those who most her gifts abuse,
“ To fore distress such multitudes reduce.” 1010
“ But what,” replied *Idomeneus*, “ if these
“ Transplanted from the town prefer their ease;
“ And should refuse to cultivate, and sow,
“ The fair possessions which I thus bestow?”
“ If so,” said *Mentor*, “ use a method new;
“ Diff’rent from that which other Kings pursue.
“ Them av’rice prompts to load with heavy hand
“ Th’ industrious peasant, who the most has gain’d:
“ Their tax to raise this seems the readiest way,
“ Thus drones escape, and nothing find to pay. 1020
“ A rule so bad by you be ne’er pursu’d;
“ Thus to oppress the virtuous and the good,
“ Give countenance to vice, encourage sloth;
“ At once to ruin Prince, and people both.
“ Lay you new taxes, and amercements great,
“ With pains on all who thus defraud the state.
“ As martial laws the coward slave requite,
“ That quits his station in the dang’rous fight.
“ Exempt from tribute let th’ industrious live,
“ To these all favour, all indulgence give. 1030

- " Augment those tokens of your princely love
 " As they increase and shall your soil improve.
 " Soon shall you find them multiply apace,
 " Labour no more shall be esteem'd disgrace:
 " Shall be their choice, and in repute shall grow,
 " When no obstructions in their way you throw.
 " The self-same hands victorious in the field
 " Shall then be seen th' enormous plough to wield;
 " And equal honour will it soon be found
 " T' improve, as to defend their native ground. 1040
 " Then crown'd with golden ears shall *Ceres* reign,
 " And universal *Pan* o'erspread the plain.
 " While smiling *Bacchus* under foot shall press
 " The purple grape, and ev'ry hill possess.
 " A glorious vintage shall those hills produce,
 " And roll a torrent of nectareous juice.
 " Each winding stream and vocal vale along,
 " Shall echo blithe repeat the rural song;
 " While oaten reeds accompany the lay,
 " And the sleek heifer shall securely play 1050
 " In flow'ry lawns; or by the riv'let clear;
 " And from the prowling wolf have nought to fear.

NOTE.

Verse 1042, *And universal Pan*—The God *Pan* was originally worshipped at *Mendes* in *Egypt*, but seems likewise to have been the peculiar favourite of the *Arcadians*; who represented him under the form of a goat, and erected a famous temple to him in the city of *Tegea*.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 1043, *Virg. Georg. 1.*

Verse 1047, *Hor. lib. 4. Ode. 12.*

- “ O say, *Idomeneus*, appears not this
“ The height of happiness, and earthly bliss:
“ Thus to dispense felicity to those
“ As yet unborn, fix nations in repose?
“ And is not fame, like this, more brilliant far,
“ Than all ambition yields, or raging war?
“ Which, ev’n in conquest, worst of ills is found,
“ Makes science languish, spreads despair around, 1060
“ And scarce the victor spares: while in her rear
“ Devouring plagues, and pestilence appear?
“ Thrice blest the Prince to whom kind heav’n imparts
“ A soul sublime to gain his people’s hearts.
“ Whose glorious reign such virtues shall adorn
“ As merit praise from ages yet unborn!
“ No conquest wants he to whom none are foes,
“ No race so brutish would his arms oppose:
“ Th’ united earth will at his footstool fall,
“ And hail him lord of the terrestrial ball.” 1070
“ Alas!” the King return’d, “when thus in peace
“ My people flourish, and shall fast increase;
“ They’ll feel of luxury the potent charm,
“ And turn the pow’r I give them to my harm.”
“ Fear not,” said *Mentor*: “ ’tis the poor pretence
“ Of flatterers vile with Princes of expence.
“ Who, to support extravagance so great,
“ Must load with taxes their unhappy state.
“ ’Tis answer’d thus---The laws we now decree
“ Leave none from cares of agriculture free. 1080
“ Blest

- " Blest as they are with necessary things,
 " Hence no excess, and no disorder springs.
 " All pomp is flown.---Their plenty will be less
 " When *Hymen* reigns, and families increase.
 " When each is num'rous, and their soil is scant;
 " All must incessant toil, or suffer want.
 " Sloth, and th' indulgence of their vain desire,
 " Make men revolt, and feed rebellion's fire.
 " Bread they will have, and plenty crown their board:
 " But this will nought superfluous afford. 1090
 " Nought but those fruits, the product of their lands,
 " By sweat obtain'd, and labour of their hands.
 " In temp'rance thus your people to retain,
 " For ev'ry house fit lands must you ordain.
 " In seven fair ranks your subjects may you view:
 " To each preserve we its precedence due.
 " Let then no member of whatever class
 " Presume some certain boundaries to pass:
 " Let none pretend his measure is too short,
 " But all have land sufficient for support. 1100
 " This rule once fix'd, the Peer's superior pow'r
 " Will ne'er be able to oppress the poor:
 " All will have ground, yet properly confin'd;
 " And thence t' improve it be the more inclin'd.
 " In future times, if your domain be strait,
 " Lead forth your tribes to aggrandize your state.
 " One thing beside must you observe with care;
 " That none of wine enjoy too great a share:

- " If vineyards now too numerous be found,
 " Give orders they be thinn'd, and rid the ground. 1110
 " For nought like wine disorders can create
 " Diseases, sloth, sedition, and debate.
 " This as a cordial-med'cine should you give
 " To solace sorrow, and the sick relieve :
 " Or keep it as a thing select, and nice,
 " For annual feast, and solemn sacrifice.
 " Yet hope not this important point to gain,
 " Unless yourself observe the golden mean.
 " In Virtue's paths to lead the rising age
 " No laws like those of *Minos* can engage. 1120
 " Those strictly keep. And public schools erect
 " T' improve their minds, their innocence protect.
 " In these of piety be lectures giv'n,
 " Respect of laws, and reverence of Heav'n.
 " Teach them in these to hold their honour dear :
 " To wealth, to pleasure, and to life prefer.
 " Next to your aid you Magistrates must call,
 " To watch the morals and the ways of all.
 " Watch them yourself,--for this your rule you hold,
 " That as a shepherd you should guard your fold. 1130
 " And day and night with vigilance attend,
 " Your flock from ev'ry danger to defend.
 " When thus a Monarch shall his care display,
 " To ills unnumber'd shall he stop the way.

IMITATION.

Verse 1110, *Sueton, in Domit, cap. 7.*

" Should

- " Should any crimes your diligence elude,
" Be they at once with vengeance due pursu'd.
" To punish some will clemency appear,
" If thus of vice you check the dread career.
" Blood shed in time great quantity may save,
" Without repeating, you'll obedience have. 1140
" But oh! th' infernal rule, whence is it grown,
" By sad oppression to preserve the Throne?
" Leave men in ign'rance, nor their minds improve
" By Virtue's laws, nor aim to gain their love?
" Drive them through fury, and forlorn despair,
" To kindle in the state rebellious war.
" Till free no more, they seize the fatal hour,
" To strip the tyrant of his boasted pow'r?
" Is this conducive to a tranquil reign,
" Are these the means true glory to attain? 1150
" This truth imprint then on your inmost soul;
" The nations aw'd with absolute controul
" Are those where Princes have the least to boast
" Of sov'reign pow'r, and rule a slavish host;
" Who seize all riches with rapacious hand,
" And reign alone in a deserted land.
" Then Science droops; the fertile field no more
" With fair increase the granary shall store.
" Dispeopled towns proclaim an iron reign,
" And languid Commerce feels the mighty drain. 1160
" When subjects fail, th' existence ends of Kings;
" From them their grandeur and their glory springs.
T

That Monarch sure is to himself a foe
Who stops the fountains whence his riches flow.
Of wealth and men th' unhappy realm deprive;
The last a wound incurable shall give.
For say what comfort can the Sov'reign have
Whose ev'ry subject is a lifeless slave?
They crouch indeed, and seemingly adore,
Shrink at his nod, and tremble at his pow'r: 1170
But rest a little, and with patience wait;
The meanest efforts shall unhinge a state.
This tame submission will be quickly past,
This pow'r prove too extravagant to last,
No refuge has it in the people's love;
Fatigu'd, enrag'd, they ev'ry prop remove:
Constrain'd are all by such tyrannic sway,
To hope advantage from some happier day.
Behold! at once, and with the slightest stroke,
Low at their feet the painted idol broke. 1180
Hate, rage, contempt shall animate the fight:
Distrust, and fear, all passions shall unite;
And who in zenith of his pow'r could find
No single friend that durst reveal his mind;
Shall, in distress, no single mortal know,
That will excuse or save him from the foe."
This converse o'er; as *Mentor* had ordain'd,
The *Cretan* Prince distributed his land.

IMITATION.

Verse 1174, *Hor. lib. 3, Ode. 4.*

With

With useless artists stock'd each vacant field,
And all directions hastily fulfill'd.
But for the builders kept their destin'd feat,
Till these their labours in the town compleat.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

