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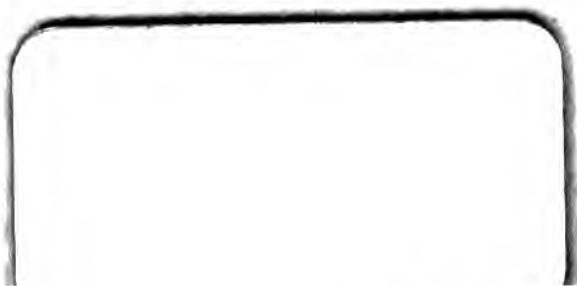
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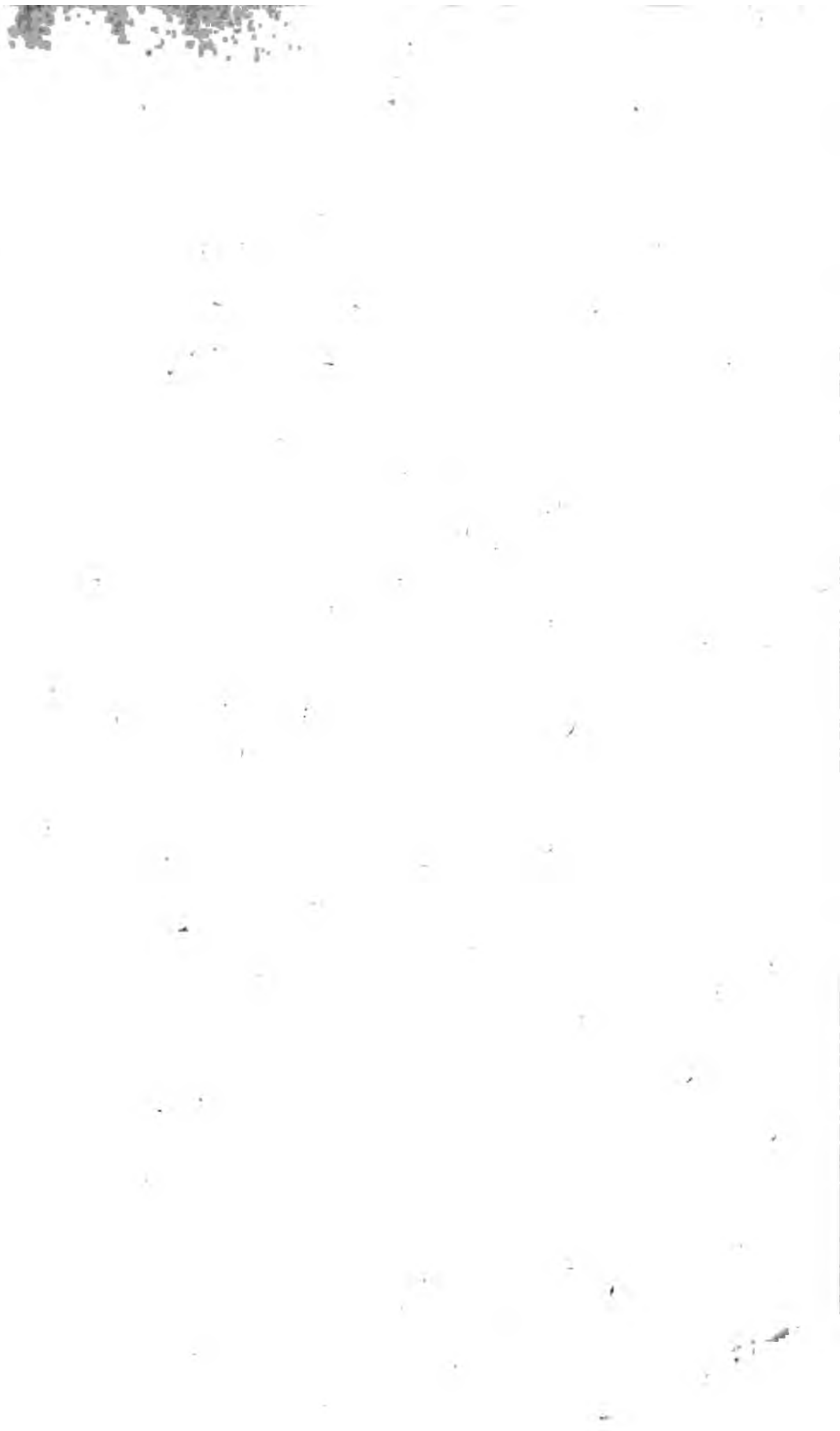


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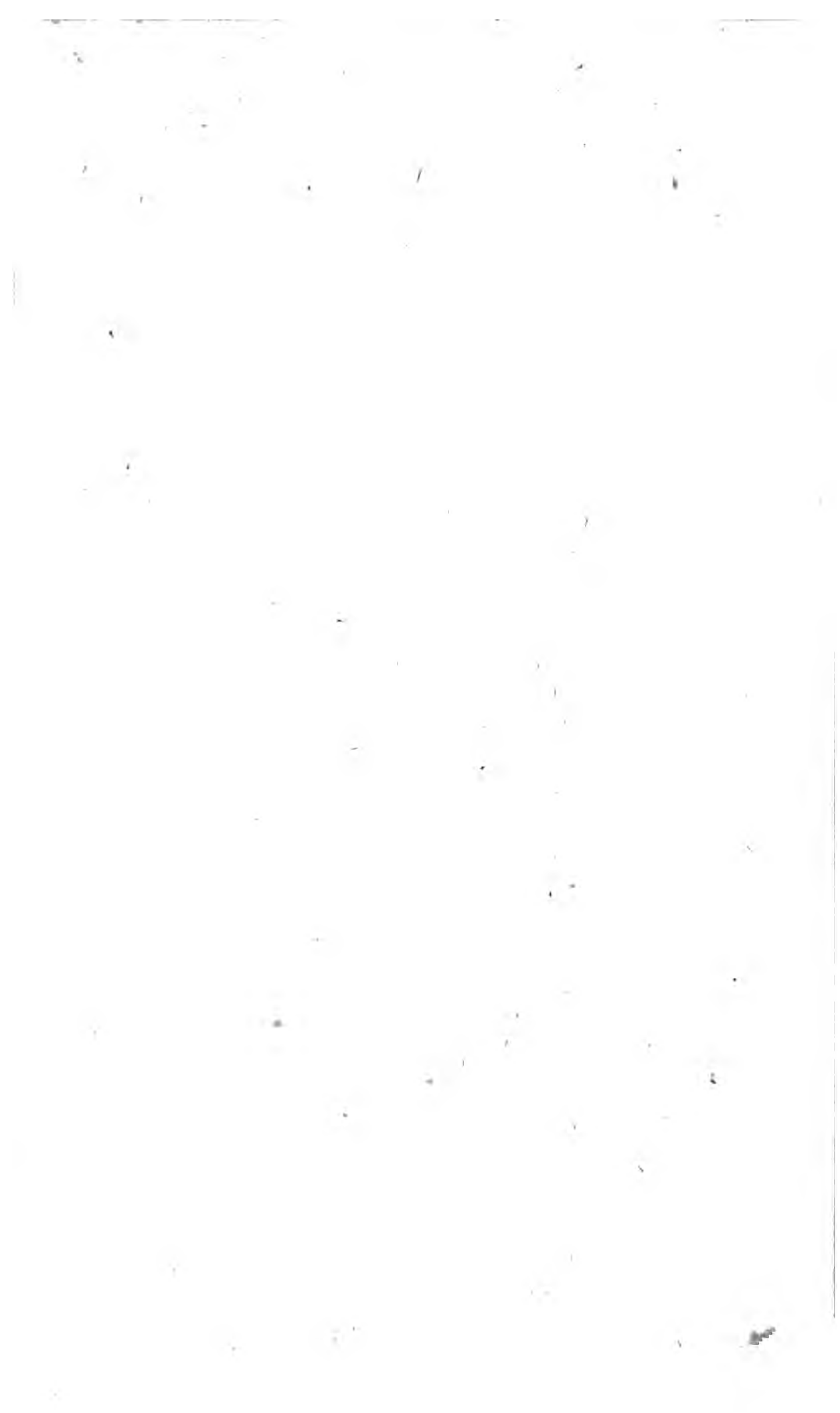


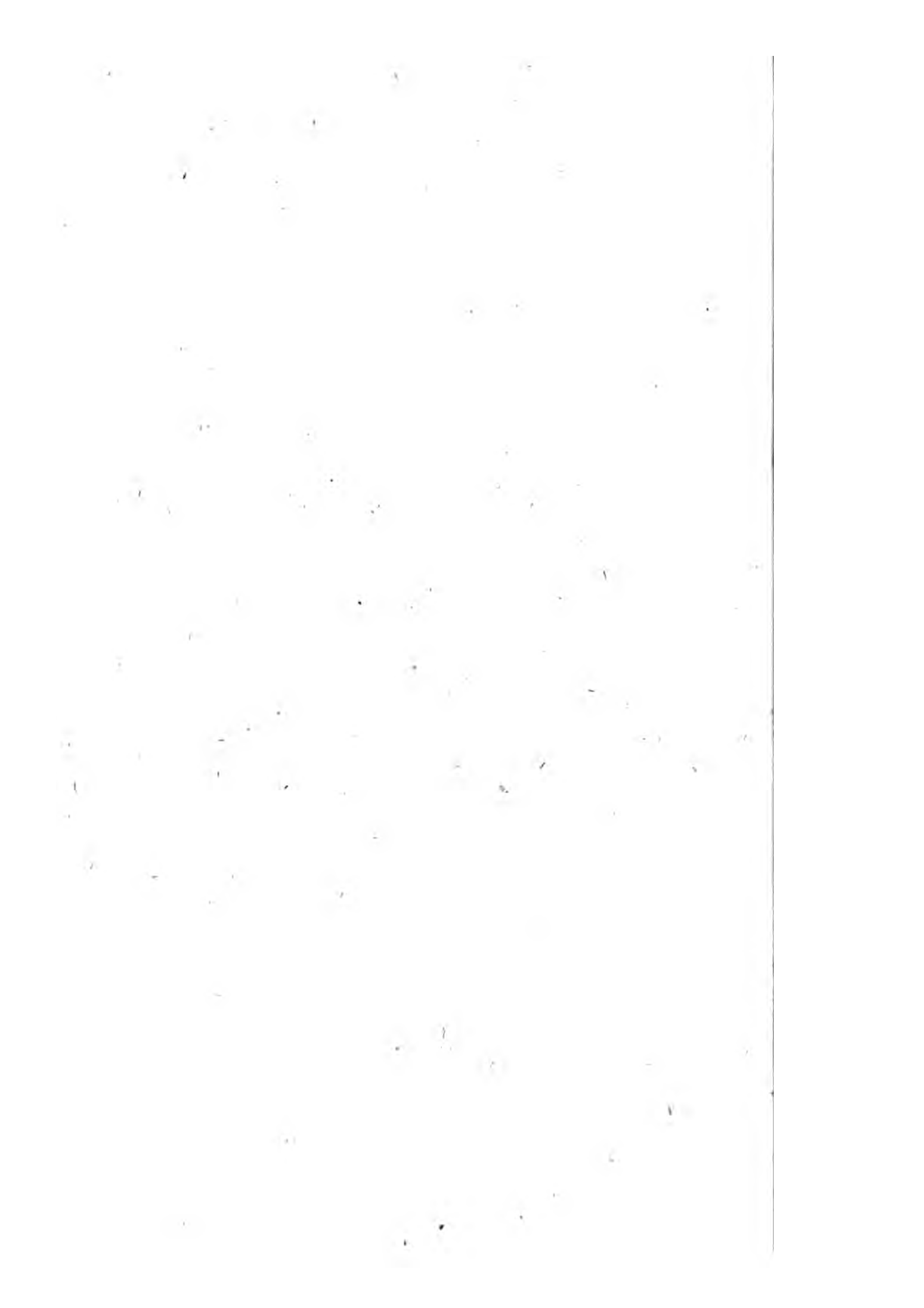
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THE  
WORKS  
OF THE  
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH  
P R E F A C E S,  
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,  
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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VOLUME THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

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L O N D O N:

PRINTED BY H. BALDWIN;

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M D C C L X X I X.





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L U C A N .

V O L U M E I .

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# LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

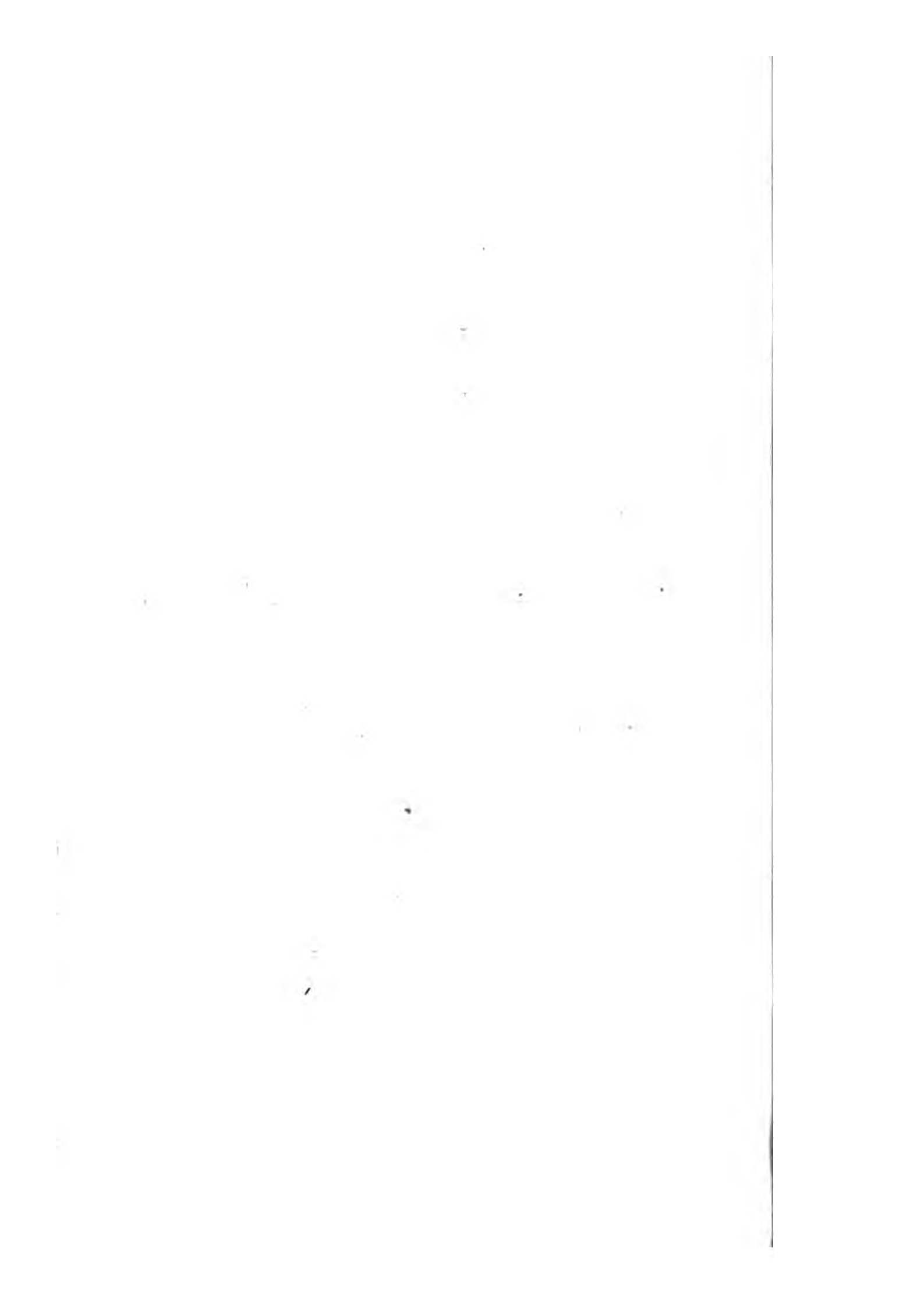
TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

By NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq;

“ Ne tanta animis assuefcite bella,

“ Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.”

VIRG.



## T O T H E K I N G .

S I R,

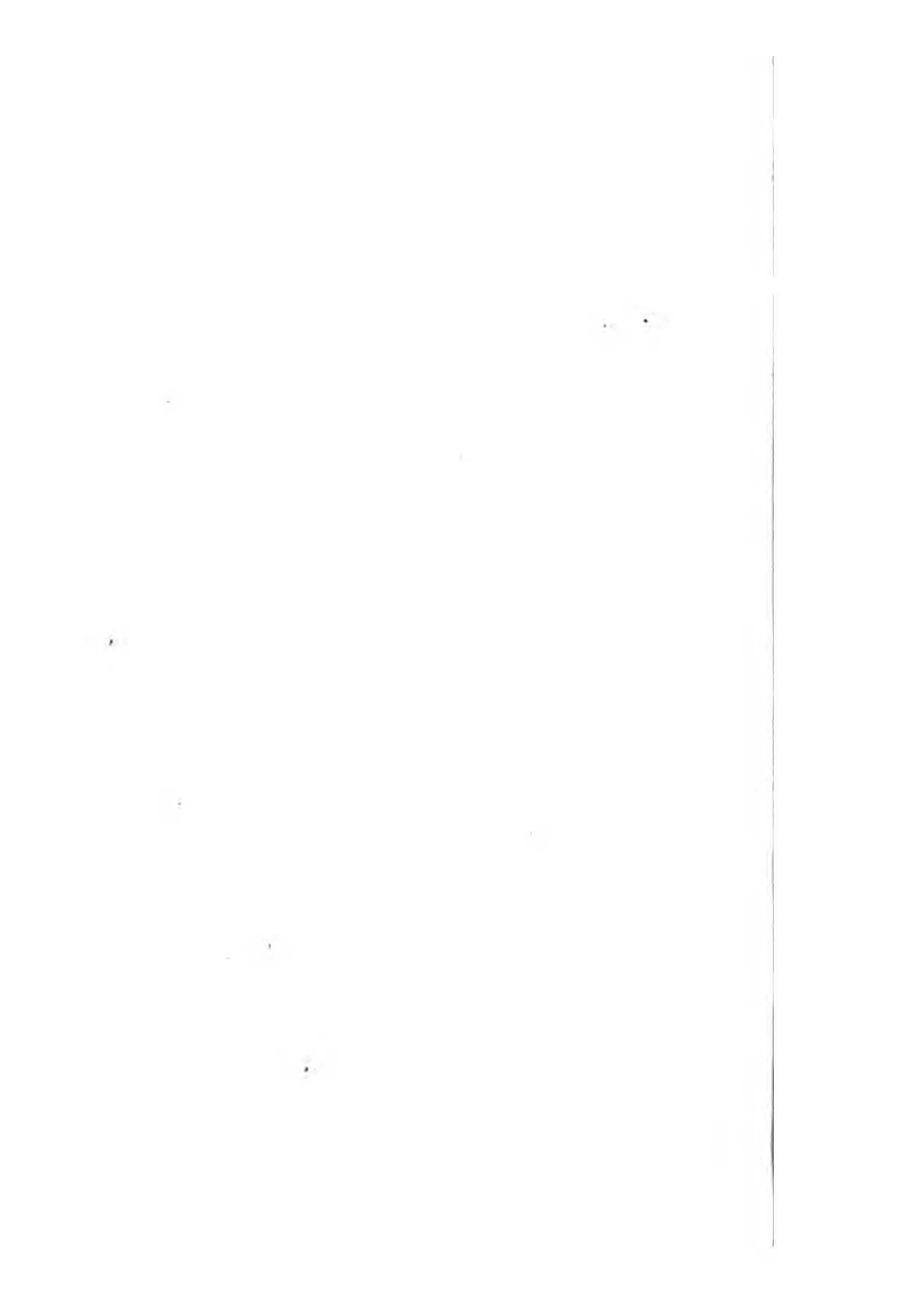
**W**HILE my deceased husband was engaged in the following long and laborious work, he was not a little supported in it, by the honour which he proposed to himself of dedicating it to your sacred Majesty. This design, which had given him so much pleasure for some years, out-lastcd his abilities to put it in execution: for, when his life was despaired of, and this part of the book remained unfinished, he expressed to me his desire, that this Translation should be laid at your Majesty's feet, as a mark of that zeal and veneration which he had always entertained for your Majesty's Royal Person and virtues. Had he lived to have made his own address to your Majesty upon this occasion, he would have been able in some measure to have done justice to that exalted character, which it becomes such as I am to admire in silence: being incapable of representing my dear husband in any thing, but in that profound humility and respect, with which I am,

May it please your Majesty,

Your Majesty's most dutiful

and most obedient servant,

ANNE ROWE.



## P R E F A C E,

GIVING SOME ACCOUNT OF

## LUCAN AND HIS WORKS.

BY JAMES WELWOOD, M.D.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF  
PHYSICIANS, LONDON.

I COULD not resist Mr. Rowe's request in his last sickness, nor the importunities of his friends since, to introduce into the world this his posthumous Translation of Lucan, with something by way of preface. I am very sensible how much it is out of my sphere, and that I want both leisure and materials, to do justice to the Author, or to the memory of the Translator. The works of both will best plead for them; the one having already out-lived seventeen ages, and both one and the other like to endure as long as there is any taste of liberty or polite learning left in the world. Hard has been the fate of many a great genius, that while they have conferred immortality on others, they have wanted themselves some friend to embalm their names to posterity. This has been the fate of Lucan, and perhaps may be that of Mr. Rowe.

All the accounts we have handed down to us of the first, are but very lame, and scattered in fragments of ancient authors. I am of opinion, that one



reason why his life is not to be found at any length, in the writings of his contemporaries, is the fear they were in of Nero's resentment, who could not bear to have the life of a man set in a true light, whom, together with his uncle Seneca, he had sacrificed to his revenge. Notwithstanding this, we have some hints in writers who lived near this time, that leave us not altogether in the dark, about the life and works of this extraordinary young man.

Marcus Annæus Lucan was of an equestrian family of Rome, born at Corduba in Spain, about the year of our Saviour 39, in the reign of Caligula. His family had been transplanted from Italy to Spain a considerable time before, and were invested with several dignities and employments in that remote province of the Roman empire. His father was Marcus Annæus Mela, or Mella, a man of a distinguished merit and interest in his country, and not the less in esteem for being the brother of the great philosopher Seneca. His mother was Acilia the daughter of Acilius Lucanus, one of the most eminent orators of his time: and it was from his grandfather that he took the name of Lucan. The story that is told of Hesiod and Homer, of a swarm of bees hovering about them in their cradle, is likewise told of Lucan, and probably with equal truth: but whether true or not, it is a proof of the high esteem paid to him by the ancients, as a poet.

He was hardly eight months old when he was brought from his native country to Rome, that he  
might

might take the first impression of the Latin tongue in the city where it was spoke in the greatest purity. I wonder then to find some critics detract from his language, as if it took a tincture from the place of his birth; nor can I be brought to think otherwise, than that the language he writes in, is as pure Roman as any that was writ in Nero's time. As he grew up, his parents educated him with a care that became a promising genius, and the rank of his family. His masters were Rhemmius Polæmon, the grammarian; then Flavius Virginius, the rhetorician; and lastly, Cornutus, the stoic philosopher; to which sect he ever after addicted himself.

It was in the course of these studies he contracted an intimate friendship with Aulus Persius, the satirist. It is no wonder that two men, whose geniuses were so much alike, should unite and become agreeable to one another; for if we consider Lucan critically, we shall find in him a strong bent towards Satire. His manner, it is true, is more declamatory and diffuse than Persius: but Satire is still in his view, and the whole *Pharsalia* appears to me a continued investive against ambition and unbounded power.

The progress he made in all parts of learning must needs have been very great, considering the pregnancy of his genius, and the nice care that was taken in cultivating it by a suitable education: nor is it to be questioned, but besides the masters I have named, he had likewise the example and instructions of his uncle Seneca, the most conspicuous man then of Rome for

learning, wit, and morals. Thus he set out in the world with the greatest advantages possible, a noble birth, an opulent fortune, great relations, and withal, the friendship and protection of an uncle, who, besides his other preferments in the empire, was favourite, as well as tutor, to the emperor. But Rhetoric seems to have been the art he excelled most in, and valued himself most upon; for all writers agree, he declaimed in public when but fourteen years old, both in Greek and Latin, with universal applause. To this purpose it is observable, that he has interspersed a great many orations in the *Pharsalia*, and these are acknowledged by all to be very shining parts of the Poem. Whence it is that *Quintilian*, the best judge in these matters, reckons him among the rhetoricians, rather than the poets, though he was certainly master of both these arts in a high degree.

His uncle *Seneca* being then in great favour with *Nero*, and having the care of that prince's education committed to him, it is probable he introduced his nephew to the court and acquaintance of the emperor; and it appears from an old fragment of his life, that he sent for him from *Athens*, where he was at his studies, to *Rome* for that purpose. Every one knows, that *Nero*, for the five first years of his reign, either really was, or pretended to be, endowed with all the amiable qualities that became an emperor and a philosopher. It must have been in this stage of *Nero's* life, that *Lucan* has offered up to him that *poetical incense* we find in the First Book of the *Pharsalia*; for  
it

## ROWE'S LUCAN.

It is not to be imagined, that a man of Lucan's temper would flatter Nero in so gross a manner, if he had then thrown off the mask of virtue, and appeared in such bloody colours as he afterwards did. No! Lucan's soul seems to have been cast in another mold; and he that durst, throughout the whole Pharsalia, espouse the party of Pompey, and the cause of Rome against Cæsar, could never have stooped so vilely low, as to celebrate a tyrant and a monster in such an open manner. I know some Commentators have judged that compliment to Nero to be meant ironically; but it seems to me plain to be in the greatest earnest: and it is more than probable, that if Nero had been as wicked at that time as he became afterwards, Lucan's life had paid for his irony. Now it is agreed on by all writers, that he continued for some time in the highest favour and friendship with Nero; and it was to that favour, as well as his merit, that he owed his being made Quæstor, and admitted into the College of Augurs, before he attained the age required for these offices: in the first of which posts he exhibited to the people of Rome a show of gladiators at a vast expence. It was in this sun-shine of life Lucan married Polla Argentaria, the daughter of Pollius Argentarius, a Roman Senator; a lady of noble birth, great fortune, and famed beauty; who, to add to her other excellencies, was accomplished in all parts of learning; insomuch, that the three First Books of the Pharsalia are said to have been revised and corrected by her in his life-time.

How

How he came to decline in Nero's favour, we have no account that I know of in history; and it is agreed by all that he lost it gradually, till he became his utter aversion. No doubt, Lucan's virtue, and his principles of liberty, must make him hated by a man of Nero's temper. But there appears to have been a great deal of envy in the case, blended with his other prejudices against him, upon the account of his poetry.

Though the spirit and height of the Roman poetry was somewhat declined from what it had been in the time of Augustus, yet it was still an art beloved and cultivated. Nero himself was not only fond of it to the highest degree, but, as most bad poets are, was vain and conceited of his performances in that kind. He valued himself more upon his skill in that art, and in music, than on the purple he wore; and bore it better to be thought a bad emperor, than a bad poet or musician. Now Lucan, though then in favour, was too honest and too open to applaud the bombast stuff that Nero was every day repeating in public. Lucan appears to have been much of the temper of Philoxenus, the philosopher; who, for not approving the verses of Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse, was by his order condemned to the mines. Upon the promise of amendment, the philosopher was set at liberty; but Dionysius repeating to him some of his wretched performances in full expectation of having them approved, "Enough," cries out Philoxenus, "carry me back to the mines." But Lucan carried this point further, and had the imprudence to dispute  
the

the prize of eloquence with Nero in a solemn public assembly. The judges in that trial were so just and bold as to adjudge the reward to Lucan, which was *Fame* and a *Wreath of Laurel*; but in return he lost for ever the favour of his competitor. He soon felt the effects of the emperor's resentment, for the next day he had an order sent him, never more to plead at the bar, nor repeat any of his performances in public, as all the eminent orators and poets were used to do. It is no wonder that a young man, an admirable poet, and one conscious enough of a superior genius, should be stung to the quick by this barbarous treatment. In revenge, he omitted no occasion to treat Nero's verses with the utmost contempt, and expose them and their author to ridicule.

In this behaviour towards Nero, he was seconded by his friend Persius; and no doubt, they diverted themselves often alone at the emperor's expence. Persius went so far, that he dared to attack openly some of Nero's verses in his first Satire, where he brings-in his friend and himself repeating them. I believe a sample of them may not be unacceptable to the reader, as translated thus by Mr. Dryden :

FRIEND. But to raw numbers and unfinish'd verse,  
Sweet sound is added now, to make it terse.

'Tis tagg'd with rhyme like Berecynthian Atys,  
The mid part chimes with art that never flat is.

“ The Dolphin brave,

“ That cut the liquid wave,

“ Or

“ Or he who in his line,  
 “ Can chime the long-rib Apennine.”

PERSIUS. All this is dogrel stuff.

FRIEND. What if I bring  
 A nobler verse? “ Arms and the man I sing.”

PERSIUS. Why name you Virgil with such fops as these!  
 He ’s truly great, and must for ever please;  
 Not fierce, but awful in his manly page,  
 Bold in his strength, but sober in his rage.

FRIEND. What poems think you soft? and to be read  
 With languishing regards, and bending head?

PER. “ Their crooked horns the Mimallonian crew  
 “ With blasts inspir’d: and Bassaris, who slew  
 “ The scornful calf, with sword advanc’d on high,  
 “ Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.  
 “ And Mænas, when with ivy bridles bound,  
 “ She led the spotted Lynx, then Evion rung around,  
 “ Evion from woods and floods repairing echoes found. } ”

The verses marked with commas are Nero’s, and it is no wonder that men of so delicate a taste as Lucan and Persius could not digest them, though made by an emperor.

About this time the world was grown weary of Nero, for a thousand monstrous cruelties of his life, and the continued abuse of the imperial power. Rome had groaned long under the weight of them, till at length several of the first rank, headed by Piso, formed a conspiracy to rid the world of that abandoned wretch. Lucan hated him upon a double score; as

his country's enemy and his own, and went heartily into the design. When it was just ripe for execution, it came to be discovered by some of the accomplices, and Lucan was found among the first of the conspirators. They were condemned to die, and Lucan had the choice of the manner of his death. Upon this occasion some authors have taxed him with an action, which, if true, had been an eternal stain upon his name, that, to save his life, he informed against his mother. This story seems to me to be a meer calumny, and invented only to detract from his fame. It is certainly the most unlikely thing in the world, considering the whole conduct of his life, and that noble scheme of philosophy and morals he had imbibed from his infancy, and which shines in every page of his *Pharsalia*. It is probable, Nero himself, or some of his flatterers, might invent the story, to blacken his rival to posterity; and some unwary authors have afterwards taken it up on trust, without examining into the truth of it. We have several fragments of his life, where this particular is not to be found; and, which makes it still the more improbable to me, the writers that mention it, have tacked to it another calumny yet more improbable, that he accused her unjustly. As this accusation contradicts the whole tenor of his life, so it does the manner of his death. It is universally agreed, that, having chose to have the arteries of his arms and legs opened in a hot bath, he supped cheerfully with his friends, and then, taking leave of them with the greatest tranquillity of mind  
and



and the highest contempt of death, went into the bath, and submitted to the operation. When he found the extremities of his body growing cold, and death's last alarm in every part, he called to mind a passage of his own in the IXth Book of the Pharfalia, which he repeated to the standers-by, with the same grace and accent, with which he used to declaim in public, and immediately expired, in the 27th year of his age, and tenth of Nero. The passage was that where he describes a soldier of Cato's dying much after the same manner, being bit by a serpent, and is thus translated by Mr. Rowe :

“ So the warm blood at once from every part  
 “ Ran purple poison down, and drain'd the fainting heart.  
 “ Blood falls for tears, and o'er his mournful face  
 “ The ruddy drops their tainted passage trace.  
 “ Where-e'er the liquid juices find a way,  
 “ There streams of blood, there crimson rivers stray.  
 “ His mouth and gushing nostrils pour a flood,  
 “ And ev'n the pores ouse out the trickling blood ;  
 “ In the red deluge, all the parts lie drown'd,  
 “ And the whole body seems one bleeding wound.”

He was buried in his garden at Rome ; and there was lately to be seen, in the church of Santo Paulo, an ancient marble with the following inscription :

MARCO ANNAEO LVCANO CORDVBENSI POETAE,  
 BENEFICIO NERONIS, FAMA SERVATA.

This inscription, if done by Nero's order, shows, that, even in spite of himself, he paid a secret homage

to

to Lucan's genius and virtue, and would have atoned in some measure for the injuries and the death he gave him. But he needed no marble or inscription to perpetuate his memory; his *Pharfalia* will out-live all these.

Lucan wrote several books, that have perished by the injury of time, and of which nothing remains but the titles. The first we are told he wrote, was a Poem on the Combat between Achilles and Hector, and Priam's redeeming his Son's Body, which, it is said, he wrote before he had attained eleven years of age. The rest were, The Descent of Orpheus into Hell; The burning of Rome, in which he is said not to have spared Nero that set it on fire; and a Poem in Praise of his Wife Polla Argentaria. He wrote likewise several Books of *Saturnalia*; ten Books of *Sylvæ*; an imperfect Tragedy of Medea; a Poem upon the burning of Troy, and the Fate of Priam; to which some have added the Panegyric to Calphurnius Piso, yet extant, which I can hardly believe is his, but of a later age. But the Book he staked his fame on was his *Pharfalia*; the only one that now remains, and which Nero's cruelty has left us imperfect in respect of what it would have been, if he had lived to finish it.

Statius in his *Sylvæ* gives us the catalogue of Lucan's works in an elegant manner, introducing the Muse Calliope accosting him to this purpose:—  
 “ When thou art scarce past the age of childhood  
 “ (says Calliope to Lucan) thou shalt play with the  
 “ valour

“ valour of Achilles, and Hector’s skill in driving  
 “ of a chariot. Thou shalt draw Priam at the feet  
 “ of his unrelenting Conqueror, begging the dead  
 “ body of his darling son. Thou shalt set open the  
 “ gates of hell for Eurydice, and thy Orpheus shall  
 “ have the preference in a full theatre, in spite of  
 “ Nero’s envy ;” alluding to the dispute for the prize  
 between him and Nero, where the piece exhibited by  
 Lucan was Orpheus’s descent into hell. “ Thou  
 “ shalt relate (continues Calliope) that flame which  
 “ the execrable tyrant kindled, to lay in ashes the  
 “ mistress of the world ; nor shalt thou be silent in  
 “ the praises that are justly due to thy beloved wife ;  
 “ and when thou hast attained to riper years, thou  
 “ shalt sing, in a lofty strain, the fatal fields of Philippi,  
 “ white with Roman bones, the dreadful battle of  
 “ Pharsalia, and the thundering wars of that great  
 “ captain, who, by the renown of his arms, merited  
 “ to be inrolled among the gods. In that work  
 “ (continues Calliope) thou shalt paint, in never-  
 “ fading colours, the austere virtues of Cato, who  
 “ scorned to out-live the liberties of his country ; and  
 “ the fate of Pompey, once the darling of Rome.  
 “ Thou shalt, like a true Roman, weep over the  
 “ crime of the young tyrant Ptolemy ; and shalt  
 “ raise to Pompey, by the power of thy eloquence,  
 “ a higher monument than the Egyptian pyramids.  
 “ The poetry of Ennius (adds Calliope) and the  
 “ learned fire of Lucretius, the one that conducted  
 “ the Argonauts through such vast seas to the con-  
 “ quest

“ quest of the golden fleece, the other that could  
 “ strike an infinite number of forms from the first  
 “ atoms of matter, both of them shall give place to  
 “ thee without the least envy, and even the divine  
 “ Æneid shall pay thee a just respect.”

Thus far Statius concerning Lucan's work; and even Lucan in two places of the Pharsalia has promised himself immortality to his Poem. The first is in the Seventh Book, which I beg leave to give in prose, though Mr. Rowe has done it a thousand times better in verse. “ One day (says he) when these wars shall  
 “ be spoken-of in ages yet to come, and among na-  
 “ tions far remote from this clime, whether from the  
 “ voice of fame alone, or the real value I have given  
 “ them by this my history, those that read it shall  
 “ alternately hope and fear for the great events therein  
 “ contained. In vain (continues he) shall they offer  
 “ up their vows for the righteous cause, and stand  
 “ thunderstruck at so many various turns of fortune;  
 “ nor shall they read them as things that are already  
 “ past, but with that concern as if they were yet to  
 “ come, and shall range themselves, O Pompey, on  
 “ thy side.”

The other passage, which is in the Ninth Book, may be translated thus: “ Oh! Cæsar, profane thou  
 “ not through envy the funeral monuments of these  
 “ great patriots, that fell here sacrifices to thy ambi-  
 “ tion. If there may be allowed any renown to a  
 “ Roman Muse, while Homer's verses shall be  
 “ thought worthy of praise, they that shall live after

“ us, shall read his and mine together: My Pharfalia shall live, and no time nor age shall consign it to oblivion.”

This is all that I can trace from the ancients, or himself, concerning Lucan's life and writings; and indeed there is scarce any one author, either ancient or modern, that mentions him but with the greatest respect and the highest encomiums, of which it would be tedious to give more instances.

I design not to enter into any criticism on the Pharfalia, though I had ever so much leisure or ability for it. I hate to oblige a certain set of men, that read the ancients only to find fault with them, and seem to live only on the excrements of authors. I beg leave to tell these gentlemen, that Lucan is not to be tried by those rules of an Epic Poem, which they have drawn from the Iliad or Æneid; for if they allow him not the honour to be on the same foot with Homer or Virgil, they must do him the justice at least, as not to try him by laws founded on their model. The Pharfalia is properly an Historical Heroic Poem, because the subject is a known true story. Now with our late critics, Truth is an unnecessary trifle for an Epic Poem, and ought to be thrown aside as a curb to invention. To have every part a mere web of their own brain, is with them a distinguishing mark of a mighty genius in the Epic way. Hence it is, these critics observe, that the favourite poems of that kind do always produce in the mind of the reader the highest wonder and surprize; and the more improbable  
the

the story is, still the more wonderful and surprizing. Much good may this notion of theirs do them; but, to my taste, a fact very extraordinary in its kind, that is attended with surprizing circumstances, big with the highest events, and conducted with all the arts of the most consummate wisdom, does not strike the less strong, but leaves a more lasting impression on my mind, for being true.

If Lucan therefore wants these ornaments, he might have borrowed from Helicon, or his own invention; he has made us more than ample amends, by the great and true events that fall within the compass of his story. I am of opinion, that, in his first design of writing this poem of the civil wars, he resolved to treat the subject fairly and plainly, and that fable and invention were to have had no share in the work: but the force of custom, and the design he had to induce the generality of readers to fall in love with liberty, and abhor slavery, the principal design of the poem, induced him to embellish it with some fables, that without them his books would not be so universally read: so much was fable the delight of the Roman people.

If any shall object to his privilege of being examined and tried as an historian, that he has given in to the poetical province of invention and fiction, in the Sixth book, where Sixtus enquires of the Thessalian witch Erietho the event of the civil war, and the fate of Rome; it may be answered, that perhaps the story was true, or at least it was commonly believed to be so in his

time, which is a sufficient excuse for Lucan to have inserted it. It is true, no other author mentions it. But it is usual to find some one passage in one historian, that is not mentioned in any other, though they treat of the same subject. For though I am fully persuaded that all these Oracles and Responses, so famous in the pagan world, were the mere cheats of priests; yet the belief of them, and of magic and witchcraft, was universally received at that time. Therefore Lucan may very well be excused for falling in with a popular error, whether he himself believed it or no, especially when it served to enliven and embellish his story. If it be an error, it is an error all the ancients have fallen into, both Greek and Roman: And Livy, the prince of the Latin historians, abounds in such relations. That it is not below the dignity and veracity of an historian to mention such things, we have a late instance in a noble author of our time, who has likewise wrote the civil wars of his country, and intermixt in it the story of the ghost of the duke of Buckingham's father.

In general, all the actions that Lucan relates in the course of his history are true; nor is it any impeachment of his veracity, that sometimes he differs in place, manner, or circumstances of actions, from other writers, any more than it is an imputation on them, that they differ from him. We ourselves have seen, in the course of the late two famous wars, how differently almost every battle and siege has been represented, and sometimes by those of the same side, when at the same  
time

time there be a thousand living witnesses, ready to contradict any falsehood, that partiality should impose upon the world. This I may affirm, the most important events, and the whole thread of action in Lucan, are agreeable to the universal consent of all authors, that have treated of the civil wars of Rome. If now and then he differs from them in lesser incidents or circumstances, let the critics in history decide the question: for my part, I am willing to take them for anecdotes first discovered and published by Lucan, which may at least conciliate to him the favour of our late admirers of Secret History.

After all I have said on this head, I cannot but in some measure call in question some parts of Cæsar's character as drawn by Lucan; which seem to me not altogether agreeable to truth, nor to the universal consent of history. I wish I could vindicate him in some of his personal representations of men, and Cæsar in particular, as I can do in the narration of the principal events and series of his story. He is not content only to deliver him down to posterity, as the subverter of the laws and liberties of his country, which he truly was, and than which, no greater infamy can possibly be cast upon any name: but he describes him as pursuing that abominable end, by the most execrable methods, and some that were not in Cæsar's nature to be guilty of. Cæsar was certainly a man far from revenge, or delight in blood; and he made appear, in the exercise of the supreme power, a noble and generous inclination to clemency upon all occasions: even



Lucan, though never so much his enemy, has not omitted his generous usage of Domitius at Corfinium, or of Afranius and Petreius, when they were his prisoners in Spain. What can be then said for Lucan, when he represents him riding in triumph over the field of Pharsalia, the day after the battle, taking delight in that horrid landscape of Slaughter and Blood, and forbidding the bodies of so many brave Romans to be either buried or burnt? Not any one passage of Cæsar's life gives countenance to a story like this: and how commendable soever the zeal of a writer may be, against the oppressor of his country, it ought not to have transported him to such a degree of malevolence, as to paint the most merciful conqueror that ever was, in colours proper only for the most savage natures. But the effects of prejudice and partiality are unaccountable; and there is not a day of life, in which even the best of men are not guilty of them in some degree or other. How many instances have we in history of the best princes treated as the worst of men, by the pens of authors that were highly prejudiced against them!

Shall we wonder then, that the Roman people, smarting under the lashes of Nero's tyranny, should exclaim in the bitterest terms against the memory of Julius Cæsar, since it was from him that Nero derived that power to use mankind as he did? Those that lived in Lucan's time, did not consider so much what Cæsar was in his own person, or temper, as what he was the occasion of to them. It is very probable, there

there were a great many dreadful stories of him handed about by tradition among the multitude ; and even men of sense might give credit to them so far as to forget his clemency, and remember his ambition, to which they imputed all the cruelties and devastations committed by his successors. Resentments of this kind in the soul of a man, fond of the ancient constitution of the commonwealth, such as Lucan was, might betray him to believe, upon too slight grounds, whatever was to the disadvantage of one he looked upon as the subverter of that constitution. It was in that quality, and for that crime alone, that Brutus afterwards stabbed him ; for personal prejudice against him he had none, and had been highly obliged by him : and it was upon that account alone, that Cato scorned to owe his life to him, though he well knew, Cæsar would have esteemed it one of the greatest felicities of his, to have had it in his power to pardon him. I would not be thought to make an apology for Lucan's thus traducing the memory of Cæsar ; but would only beg the same indulgence to his partiality, that we are willing to allow to most other authors ; for I cannot help believing all historians are more or less guilty of it.

I beg leave to observe one thing further on this head, that it is odd, Lucan should thus mistake this part of Cæsar's character, and yet do him so much justice in the rest. His greatness of mind, his intrepid courage, his indefatigable activity, his magnanimity, his generosity, his consummate knowledge

in the art of war, and the power and grace of his eloquence, are all set forth in the best light, upon every proper occasion. He never makes him speak, but it is with all the strength of argument, and all the flowers of rhetoric. It were tedious to enumerate every instance of this; and I shall only mention the speech to his army before the battle of Pharsalia, which in my opinion surpasses all I ever read, for the easy nobleness of expression, the proper topics to animate his soldiers, and the force of an inimitable eloquence.

Among Lucan's few mistakes in matters of fact, may be added those of geography and astronomy; but finding Mr. Rowe has taken some notice of them in his notes, I shall say nothing of them. Lucan had neither time nor opportunity to visit the scenes where the actions he describes were done, as some other historians both Greek and Roman had, and therefore it was no wonder he might commit some minute errors in these matters. As to astronomy, the schemes of that noble science were but very conjectural in his time, and not reduced to that mathematical certainty they have been since.

The method and disposition of a work of this kind, must be much the same with those observed by other historians, with one difference only, which I submit to better judgments: an historian who like Lucan has chosen to write in verse, though he is obliged to have strict regard to truth in every thing he relates, yet perhaps he is not obliged to mention all facts, as  
other

other historians are. He is not tied down to relate every minute passage, or circumstance, if they be not absolutely necessary to the main story; especially if they are such as would appear heavy and flat, and consequently incumber his genius, or his verse. All these trifling parts of action would take off from the pleasure and entertainment, which is the main scope of that manner of writing. Thus the particulars of an army's march, the journal of a siege, or the situation of a camp, where they are not subservient to the relation of some great and important event, had better be spared than inserted in a work of that kind. In a prose writer, these perhaps ought, or at least may be properly and agreeably enough mentioned; of which we have innumerable instances in most ancient historians, and particularly in Thucydides and Livy.

There is a fault in Lucan against this rule, and that is his long and unnecessary enumeration of the several parts of Gaul, where Cæsar's army was drawn together in the First Book. It is enlivened, it is true, with some beautiful verses he throws in, about the ancient Bards and Druids; but still in the main it is dry, and but of little consequence to the story itself. The many different people and cities there mentioned were not Cæsar's confederates, as those in the third book were Pompey's; and these last are particularly named, to express how many nations espoused the side of Pompey. Those reckoned up in Gaul were only the places where Cæsar's troops had been quartered, and Lucan might with as great propriety have mentioned

tioned the different routes by which they marched, as the garrisons from which they were drawn. This therefore, in my opinion, had been better left out; and I cannot but likewise think, that the digression of Theffaly, and an account of its first inhabitants, is too prolix, and not of any great consequence to his purpose. I am sure, it signifies but little to the civil war in general, or the battle of Pharfalia in particular, to know how many rivers there are in Theffaly, or which of its mountains lies East or West.

But if these be faults in Lucan, they are such as will be found in the most admired poets, nay, and thought excellencies in them; and besides, he has made us most ample amends in the many extraordinary beauties of his poem. The story itself is Noble and Great; for what can there be in history more worthy of our knowledge and attention, than a war of the highest importance to mankind, carried-on between the two greatest Leaders that ever were, and by a people the most renowned for arts and arms, and who were at that time masters of the world? What a poor subject is that of the *Æneid*, when compared with this of the Pharfalia! And what a despicable figure does Agamemnon, Homer's King of Kings, make, when compared with chiefs, who, by saying only, "be thou a King," made far greater kings than him! The scene of the *Iliad* contained but Greece, some islands in the *Ægean* and *Ionian* seas, with a very little part of the Lesser Asia: this of the civil war of Rome drew after it almost all the nations of the then known world.

Troy

Troy was but a little town, of the little kingdom of Phrygia; whereas Rome was then mistress of an empire, that reached from the straits of Hercules, and the Atlantic ocean, to the Euphrates, and from the bottom of the Euxine and the Caspian seas, to Æthiopia and Mount Atlas. The inimitable Virgil is yet more straitened in his subject. Æneas, a poor fugitive from Troy, with a handful of followers, settles at last in Italy; and all the empire that immortal pen could give him, is but a few miles upon the banks of the Tiber. So vast a disproportion there is between the importance of the subject of the Æneid and that of the Pharfalia, that we find one single Roman, Crassus, master of more slaves on his estate, than Virgil's hero had subjects. In fine, it may be said, nothing can excuse him for his choice, but that he designed his hero for the ancestor of Rome, and the Julian race.

I cannot leave this parallel, without taking notice, to what a height of power the Roman empire was then arrived, in an instance of Cæsar himself, when but proconsul of Gaul, and before it is thought he ever dreamed of what he afterwards attained to: it is in one of Cicero's letters to him, wherein he repeats the words of Cæsar's letters to him some time before. The words are these; "As to what concerns Marcus  
 "Furius, whom you recommended to me, I will, if  
 "you please, make him king of Gaul; but, if you  
 "would have me advance any other friend of yours,  
 "send him to me." It was no new thing for citizens of Rome, such as Cæsar was, to dispose of kingdoms

as they pleased; and Cæsar himself had taken away Deiotarus's kingdom from him, and given it to a private gentleman of Pergamum. But there is one surprizing instance more, of the prodigious greatness of the Roman power, in the affair of king Antiochus, and that long before the height it arrived to, at the breaking forth of the civil war. That prince was master of all Egypt; and, marching to the conquest of Phœnicia, Cyprus, and the other appendixes of that empire, Popilius overtakes him in his full march, with letters from the senate, and refuses to give him his hand till he had read them. Antiochus, startled at the command that was contained in them, to stop the progress of his victories, asked a short time to consider of it. Popilius makes a circle about him with a stick he had in his hand, "Return me an answer," said he, "before thou stirrest out of this circle, or the Roman people are no more thy friends." Antiochus, after a short pause, told him with the lowest submission, he would obey the senate's commands. Upon which, Popilius gives him his hand, and salutes him a friend of Rome. After Antiochus had given up so great a monarchy, and such a torrent of success, upon receiving only a few words in writing, he had indeed reason to send word to the senate, as he did by his ambassadors, that he had obeyed their commands, with the same submission, as if they had been sent him from the immortal gods.

To leave this digression. It were the height of arrogance to detract ever so little from Homer or Virgil, who

who have kept possession of the first places, among the poets of Greece and Rome, for so many ages: yet I hope I may be forgiven, if I say there are several passages in both, that appear to me trivial, and below the dignity that shines almost in every page of Lucan. It were to take both the Iliad and Æneid in pieces, to prove this: but I shall only take notice of one instance, and that is, the different colouring of Virgil's hero, and Lucan's Cæsar, in a storm. Æneas is drawn weeping, and in the greatest confusion and despair, though he had assurance from the gods that he should one day settle and raise a new empire in Italy. Cæsar, on the contrary, is represented perfectly sedate, and free from fear. His courage and magnanimity brighten-up as much upon this occasion, as afterwards they did at the battles of Pharsalia and Munda. Courage would have cost Virgil nothing, to have bestowed it on his hero; and he might as easily have thrown him upon the coast of Carthage in a calm temper of mind, as in a panic fear.

St. Evremont is very severe upon Virgil on this account, and has criticized upon his character of Æneas in this manner. When Virgil tells us,

“ Extemplo Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra,

“ Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad sidera palmas, &c.”

“ Seized as he is,” says St. Evremont, “ with this  
 “ chilness through all his limbs, the first sign of life  
 “ we find in him, is his groaning; then he lifts up his  
 “ hands to heaven, and, in all appearance, would  
 “ implore



“ implore its succour, if the condition wherein the  
 “ good hero finds himself, would afford him strength  
 “ enough to raise his mind to the gods, and pray  
 “ with attention. His soul, which could not apply  
 “ itself to any thing else, abandons itself to lamen-  
 “ tations; and like those desolate widows, who upon  
 “ the first trouble they meet with, wish they were in  
 “ the grave with their dear husbands, the poor Æneas  
 “ bewails his not having perished before Troy with  
 “ Hector, and esteems them very happy who left their  
 “ bones in the bosom of so sweet and dear a country.  
 “ Some people,” adds he, “ may perhaps believe he  
 “ says so, because he envies their happiness; but I  
 “ am persuaded, says St. Evremont, it is for fear  
 “ of the danger that threatens him.” The same au-  
 thor, after he has exposed his want of courage, adds,  
 “ The good Æneas hardly ever concerns himself in  
 “ any important or glorious design: it is enough for  
 “ him that he discharges his conscience in the office  
 “ of a pious, tender, and compassionate man. He  
 “ carries his father on his shoulders, he conjugally  
 “ laments his dear Creüsa, he causes his nurse to be  
 “ interred, and makes a funeral pile for his trusty  
 “ pilot Palinurus, for whom he sheds a thousand  
 “ tears. Here is (says he) a sorry hero in paganism,  
 “ who would have made an admirable saint among  
 “ some christians.” In short, it is St. Evremont’s  
 opinion, “ he was fitter to make a founder of an order  
 “ than a state.”

Thus far, and perhaps too far, St. Evremont: I

beg leave to take notice, that the storm in Lucan is drawn in stronger colours, and strikes the mind with greater horror, than that of Virgil; notwithstanding the first has no supernatural cause assigned for it, and the latter is raised by a god, at the instigation of a goddess, that was both wife and sister of Jupiter.

In the *Pharsalia*, most of the transactions and events, that compose the relation, are wonderful and surprising, though true, as well as instructive and entertaining. To enumerate them all, were to transcribe the work itself, and therefore I shall only hint at some of the most remarkable. With what dignity, and justness of character, are the two great rivals, Pompey and Cæsar, introduced in the First Book; and how beautifully, and with what a masterly art, are they opposed to one another? add to this, the justest similitudes by which their different characters are illustrated in the Second and Ninth Book. Who can but admire the figure that Cato's virtue makes, in more places than one? And I persuade myself, if Lucan had lived to finish his design, the death of that illustrious Roman had made one of the most moving, as well as one of the most sublime episodes of his poem. In the Third Book Pompey's dream, Cæsar's breaking open the temple of Saturn, the siege of Marseilles, the sea-fight, and the sacred grove, have each of them their particular excellence, that in my opinion come very little short of any thing we find in Homer or Virgil.

In the Fourth Book, there are a great many charming incidents, and among the rest, that of the soldiers  
running

running out of their camp to meet and embrace one another, and the deplorable story of Vulteius. The Fifth Book affords us a fine account of the oracle of Delphi, its origin, the manner of its delivering answers, and the reason of its then silence. Then, upon the occasion of a mutiny in Cæsar's camp near Placentia, in his manner of passing the Adriatic in a small boat, amidst the storm I hinted at, he has given us the noblest and best image of that great man. But what affects me above all, is the parting of Pompey and Cornelia, in the end of the Book. It has something in it as moving and tender, as ever was felt, or perhaps imagined.

In the description of the witch Erietho, in the Sixth Book, we have a beautiful picture of horror; for even works of that kind have their beauties in poetry, as well as in painting. The Seventh Book is most taken up with what relates to the famous battle of Pharsalia, which decided the fate of Rome. It is so related, that the reader may rather think himself a spectator of, or even engaged in, the battle, than so remote from the age in which it was fought. There is, towards the end of this Book, a noble majestic description of the general Conflagration, and of that last catastrophe, which must put an end to this frame of heaven and earth. To this is added, in the most elevated style, his sentiments of the "Immortality of the Soul," and of rewards and punishments after this life. All these are touched with the nicest delicacy of expression and thought, especially that about the universal

versal Conflagration ; and agrees with what we find of it in Holy Writ. In so much that I am willing to believe Lucan might have conversed with St. Peter at Rome, if it be true he was ever there ; or he might have seen that Epistle of his, wherein he gives us the very same idea of it.

In the Eighth Book, our passions are again touched with the misfortunes of Cornelia and Pompey ; but especially with the death, and unworthy funeral, of the latter. In this Book is likewise drawn, with the greatest art, the character of young Ptolemy and his ministers ; particularly that of the villain Photinus is exquisitely exposed in his own speech in council.

In the Ninth Book, after the apotheosis of Pompey, Cato is introduced as the fittest man after him to head the cause of Liberty and Rome. This Book is the longest, and, in my opinion, the most entertaining in the whole poem. The march of Cato through the deserts of Libya, affords a noble and agreeable variety of matter ; and the virtue of his hero, amidst these distresses through which he leads him, seems every where to deserve those raptures of praise he bestows upon him. Add to this, the artful descriptions of the various poisons with which these deserts abounded, and their different effects upon human bodies, than which nothing can be more moving or poetical.

But Cato's answer to Labienus in this Book, upon his desiring him to consult the oracle of Jupiter Hammon about the event of the civil war, and the fortune of Rome, is a master-piece not to be equalled.

All the attributes of God, such as his omnipotence, his prescience, his justice, his goodness, and his unsearchable decrees, are painted in the most awful and the strongest colours, and such as may make Christians themselves blush, for not coming up to them in most of their writings upon that subject. I know not but St. Evremont has carried the matter too far, when, in mentioning this passage, he concludes, “ If all the  
 “ ancient poets had spoke as worthily of the oracles  
 “ of their gods, he should make no scruple to prefer  
 “ them to the divines and philosophers of our time.  
 “ We may see, says he, in the concourse of so  
 “ many people, that came to consult the oracle of  
 “ Hammon, what effect a public opinion can pro-  
 “ duce, where zeal and superstition mingle together.  
 “ We may see in Labienus, a pious sensible man,  
 “ who to his respect for the gods, joins the confide-  
 “ ration and esteem we ought to preserve for virtue in  
 “ good men. Cato is a religious severe philosopher,  
 “ weaned from all vulgar opinions, who entertains  
 “ those lofty thoughts of the gods, which pure un-  
 “ debauched reason and a true elevated knowledge  
 “ can give us of them; every thing here, says St.  
 “ Evremont, is poetical, every thing is consonant  
 “ to truth and reason. It is not poetical upon the  
 “ score of any ridiculous fiction, or for some extra-  
 “ vagant hyperbole, but for the daring greatness and  
 “ majesty of the language, and for the noble eleva-  
 “ tion of the discourse. It is thus, adds he, that  
 “ poetry is the language of the gods, and that  
 “ poets

“poets are wise; and it is so much the greater wonder to find it in Lucan, says he, because it is neither to be met with in Homer nor Virgil.” I remember Montaigne, who is allowed by all to have been an admirable judge in these matters, prefers Lucan's character of Cato to Virgil, or any other of the ancient poets. He thinks all of them flat and languishing, but Lucan's much more strong, though overthrown by the extravagancy of his own force.

The Tenth Book, imperfect as it is, gives us, among other things, a view of the Ægyptian magnificence, with a curious account of the then-received opinions of the increase and decrease of the river Nile. From the variety of the story, and many other particulars I need not mention in this short account, it may easily appear, that a true history may be a romance or fiction, when the author makes choice of a subject that affords so many and so surprizing incidents.

Among the faults that have been laid to Lucan's charge, the most justly imputed are those of his stile; and indeed how could it be otherwise? Let us but remember the imperfect state, in which his sudden and immature death left the *Pharsalia*; the design itself being probably but half finished, and what was writ of it, but slightly, if at all, revised. We are told, it is true, he either corrected the three first books himself, or his wife did it for him, in his own life-time. Be it so: but what are the corrections of a lady, or a young man of six and twenty, to those he might have made at forty, or a more advanced age? Virgil,

the most correct and judicious poet that ever was, continued correcting his *Æneid* for near as long a series of years together as Lucan lived, and yet died with a strong opinion that it was imperfect still. If Lucan had lived to his age, the *Pharfalia* without doubt would have made another kind of figure, than it now does, notwithstanding the difference to be found in the Roman language, between the times of Nero and Augustus.

It must be owned he is in many places obscure and hard, and therefore not so agreeable, and comes short of the purity, sweetness, and delicate propriety of Virgil. Yet it is still universally agreed among both ancients and moderns, that his genius was wonderfully great, but at the same time too haughty and headstrong to be governed by art; and that his style was like his genius, learned, bold, and lively, but withal too tragical and blustering.

I am by no means willing to compare the *Pharfalia* to the *Æneid*; but I must say with St. Evremont, that for what purely regards the elevation of thought, Pompey, Cæsar, Cato, and Labienus, shine much more in Lucan, than Jupiter, Mercury, Juno, or Venus, do in Virgil. The ideas which Lucan has given us of these great men are truly greater, and affect us more sensibly, than those which Virgil has given us of his deities: The latter has clothed his gods with human infirmities, to adapt them to the capacity of men: The other has raised his heroes so, as to bring them into competition with the gods themselves. In a word,  
the

the gods are not so valuable in Virgil, as the heroes : In Lucan, the heroes equal the gods. After all, it must be allowed, that most things throughout the whole Pharsalia are greatly and justly said, with regard even to the language and expression : but the sentiments are every where so beautiful and elevated, that they appear, as he describes Cæsar in Amyclus's cottage in the Fifth Book, noble and magnificent in any dress. It is in this elevation of thought that Lucan justly excels : this is his *forte*, and what raises him up to an equality with the greatest of the ancient Poets.

I cannot omit here the delicate character of Lucan's genius, as mentioned by Strada, in the emblematic way. It is commonly known that Pope Leo the Tenth was not only learned himself, but a great patron of learning, and used to be present at the conversations and performances of all the polite writers of his time. The wits of Rome entertained him one day, at his villa on the banks of the Tiber, with an interlude in the nature of a Poetical Masquerade. They had their Parnassus, their Pegasus, their Helicon, and every one of the ancient poets in their several characters, where each acted the part that was suitable to his manner of writing, and among the rest one acted Lucan. " There was none, says he, that was placed in a  
 " higher station, or had a greater prospect under him,  
 " than Lucan. He vaulted upon Pegasus with all  
 " the heat and intrepidity of youth, and seemed de-  
 " sirous of mounting into the clouds upon the back



“ of him. But as the hinder feet of the horse stuck  
 “ to the mountain, while the body reared up in the  
 “ air, the poet with great difficulty kept himself from  
 “ sliding off, insomuch that the spectators often gave  
 “ him for gone, and cried out now and then, he was  
 “ tumbling.” Thus Strada.

I shall sum up all I have time to say of Lucan, with another character, as it is given by one of the most polite men of the age he lived in, and who under the protection of the same Pope Leo X. was one of the first restorers of learning in the latter end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. I mean, Johannes Sulpitius Verulanus, who, with the assistance of Beroaldus, Badius, and some others of the first *form* in the republic of letters, published Lucan with notes at Rome in the year 1514, being the first impression, if I mistake not, that ever was made of him. Poetry and Painting, with the knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues, rose about that time to a prodigious height in a small compass of years; and whatever we may think to the contrary, they have declined ever since. Verulanus, in his dedication to Cardinal Palavicini, prefixed to that edition, has not only given us a delicate sententious criticism on his *Pharsalia*, but a beautiful judicious comparison between him and Virgil, and that in a style which in my opinion comes but little short of Sallust, or the writers of the Augustine age. It is to the following purpose.

I come now to the author I have commented upon, says Sulpitius Verulanus, and shall endeavour to describe

scribe him, as well as observe in what he differs from that great poet Virgil. Lucan, in the opinion of Fabius, is no less a pattern for orators than for poets; and always adhering strictly to truth, he seems to have as fair a pretence to the character of an historian; for he equally performs each of these offices. His expression is bold and lively; his sentiments are clear, his fictions within compass of probability, and his digressions proper: his orations artful, correct, manly, and full of matter. In the other parts of his work, he is grave, fluent, copious, and elegant; abounding with great variety, and wonderful erudition. And in unriddling the intricacy of contrivances, designs and actions, his style is so masterly, that you rather seem to see, than read of those transactions. But as for enterprizes and battles, you imagine them not related, but acted: towns alarmed, armies engaged, the eagerness and terror of the several soldiers, seem present to your view. As our author is frequent and fertile in descriptions; and none more skilful in discovering the secret springs of action, and their rise in human passions: as he is an acute searcher into the manners of men, and most dextrous in applying all sorts of learning to his subject: What other cosmographer, astrologer, philosopher or mathematician do we stand in need of, while we read him? Who has more judiciously handled, or treated with more delicacy, whatever topics his fancy has led him to, or have casually fallen in his way? Maro is, without doubt, a great poet; so is Lucan. In so apparent an equality,

it is hard to decide which excels : For both have justly obtained the highest commendations. Maro is rich and magnificent; Lucan sumptuous and splendid : The first is discreet, inventive, and sublime; the latter free, harmonious, and full of spirit. Virgil seems to move with the devout solemnity of a reverend prelate : Lucan to march with the noble haughtiness of a victorious general. One owes most to labour and application ; the other to nature and practice : one lulls the soul with the sweetness and music of his verse, the other raises it by his fire and rapture. Virgil is sedate, happy in his conceptions, free from faults ; Lucan quick, various and florid : *He* seems to fight with stronger weapons, *This* with more. The first surpasses all in solid strength ; the latter excels in vigour and poignancy. You would think that the one sounds rather a larger and deeper toned trumpet ; the other a less indeed, but clearer. In short, so great is the affinity, and the struggle for precedence between them, that though nobody be allowed to come up to that Divinity in Maro ; yet had *He* not been possessed of the chief seat on Parnassus, our author's claim to it had been indisputable.

Feb. 26, 1718 19.

LUCAN'S

## LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

## B O O K I.

## THE ARGUMENT.

In the First Book, after a proposition of his subject, a short view of the ruins occasioned by the civil wars in Italy, and a compliment to Nero, Lucan gives the principal causes of the Civil War, together with the characters of Cæsar and Pompey: after that, the story properly begins with Cæsar's passing the Rubicon, which was the bound of his province towards Rome, and his march to Ariminum. Thither the Tribunes and Curio, who had been driven out of the city by the opposite party, come to him, and demand his protection. Then follows his speech to his army, and a particular mention of the several parts of Gaul from which his troops were drawn together to his assistance. From Cæsar, the poet turns to describe the general consternation at Rome, and the flight of great part of the senate and people at the news of his march. From hence he takes occasion to relate the foregoing prodigies, which were partly an occasion of those panic terrors, and likewise the ceremonies that were used by the priests for purifying the city, and averting the anger of the gods; and then ends this Book with the inspiration and prophecy of a Roman matron, in which she enumerates the principal events which were to happen in the course of the Civil War.

**E**MATHIAN plains with slaughter cover'd o'er,  
 And rage unknown to civil wars before,  
 Establish'd violence, and lawless might,  
 Avow'd and hallow'd by the name of right;

A fact

A race renown'd, the world's victorious lords,      5  
Turn'd on themselves with their own hostile swords;  
Piles against piles oppos'd in impious fight,  
And eagles against eagles bending flight;  
Of blood by friends, by kindred, parents, spilt,  
One common horror and promiscuous guilt,      10  
A shatter'd world in wild disorder tost,  
Leagues, laws, and empire, in confusion lost;  
Of all the woes which civil discords bring,  
And Rome o'ercome by Roman arms, I sing.  
    What blind, detested madness could afford      15  
Such horrid license to the murdering sword?  
Say, Romans, whence so dire a fury rose,  
To glut with Latian blood your barbarous foes?  
Could you in wars like these provoke your fate?  
Wars, where no triumphs on the victor wait!      20  
While Babylon's proud spires yet rise so high,  
And rich in Roman spoils invade the sky;  
While yet no vengeance is to Crassus paid,  
But unaton'd repines the wandering shade!  
What tracts of land, what realms unknown before,      25  
What seas wide-stretching to the distant shore,  
What crowns, what empires, might that blood have gain'd,  
With which Emathia's fatal fields were stain'd!  
Where Seres in their silken woods reside,  
Where swift Araxes rolls his rapid tide:      30  
Where-e'er (if such a nation can be found)  
Nile's secret fountain springing cleaves the ground;  
Where southern suns with double ardour rise,  
Flame o'er the land, and scorch the mid-day skies;  
Where

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, BOOK I. 43

Where winter's hand the Scythian seas confrains, 35  
And binds the frozen floods in crystal chains ;  
Where-e'er the shady night and day-spring come,  
All had submitted to the yoke of Rome.

O Rome ! if slaughter be thy only care,  
If such thy fond desire of impious war ; 40  
Turn from thyself, at least, the destin'd wound,  
Till thou art mistress of the world around,  
And none to conquer but thyself be found. }

Thy foes as yet a juster war afford,  
And barbarous blood remains to glut thy sword. 45

But see ! her hands on her own vitals seize,  
And no destruction but her own can please.  
Behold her fields unknowing of the plow !  
Behold her palaces and towers laid low !

See where o'erthrown the massy column lies, 50  
While weeds obscene above the cornice rise.

Here gaping wide, half-ruin'd walls remain,  
There mouldering pillars nodding roots sustain.

The landskip, once in various beauty spread,  
With yellow harvests and the flowery mead, 55  
Displays a wild uncultivated face,

Which bushy brakes and brambles vile disgrace :  
No human footstep prints th' untrodden green,  
No chearful maid nor villager is seen.

Ev'n in her cities famous once and great, 60

Where thousands crowded in the noisy street,  
No sound is heard of human voices now,  
But whistling winds through empty dwellings blow ;

While

While passing strangers wonder, if they spy  
One single melancholy face go by. 65

Nor Pyrrhus' sword, nor Cannæ's fatal field,  
Such universal desolation yield :

Her impious sons have her worst foes surpass'd,  
And Roman hands have laid Hesperia waste.

But if our fates severely have decreed 70

No way but this for Nero to succeed ;

If only thus our heroes can be gods,

And earth must pay for their divine abodes ;

If heaven could not the thunderer obtain,

Till giants wars made room for Jove to reign, } 75

Tis just, ye gods, nor ought we to complain :

Opprest with death though dire Pharsalia groan,

Though Latian blood the Punic ghosts atone ;

Though Pompey's hapless sons renew the war,

And Munda view the slaughter'd heaps from far ; 80

Though meagre famine in Perugia reign,

Though Mutina with battles fill the plain ;

Though Leuca's isle, and wide Ambracia's bay,

Record the rage of Actium's fatal day ;

Though servile hands are arm'd to man the fleet, 85

And on Sicilian seas the navies meet ;

All crimes, all horrors, we with joy regard,

Since thou, O Cæsar, art the great reward.

Vast are the thanks thy grateful Rome should pay

To wars, which usher-in thy sacred sway. 90

When, the great business of the world atchiev'd,

Late by the willing stars thou art receiv'd,

Through all the blissful seats the news shall roll,

And heaven resound with joy from pole to pole.

Whether

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, BOOK I. 45

Whether great Jove resign supreme command, 95  
 And trust his sceptre to thy abler hand ;  
 Or if thou choose the empire of the day,  
 And make the sun's unwilling steeds obey ;  
 Auspicious if thou drive the flaming team,  
 While earth rejoices in thy gentler beam ; 100  
 Where-e'er thou reign, with one consenting voice,  
 The gods and nature shall approve thy choice.  
 But, oh ! whatever be thy godhead great,  
 Fix not in regions too remote thy feat ;  
 Nor deign thou near the frozen bear to shine, 105  
 Nor where the sultry southern stars decline ;  
 Less kindly thence thy influence shall come,  
 And thy blest rays obliquely visit Rome.  
 Press not too much on any part the sphere :  
 Hard were the task thy weight divine to bear ; 110  
 Soon would the *axis* feel th' unusual load,  
 And groaning bend beneath th' incumbent god :  
 O'er the mid orb more equal shalt thou rise,  
 And with a juster balance fix the skies. 115  
 Serene for ever be that azure space,  
 No blackening clouds the purer heaven disgrace,  
 Nor hide from Rome her Cæsar's radiant face. }  
 Then shall mankind consent in sweet accord,  
 And warring nations sheath the wrathful sword ;  
 Peace shall the world in friendly leagues compose, 120  
 And Janus' dreadful gates for ever close.  
 To me thy present godhead stands confest,  
 Oh let thy sacred fury fire my breast !  
 So thou vouchsafe to hear, let Phœbus dwell  
 Still uninvok'd in Cyrrha's mystic cell ; 125



By me uncall'd, let sprightly Bacchus reign,  
 And lead the dance on Indian Nyfa's plain.  
 To thee, O Cæsar, all my vows belong;  
 Do thou alone inspire the Roman song.

And now the mighty task demands our care, 130  
 The fatal source of discord to declare;  
 What cause accurst produc'd the dire event,  
 Why rage so dire the madding nations rent,  
 And peace was driven away by one consent. }  
 But thus the malice of our fate commands, 135  
 And nothing great to long duration stands;  
 Aspiring Rome had risen too much in height,  
 And sunk beneath her own unwieldy weight.  
 So shall one hour at last this globe controul,  
 Break up the vast machine, dissolve the whole, }  
 And time no more through measur'd ages roll.  
 Then Chaos hoar shall seize his former right,  
 And reign with anarchy and eldest night;  
 The starry lamps shall combat in the sky,  
 And lost and blended in each other die; 145  
 Quench'd in the deep the heavenly fires shall fall,  
 And ocean cast abroad o'er-spread the ball:  
 The moon no more her well-known course shall run,  
 But rise from western waves, and meet the sun;  
 Ungovern'd shall she quit her ancient way, 150  
 Herself ambitious to supply the day:  
 Confusion wild shall all around be hurl'd,  
 And discord and disorder tear the world.  
 Thus power and greatness to destruction haste,  
 Thus bounds to human happiness are plac'd,  
 And Jove forbids prosperity to last.

}  
 Yet

Yet Fortune, when she meant to wreak her hate,  
 From foreign foes preserv'd the Roman state,  
 Nor suffer'd barbarous hands to give the blow,  
 That laid the queen of earth and ocean low ; 160

To Rome herself for enemies she sought,  
 And Rome herself her own destruction wrought ;  
 Rome, that ne'er knew three lordly heads before,  
 First fell by fatal partnership of power.

What blind ambition bids your force combine ? 165

What means this frantic league in which you join ?

Mistaken men ! who hope to share the spoil,  
 And hold the world within one common toil !

While earth the seas shall in her bosom bear,  
 While earth herself shall hang in ambient air, 170

While Phœbus shall his constant task renew ;  
 While through the Zodiac night shall day pursue ;

No faith, no trust, no friendship, shall be known

Among the jealous partners of a throne ;

But he who reigns shall strive to reign alone.

Nor seek for foreign tales to make this good,

Were not our walls first built in brother's blood ?

Nor did the feud for wide dominion rise,

Nor was the world their impious fury's prize ;

Divided power contention still affords, 180

And for a village strove the petty lords.

The fierce triumvirate combin'd in peace,

Preserv'd the bond but for a little space,

Still with an aukward disagreeing grace.

'Twas not a league by inclination made, 185

But bare agreement, such as friends persuade.

Desire of war in either chief was seen,  
 Though interposing Crassus stood between.  
 Such in the midst the parting Isthmus lies,  
 While swelling seas on either side arise ; 190  
 The solid boundaries of earth restrain  
 The fierce Ionian and Ægean main ;  
 But, if the mound gives way, straight roaring loud  
 In at the breach the rushing torrents croud ;  
 Raging they meet, the dashing waves run high, 195  
 And work their foamy waters to the sky.  
 So when unhappy Crassus, sadly slain,  
 Dy'd with his blood Assyrian Carre's plain ;  
 Sudden the seeming friends in arms engage,  
 The Parthian sword let loose the Latian rage. 200  
 Ye fierce Arfacidæ ! ye foes of Rome,  
 Now triumph, you have more than overcome :  
 The vanquish'd felt your victory from far,  
 And from that field receiv'd their civil war.  
 The sword is now the umpire to decide, 205  
 And part what friendship knew not to divide.  
 'Twas hard, an empire of so vast a size,  
 Could not for two ambitious minds suffice ;  
 The peopled earth, and wide-extended main,  
 Could furnish room for only one to reign. 210  
 When dying Julia first forsook the light,  
 And Hymen's tapers sunk in endless night,  
 The tender ties of kindred-love were torn,  
 Forgotten all, and bury'd in her urn.  
 Oh ! if her death had haply been delay'd, 215  
 How might the daughter and the wife persuade !

Like

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, BOOK I.

49

Like the fam'd Sabine dames she had been seen  
 To stay the meeting war, and stand between :  
 On either hand had woo'd them to accord,  
 Sooth'd her fierce father, and her furious lord,  
 To join in peace, and sheath the ruthless sword.  
 But this the fatal sisters doom deny'd ;

222

The friends were sever'd, when the matron dy'd.  
 The rival leaders mortal war proclaim,  
 Rage fires their souls with jealousy of fame,  
 And emulation fans the rising flame.

Thee Pompey thy past deeds by turns infest,  
 And jealous glory burns within thy breast ;  
 Thy fam'd piratic laurel seems to fade,  
 Beneath successful Cæsar's rising shade ;

230

His Gallic wreaths thou view'st with anxious eyes  
 Above thy naval crowns triumphant rise.

Thee, Cæsar, thy long labours past incite,  
 Thy use of war, and custom of the fight ;  
 While bold ambition prompts thee in the race,  
 And bids thy courage scorn a second place.

235

Superior power, fierce faction's dearest care,  
 One could not brook, and one disdain'd to share.

Justly to name the better cause were hard,  
 While greatest names for either side declar'd :

240

Victorious Cæsar by the gods was crown'd,  
 The vanquish'd party was by Cato own'd.

Nor came the rivals equal to the field ;  
 One to increasing years began to yield,  
 Old age came creeping in the peaceful gown,  
 And civil functions weigh'd the soldier down ;

245

E

Difus'd

Difus'd to arms, he turn'd him to the laws,  
 And pleas'd himself with popular applause;  
 With gifts and liberal bounty fought for fame,  
 And lov'd to hear the vulgar shout his name;     250  
 In his own theatre rejoic'd to sit,  
 Amidst the noisy praises of the pit.

Careless of future ills that might betide,  
 No aid he sought to prop his failing side,  
 But on his former fortune much rely'd.     }

Still seem'd he to possess, and fill his place;     256  
 But stood the shadow of what once he was.

So, in the field with Ceres' bounty spread,  
 Uprears some ancient oak his reverend head;  
 Chaplets and sacred gifts his boughs adorn,     260  
 And spoils of war by mighty heroes worn.  
 But, the first vigour of his root now gone,  
 He stands dependent on his weight alone;

All bare his naked branches are display'd,  
 And with his leafless trunk he forms a shade:     265  
 Yet though the winds his ruin daily threat,  
 As every blast would heave him from his seat;  
 Though thousand fairer trees the field supplies,  
 That rich in youthful verdure round him rise;  
 Fix'd in his ancient state he yields to none,     270  
 And wears the honours of the grove alone.

But Cæsar's greatness, and his strength, was more  
 Than past renown and antiquated power;  
 'Twas not the fame of what he once had been,  
 Or tales in old records and annals seen;     275  
 But 'twas a valour, restless, unconfin'd,  
 Which no success could sate, nor limits bind;

'Twas



'Twas shame, a soldier's shame untaught to yield,  
 That blush'd for nothing but an ill-fought field;  
 Fierce in his hopes he was, nor knew to stay, 280  
 Where vengeance or ambition led the way;  
 Still prodigal of war whene'er withstood,  
 Nor spar'd to stain the guilty sword with blood;  
 Urging advantage, he improv'd all odds,  
 And made the most of fortune and the gods; 285  
 Pleas'd to o'erturn whate'er withheld his prize,  
 And saw the ruin with rejoicing eyes.  
 Such while earth trembles, and heaven thunders loud,  
 Darts the swift lightning from the rending cloud;  
 Fierce through the day it breaks, and in its flight 290  
 The dreadful blast confounds the gazer's fight;  
 Resistless in its course delights to rove,  
 And cleaves the temples of its master Jove:  
 Alike where-e'er it passes or returns,  
 With equal rage the fell destroyer burns; 295  
 Then with a whirl full in its strength retires,  
 And recollects the force of all its scatter'd fires.  
 Motives like these the leading chiefs inspir'd;  
 But other thoughts the meaner vulgar fir'd.  
 Those fatal seeds luxurious vices sow, 300  
 Which ever lay a mighty people low.  
 To Rome the vanquish'd earth her tribute paid,  
 And deadly treasures to her view display'd:  
 Then truth and simple manners left the place,  
 While riot rear'd her lewd dishonest face; 305  
 Virtue to full prosperity gave way,  
 And fled from rapine, and the lust of prey.

On every side proud palaces arise,  
 And lavish gold each common use supplies.  
 Their fathers frugal tables stand abhorr'd,  
 And Asia now and Afric are explor'd,  
 For high-priv'd dainties, and the citron board.  
 In silken robes the minion men appear,  
 Which maids and youthful brides should blush to wear.  
 That age by honest poverty adorn'd, 315  
 Which brought the manly Romans forth, is scorn'd;  
 Where-ever aught pernicious does abound,  
 For luxury all lands are ransack'd round,  
 And dear-bought deaths the sinking state confound.  
 The Curii's and Camilli's little field, 320  
 To vast extended territories yield;  
 And foreign tenants reap the harvest now,  
 Where once the great Dictator held the plow.

Rome, ever fond of war, was tir'd with ease;  
 Ev'n liberty had lost the power to please: 325  
 Hence rage and wrath their ready minds invade,  
 And want could every wickedness persuade:  
 Hence impious power was first esteem'd a good,  
 Worth being fought with arms, and bought with blood:  
 With glory, tyrants did their country awe, 330  
 And violence prescrib'd the rule to law.  
 Hence pliant servile voices were constrain'd,  
 And force in popular assemblies reign'd;  
 Consuls and tribunes, with opposing might,  
 Join'd to confound and overturn the right: 335  
 Hence shameful magistrates were made for gold,  
 And a base people by themselves were sold:

Hence

Hence slaughter in the venal field returns,  
 And Rome her yearly competitions mourns :  
 Hence death unthrifty, careless to repay, 340  
 And usury still watching for its day :  
 Hence perjuries in every wrangling court ;  
 And war, the needy bankrupt's last resort.  
 Now Cæsar, marching swift with winged haste,  
 The summits of the frozen Alps had past ; 345  
 With vast events and enterprizes fraught,  
 And future wars revolving in his thought.  
 Now near the banks of Rubicon he stood ;  
 When lo ! as he survey'd the narrow flood,  
 Amidst the dusky horrors of the night, 350  
 A wondrous vision stood confess'd to sight.  
 Her awful head Rome's reverend image rear'd,  
 Trembling and sad the matron form appear'd ;  
 A towery crown her hoary temples bound,  
 And her torn tresses rudely hung around : 355  
 Her naked arms uplifted ere she spoke,  
 Then groaning, thus the mournful silence broke.  
 Presumptuous men ! oh, whither do you run ?  
 Oh, whither bear you these my ensigns on ?  
 If friends to right, if citizens of Rome, 360  
 Here to your utmost barrier are you come.  
 She said ; and sunk within the closing shade :  
 Astonishment and dread the chief invade ;  
 Stiff rose his starting hair, he stood dismay'd,  
 And on the bank his slackening steps were stay'd. 365  
 O thou (at length he cry'd) whose hand controls  
 The forky fire, and rattling thunder rolls ;



Who from thy capitol's exalted height,  
 Dost o'er the wide-spread city cast thy fight!  
 Ye Phrygian gods, who guard the Julian line! 370  
 Ye mysteries of Romulus divine!

Thou, Jove! to whom from young Ascanius came }  
 Thy Alban temple, and thy Latian name: }  
 And thou, immortal sacred Vestal flame! }  
 But chief, oh! chiefly, thou, majestic Rome! }  
 My first, my great divinity, to whom }  
 Thy still successful Cæsar am I come;  
 Nor do thou fear the sword's destructive rage,  
 With thee my arms no impious war shall wage.

On him thy hate, on him thy curse bestow, 380  
 Who would persuade thee Cæsar is thy foe;  
 And since to thee I consecrate my toil,  
 Oh favour thou my cause, and on thy soldier smile.

He said; and straight, impatient of delay,  
 Across the swelling flood, pursued his way. 385

So when on sultry Libya's desert sand  
 The lion spies the hunter hard at hand,  
 Couch'd on the earth the doubtful salvage lies,  
 And waits a while till all his fury rise;

His lashing tail provokes his swelling sides, 390  
 And high upon his neck, his mane with horror rides:  
 Then if at length the flying dart infest,  
 Or the broad spear invade his ample breast,  
 Scorning the wound, he yawns a dreadful roar,  
 And flies like lightning on the hostile Moor. 395

While with hot skies the fervent summer glows,  
 The Rubicon an humble river flows;

Through

Through lowly vales he cuts his winding way,  
 And rolls his ruddy waters to the sea.  
 His bank on either side a limit stands, 400  
 Between the Gallic and Aufonian lands.  
 But stronger now the wintery torrent grows,  
 The wetting winds had thaw'd the Alpine snows,  
 And Cynthia rising with a blunted beam  
 In the third circle, drove her watery team, } 405  
 A signal sure to raise the swelling stream.  
 For this, to stem the rapid water's course,  
 First plung'd amidst the flood the bolder horse;  
 With strength oppos'd against the stream they lead,  
 While to the smoother ford, the foot with ease succeed.

The leader now had pass'd the torrent o'er,  
 And reach'd fair Italy's forbidden shore:  
 Then rearing on the hostile bank his head,  
 Here farewell peace and injur'd laws! (he said.)  
 Since faith is broke, and leagues are set aside, }  
 Henceforth thou, goddess Fortune, art my guide;  
 Let fate and war the great event decide.  
 He spoke; and, on the dreadful task intent,  
 Speedy to near Ariminum he bent;  
 To him the Balearic sling is slow, 420  
 And the shaft loiters from the Parthian bow.  
 With eager marches swift he reach'd the town,  
 As the shades fled, the sinking stars were gone, }  
 And Lucifer the last was left alone.  
 At length the morn, the dreadful morn arose, 425  
 Whose beams the first tumultuous rage disclose:

Whether the stormy south prolong'd the night,  
 Or the good gods abhorr'd the impious fight,  
 The clouds a while withheld the mournful light. }  
 To the mid Forum on the soldier pass'd. 430  
 There halted, and his victor ensigns plac'd :  
 With dire alarms from band to band around,  
 The sife, hoarse horn, and rattling trumpets found.  
 The starting citizens uprear their heads ;  
 The lustier youth at once forsake their beds ; 435  
 Hasty they snatch the weapons, which among  
 Their household-gods in peace had rested long ;  
 Old bucklers of the covering hides bereft,  
 The mouldering frames disjoin'd and barely left ;  
 Swords with foul rust indented deep they take, 440  
 And useles spears with points inverted shake.  
 Soon as their crests the Roman eagles rear'd,  
 And Cæsar high above the rest appear'd ;  
 Each trembling heart with secret horror shook,  
 And silent thus within themselves they spoke. 445  
 Oh, hapless city ! oh, ill-fated walls !  
 Rear'd for a curse so near the neighbouring Gauls !  
 By us destruction ever takes its way,  
 We first become each bold invader's prey ;  
 Oh, that by fate we rather had been plac'd 450  
 Upon the confines of the utmost east !  
 The frozen north much better might we know,  
 Mountains of ice, and everlasting snow.  
 Better with wandering Scythians choose to roam,  
 Than fix in fruitful Italy our home, }  
 And guard these dreadful passages to Rome.

Through

Through these the Cimbrians laid Hesperia waste ;  
 Through these the swarthy Carthaginian pass'd ;  
 Whenever fortune threatens the Latian states,  
 War, death, and ruin, enter at these gates. 460

In secret murmurs thus they sought relief,  
 While no bold voice proclaim'd aloud their grief.  
 O'er all one deep, one horrid silence reigns ;  
 As when the rigour of the winter's chains, }  
 All nature, heaven, and earth at once constrains ; }  
 The tuneful feather'd kind forget their lays,  
 And shivering tremble on the naked sprays ;  
 Ev'n the rude seas compos'd forget to roar,  
 And freezing billows stiffen on the shore.

The colder shades of night forsook the sky, 470  
 When lo ! Bellona lifts her torch on high :  
 And if the chief, by doubt or shame detain'd,  
 Awhile from battle and from blood abstain'd ;  
 Fortune and fate, impatient of delay,  
 Force every soft relenting thought away. 475  
 A lucky chance a fair pretence supplies,  
 And justice in his favour seems to rise.  
 New accidents new stings to rage suggest,  
 And fiercer fires inflame the warrior's breast.

The senate threatening high, and haughty grown, 480  
 Had driven the wrangling tribunes from the town ;  
 In scorn of law, had chac'd them through the gate,  
 And urg'd them with the factious Gracchi's fate.  
 With these, as for redress their course they sped  
 To Cæsar's camp, the busy Curio fled ; 485

Curio,

Curio, a speaker turbulent and bold,  
 Of venal eloquence, that serv'd for gold,  
 And principles that might be bought and sold. }  
 A tribune once himself, in loud debate,  
 He strove for public freedom and the state : 490  
 Essay'd to make the warring nobles bow,  
 And bring the potent party-leaders low.  
 To Cæsar thus, while thousand cares infest,  
 Revolving round, the warrior's anxious breast, }  
 His speech the ready orator address. }  
 While yet my voice was useful to my friend ; 496  
 While 'twas allow'd me, Cæsar to defend,  
 While yet the pleading bar was left me free,  
 While I could draw uncertain Rome to thee ;  
 In vain their force the moody fathers join'd,  
 In vain to rob thee of thy power combin'd ; 500  
 I lengthen'd out the date of thy command,  
 And fix'd thy conquering sword within thy hand.  
 But since the vanquish'd laws in war are dumb,  
 To thee, behold, an exil'd band we come ; 505  
 For thee, with joy our banishment we take,  
 For thee our household hearths and gods forsake ;  
 Nor hope to see our native city more,  
 Till victory and thou the loss restore.  
 Th' unready faction, yet confus'd with fear, 510  
 Defenceless, weak, and unresolv'd, appear ;  
 Haste then thy towering eagles on their way :  
 When fair occasion calls, 'tis fatal to delay.  
 If twice five years the stubborn Gaul withheld,  
 And set thee hard in many a well-fought field ; 515

A nobler labour now before thee lies,  
 The hazard less, yet greater far the prize:  
 A province that, and portion of the whole;  
 This the vast head that does mankind control.  
 Success shall sure attend thee, boldly go 520  
 And win the world at one successful blow.  
 No triumph now attends thee at the gate;  
 No temples for thy sacred laurel wait:  
 But blasting envy hangs upon thy name,  
 Denies thee right, and robs thee of thy fame; 525  
 Imputes as crimes, the nations overcome,  
 And makes it treason to have fought for Rome:  
 Ev'n he who took thy Julia's plighted hand,  
 Waits to deprive thee of thy just command.  
 Since Pompey then, and those upon his side, 530  
 Forbid thee, the world's empire to divide;  
 Assume that sway which best mankind may bear,  
 And rule alone what they disdain to share.  
 He said; his words the listening chief engage,  
 And fire his breast, already prone to rage. 535  
 Not peals of loud applause with greater force,  
 At Grecian Elis, rouse the fiery horse;  
 When eager for the course each nerve he strains,  
 Hangs on the bit, and tugs the stubborn reins,  
 At every shout erects his quivering ears, 540  
 And his broad breast upon the barrier bears.  
 Sudden he bids the troops draw out, and straight  
 The thronging legions round their ensigns wait:  
 Then thus, the croud composing with a look,  
 And with his hand commanding silence spoke. 545

Fellows in arms, who chose with me to bear  
 The toils and dangers of a tedious war,  
 And conquer to this tenth revolving year;  
 See what reward the grateful senate yield,  
 For the lost blood which stains yon northern field; 550  
 For wounds, for winter camps, for Alpine snow,  
 And all the deaths the brave can undergo.  
 See! the tumultuous city is alarm'd,  
 As if another Hannibal were arm'd:  
 The lusty youth are cull'd to fill the bands, 555  
 And each tall grove falls by the shipwright's hands;  
 Fleets are equipp'd, the field with armies spread,  
 And all demand devoted Cæsar's head.  
 If thus, while fortune yields us her applause,  
 While the gods call us on and own our cause, 560  
 If thus returning conquerors they treat,  
 How had they us'd us flying from defeat;  
 If fickle chance of war had prov'd unkind,  
 And the fierce Gauls pursued us from behind! 564  
 But let their boasted hero leave his home,  
 Let him, dissolv'd with lazy leisure, come,  
 With every noisy talking tongue in Rome:  
 Let loud Marcellus troops of gown-men head,  
 And their great Cato peaceful burghers lead.  
 Shall his base followers, a venal train, 570  
 For ages, bid their idol Pompey reign?  
 Shall his ambition still be thought no crime,  
 His breach of laws, and triumph ere the time?  
 Still shall he gather honours and command,  
 And grasp all rule in his rapacious hand? 575

What need I name the violated laws,  
 And famine made the servant of his cause?  
 Who knows not, how the trembling judge beheld  
 The peaceful court with armed legions fill'd;  
 When the bold soldier, justice to defy, 580  
 In the mid Forum rear'd his ensigns high;  
 When glittering swords the pale assembly scar'd,  
 When all for death and slaughter stood prepar'd, }  
 And Pompey's arms were guilty Milo's guard?  
 And now, disdain'g peace and needful ease, 585  
 Nothing but rule and government can please.  
 Aspiring still, as ever, to be great,  
 He robs his age of rest, to vex the state:  
 On war intent, to that he bends his cares,  
 And for the field for battle now prepares. 590  
 He copies from his master Sylla well,  
 And would the dire example far excel.  
 Hyrcanian tigers fierceness thus retain,  
 Whom in the woods their horrid mothers train, }  
 To chace the herds, and surfeit on the slain.  
 Such, Pompey, still has been thy greedy thirst, 596  
 In early love of impious slaughter nurs'd;  
 Since first thy infant cruelty essay'd  
 To lick the curst dictator's reeking blade.  
 None ever give the salvage nature o'er, 600  
 Whose jaws have once been drench'd in floods of gore.

But whither would a power so wide extend?  
 Where will thy long ambition find an end?  
 Remember him who taught thee to be great;  
 Let him who chose to quit the sovereign seat,  
 Let thy own Sylla warn thee to retreat.

Perhaps,



Perhaps, for that too boldly I withstand,  
 Nor yield my conquering eagles on command;  
 Since the Cilician pirate strikes his sail,  
 Since o'er the Pontic king thy arms prevail; 610  
 Since the poor prince, a weary life o'er-past,  
 By thee and poison is subdued at last;  
 Perhaps, one latest province yet remains,  
 And vanquish'd Cæsar must receive thy chains.  
 But though my labours lose their just reward, 615  
 Yet let the senate these my friends regard;  
 Whate'er my lot, my brave victorious bands  
 Deserve to triumph, whoso'er commands.  
 Where shall my weary veteran rest? Oh where  
 Shall virtue worn with years and arms repair? 620  
 What town is for his late repose assign'd?  
 Where are the promis'd lands he hop'd to find,  
 Fields for his plow, a country village seat,  
 Some little comfortable safe retreat;  
 Where failing age at length from toil may cease, 625  
 And waste the poor remains of life with peace?  
 But march! Your long-victorious ensigns rear,  
 Let valour in its own just cause appear.  
 When for redress intreating armies call,  
 They who deny just things, permit them all. 630  
 The righteous gods shall surely own the cause,  
 Which seeks not spoil, nor empire, but the laws.  
 Proud lords and tyrants to depose we come,  
 And save from slavery submissive Rome.  
 He said; a doubtful fullen murmuring sound 635  
 Ran through the unresolving vulgar round;

The

The seeds of piety their rage restrain'd,  
 And somewhat of their country's love remain'd;  
 These the rude passions of their soul withstood,  
 Elate to conquest, and inur'd to blood: 640

But soon the momentary virtue fail'd,  
 And war and dread of Cæsar's frown prevail'd.  
 Straight Lelius from amidst the rest stood forth,  
 An old centurion of distinguish'd worth;  
 The oaken wreath his hardy temples wore, 645  
 Mark of a citizen preserv'd he bore.

If against thee (he cry'd) I may exclaim,  
 Thou greatest leader of the Roman name;  
 If truth for injur'd honour may be bold,  
 What lingering patience does thy arms withhold? 650

Canst thou distrust our faith so often try'd,  
 In thy long wars not shrinking from thy side?

While in my veins this vital torrent flows,  
 This heaving breath within my bosom blows;  
 While yet these arms sufficient vigour yield 655

To dart the javelin, and to lift the shield;  
 While these remain, my general, wilt thou own  
 The vile dominion of the lazy gown?

Wilt thou the lordly senate choose to bear,  
 Rather than conquer in a civil war? 660

With thee the Scythian wilds we'll wander o'er,  
 With thee the burning Libyan sands explore,  
 And tread the Syrt's inhospitable shore. }

Behold! this hand, to nobler labours train'd,  
 For thee the servile garb has not disdain'd, 665

For

For thee the swelling seas were taught to plow,  
 Through the Rhine's whirling stream to force thy prow,  
 That all the vanquish'd world to thee might bow.  
 Each faculty, each power, thy will obey,  
 And inclination ever leads the way. 670

No friend, no fellow-citizen I know,  
 Whom Cæsar's trumpet once proclaims a foe.  
 By the long labours of thy sword, I swear,  
 By all thy fame acquir'd in ten years war,  
 By thy past triumphs, and by those to come, 675  
 (No matter where the vanquish'd be, nor whom)

Bid me to strike my dearest brother dead,  
 To bring my aged father's hoary head,  
 Or stab the pregnant partner of my bed;  
 Though nature plead, and stop my trembling hand, 680  
 I swear to execute thy dread command.

Dost thou delight to spoil the wealthy gods,  
 And scatter flames through all their proud abodes?  
 See through thy camp our ready torches burn,  
 Moneta soon her sinking fane shall mourn. 685

Wilt thou yon haughty factious senate brave,  
 And awe the Tuscan river's yellow wave?  
 On Tiber's bank thy ensigns shall be plac'd,  
 And thy bold soldier lay Hesperia waste.  
 Dost thou devote some hostile city's walls? 690

Beneath our thundering rams the ruin falls;  
 She falls, ev'n though thy wrathful sentence doom  
 The world's imperial mistress, mighty Rome.

He said; the ready legions vow to join  
 Their chief belov'd, in every bold design; 695  
 All

All lift their well-approving hands on high,  
 And rend with peals of loud applause the sky.  
 Such is the sound when Thracian Boreas spreads  
 His weighty wing o'er Offa's piney heads :  
 At once the noisy groves are all inclin'd, 700  
 And, bending, roar beneath the sweeping wind ;  
 At once their rattling branches all they rear,  
 And drive the leafy clamour through the air.

Cæsar with joy the ready bands beheld,  
 Urg'd-on by fate, and eager for the field ; 705  
 Swift orders straight the scatter'd warriors call,  
 From every part of wide-extended Gaul ;  
 And, lest his fortune languish by delay,  
 To Rome the moving ensigns speed their way.

Some, at the bidding of the chief, forsake 710  
 Their fix'd encampment near the Leman lake :  
 Some from Vogesus' lofty rocks withdraw,  
 Plac'd on those heights the Lingones to awe ;  
 The Lingones still frequent in alarms,  
 And rich in many-colour'd painted arms. 715

Others from Ifara's low torrent came,  
 Who winding keeps through many a mead his name ;  
 But seeks the sea with waters not his own,  
 Lost and confounded in the nobler Rhone.  
 Their garrison the Ruthen city send, 720  
 Whose youth's long locks in yellow rings depend.

No more the Varus and the Atax feel  
 The lordly burden of the Latian keel.  
 Alcides' fane the troops commanded leave,  
 Where winding rocks the peaceful flood receive ; 725

Nor Corus there, nor Zephyrus resort,  
 Nor roll rude surges in the Sacred Port ;  
 Circius' loud blast alone is heard to roar,  
 And vex the safety of Monœchus' shore.  
 The legions move from Gallia's farthest side, 733  
 Wash'd by the restless ocean's various tide ;  
 Now o'er the land flows in the pouring main,  
 Now rears the land its rising head again, }  
 And seas and earth alternate rule maintain. }  
 If driven by winds from the far distant pole, 735  
 This way and that, the floods revolving roll ;  
 Or if, compell'd by Cynthia's silver beam,  
 Obedient Tethys heaves the swelling stream ;  
 Or if, by heat attracted to the sky, }  
 Old ocean lifts his heavy waves on high, }  
 And briny deeps the wasting sun supply ; }  
 What cause so'er the wondrous motion guide,  
 And press the ebb, or raise the flowing tide ;  
 Be that your task, ye sages, to explore,  
 Who search the secret springs of nature's power : 745  
 To me, for so the wiser gods ordain,  
 Untrac'd the mystery shall still remain.  
 From fair Nemossus moves a warlike band,  
 From Atur's banks, and the Tarbellian strand,  
 Where winding round the coast pursues its way, 750  
 And folds the sea within a gentle bay.  
 The Santones are now with joy releas'd  
 From hostile inmates, and their Roman guest,  
 Now the Bituriges forget their fears,  
 And Suessons nimble with unwieldy spears : 755  
 Exult

Exult the Leuci, and the Remi now,  
 Expert in javelins, and the bending bow.  
 The Belgæ taught on cover'd wains to ride,  
 The Sequani the wheeling horſe to guide;  
 The bold Averni who from Ilium come, 760  
 And boaſt an ancient brotherhood with Rome;  
 The Nervi oft rebelling, oft ſubdued,  
 Whoſe hands in Gotta's ſlaughter were imbrued;  
 Vangiones, like looſe Sarmatians dreſt,  
 Who with rough hides their brawny thighs inveſt; 765  
 Batavians fierce, whom brazen trumps delight,  
 And with hoarſe rattlings animate to fight;  
 The nations where the Cinga's waters flow,  
 And Pyrenæan mountains ſtand in ſnow;  
 Thoſe where flow Arar meets the rapid Rhone, 770  
 And with his ſtronger ſtream is hurry'd down;  
 Thoſe o'er the mountains lofty ſummit ſpread,  
 Where high Gebenna lifts her hoary head;  
 With theſe the Trevir, and Ligurian ſhorn,  
 Whoſe brow no more long falling locks adorn; 775  
 Though chief amongſt the Gauls he wont to deck,  
 With ringlets comely ſpread, his graceful neck:  
 And you where Hefus' horrid altar ſtands,  
 Where dire Teutates human blood demands;  
 Where Taranis by wretches is obey'd, 780  
 And vies in ſlaughter with the Scythian maid:  
 All ſee with joy the war's departing rage,  
 Seek diſtant lands, and other foes engage.  
 You too, ye bards! whom ſacred raptures fire,  
 To chaunt your heroes to your country's lyre; 785

Who consecrate, in your immortal strain,  
 Brave patriot souls in righteous battle slain ;  
 Securely now the tuneful task renew,  
 And noblest themes in deathless songs pursue.  
 The Druids now, while arms are heard no more, 790  
 Old mysteries and barbarous rites restore :  
 A tribe who singular religion love,  
 And haunt the lonely coverts of the grove.  
 To these, and these of all mankind alone,  
 The gods are sure reveal'd, or sure unknown. 795  
 If dying mortals dooms they sing aright,  
 No ghosts descend to dwell in dreadful night :  
 No parting souls to grisly Pluto go,  
 Nor seek the dreary silent shades below :  
 But forth they fly immortal in their kind, 800  
 And other bodies in new worlds they find.  
 Thus life for ever runs its endless race,  
 And like a line, death but divides the space,  
 A stop which can but for a moment last,  
 A point between the future and the past. 805  
 Thrice happy they beneath their northern skies,  
 Who that worst fear, the fear of death, despise ;  
 Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,  
 But rush undaunted on the pointed steel ;  
 Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn 810  
 To spare that life which must so soon return.  
 You too tow'rd's Rome advance, ye warlike band,  
 That wont the shaggy Cauci to withstand ;  
 Whom once a better order did assign,  
 To guard the passes of the German Rhine ; 815

Now from the fenceless banks you march away,  
And leave the world the fierce barbarians prey.

While thus the numerous troops, from every part,  
Asssembling, raise their daring leader's heart; 819

O'er Italy he takes his warlike way,  
The neighbouring towns his summons straight obey, }  
And on their walls his ensigns high display.

Mean-while the busy messenger of ill,  
Officious Fame, supplies new terror still:

A thousand slaughters, and ten thousand fears, 825  
She whispers in the trembling vulgar's ears.

Now comes a frightened messenger, to tell  
Of ruins which the country round beset;

The foe to fair Mevania's walls is past,  
And lays Clitumnus' fruitful pastures waste; 830

Where Nar's white waves with Tiber mingling fall,  
Range the rough German and the rapid Gaul.

But when himself, when Cæsar they would paint,  
The stronger image makes description faint;

No tongue can speak with what amazing dread 835  
Wild thought presents him at his army's head;

Unlike the man familiar to their eyes,  
Horrid he seems, and of gigantic size:

Unnumber'd eagles rise amidst his train,  
And millions seem to hide the crowded plain. 840

Around him all the various nations join,  
Between the snowy Alps and distant Rhine.

He draws the fierce barbarians from their home,  
With rage surpassing theirs he seems to come, }  
And urge them on to spoil devoted Rome.



Thus fear does half the work of lying fame,  
 And cowards thus their own misfortunes frame ;  
 By their own feigning fancies are betray'd,  
 And groan beneath those ills themselves have made.  
 Nor these alarms the croud alone infest, 850  
 But ran alike through every beating breast ;  
 With equal dread the grave Patricians shook,  
 Their seats abandon'd, and the court forsook.  
 The scattering fathers quit the public care,  
 And bid the consuls for the war prepare. 855  
 Resolv'd on flight, yet still unknowing where  
 To fly from danger, or for aid repair.  
 Hasty and headlong differing paths they tread,  
 As blind impulse and wild distraction lead ;  
 The croud, a hurrying, heartless train, succeed. }  
 Who that the lamentable sight beheld, 860  
 The wretched fugitives that hid the field,  
 Would not have thought the flames, with rapid haste  
 Destroying wide, had laid their city waste ;  
 Or groaning earth had shook beneath their feet, 865  
 While threatening fabrics nodded o'er the street.  
 By such unthinking rashness were they led ;  
 Such was the madness which their fears had bred,  
 As if, of every other hope bereft,  
 To fly from Rome were all the safety left. 870  
 So when the stormy South is heard to roar,  
 And rolls huge billows from the Libyan shore ;  
 When rending sails flit with the driving blast,  
 And with a crash down comes the lofty mast ;  
 Some coward master leaps from off the deck, 875  
 And, hasty to despair, prevents the wreck ;

And

And though the bark unbroken hold her way,  
 His trembling crew all plunge into the sea.  
 From doubtful thus they run to certain harms,  
 And flying from the city rush to arms. 880

Then sons forfook their fires un-nerv'd and old,  
 Nor weeping wives their husbands could withhold;  
 Each left his guardian Lares unador'd,  
 Nor with one parting prayer their aid implor'd :  
 None stop'd, or sighing turn'd for one last view, 885  
 Or bid the city of his birth adieu.

The headlong crowd regardless urge their way,  
 Though ev'n their gods and country ask their stay,  
 And pleading nature beg them to delay. }

What means, ye gods! this changing in your doom? 890  
 Freely you grant, but quickly you resume.  
 Vain is the short-liv'd sovereignty you lend;  
 The pile you raise you deign not to defend.  
 See where, forsaken by her native bands,  
 All desolate the once-great city stands! 895

She whom her swarming citizens made proud,  
 Where once the vanquish'd nations went to croud,  
 Within the circuit of whose ample space  
 Mankind might meet at once, and find a place;  
 A wide defenceless desert now she lies, 900  
 And yields herself the victor's easy prize.

The camp intrench'd securest slumbers yields,  
 Though hostile arms beset the neighbouring fields;  
 Rude banks of earth the hasty soldier rears,  
 And in the turfy wall forgets his fears : 905  
 While, Rome, thy sons all tremble from afar,  
 And scatter at the very name of war;

Nor on thy towers depend, nor rampart's height,  
Nor trust their safety with thee for a night.

Yet one excuse absolv'd the panic dread ; 910  
The vulgar justly fear'd when Pompey fled.  
And, lest sweet hope might mitigate their woes,  
And expectation better times disclose,  
On every breast presaging terror fate,  
And threaten'd plain some yet more dismal fate. 915  
The gods declare their menaces around,  
Earth, air, and seas, in prodigies abound ;  
Then stars, unknown before, appear'd to burn,  
And foreign flames about the pole to turn ;  
Unusual fires by night were seen to fly, 920  
And dart obliquely through the gloomy sky.  
Then horrid comets shook their fatal hair,  
And bade proud royalty for change prepare :  
Now dart swift lightnings through the azure clear,  
And meteors now in various forms appear : 925  
Some like the javelin shoot extended long,  
While some like spreading lamps in heaven are hung.  
And though no gathering clouds the day control,  
Through skies serene portentous thunders roll ;  
Fierce blasting bolts from northern regions come, 930  
And aim their vengeance at imperial Rome.  
The stars, that twinkled in the lonely night,  
Now lift their bolder head in day's broad light.  
The moon, in all her brother's beams array'd,  
Was blotted by the earth's approaching shade : 935  
The sun himself, in his meridian race,  
In sable darkness veil'd his brighter face ;

The

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The trembling world beheld his fading ray,  
 And mourn'd despairing for the loss of day.  
 Such was he seen, when backward to the east 940  
 He fled, abhorring dire Thyestes' feast.  
 Sicilian Ætna then was heard to roar,  
 While Mulciber let loose his fiery store;  
 Nor rose the flames, but with a downward tide  
 Tow'rd Italy their burning torrent guide; 945  
 Charybdis' dogs howl doleful o'er the flood,  
 And all her whirling waves run red with blood;  
 The Vestal fire upon the altar dy'd,  
 And o'er the sacrifice the flames divide;  
 The parting points with double streams ascend, 950  
 To shew the Latian festivals must end:  
 Such from the Theban brethren's pile arose,  
 Signal of impious and immortal foes.  
 With openings fast the gaping earth gave way.  
 And in her inmost womb receiv'd the day. 955  
 The swelling seas o'er lofty mountains flow,  
 And nodding Alps shook off their ancient snow.  
 Then wept the demi-gods of mortal birth,  
 And sweating Lares trembled on the hearth.  
 In temples then, recording stories tell, 960  
 Untouch'd the sacred gifts and garlands fell.  
 Then birds obscene, with inauspicious flight,  
 And screamings dire, prophan'd the hallow'd light.  
 The salvage kind forsook the desert wood,  
 And in the streets disclos'd their horrid brood. 965  
 Then speaking beasts with human sounds were heard,  
 And monstrous births the teeming mothers scar'd.

Among

Among the croud, religious fears disperse  
 The faws of Sibyls, and foreboding verse.  
 Bellona's priests, a barbarous frantic train, 970  
 Whose mangled arms a thousand wounds disdain,  
 Toss their wild locks, and, with a dismal yell,  
 The wrathful gods and coming woes foretel.  
 Lamenting ghosts amidst their ashes mourn,  
 And groanings echo from the marble urn. 975  
 The rattling clank of arms is heard around,  
 And voices loud in lonely woods resound.  
 Grim spectres every-where affright the eye,  
 Approaching glare, and pass with horror by.  
 A fury fierce about the city walks, 980  
 Hell-born, and horrible of size, she stalks :  
 A flaming pine she brandishes in air,  
 And hissing loud up-rise her snaky hair :  
 Where-e'er her round accurst the monster takes,  
 The pale inhabitant his house forsakes. 985  
 Such to Lycurgus was the phantom seen,  
 Such the dire visions of the Theban queen ;  
 Such, at his cruel stepmother's command,  
 Before Alcides, did Megæra stand :  
 With dread, till then unknown, the hero shook, 990  
 Though he had dar'd on hell's grim king to look.  
 Amid the deepest silence of the night,  
 Shrill-sounding clarions animate the fight ;  
 The shouts of meeting armies seem to rise,  
 And the loud battle shakes the gloomy skies. 995  
 Dead Sylla in the Martian field ascends,  
 And mischiefs mighty as his own portends.

Near

Near Anio's stream old Marius rears his head ;  
The hinds beheld his grisly form, and fled.

The state thus threaten'd, by old custom taught, 1000  
For counsel to the Tuscan prophets sought :

Of these the chief for learning fam'd, and age,  
Aruns by name, a venerable sage,

At Luna liv'd ; none better could descry  
What bodes the lightning's journey through the sky ; 1005

Prefaging veins and fibres well he knew,  
And omens read aright, from every wing that flew.

First he commands to burn the monstrous breed,  
Sprung from mix'd species, and discordant feed ;

Forbidden and accursed births, which come 1010  
Where nature's laws design'd a barren womb.

Next, the remaining trembling tribes he calls,  
To pass with solemn rites about their walls,

In holy march to visit all around,  
And with lustrations purge the utmost bound. 1015

The sovereign priests the long procession lead,  
Inferior orders in the train succeed,

Aray'd all duly in the Gabine weed. }

There the chaste head of Vesta's choir appears,  
A sacred fillet binds her reverend hairs ; 1020

To her, in sole preeminence, is due,  
Phrygian Minerva's awful shrine to view.

Next the fifteen in order pass along,  
Who guard the fatal Sibyls' secret song :

To Almon's stream Cybele's form they bear, 1025  
And wash the goddess each returning year.

The Titian brotherhood, the Augurs band,  
Observing flights on the left lucky hand ;

The

R O W E ' S P O E M S .

The seven ordain'd Jove's holy feast to deck ;  
 The Salii blithe, with bucklers on the neck ; 1030  
 All marching in their order just appear :  
 And last the generous Flamens close the rear.  
 While these through ways uncouth, and tiresome ground,  
 Patient perform their long laborious round,  
 Aruns collects the marks of heaven's dread flame ;  
 In earth he hides them with religious hand,  
 Murmurs a prayer, then gives the place a name,  
 And bids the fix'd Bidental hallow'd stand. }  
 Next from the herd a chosen male is fought,  
 And soon before the ready altar brought. 1040  
 And now the seer the sacrifice began,  
 The pouring wine upon the victim ran ;  
 The mingled meal upon his brow was plac'd ;  
 The crooked knife the destin'd line had trac'd ;  
 When with reluctant rage th' impatient beast 1045  
 The rites unpleasing to the God confest.  
 At length compell'd his stubborn head to bow,  
 Vanquish'd he yields him to the fatal blow ;  
 The gushing veins no chearful crimson pour,  
 But stain with poisonous black the sacred floor. 1050  
 The paler prophet stood with horror struck ;  
 Then with a hasty hand the entrails took,  
 And fought the angry gods again ; but there  
 Prognostics worse, and sadder signs, appear ;  
 The pallid guts with spots were marbled o'er, 1055  
 With thin cold serum stain'd, and livid gore ;  
 The liver wet with putrid streams he spy'd,  
 And veins that threaten'd on the hostile side :

Part

Part of the heaving lungs is no where found,  
 And thinner films the fever'd entrails bound ; 1060  
 No usual motion stirs the panting heart ;  
 The chinky vessels ouze on every part ;  
 The cawl, where wrapt the close intestines lie,  
 Betrays its dark recesses to the eye,  
 One prodigy superior threaten'd still, 1065  
 The never-failing harbinger of ill :  
 Lo ! by the fibrous liver's rising head,  
 A second rival prominence is spread ;  
 All sunk and poor the friendly part appears,  
 And a pale, sickly, withering visage wears ; 1070  
 While high and full the adverse vessels ride,  
 And drive, impetuous, on their purple tide.  
 Amaz'd, the sage foresaw th' impending fate ;  
 Ye gods ! (he cry'd) forbid me to relate  
 What woes on this devoted people wait. }  
 Nor dost thou, Jove, in these our rites partake,  
 Nor smile propitious on the prayer we make ;  
 The dreadful Stygian gods this victim claim,  
 And to our sacrifice the Furies came.  
 The ills we fear command us to be dumb ; 1080  
 Yet somewhat worse than what we fear shall come.  
 But may the gods be gracious from on high, }  
 Some better prosperous event supply,  
 Fibres may err, and augury may lye ;  
 Arts may be false, by which our fires divin'd, 1085  
 And Tages taught them, to abuse mankind.  
 Thus darkly he the prophecy exprest,  
 And riddling sung the double-dealing priest.

But



But Figulus exclaims (to science bred,  
 And in the gods mysterious secrets read ; 1090  
 Whom nor Ægyptian Memphis' sons excell'd,  
 Nor with more skill the rolling orbs beheld :  
 Well could he judge the labours of the sphere,  
 And calculate the just revolving year).  
 The stars (he cries) are in confusion hurl'd, 1095  
 And wandering error quite misguides the world ;  
 Or, if the laws of nature yet remain,  
 Some swift destruction now the Fates ordain.  
 Shall earth's wide opening jaws for ruin call,  
 And sinking cities to the centre fall ? 1100  
 Shall raging drought infest the sultry sky ?  
 Shall faithless earth the promis'd crop deny ?  
 Shall poisonous vapours o'er the waters brood,  
 And taint the limpid spring and silver flood ?  
 Ye gods ! what ruin does your wrath prepare ! 1105  
 Comes it from heaven, from earth, from seas, or air ?  
 The lives of many to a period haste,  
 And thousands shall together breathe their last.  
 If Saturn's fullen beams were lifted high,  
 And baneful reign'd ascendant o'er the sky, 1110  
 Then moist Aquarius deluges might rain,  
 And earth once more lie sunk beneath the main :  
 Or did thy glowing beams, O Phœbus, shine  
 Malignant in the Lion's scorching sign,  
 Wide o'er the world consuming fires might roll, 1115  
 And heaven be seen to flame from pole to pole :  
 Through peaceful orbits these unangry glide,  
 But, God of Battles ! what dost thou provide ?  
 Who in the threatening Scorpion dost preside ?

}  
With

With potent wrath around thy influence streams, 1120  
 And the whole monster kindles at thy beams ;  
 While Jupiter's more gentle rays decline,  
 And Mercury with Venus faintly shine ;  
 The wandering lights are darken'd all and gone,  
 And Mars now lords it o'er the heavens alone. 1125

Orion's starry falchion blazing wide,  
 Refulgent glitters by his dreadful side.  
 War comes, and salvage slaughter must abound,  
 The sword of violence shall right confound :  
 The blackest crimes fair virtue's name shall wear,  
 And impious fury rage for many a year. 1131

Yet ask not thou an end of arms, O Rome,  
 Thy peace must with a lordly master come.  
 Protract destruction, and defer thy chain,  
 The sword alone prevents the tyrant's reign,  
 And civil wars thy liberty maintain.

The heartless vulgar to the sage give heed,  
 New rising fears his words foreboding breed.  
 When, lo ! more dreadful wonders strike their eyes,  
 Forth through the streets a Roman matron flies, 1140  
 Mad as the Thracian dames that bound along,  
 And chant Lyæus in their frantic song :  
 Enthusiastic heavings swell'd her breast,  
 And thus her voice the Delphic god confess :

Where dost thou snatch me, Pæan ! wherefore bear 1145  
 Through cloudy heights and tracts of pathless air ?  
 I see Pangæan mountains white with snow,  
 Æmus and wide Philippi's fields below.  
 Say, Phœbus, wherefore does this fury rise ?  
 What mean these spears and shields before my eyes ? 1150  
 I see

I see the Roman battles croud the plain !  
 I see the war, but seek the foe in vain.  
 Again I fly, I seek the rising day,  
 Where Nile's Ægyptian waters take their way :  
 I see, I know upon the guilty shore, 1155  
 The hero's headless trunk besmear'd with gore.  
 The Syrts and Libyan sands beneath me lie,  
 Thither Emathia's scatter'd relics fly.  
 Now o'er the cloudy Alps I stretch my flight,  
 And soar above Pyrene's airy height : 1160  
 To Rome, my native Rome, I turn again,  
 And see the senate reeking with the slain.  
 Again the moving chiefs their arms prepare ;  
 Again I follow through the world the war.  
 Oh, give me, Phœbus ! give me to explore, }  
 Some region new, some undiscover'd shore ;  
 I saw Philippi's fatal fields before. }  
 She said : the weary rage began to cease,  
 And left the fainting prophets in peace.

## LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

## B O O K II.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Amidst the general consternation that fore-ran the Civil War, the poet introduces an old man giving an account of the miseries that attended on that of Marius and Sylla; and comparing their present circumstances to those in which the commonwealth was when that former war broke out. Brutus consults with Cato, whether it were the duty of a private man to concern himself in the public troubles; to which Cato replies in the affirmative: Then follows his receiving Marcia again from the tomb of Hortensius. While Pompey goes to Capua, Cæsar makes himself master of the greatest part of Italy, and among the rest of Corfinium, where Domitius, the governor for Pompey, is seized by his garrison, and delivered to Cæsar, who pardons and dismisses him.

Pompey in an oration to his army makes a trial of their disposition to a general battle; but not finding it to answer his expectation, he sends his son to solicit the assistance of his friends and allies; then marches himself to Brundisium, where he is like to be shut up by Cæsar, and escapes at length with much difficulty.

**N**OW manifest the wrath divine appear'd,  
 And nature through the world the war declar'd;  
 Teeming with monsters, sacred law she broke,  
 And dire events in all her works bespoke,

4

G

Thou

Thou Jove, who dost in heaven supremely reign,  
 Why does thy providence these signs ordain,  
 And give us prescience to increase our pain?  
 Doubly we bear thy dread-inflicting doom,  
 And feel our miseries before they come.  
 Whether the great creating parent soul,  
 When first from Chaos rude he form'd the whole,  
 Dispos'd futurity with certain hand,  
 And bade the necessary causes stand;  
 Made one decree for ever to remain,  
 And bound himself in fate's eternal chain;  
 Or whether fickle fortune leads the dance,  
 Nothing is fix'd, but all things come by chance;  
 Whate'er thou shalt ordain, thou ruling power,  
 Unknown and sudden be the dreadful hour:  
 Let mortals to their future fate be blind,  
 And hope relieve the miserable mind.  
 While thus the wretched citizens behold  
 What certain ills the faithful gods foretold;  
 Justice suspends her course in mournful Rome,  
 And all the noisy courts at once are dumb;  
 No honours shine in the distinguish'd weed,  
 Nor rods the purple magistrate precede:  
 A dismal silent sorrow spreads around,  
 No groan is heard, nor one complaining sound.  
 So when some generous youth resigns his breath,  
 And parting sinks in the last pangs of death;  
 With ghastly eyes, and many a lift-up hand,  
 Around his bed the still attendants stand;

}

10

15

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25

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No

No tongue as yet presumes his fate to tell,  
 Nor speaks aloud the solemn last farewell ; 35  
 As yet the mother by her darling lies,  
 Nor breaks lamenting into frantic cries ;  
 And though he stiffens in her fond embrace,  
 His eyes are set, and livid pale his face ;  
 Horror a while prevents the swelling tear, 40  
 Nor is her passion grief, as yet, but fear ;  
 In one fix'd posture motionless she keeps,  
 And wonders at her woe before she weeps.  
 The matrons sad their rich attire lay by,  
 And to the temples madly crowding fly : 45  
 Some on the shrines their gushing sorrows pour,  
 Some dash their breasts against the marble floor,  
 Some on the sacred thresholds rend their hair,  
 And howling seek the gods with horrid prayer.  
 Nor Jove receiv'd the wailing suppliants all, 50  
 In various fanes on various powers they call.  
 No altar then, no god was left alone,  
 Unvex'd by some impatient parent's moan.  
 Of these, one wretch her grief, above the rest,  
 With visage torn, and mangled arms confest. 55  
 Ye mothers ! beat (she cry'd) your bosoms now,  
 Now tear the curling honours from your brow ;  
 The present hour ev'n all your tears demands,  
 While doubtful fortune yet suspended stands.  
 When one shall conquer, then for joy prepare, 60  
 The victor chief, at least, shall end the war.  
 Thus, from renew'd complaints they seek relief,  
 And only find fresh causes out for grief.

The men too, as to different camps they go,  
 Join their sad voices to the public woe ; 65  
 Impatient to the gods they raise their cry,  
 And thus expostulate with those on high :  
 Oh hapless times ! oh that we had been born,  
 When Carthage made our vanquish'd country mourn !  
 Well had we then been number'd with the slain 70  
 On Trebia's banks, or Cannæ's fatal plain.  
 Nor ask we peace, ye powers, nor soft repose ;  
 Give us new wars, and multitudes of foes ;  
 Let every potent city arm for fight,  
 And all the neighbour nations round unite ; 75  
 From Median Susa let the Parthians come,  
 And Massagetes beyond their Ister roam :  
 Let Elbe and Rhine's unconquer'd springs send forth  
 The yellow Suevi from the farthest north :  
 Let the conspiring world in arms engage, 80  
 And save us only from domestic rage.  
 Here let the hostile Dacian inroads make,  
 And there his way the Gete invader take.  
 Let Cæsar in Iberia tame the foe ;  
 Let Pompey break the deadly eastern bow, 85 }  
 And Rome no hand unarm'd for battle know.  
 But if Hesperia stand condemn'd by fate,  
 And ruin on our name and nation wait ;  
 Now dart thy thunder, dread almighty fire,  
 Let all thy flaming heavens descend in fire ; 90  
 On chiefs and parties hurl thy bolts alike,  
 And, ere their crimes have made them guilty, strike.

Is it a cause so worthy of our care,  
 That power may fall to this, or that man's share?  
 Do we for this the gods and conscience brave, 95  
 That one may rule, and make the rest a slave?  
 When thus ev'n liberty we scarce should buy,  
 But think a civil war a price too high.

Thus groan they at approaching dire events,  
 And thus expiring piety laments. 100

Mean-while the hoary sire his years deplores,  
 And age that former miseries restores:  
 He hates his weary life prolong'd for woe,  
 Worse days to see, more impious rage to know.  
 Then fetching old examples from afar, 105

'Twas thus (he cries) Fate usher'd in the war:  
 When Cimbrians fierce, and Libya's swarthy lord,  
 Had fall'n before triumphant Marius' sword:  
 Yet to Minturnæ's marsh the victor fled,  
 And hid in oozy flags his exil'd head. 110

The faithless foil the hunted chief reliev'd,  
 And sedgy waters fortune's pledge receiv'd.  
 Deep in a dungeon plung'd at length he lay,  
 Where gyves and rankling fetters eat their way,  
 And noisome vapours on his vitals prey. 115 }

Ordain'd at ease to dine in wretched Rome,  
 He suffer'd then, for wickedness to come.

In vain his foes had arm'd the Cimbrian's hand,  
 Death will not always wait upon command;  
 About to strike, the slave with horror shook, 120  
 The useless steel his loosening gripe forsook;  
 Thick flashing flames a light unusual gave,  
 And sudden shone around the gloomy cave;



Dreadful the Gods of guilt before him stood,  
 And Marius terrible in future blood ; 125  
 When thus a voice began : Rash man forbear,  
 Nor touch that head which fate resolves to spare ;  
 Thousands are doom'd beneath his arm to bleed,  
 And countless deaths before his own decreed ;  
 Thy wrath and purpose to destroy is vain : 130  
 Would'st thou avenge thee for thy nation slain ?  
 Preserve this man ; and in some coming day  
 The Cimbrian slaughter well he shall repay.  
 No pitying god. no power to mortals good,  
 Could save a salvage wretch who joy'd in blood : 135  
 But Fate reserv'd him to perform its doom,  
 And be the minister of wrath to Rome.  
 By swelling seas too favourably tost,  
 Safely he reach'd Numidia's hostile coast ;  
 There, driv'n from man, to wilds he took his way, 140  
 And on the earth, where once he conquer'd, lay ;  
 There in the lone unpeopled desert field,  
 Proud Carthage in her ruins he beheld ;  
 Amidst her ashes pleas'd he sat him down,  
 And joy'd in the destruction of the town. 145  
 The genius of the place, with mutual hate,  
 Rear'd its sad head, and smil'd at Marius' fate ;  
 Each with delight survey'd their fallen foe,  
 And each forgave the gods, that laid the other low.  
 There with new fury was his soul possess'd, 150  
 And Libyan rage collected in his breast.  
 Soon as returning fortune own'd his cause,  
 Troops of revolting bond-men forth he draws ;

Cut-

Cut-throats and slaves resort to his command,  
 And arms were given to every baser hand. 155  
 None worthily the leader's standard bore,  
 Unstain'd with blood or blackest crimes before :  
 Villains of fame, to fill his bands, were sought,  
 And to his camp increase of crimes they brought.  
 Who can relate the horrors of that day, 160  
 When first these walls became the victor's prey !  
 With what a stride devouring Slaughter past,  
 And swept promiscuous orders in her haste !  
 O'er noble and plebeian rang'd the sword ;  
 Nor pity or remorse one pause afford. 165  
 The sliding streets with blood were clotted o'er,  
 And sacred temples stood in pools of gore.  
 The ruthless steel, impatient of delay,  
 Forbade the fire to linger out his day :  
 It struck the bending father to the earth, 170  
 And cropt the wailing infant at his birth.  
 (Can innocents the rage of parties know,  
 And they who ne'er offended find a foe ?)  
 Age is no plea, and childhood no defence,  
 To kill is all the murderer's pretence. 175  
 Rage stays not to inquire who ought to die,  
 Numbers must fall, no matter which, or why ;  
 Each in his hand a grieved visage bears,  
 And as the trophy of his virtue wears.  
 Who wants a prize, straight rushes through the streets, 180  
 And undistinguish'd mows the first he meets ;  
 The trembling crowd with fear officious strive,  
 And those who kiss the tyrant's hand survive.

Oh could you fall so low, degenerate race !  
 And purchase safety at a price so base ? 185  
 What though the sword was master of your doom,  
 Though Marius could have given you years to come,  
 Can Romans live by infamy so mean ?  
 But soon your changing fortune shifts the scene ;  
 Short is your date ; you only live to mourn 190  
 Your hopes deceiv'd, and Sylla's swift return,  
 The vulgar falls, and none laments his fate,  
 Sorrow has hardly leisure for the great.  
 What tears could Bæbius' hasty death deplore !  
 A thousand hands his mangled carcase tore ; 195  
 His scatter'd entrails round the streets were tost,  
 And in a moment all the man was lost.  
 Who wept, Antonius' murder to behold,  
 Whose moving tongue the mischief oft foretold ?  
 Spite of his age and eloquence he bled ; 200  
 The barbarous soldier snatch'd his hoary head ;  
 Dropping he bore it to his joyful lord,  
 And while he feasted plac'd it on the board.  
 The Crassi both by Fimbria's hand was slain,  
 And bleeding magistrates the pulpit stain. 205  
 Then did the doom of that neglecting hand,  
 Thy fate, O holy Scævola, command ;  
 In vain for succour to the gods he flies,  
 The priest before the Vestal altar dies :  
 A feeble stream pour'd-forth the exhausted fire, 210  
 And spar'd to quench the everliving fire.  
 The seventh returning Fasces now appear,  
 And bring stern Marius' latest destin'd year :  
 Thus

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, BOOK II. 89

Thus the long toils of changing life o'erpast,  
Hoary and full of days he breath'd his last. 215

While Fortune frown'd, her fiercest wrath he bore,  
And while she smil'd enjoy'd her amplest power :  
All various turns of good and bad he knew,  
And prov'd the most that chance or fate could do.

What heaps of slain the Colline gate did yield ! 220  
What bodies strow'd the Sacriportan field,  
When empire was ordain'd to change her seat,  
To leave her Rome, and make Præneste great !  
When the proud Samnites troops the state defy'd,  
In terms beyond their Caudine treaty's pride. 225

Nor Sylla with less cruelty returns,  
With equal rage the fierce avenger burns :  
What blood the feeble city yet retain'd,  
With too severe a healing hand he drain'd :  
Too deeply was the searching steel employ'd, 230  
What maladies had hurt, the leach destroy'd.

The guilty only were of life bereft :  
Alas ! the guilty only then were left.  
Dissembled hate and rancour rang'd at will,  
All as they pleas'd took liberty to kill ; 235

And while revenge no longer fear'd the laws,  
Each private murder was the public cause.  
The leader bade destroy : and at the word,  
The master fell beneath the servant's sword.

Brothers on brothers were for gifts bestow'd, 240  
And sons contended for their father's blood.  
For refuge some to caves and forests fled ;  
Some to the lonely mansions of the dead ;

Some,

Some, to prevent the cruel victor, die ;  
 These strangled hang from fatal beams on high ; 245  
 While those, from tops of lofty turrets thrown,  
 Came headlong on the dashing pavement down.  
 Some for their funerals the wood prepare,  
 And build the sacred pile with hasty care :  
 Then bleeding to the kindling flames they press, 250  
 And Roman rites, while yet they may, possess.  
 Pale heads of Marian chiefs are borne on high,  
 And heap'd together in the Forum lie ;  
 There join the meeting slaughters of the town,  
 There each performing villain's deeds are known. 255  
 No fight like this the Thracian stables knew,  
 Antæus' Libyan spoils to these were few :  
 Nor Greece beheld so many suitors fall,  
 To grace the Pisan tyrant's horrid hall.  
 At length, when putrid gore, with foul disgrace, 260  
 Hid the distinguish'd features of the face,  
 By night the miserable parents came,  
 And bore their sons to some forbidden flame.  
 Well I remember, in that woeful reign,  
 How I my brother fought amongst the slain ; 265  
 Hopeful by stealth his poor remains to burn,  
 And close his ashes in a peaceful urn ;  
 His visage in my trembling hand I bore,  
 And turn'd pacific Sylla's trophies o'er ;  
 Full many a mangled trunk I try'd, to see 270  
 Which carcase with the head would best agree.  
 Why should my grief to Catulus return,  
 And tell the victim offer'd at his urn ;

When,

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, BOOK II. 91

When, struck with horror, the relenting shade  
 Beheld his wrongs too cruelly repay'd? 275  
 I saw where Marius' hapless brother stood,  
 With limbs all torn, and cover'd o'er with blood;  
 A thousand gaping wounds increas'd his pain,  
 While weary life a passage sought in vain;  
 That mercy still his ruthless foes deny, 280  
 And, whom they mean to kill, forbid to die.  
 This from the wrist the suppliant hands divides,  
 That hews his arms from off his naked sides;  
 One crops his breathing nostrils, one his ears,  
 While from the roots his tongue another tears; 285  
 Panting awhile upon the earth it lies,  
 And with mute motion trembles ere it dies:  
 Last, from the sacred caverns where they lay,  
 The bleeding orbs of sight are rent away.  
 Can late posterity believe, when'er  
 This tale of Marius and his foes they hear, }  
 They could inflict so much, or he could bear?  
 Such is the broken carcase seen to lie,  
 Crush'd by some tumbling turret from on high;  
 Such to the shore the shipwreckt corse is borne, 295  
 By rending rocks and greedy monsters torn.  
 Mistaken rage! thus mangling to disgrace,  
 And blot the lines of Marius' hated face!  
 What joy can Sylla take, unless he know  
 And mark the features of his dying foe? 300  
 Fortune beheld, from her Prænestine fane,  
 Her helpless worshipers around her slain;  
 One hour of fate was common to them all,  
 And like one man she saw a people fall.

Then

Then dy'd the lusty youth in manly bloom,                   305  
 Hesperia's flower, and hope for times to come ;  
 Their blood, Rome's only strength, distains the fold,  
 Ordain'd th' assembling centuries to hold.

Numbers have oft been known, on sea and land,  
 To sink of old by death's destructive hand ;                   310  
 Battles with multitudes have strown the plain,  
 And many perish on the stormy main :  
 Earthquakes destroy, malignant vapours blast,  
 And plagues and famines lay whole nations waste :  
 But justice, sure, was never seen, till now,                   315  
 To massacre her thousands at a blow.

Satiety of death the victors prove,  
 And slowly through th' incumbering ruin move :  
 So many fall, there scarce is room for more,  
 The dying nod on those who fell before ;                   320  
 Crouding in heaps their murderers they aid,  
 And, by the dead, the living are o'erlaid.  
 Mean while the stern dictator, from on high,  
 Beholds the slaughter with a fearless eye ;  
 Nor sighs, to think his dread commands ordain                   325  
 So many thousand wretches to be slain.

Amidst the Tiber's waves the load is thrown,  
 The torrent rolls the guilty burden down ;  
 Till rising mounds obstruct his watery way,  
 And carcases the gliding vessels stay.                   330  
 But soon another stream to aid him rose,  
 Swift o'er the fields a crimson deluge flows :  
 The Tuscan river swells above his shores,  
 And floating bodies to the land restores :

Struggling

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Book II. 93

Struggling at length he drives his rushing flood, 335  
And dyes the Tyrrhene ocean round with blood.

Could deeds like these the glorious stile demand  
Of prosperous, and saviour of the land?  
Could this renown, could these achievements build  
A tomb for Sylla in the Martian field? 340

Again, behold the circling woes return,  
Again the curse of civil wars we mourn;  
Battles and blood, and vengeance, shall succeed,  
And Rome once more by Roman hands shall bleed.  
Or if, for hourly thus our fears presage, 345  
With wrath more fierce the present chiefs shall rage,  
Mankind shall some unheard-of plagues deplore,  
And groan for miseries unknown before.

Marius an end of exile only fought;  
Sylla to crush a hated faction fought; 350  
A larger recompence these leaders claim,  
And higher is their vast ambition's aim:  
Could these be satisfy'd with Sylla's power;  
Nor, all he had possessing, ask for more;  
Neither had force and impious arms employ'd, 355  
Or fought for that which guiltless each enjoy'd.

Thus wept lamenting age o'er hapless Rome,  
Remembering evils past, and dreading those to come.

But Brutus' temper fail'd not with the rest, }  
Nor with the common weakness was oppress'd; }  
Safe and in peace he kept his manly breast. }  
'Twas when the solemn dead of night came on, }  
When bright Calisto with her shining son }  
Now half their circle round the pole had run;

When



When Brutus, on the busy times intent, 365  
 To virtuous Cato's humble dwelling went :  
 Waking he found him, careful for the state,  
 Grieving and fearing for his country's fate ;  
 For Rome, and wretched Rome, alone he fear'd ;  
 Secure within himself, and for the worst prepar'd. 370

To him thus Brutus spóke : O thou, to whom  
 Forsaken Virtue flies, as to her home,  
 Driv'n out, and by an impious age oppress'd,  
 She finds no room on earth but Cato's breast :  
 There, in her one good man, she reigns secure, 375  
 Fearless of vice, or fortune's hostile power.

Then teach my soul, to doubt and error prone,  
 Teach me a resolution like thy own.

Let partial favour, hopes, or interest guide,  
 By various motives, all the world beside, }  
 To Pompey's or ambitious Cæsar's side ;

Thou, Cato, art my leader. Whether peace  
 And calm repose amidst these storms shall please :

Or whether war thy ardour shall engage, }  
 To gratify the madness of this age,  
 Herd with the factious chiefs, and urge the peoples rage. }

The ruffian, bankrupt, loose adulterer, }  
 All who the power of laws and justice fear, }  
 From guilt learn specious reasons for the war.

By starving want and wickedness prepar'd, 390  
 Wisely they arm for safety and reward.

But, oh ! what cause, what reason, canst thou find ?

Art thou to arms for love of arms inclin'd ?

Hast thou the manners of this age withstood,  
 And for so many years been singly good,  
 To be repay'd with civil wars and blood?  
 Let those to vice inur'd for arms prepare,  
 In thee 'twill be impiety to dare;  
 Preserve at least, ye gods, these hands from war.  
 Nor do thou meanly with the rabble join, 400  
 Nor grace their cause with such an arm as thine.  
 To thee, the fortune of the fatal field  
 Inclining, unauspicious fame shall yield;  
 Each to thy sword shall press, and wish to be  
 Imputed as thy crime, and charg'd on thee. 405  
 Happy thou wert, if with retirement blest,  
 Which noise and faction never should molest,  
 Nor break the sacred quiet of thy breast;  
 Where harmony and order ne'er should cease,  
 But every day should take its turn in peace. 410  
 So, in eternal steady motion, roll  
 The radiant spheres around the starry pole:  
 Fierce lightnings, meteors, and the winter's storm,  
 Earth and the face of lower heaven deform,  
 Whilst all by nature's laws is calm above; 415  
 No tempest rages in the court of Jove.  
 Light particles and idle atoms fly,  
 Toss'd by the winds, and scatter'd round the sky;  
 While the more solid parts the force resist,  
 And fix'd and stable on the centre rest. 420  
 Cæsar shall hear with joy, that thou art join'd  
 With fighting factions, to disturb mankind:  
 Though sworn his foe, he shall applaud thy choice,  
 And think his wicked war approv'd by Cato's voice.

See! how to swell their mighty leader's state, 425  
 The consuls and the fervile senate wait :  
 Ev'n Cato's self to Pompey's yoke must bow,  
 And all mankind are slaves but Cæsar now.  
 If war, however, be at last our doom,  
 If we must arm for Liberty and Rome : 430  
 While undecided yet their fate depends,  
 Cæsar and Pompey are alike my friends ;  
 Which party I shall choose, is yet to know,  
 That let the war decide ; who conquers is my foe.  
 Thus spoke the youth. When Cato thus express 435  
 The sacred counsels of his inmost breast :  
 Brutus ! with thee, I own the crime is great ;  
 With thee, this impious civil war I hate ;  
 But Virtue blindly follows, led by Fate. }  
 Answer yourselves, ye gods, and set me free ; 440  
 If I am guilty, 'tis by your decree.  
 If yon fair lamps above should lose their light,  
 And leave the wretched world in endless night ;  
 If Chaos should in heaven and earth prevail,  
 And universal nature's frame should fail : 445  
 What Stoic would not the misfortune share,  
 And think that desolation worth his care ?  
 Princes and nations whom wide seas divide, }  
 Where other stars far distant heavens do guide,  
 Have brought their ensigns to the Roman side. }  
 Forbid it, gods ! when barbarous Scythians come }  
 From their cold north, to prop declining Rome,  
 That I should see her fall, and sit secure at home. }  
 As some unhappy sire by death undone,  
 Robb'd of his age's joy, his only son, 455

Attends

Attends the funeral with pious care,  
 To pay his last paternal office there ;  
 Takes a sad pleasure in the croud to go,  
 And be himself part of the pompous woe ;  
 Then waits till, every ceremony past, 460  
 His own fond hand may light the pile at last.  
 So fix'd, so faithful to thy cause, O Rome,  
 With such a constancy and love I come,  
 Resolv'd for thee and liberty to mourn,  
 And never ! never from your sides be torn ; 465  
 Resolv'd to follow still your common fate,  
 And on your very names, and last remains to wait.  
 Thus let it be, since thus the gods ordain ;  
 Since hecatombs of Romans must be slain,  
 Assist the sacrifice with every hand, 470  
 And give them all the slaughter they demand.  
 O ! were the gods contented with my fall,  
 If Cato's life could answer for you all,  
 Like the devoted Decius would I go,  
 To force from either side the mortal blow, }  
 And for my country's sake, wish to be thought her foe. }  
 To me, ye Romans, all your rage confine, }  
 To me, ye nations from the barbarous Rhine, }  
 Let all the wounds this war shall make be mine. }  
 Open my vital streams, and let them run, }  
 Oh, let the purple sacrifice atone }  
 For all the ills offending Rome has done.  
 If slavery be all the faction's end,  
 If chains the prize for which the fools contend,

To me convert the war, let me be slain ;  
 Me, only me, who fondly strive, in vain,  
 Their useleſs laws and freedom to maintain :  
 So may the tyrant ſafely mount his throne,  
 And rule his ſlaves in peace, when I am gone.  
 How-e'er, ſince free as yet from his command, 490  
 For Pompey and the commonwealth we ſtand.  
 Nor he, if fortune ſhould attend his arms,  
 Is proof againſt ambition's fatal charms ;  
 But, urg'd with greatneſs, and deſire of ſway,  
 May dare to make the vanquiſh'd world his prey. 495  
 Then, leſt the hopes of empire ſwell his pride,  
 Let him remember I was on his ſide ;  
 Nor think he conquer'd for himſelf alone,  
 To make the harveſt of the war his own,  
 Where half the toil was ours. So ſpoke the ſage.  
 His words the liſtning eager youth engage  
 Too much to love of arms, and heat of civil rage. }  
 Now 'gan the ſun to liſt his dawning light,  
 Before him fled the colder ſhades of night ;  
 When lo ! the ſounding doors are heard to turn, 505  
 Chaſte Martia comes from dead Hortenſius' urn.  
 Once to a better huſband's happier bed,  
 With bridal rites, a virgin was ſhe led :  
 When, every debt of love and duty paid,  
 And thrice a parent by Lucina made, 510  
 The teeming matron, at her lord's command,  
 To glad Hortenſius gave her plighted hand ;  
 With a fair ſtock his barren houſe to grace,  
 And mingle by the mother's ſide the race.

At

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, BOOK II. 99

At length this husband in his ashes laid, 515

And every rite of due religion paid,

Forth from his monument the mournful dame,

With beaten breasts, and locks dishevel'd, came ;

Then with a pale dejected rueful look,

Thus pleasing, to her former lord she spoke : 520

While nature yet with vigour fed my veins,

And made me equal to a mother's pains,

To thee obedient, I thy house forsook,

And to my arms another husband took :

My powers at length with genial labours worn, 525

Weary to thee, and wafed, I return.

At length a barren wedlock let me prove,

Give me the name, without the joys of love ;

No more to be abandon'd, let me come,

That Cato's *wife* may live upon my tomb. 530

So shall my truth to latest times be read,

And none shall ask if guiltily I fled,

Or thy command estrang'd me from thy bed. }

Nor ask I now thy happiness to share,

I seek thy days of toil, thy nights of care : 535

Give me, with thee, to meet my country's foe,

Thy weary marches and thy camps to know ;

Nor let posterity with shame record,

Cornelia follow'd, Martia left her lord.

• She said : The hero's manly heart was mov'd, 540

And the chaste matron's virtuous suit approv'd.

And though the times far differing thoughts demand,

Though war dissents from Hymen's holy band ;

In plain unsolemn wife his faith he plights,

And calls the gods to view the lonely rites. 545

No garlands gay the chearful portal crown'd,  
 Nor woolly fillets wove the posts around ;  
 No genial bed, with rich embroidery grac'd,  
 On ivory steps in lofty state was plac'd ;  
 No hymeneal torch preceding shone, 550 }  
 No matron put the towery frontlet on, }  
 Nor bade her feet the sacred threshold shun.  
 No yellow veil was loosely thrown, to hide  
 The rising blushes of the trembling bride ;  
 No glittering zone her flowing garments bound, 555  
 Nor sparkling gems her neck encompass'd round ;  
 No silken scarf, nor decent winding lawn,  
 Was o'er her naked arms and shoulders drawn :  
 But, as she was, in funeral attire,  
 With all the sadness sorrow could inspire, 560  
 With eyes dejected, with a joyless face,  
 She met her husband's, like a son's embrace.  
 No Sabine mirth provokes the bridegroom's ears,  
 Nor sprightly wit the glad assembly cheers.  
 No friends, not ev'n their children grace the feast, 565  
 Brutus attends, their only nuptial guest :  
 He stands a witness of the silent rite,  
 And sees the melancholy pair unite.  
 Nor he, the chief, his sacred visage chear'd,  
 Nor smooth'd his matted locks, or horrid beard ; 570  
 Nor deigns his heart one thought of joy to know,  
 But met his Martia with the same stern brow.  
 (For when he saw the fatal factions arm,  
 The coming war, and Rome's impending harm ;  
 Regardless quite of every other care, 575  
 Unshorn he left his loose neglected hair ;

Rude



Rude hung the hoary honours of his head,  
 And a foul growth his mournful cheeks o'erspread.  
 No stings of private hate his peace infest,  
 Nor partial favour grew upon his breast; 580  
 But, safe from prejudice, he kept his mind  
 Free, and at leisure to lament mankind.)  
 Nor could his former love's returning fire,  
 The warmth of one connubial wish inspire, }  
 But strongly he withstood the just desire.  
 These were the stricter manners of the man,  
 And this the stubborn course in which they ran;  
 The golden mean unchanging to pursue,  
 Constant to keep the purpos'd end in view;  
 Religiously to follow nature's laws, 590  
 And die with pleasure in his country's cause,  
 To think he was not for himself design'd,  
 But born to be of use to all mankind.  
 To him 'twas feasting, hunger to repress;  
 And home-spun garments were his costly dress: 595  
 No marble pillars rear'd his roof on high,  
 'Twas warm, and kept him from the winter sky:  
 He sought no end of marriage, but increase,  
 Nor wish'd a pleasure, but his country's peace:  
 That took up all the tenderest parts of life, 600  
 His country was his children and his wife.  
 From justice' righteous lore he never swerv'd,  
 But rigidly his honesty preserv'd.  
 On universal good his thoughts were bent,  
 Nor knew what gain, or self-affection meant; 605  
 And while his benefits the public share,  
 Cato was always last in Cato's care.



Meantime, the trembling troops, by Pompey led,  
 Hasty to Phrygian Capua were fled.  
 Resolving here to fix the moving war, 610  
 He calls his scatter'd legions from afar ;  
 Here he decrees the daring foe to wait,  
 And prove at once the great event of fate ;  
 Where Apennine's delightful shades arise,  
 And lift Hesperia lofty to the skies. 615  
 Between the higher and inferior sea,  
 The long-extended mountain takes his way ;  
 Pisa and Ancon bound his sloping sides,  
 Wash'd by the Tyrrhene and Dalmatic tides ;  
 Rich in the treasure of his watery stores, }  
 A thousand living springs and streams he pours,  
 And seeks the different seas by different shores.  
 From his left falls Crustumium's rapid flood,  
 And swift Metaurus red with Punic blood ;  
 There gentle Sapis with Isaurus joins, 625  
 And Sena there the Senones confines ;  
 Rough Aufidus the meeting ocean braves,  
 And lashes on the lazy Adria's waves ;  
 Hence vast Eridanus with matchless force,  
 Prince of the streams, directs his regal course ; 630  
 Proud with the spoils of fields and woods he flows,  
 And drains Hesperia's rivers as he goes.  
 His sacred banks, in ancient tales renown'd,  
 First by the spreading poplar's shade were crown'd ;  
 When the sun's fiery steeds forsook their way, 635  
 And downward drew to earth the burning day :  
 When every flood and ample lake was dry,  
 The Po alone his channel could supply.

Hither

Hither rash Phaeton was headlong driven,  
 And in these waters quench'd the flames of heaven. 640  
 Nor wealthy Nile a fuller stream contains,  
 Though wide he spreads o'er Ægypt's flatter plains;  
 Nor Ister rolls a larger torrent down,  
 Sought he the sea with waters all his own;  
 But meeting floods to him their homage pay, 645  
 And heave the blended river on his way.  
 These from the left; while from the right, there come  
 The Rutuba and Tiber dear to Rome;  
 Thence slides Vulturnus' swift-descending flood,  
 And Sarnus hid beneath his misty cloud; 650  
 Thence Lyris, whom the Vestin fountains aid,  
 Winds to the sea through close Marica's shade;  
 Thence Siler through Salernian pastures falls,  
 And shallow Macra creeps by Luna's walls.  
 Bordering on Gaul the loftiest ridges rise, 655  
 And the low Alps from cloudy heights despise;  
 Thence his long back the fruitful mountain bows,  
 Beneath the Umbrian and the Sabine plows;  
 The race primæval, natives all of old,  
 His woody rocks within their circuit hold; 660  
 Far as Hesperia's utmost limits pass,  
 The hilly father runs his mighty mass;  
 Where Juno rears her high Lacinian fane,  
 And Scylla's raging dogs molest the main.  
 Once, farther yet ('tis said) his way he took, 665  
 Till through his side the seas conspiring broke;  
 And still we see on fair Sicilia's sands  
 Where, part of Apennine, Pelorus stands.

But Cæsar for destruction eager burns,  
 Free passages and bloodless ways he scorns ; 670  
 In fierce conflicting fields his arms delight,  
 He joys to be oppos'd, to prove his might,  
 Resistless through the widening breach to go,  
 To burst the gate, to lay the bulwark low,  
 To burn the villages, to waste the plains, 675  
 And massacre the poor laborious swains.  
 Abhorring law, he chooses to offend,  
 And blushes to be thought his country's friend.  
 The Latian cities now, with busy care,  
 As various they inclin'd, for arms prepare. 680  
 Though doom'd before the war's first rage to yield,  
 Trenches they dig, and ruin'd walls rebuild ;  
 Huge stone and darts their lofty towers supply,  
 And guarded bulwarks menace from on high.  
 To Pompey's part the proner people lean, 685  
 Though Cæsar's stronger terrors stand between.  
 So when the blasts of sounding Auster blow,  
 The waves obedient to his empire flow ;  
 And though the stormy god fierce Eurus frees,  
 And sends him rushing cross the swelling seas ; 690  
 Spite of his force, the billows yet retain  
 Their former course, and that way roll the main ;  
 The lighter clouds with Eurus driving sweep,  
 While Auster still commands the watery deep.  
 Still fear too sure o'er vulgar minds prevails, 695  
 And faith before successful fortune fails.  
 Etruria vainly trusts in Libo's aid,  
 And Umbria by Thermus is betray'd ;

Syll,

Sylla, unmindful of his father's fame,  
Fled at the dreadful sound of Cæsar's name. 700

Soon as the horse near Auximon appear,  
Retreating Varus owns his abject fear,  
And with a coward's haste neglects his rear ;  
On flight alone intent, without delay,  
Through rocks and devious woods he wings his way. 705

Th' Esculean fortrefs Lentulus forsakes,  
A swift pursuit the speedy victor makes ;  
All arts of threats and promises apply'd,  
He wins the faithless cohorts to his side.  
The leader with his ensigns fled alone, 710  
To Cæsar fell the soldier, and the town.

Thou, Scipio, too dost for retreat prepare ;  
Thou leav'st Luceria, trusted to thy care ;  
Though troops well try'd attend on thy command,  
(The Roman power can boast no braver band) 715

By wily arts of old from Cæsar rent,  
Against the hardy Parthians were they sent ;  
But their first chief the legion now obeys,  
And Pompey thus the Gallic loss repays ;  
Aid to his foe too freely he affords, 720  
And lends his hostile father Roman swords.

But in Corfinium bold Domitius lies,  
And from his walls th' advancing power defies ;  
Secure of heart, for all events prepar'd,  
He heads the troops once bloody Milo's guard. 725

Soon as he sees the cloudy dust arise,  
And glittering arms reflect the sunny skies :  
Away, companions of my arms ! he cry'd,  
And haste to guard the river's sedgy side :

Break

Break down the bridge. And thou that dwell'st below, }  
 Thou watery god, let all thy fountains go, }  
 And rushing bid thy foamy torrent flow ; }  
 Swell to the utmost brink thy rapid stream, 733  
 Bear down the planks, and every floating beam ;  
 Upon thy banks the lingring war delay, }  
 Here let the headlong chief be taught to stay ; }  
 'Tis victory to stop the victor's way.

He ceas'd ; and, shooting swiftly cross the plain,  
 Drew down the soldier to the flood in vain.  
 For Cæsar early from the neighbouring field, 740  
 The purpose to obstruct his march beheld :  
 Kindling to wrath, oh basest fear ! (he cries)  
 To whom nor towers, nor sheltering walls suffice.  
 Are these your coward stratagems of war ?  
 Hope you with brooks my conquering arms to bar ? 745  
 Though Nile and Ister should my way control,  
 Though swelling Ganges should to guard you roll,  
 What streams, what floods foe'er athwart me fall,  
 Who past the Rubicon shall pass them all.  
 Haste to the passage then, my friends. He said ; 750  
 Swift as a storm the nimble horse obey'd ;  
 Across the stream their deadly darts they throw,  
 And from their station drive the yielding foe :  
 The victors at their ease the ford explore,  
 And pass the undefended river o'er. 755  
 The vanquish'd to Corfinium's strength retreat,  
 Where warlike engines round the ramparts threats.  
 Close to the wall the creeping *vineæ* lies,  
 And mighty towers in dread approaches rise.  
 But see the stain of war ! the soldier's shame ! 760  
 And vile dishonour of the Latian name ! The

The faithless garrison betray the town,  
 And captive drag their valiant leader down.  
 The noble Roman, fearless, though in bands,  
 Before his haughty fellow-subject stands, 765  
 With looks erect, and with a daring brow,  
 Death he provokes, and courts the fatal blow :  
 But Cæsar's arts his inmost thoughts descry,  
 His fear of pardon, and desire to die.  
 From me thy forfeit life (he said) receive, 770  
 And, though repining, by my bounty live ;  
 That all, by thy example taught, may know,  
 How Cæsar's mercy treats a vanquish'd foe :  
 Still arm against me, keep thy hatred still,  
 And if thou conquer'st, use thy conquest, kill. 775  
 Returns of love, or favour, seek I none ;  
 Nor give thy life to bargain for my own.  
 So saying, on the instant he commands  
 To loose the galling fetters from his hands.  
 Oh fortune ! better were it, he had dy'd, 780  
 And spar'd the Roman shame, and Cæsar's pride.  
 What greater grief can on a Roman seize,  
 Than to be forc'd to live on terms like these !  
 To be forgiven, fighting for the laws,  
 And need a pardon in his country's cause ! 785  
 Struggling with rage, undaunted he repress  
 The swelling passions in his labouring breast ;  
 Thus murmuring to himself : Wilt thou to Rome,  
 Base as thou art, and seek thy lazy home ?  
 To war, to battle, to destruction fly, 790  
 And haste, as it becomes thee well, to die ;

Provoke

Provoke the worst effects of deadly strife,  
And rid thee of this Cæsar's gift, this life.

Meanwhile, unknowing of the captiv'd chief,  
Pompey prepares to march to his relief. 795

He means the scattering forces to unite,  
And with increase of strength expect the fight.

Resolving with the following sun to move,  
First he decrees the foldier's heart to prove :  
Then into words like these, rever'd, he broke, 800  
The silent legions listening while he spoke :

Ye brave avengers of your country's wrong,  
You who to Rome and liberty belong ;  
Whose breasts our fathers virtue truly warms,  
Whose hands the senate's sacred order arms ; 805

With chearful ardor meet the coming fight,  
And pray the gods to smile upon the right.  
Behold the mournful view Hesperia yields,  
Her flaming villages and wasted fields !  
See where the Gauls a dreadful deluge flow, 810  
And scorn the boundaries of Alpine snow.

Already Cæsar's sword is stain'd in blood,  
Be that, ye gods, to us an omen good ;  
That glory still be his peculiar care,  
Let him begin, while we sustain the war. 815

Yet call it not a war to which we go ;  
We seek a malefactor, not a foe ;  
Rome's awful injur'd majesty demands  
The punishment of traitors at our hands.  
If this be war, then war was wag'd of old, 820  
By curst Cethegus, Catiline the bold,

By

By every villain's hand who durst conspire  
 In murder, robbery, or midnight fire.  
 Oh wretched rage ! thee, Cæsar, fate design'd,  
 To rank amongst the patrons of mankind ; 825  
 With brave Camillus to enrol thy fame,  
 And mix thee with the great Metelli's name :  
 While to the Cinna's thy fierce soul inclines,  
 And with the slaughter-loving Marii joins.  
 Since then thy crimes, like theirs, for justice call, 830  
 Beneath our axe's vengeance shalt thou fall :  
 Thee rebel Carbo's sentence, thee the fate  
 Of Lepidus and bold Sertorius wait.  
 Believe me yet, (if yet I am believ'd)  
 My heart is at the task unpleasing griev'd : 835  
 I mourn to think that Pompey's hand was chose,  
 His Julia's hostile father to oppose, }  
 And mark thee down amongst the Roman foes. }  
 Oh that, return'd in safety from the east,  
 This province victor Crassus had possess'd ; 840  
 New honours to his name thou might'st afford,  
 And die like Spartacus beneath his sword :  
 Like him have fall'n a victim to the laws,  
 The same th' avenger, and the same the cause.  
 But since the gods do otherwise decree, 845  
 And give thee, as my latest palm, to me ;  
 Again my veins confess the fervent juice,  
 Nor has my hand forgot the javelin's use.  
 And thou shalt learn, that those who humbly know  
 To peace and just authority to bow, 850  
 Can, when their country's cause demands their care,  
 Resume their ardor, and return to war.

But



But let him think my former vigour fled ;  
 Distrust not, you, your general's hoary head ;  
 The marks of age and long declining years, 855  
 Which I your leader, his whole army wears :  
 Age still is fit to counsel, or command,  
 But falters in an unperforming hand.  
 Whate'er superior power a people free  
 Could to their fellow-citizen decree, 860  
 All lawful glories, have my fortunes known,  
 And reach'd all heights of greatness but a crown ;  
 Who to be more, than Pompey was, desires,  
 To kingly rule, and tyranny aspires.  
 Amidst my ranks, a venerable band, 865  
 The Conscript Fathers and the Consuls stand,  
 And shall the senate and the vanquish'd state  
 Upon victorious Cæsar's triumph wait ?  
 Forbid it, gods, in honour of mankind !  
 Fortune is not so shameless, nor so blind. 870  
 What fame atchiev'd, what unexampled praise,  
 To these high hopes the daring hero raise ?  
 Is it his age of war, for trophies calls  
 His two whole years spent on the rebel Gauls ?  
 Is it the hostile Rhine forsook with haste ? 875  
 Is it the shoaly channel which he past,  
 That Ocean huge he talks of ? does he boast  
 His flight on Britain's new-discover'd coast ?  
 Perhaps abandon'd Rome new pride supplies,  
 He views the naked town with joyful eyes,  
 While from his rage an armed people flies. }  
 But know, vain man, no Roman fled from thee ;  
 They left their walls, 'tis true ; but 'twas to follow me.  
 Me,

Me, who ere twice the moon her orb renew'd,  
 The pirates formidable fleet subdued : 885  
 Soon as the sea my shining ensigns bore,  
 Vanquish'd they fled, and sought the safer shore ;  
 Humbly content their forfeit lives to save,  
 And take the narrow lot my bounty gave.  
 By me the mighty Mithridates chac'd, 890  
 Through all the windings of his Pontus pass'd.  
 He who the fate of Rome delay'd so long,  
 While in suspense uncertain empire hung ;  
 He who to Sylla's fortune scorn'd to yield,  
 To my prevailing arms resign'd the field : 895  
 Driven out at length, and press'd where-e'er he fled,  
 He sought a grave to hide his vanquish'd head.  
 O'er the wide world my various trophies rise,  
 Beneath the vast extent of distant skies ;  
 Me the cold Bear, the northern climates know, 900  
 And Phasis' waters through my conquests flow ;  
 My deeds in Ægypt and Syene live,  
 Where high meridian suns no shadow give.  
 Hesperian Bætis my commands obeys,  
 Who rolls remote to seek the western seas. 905  
 By me the captive Arabs hands were bound,  
 And Colchians for their ravish'd fleece renown'd ;  
 O'er Asia wide my conquering ensigns spread,  
 Armenia me, and lofty Taurus dread ;  
 To me submit Cilicia's warlike powers, 910  
 And proud Sophene veils her wealthy towers :  
 The Jews I tam'd, who with religion bow  
 To some mysterious name, which none beside them know.

Is there a land, to sum up all at last,  
 Through which my arms with conquest have not past?  
 The world, by me, the world is overcome,  
 And Cæsar finds no enemy but Rome.  
 He said. The croud in dull suspension hung,  
 Nor with applauding acclamations rung ;  
 No chearful ardour waves the lifted hand,                   920  
 Nor military cries the fight demand.  
 The chief perceiv'd the soldier's fire to fail,  
 And Cæsar's fame forerunning to prevail ;  
 His eagles he withdraws with timely care,  
 Nor trusts Rome's fates to such uncertain war.                   925  
 As when, with fury stung and jealous rage,  
 Two mighty bulls for sovereignty engage ;  
 The vanquish'd far to banishment removes,  
 To lonely fields and unfrequented groves ;  
 There, for a while, with conscious shame he burns,           930  
 And tries on every tree his angry horns :  
 But when his former vigour stands confest,  
 And larger muscles shake his ample breast,  
 With better chance he seeks the fight again,  
 And drives his rival bellowing o'er the plain ;               935  
 Then uncontrol'd the subject herd he leads,  
 And reigns the master of the fruitful meads.  
 Unequal thus to Cæsar, Pompey yields  
 The fair dominion of Hesperia's fields :  
 Swift through Apulia march his flying powers,               940  
 And seek the safety of Brundisium's towers.  
 This city a Diætæan people hold,  
 Here plac'd by tall Athenian barks of old ;

When

When with false omens from the Cretan shore,  
 Their fable fails victorious Theseus bore. 945

Here Italy a narrow length extends,  
 And in a scanty slip projected ends.  
 A crooked mole around the waves she winds,  
 And in her folds the Adriatic binds. 949

Nor yet the bending shores could form a bay,  
 Did not a barrier isle the winds delay,  
 And break the seas tempestuous in their way. }

Huge mounds of rocks are plac'd by nature's hand,  
 To guard around the hospitable strand ;  
 To turn the storm, repulse the rushing tide, 955  
 And bid the anchoring bark securely ride.

Hence Nereus wide the liquid main displays,  
 And spreads to various ports his watery ways ;  
 Whether the pilot from Corcyra stand,  
 Or for Illyrian Epidamnus' strand. 960

Hither when all the Adriatic roars,  
 And thundering billows vex the double shores ;  
 When sable clouds around the welkin spread,  
 And frowning storms involve Ceraunia's head ;  
 When white with froth Calabrian Saron lies, 965  
 Hither the tempest-beaten vessel flies.

Now Pompey, on Hesperia's utmost coast,  
 Sadly survey'd how all behind was lost ;  
 Nor to Iberia could he force his way ;  
 Long interposing Alps his passage stay. 970

At length amongst the pledges of his bed,  
 He chose his eldest-born ; and thus he said :  
 Hasten thee, my son ! to every distant land,  
 And bid the nations rouse at my command ;

Where fam'd Euphrates flows, or where the Nile 975  
 With muddy waves improves the fattening soil ;  
 Where-e'er diffus'd by victory and fame,  
 Thy father's arms have borne the Roman name.  
 Bid the Cilician quit the shore again,  
 And stretch the swelling canvas on the main : 980  
 Bid Ptolemy with my Tigranes come,  
 And bold Pharnaces lend his aid to Rome.  
 Through each Armenia spread the loud alarm,  
 And bid the cold Riphean mountains arm.  
 Pontus and Scythia's wandering tribes explore, 985  
 The Euxine and Mæotis' icy shore ;  
 Where heavy-loaded wains slow journeys take,  
 And print with groaning wheels the frozen lake.  
 But wherefore should my words delay thy haste ?  
 Scatter my wars around through all the east. 990  
 Summon the vanquish'd world to share my fate,  
 And let my triumphs on my ensigns wait.  
 But you whose names the Roman annals bear,  
 You who distinguish the revolving year ;  
 Ye consuls ! to Epirus straight repair, 995  
 With the first northern winds that wing the air ;  
 From thence the powers of Greece united raise,  
 While yet the wintery year the war delays.  
 So spoke the chief ; his bidding all obey ;  
 Their ships forsake the port without delay,  
 And speed their passage o'er the yielding way. }  
 But Cæsar, never patient long in peace,  
 Nor trusting in his fortune's present face ;  
 Closely pursues his flying son behind,  
 While yet his fate continued to be kind. 1005

Such

Such towns, such fortresses, such hostile force,  
 Swept in the torrent of one rapid course;  
 Such trains of long success attending still,  
 And Rome herself abandon'd to his will;  
 Rome, the contending party's noblest prize, 1010  
 To every wish but Cæsar's might suffice.  
 But he with empire fir'd and vast desires,  
 To all, and nothing less than all, aspires;  
 He reckons not the past, while aught remain'd  
 Great to be done, or mighty to be gain'd. 1015  
 Though Italy obey his wide command,  
 Though Pompey linger on the farthest strand,  
 He grieves to think they tread one common land;  
 His heart disdains to brook a rival power,  
 Ev'n on the utmost margin of the shore; 1020  
 Nor would he leave, or earth, or ocean free;  
 The foe he drives from lands, he bars from sea.  
 With moles the opening flood he would restrain,  
 Would block the port, and intercept the main;  
 But deep devouring seas his toil deride,  
 The plunging quarries sink beneath the tide,  
 And yielding sands the rocky fragments hide. }  
 Thus, if huge Gaurus headlong should be thrown,  
 In fathomless Avernus' deep to drown;  
 Or if from fair Sicilia's distant strand, 1030  
 Eryx uprooted by some giant hand,  
 If, ponderous with his rocks, the mountain vast,  
 Amidst the wide Ægean should be cast;  
 The rolling waves o'er either mass would flow,  
 And each be lost within the depths below. 1035

When no firm basis for his work he found,  
 But still it fail'd in ocean's faithless ground,  
 Huge trees and barks in massy chains he bound. }  
 For planks and beams he ravages the wood,  
 And the tough boom extends across the flood. 1040  
 Such was the road by haughty Xerxes made,  
 When o'er the Hellespont his bridge he laid.  
 Vast was the task, and daring the design, }  
 Europe and Asia's distant shores to join,  
 And make the world's divided parts combine.  
 Proudly he pass'd the flood tumultuous o'er,  
 Fearless of waves that beat, and winds that roar :  
 Then spread his sails, and bid the land obey,  
 And through mid Athos find his fleet a way.  
 Like him bold Cæsar yok'd the swelling tide, 1050  
 Like him the boisterous elements defy'd ;  
 This floating bank the straitening entrance bound,  
 And rising turrets trembled on the mound.  
 But anxious cares revolve in Pompey's breast,  
 The new surrounding shores his thoughts molest ; 1055  
 Secret he meditates the means, to free  
 And spread the war wide-ranging o'er the sea.  
 Oft driving on the work with well-fill'd sails,  
 The cordage stretching with the freshening gales,  
 Ships with a thundering shock the mole divide, 1060  
 And through the watery beach securely glide.  
 Huge engines oft by night their vengeance pour,  
 And dreadful shoot from far a fiery shower ;  
 Through the black shade the darting flame descends,  
 And kindling o'er the wooden wall extends. 1065

At length arriv'd with the revolving night,  
 The chosen hour appointed for his flight :  
 He bids his friends prevent the seaman's roar,  
 And still the deafening clamours on the shore ;  
 No trumpets may the watch by hours renew, 1070  
 Nor sounding signals call aboard the crew.  
 The heavenly Maid her course had almost run,  
 And Libra waited on the rising sun ;  
 When hush'd in silence deep they leave the land :  
 No loud-mouth'd voices call with hoarse command, }  
 To heave the flooky anchors from the sand.  
 Lowly the careful master's orders past,  
 To brace the yards, and rear the lofty mast ;  
 Silent they spread the sails, and cables haul,  
 Nor to their mates for aid tumultuous call. 1080  
 The chief himself to fortune breath'd a prayer,  
 At length to take him to her kinder care ;  
 That swiftly he might pass the liquid deep,  
 And lose the land which she forbade to keep.  
 Hardly the boon his niggard fate allow'd, 1085  
 Unwillingly the murmuring seas were plow'd ;  
 The foamy furrows roar'd beneath his prow,  
 And sounding to the shore alarm'd the foe.  
 Straight through the town their swift pursuit they sped,  
 (For wide her gates the faithless city spread) 1090  
 Along the winding port they took their way,  
 But griev'd to find the fleet had gain'd the sea.  
 Cæsar with rage the lessening sails descries,  
 And thinks the conquest mean, though Pompey flies. 1094



A narrow pass the horned mole divides,  
 Narrow as that where Euripus' strong tides  
 Beat on Eubœan Chalcis' rocky sides :  
 Here two tall ships become the victor's prey :  
 Just in the strait they stuck ; the foes belay ;  
 The crooked grappling's steely hold they cast, 1100  
 Then drag them to the hostile shore with haste.  
 Here civil slaughter first the sea profanes,  
 And purple Nereus blush'd in guilty stains.  
 The rest pursue their course before the wind,  
 These of the rear-most only left behind. 1105  
 So when the Pagasæan Argo bore  
 The Grecian heroes, to the Colchian shore ;  
 Earth her Cyanean islands floating sent,  
 The bold adventurers passage to prevent ;  
 But the fam'd bark a fragment only lost, 1110  
 While swiftly o'er the dangerous gulf she coast :  
 Thundering the mountains met, and shook the main,  
 But move no more, since that attempt was vain.  
 Now through night's shade the early dawning broke,  
 And changing skies the coming sun bespoke ; 1115  
 As yet the morn was dress'd in dusky white,  
 Nor purpled o'er the east with ruddy light ;  
 At length the Pleiads fading beams gave way,  
 And dull Bootes languish'd into day ;  
 Each larger star withdrew his fainting head, 1120  
 And Lucifer from stronger Phœbus fled ;  
 When Pompey, from Hesperia's hostile shore  
 Escaping, for the azure Offin bore.  
 O hero, happy once, once stil'd the Great!  
 What turns prevail in thy uncertain fate ! 1125

How

How art thou chang'd since sovereign of the main,  
 Thy natives cover'd o'er the liquid plain !  
 When the fierce pirates fled before thy prow,  
 Where-ever waves could waft, or winds could blow ! }  
 But fortune is grown weary of thee now. }  
 With thee, thy sons, and tender wife, prepare }  
 The toils of war and banishment to bear ; }  
 And holy household-gods thy sorrows share. }  
 And yet a mighty exile shalt thou go,  
 While nations follow to partake thy woe. 1135  
 Far lies the land in which thou art decreed,  
 Unjustly, by a villain's hand to bleed.  
 Nor think the gods a death so distant doom,  
 To rob thy ashes of an urn in Rome ;  
 But fortune favourably remov'd the crime, 1140  
 And forc'd the guilt on Egypt's cursed clime ;  
 The pitying powers to Italy were good,  
 And sav'd her from the stain of Pompey's blood.

## LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

## B O O K III.

The Third Book begins with the relation of Pompey's dream in his voyage from Italy. Cæsar, who had driven him from thence, after sending Curio to provide corn in Sicily, returns to Rome: there disdain- ing the single opposition of L. Metellus, then tribune of the people, he breaks open the Temple of Saturn, and seizes on the public treasure. Then follows an account of the several different nations that took part with Pompey. From Rome Cæsar passes into Gaul, where the Massilians, who were inclinable to Pompey, send an embassy to propose a neutrality; this Cæsar refuses, and besieges the town. But meeting with more difficulties than he expected, he leaves C. Trebonius his lieutenant before Massilia, and marches himself into Spain, appointing at the same time D. Brutus, Admiral of a navy which he had built and fitted out with great expedition. The Massilians likewise send out their fleet, but are engaged and beaten at sea by Brutus.

**T**HROUGH the mid ocean now the navy fails,  
 Their yielding canvas stretch'd by southern gales.  
 Each to the vast Ionian turns his eye,  
 Where seas and skies the prospect wide supply :  
 But Pompey backward ever bent his look, 5  
 Nor to the last his native coast forfok.  
 His watery eyes the lessening objects mourn,  
 And parting shores that never shall return ;

Still

Still the lov'd land attentive they pursue,  
 Till the tall hills are veil'd in cloudy blue,  
 Till all is lost in air, and vanish'd from his view. }  
 At length the weary chieftain sunk to rest,  
 And creeping slumbers sooth'd his anxious breast:  
 When, lo! in that short moment of repose,  
 His Julia's shade a dreadful vision rose; } 15  
 Through gaping earth her ghastly head she rear'd,  
 And by the light of livid flames appear'd.  
 Thy impious arms (she cry'd) my peace infest,  
 And drive me from the mansions of the blest:  
 No more Elysium's happy fields I know, } 20  
 Dragg'd to the guilty Stygian shades below:  
 I saw the Fury's horrid hands prepare  
 New rage, new flames to kindle up thy war.  
 The fire no longer trusts his single boat,  
 But navies on the joyless river float. } 25  
 Capacious hell complains for want of room,  
 And seeks new plagues for multitudes to come.  
 Her nimble hands each fatal sifter plies,  
 The sifters scarcely to the task suffice.  
 When thou wert mine, what laurels crown'd thy head!  
 Now thou hast chang'd thy fortune with thy bed.  
 In an ill hour thy second choice was made,  
 To slaughter thou, like Crassus, art betray'd.  
 Death is the dower Cornelia's love affords,  
 Ruin still waits upon her potent lords: } 35  
 While yet my ashes glow'd, she took my place,  
 And came a harlot to thy loose embrace.  
 But let her partner of thy warfare go,  
 Let her by land and sea thy labours know;

In all thy broken sleeps I will be near, 40  
 In all thy dreams sad Julia shall appear.  
 Your loves shall find no moment for delight,  
 The day shall all be Cæsar's, mine the night.  
 Not the dull stream, where long oblivions roll,  
 Shall blot thee out, my husband, from my soul. 45  
 The powers beneath my constancy approve,  
 And bid me follow wheresoe'er you rove.  
 Amidst the joining battles will I stand,  
 And still remind thee of thy plighted hand.  
 Nor think, those sacred ties no more remain;  
 The sword of war divides the knot in vain, }  
 That very war shall make thee mine again.

The phantom spoke, and, gliding from the place,  
 Deluded her astonish'd lord's embrace.

But he, though gods forewarn him of his fate, 55  
 And furies with destruction threatening wait,  
 With new resolves his constant bosom warms,  
 And sure of ruin rushes on to arms.  
 What mean these terrors of the night? he cries;  
 Why dance these visions vain before our eyes? 60  
 Or endless apathy succeeds to death,  
 And sense is lost with our expiring breath;  
 Or, if the soul some future life shall know,  
 To better worlds immortal shall she go:  
 Whate'er event the doubtful question clears, 65  
 Death must be still unworthy of our fears.

Now headlong to the west the sun was fled,  
 And half in seas obscur'd his beamy head;  
 Such seems the moon, while, growing yet, she shines,  
 Or waning from her fuller orb declines:

70  
 When

When hospitable shores appear at hand,  
 Where fair Dyrrachium spreads her friendly strand.  
 The seamen furl the canvas, strike the mast,  
 Then dip their nimble oars, and landward haste.

Thus, while they fled, and lessening by degrees 75  
 The navy seem'd to hide beneath the seas;  
 Cæsar, though left the master of the field,  
 With eyes unpleas'd the foes escape beheld:  
 With fierce impatience victory he scorns,  
 And, viewing Pompey's flight, his safety mourns. 80  
 To vanquish seems unworthy of his care,  
 Unless the blow decides the lingering war.  
 No bounds his headlong vast ambition knows,  
 Nor joys in ought, though fortune all bestows.  
 At length his thoughts from arms and vengeance cease,  
 And for awhile revolve the arts of peace;  
 Careful to purchase popular applause,  
 And gain the lazy vulgar to his cause,  
 He knew the constant practice of the great,  
 That those who court the vulgar bid them eat. 90  
 When pinch'd with want, all reverence they withdraw;  
 For hungry multitudes obey no law:  
 Thus therefore factions make their parties good,  
 And buy authority and power with food.  
 The murmurs of the many to prevent, 95  
 Curio to fruitful Sicily is sent.  
 Of old the swelling seas impetuous tide  
 Tore the fair island from Hesperia's side:  
 Still foamy wars the jealous waves maintain,  
 For fear the neighbouring lands should join again. 100

Sardinia too, renown'd for yellow fields,  
 With Sicily her bounteous tribute yields ;  
 No lands a glebe of richer tillage boast,  
 Nor waft more plenty to the Roman coast :  
 Not Libya more abounds in wealthy grain, 105  
 Nor with a fuller harvest spreads the plain ;  
 Though northern winds their cloudy treasures bear,  
 To temper well the foil and sultry air, }  
 And fattening rains increase the prosperous year. }

This done, to Rome his way the leader took : 110  
 His train the rougher shews of war forsook ;  
 No force, no fears their hands unarmed bear,  
 But looks of peace and gentleness they wear.  
 Oh ! had he now his country's friend return'd,  
 Had none but barbarous foes his conquest mourn'd ; 115  
 What swarming crouds had issued at the gate,  
 On the glad triumph's lengthening train to wait !  
 How might his wars in various glories shine,  
 The ocean vanquish'd, and in bonds the Rhine !  
 How would his lofty chariot roll along, 120  
 Through loud applauses of the joyful throng !  
 How might he view from high his captive thralls,  
 The beauteous Britons, and the noble Gauls ;  
 But, oh ! what fatal honours has he won !  
 How is his fame by victory undone ! 125  
 No cheerful citizens the victor meet,  
 But hush'd with awful dread his passage greet.  
 He too the horrors of the croud approv'd,  
 Joy'd in their fears, and wish'd not to be lov'd.

Now steepy Anxur past, and the moist way, 130  
 Which o'er the faithless Pomtine marshes lay ;  
 Through

Through Scythian Dian's Aricinian grove,  
 Cæsar approach'd the fane of Alban Jove.  
 Thither with yearly rites the consuls come,  
 And thence the chief survey'd his native Rome: 135  
 Wondering awhile he view'd her from afar,  
 Long from his eyes withheld by distant war.  
 Fled they from thee, Thou Seat of Gods! (he cry'd)  
 Ere yet the fortune of the fight was try'd?  
 If thou art left, what prize can earth afford, 140  
 Worth the contention of the warrior's sword?  
 Well for thy safety now the gods provide,  
 Since Parthian inroads spare thy naked side;  
 Since yet no Scythians and Pannonians join,  
 Nor warlike Daci with the Getes combine; 145  
 No foreign armies are against thee led,  
 While thou art curst with such a coward head.  
 A gentler fate the heavenly powers bestow,  
 A Civil War, and Cæsar for thy foe.  
 He said; and straight the frightened city sought:  
 The city with confusion wild was fraught,  
 And labouring shook with every dreadful thought. }  
 They think he comes to ravage, sack, and burn;  
 Religion, gods, and temples to o'erturn.  
 Their fears suggest him willing to pursue 155  
 Whatever ills unbounded power can do.  
 Their hearts by one low passion only move,  
 Nor dare shew hate, nor can dissemble love.  
 The lurking fathers, a dishearten'd band, 159  
 Drawn from their houses forth, by proud command,  
 In Palatine Apollo's Temple meet,  
 And sadly view the consuls empty seat;



No rods, no chairs curule, adorn the place,  
Nor purple magistrates th' assembly grace.

Cæsar is all things in himself alone, 165

The silent court is but a looker-on ;

With humble votes obedient they agree,

To what their mighty subject shall decree :

Whether as King, or God, he will be fear'd,

If royal thrones, or altars, shall be rear'd. 170

Ready for death, or banishment, they stand,

And wait their doom from his disposing hand :

But he, by secret Shame's reproaches staid,

Blush'd to command, what Rome would have obey'd.

Yet Liberty, thus slighted and betray'd, 175

One last effort with indignation made ;

One man she chose to try th' unequal fight,

And prove the power of justice against might.

While with rude uproar armed hands essay

To make old Saturn's treasuring fane their prey ; 180

The bold Metellus, careless of his fate,

Rush'd through, and stood to guard the Holy Gate.

So daring is the fordid love of gold !

So fearless death and dangers can behold !

Without a blow defenceless fell the laws ; 185

While wealth, the basest, most inglorious cause,

Against oppressing tyranny makes head,

Finds hands to fight, and eloquence to plead.

The bustling tribune, struggling in the croud,

Thus warns the victor of the wrong aloud : 190

Through me, thou robber ! force thy horrid way,

My sacred blood shall stain thy impious prey.

But there are gods, to urge thy guilty fate ;  
 Sure vengeance on thy sacrilege shall wait.  
 Remember, by the tribunes curse pursued, 195  
 Crassus, too late, the violation rued.

Pierce then my breast, nor shall the crime displease,  
 This croud is us'd to spectacles like these.

In a forsaken city are we left,  
 Of Virtue with her noblest sons bereft. 200

Why seek'st thou ours ? Is there not foreign gold ?  
 Towns to be sack'd, and people to be sold ?  
 With those reward the ruffian soldier's toil ;  
 Nor pay him with thy ruin'd country's spoil.  
 Hast thou not war ? Let war thy wants provide. 205

He spoke. The victor, high in wrath, reply'd :  
 Sooth not thy soul with hopes of death so vain,  
 No blood of thine my conquering sword shall stain.  
 Thy titles and thy popular command,  
 Can never make thee worthy Cæsar's hand. 210  
 Art thou thy country's sole defender ! thou !  
 Can Liberty and Rome be fall'n so low !  
 Nor time, nor chance breed such confusions yet,  
 Nor are the mean so rais'd, nor sunk the great ;  
 But laws themselves would rather choose to be 215  
 Suppress'd by Cæsar, than preserv'd by thee.

He said. The stubborn tribune kept his place,  
 While anger redden'd on the warrior's face ;  
 His wrathful hand descending grasp'd his blade,  
 And half forgot the peaceful part he play'd. 220  
 When Cotta, to prevent the kindling fire,  
 Thus sooth'd the rash Metellus to retire.

Where

Where kings prevail, all Liberty is lost,  
 And none but he who reigns can freedom boast ;  
 Some shadow of the bliss thou shalt retain, 225  
 Choosing to do what sovereign powers ordain :  
 Vanquish'd and long accustom'd to submit,  
 With patience underneath our loads we fit ;  
 Our chains alone our slavish fears excuse,  
 While we bear ill, we know not to refuse. 230  
 Far hence the fatal treasures let him bear,  
 The seeds of mischief, and the cause of war.  
 Free states might well a loss like this deplore ;  
 In servitude none miss the public store,  
 And 'tis the curse of kings for subjects to be poor. }

The tribune with unwilling steps withdrew,  
 While impious hands the rude assault renew :  
 The brazen gates with thundering strokes resound,  
 And the Tarpeian mountain rings around.  
 At length the sacred store-house, open laid, 240  
 The hoarded wealth of ages past display'd ;  
 There might be seen the sums proud Carthage sent,  
 Her long-impending ruin to prevent.  
 There heap'd the Macedonian treasures shone,  
 What great Flaminius and Æmilius won  
 From vanquish'd Philip, and his hapless son. }  
 There lay, what flying Pyrrhus lost, the gold  
 Scorn'd by the patriot's honesty of old :  
 Whate'er our parsimonious fires could save,  
 What tributary gifts rich Syria gave ; 250  
 The hundred Cretan cities ample spoil ;  
 What Cato gather'd from the Cyprian'isle.

Riches

Riches of captive kings by Pompey born,  
 In happier days his triumph to adorn,  
 From utmost India and the rising morn;  
 Wealth infinite, in one rapacious day,  
 Became the needy soldiers lawless prey:  
 And wretched Rome, by robbery laid low,  
 Was poorer than the bankrupt Cæsar now.

}  
 }  
 }

Meanwhile the world, by Pompey's fate alarm'd, 260  
 Nations ordain'd to share his fall had arm'd.

Greece first with troops the neighbouring war supply'd,  
 And sent the youth of Phocis to his side;

From Cyrrha and Amphisa's towers they mov'd,  
 And high Parnassus by the Muse belov'd; 265

Cephissus' sacred flood assistance lends,  
 And Dirce's spring his Theban leaders sends.

Alphæus too affords his Pisa's aid:

By Pisa's walls the stream is first convey'd,  
 Then seeks through seas the lov'd Sicilian maid.

}  
 }

From Mænalus' Arcadian shepherds swarm,  
 And warriors in Herculean Trachyn arm;

The Dryopes Chaonia's hills forsook,

And Sellæ left Dodona's silent oak.

Though Athens now had drain'd her naval store, 275

And the Phœbean arsenal was poor,

Three ships of Salamis to Pompey came,

To vindicate their isle's contested name,

And justify the antient Attic claim.

}  
 }

Jove's Cretan people hastening to the war, 280

The Gnosian quiver and the shaft prepare;

The bending bow they draw with deadly art,

And rival ev'n the flying Parthian's dart.

With Athamans who in the woods delight,  
 With Dardan Oriconians unite ; 285  
 With these th' Encheliæ who the name partake,  
 Since Theban Cadmus first became a snake :  
 The Colchians planted on Illyrian shores,  
 Where rushing down Absyrτος foamy roars ;  
 With those where Peneus runs, and hardy swains, 290  
 Whose ploughs divide Iolcos' fruitful plains.  
 From thence, ere yet the seaman's art was taught,  
 Rude Argo through the deep a passage sought :  
 She first explor'd the distant foreign land,  
 And shew'd her strangers to the wondering strand : 295  
 Then nations nations knew, in leagues were join'd,  
 And universal commerce mix'd mankind.  
 By her made bold, the daring race defy'd  
 The winds tempestuous, and the swelling tide :  
 Much she enlarg'd destruction's ample power, 300  
 And open'd ways to death unknown before.  
 Then Pholoe's heights, that fabled Centaurs boast,  
 And Thracian Hæmus then his warriors lost.  
 Then Strymon was forsook, whose wintery flood  
 Commits to warmer Nile his feather'd brood ; 305  
 Then bands from Cone and from Peuce came,  
 Where Ister loses his divided stream ;  
 From Idalis where cold Caïcus flows,  
 And where Arisbe, thin, her sandy surface strows ;  
 From Pytane, and sad Celenæ's walls, 310  
 Where now in streams the vanquish'd Marfyas falls :  
 Still his lamenting progeny deplore  
 Minerva's tuneful gift, and Phœbus' power ;

While

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, BOOK III. 131

While through steep banks his torrent swift he leads,  
 And with Mæander winds among the meads. 315  
 Proud Lydia's plains send forth her wealthy sons,  
 Pæctolus there, and golden Hermus runs :  
 From earth's dark womb hid treasures they convey,  
 And rich in yellow waters rise to day.  
 From Ilium too ill-omen'd ensigns move, 320  
 Again ordain'd their former fate to prove ;  
 Their arms they rang'd on Pompey's hapless side,  
 Nor fought a chief to Dardan kings ally'd :  
 Though tales of Troy proud Cæsar's lineage grace,  
 With great Æneas and the Julian race. 325  
 The Syrians swift Orontes' banks forsake,  
 And from Idume's palms their journey take ;  
 Damascus obvious to the driving wind,  
 With Ninos' and with Gaza's force is join'd.  
 Unstable Tyre now knit to firmer ground, 330  
 With Sidon for her purple shells renown'd,  
 Safe in the Cynosure, their glittering guide,  
 With well-directed navies stem the tide.  
 Phœnicians first, if ancient fame be true,  
 The sacred mystery of letters knew ; 335  
 They first, by sound in various lines design'd,  
 Express the meaning of the thinking mind ;  
 The power of words by figures rude convey'd,  
 And useful science everlasting made.  
 Then Memphis, ere the reedy leaf was known, 340  
 Engrav'd her precepts and her arts in stone ;  
 While animals in various order plac'd,  
 The learned hieroglyphic column grac'd.

Then left they lofty Taurus' spreading grove,  
 And Tarfos, built by Perseus, born of Jove; 345  
 Then Mallian, and Corycian towers they leave,  
 Where mouldering rocks disclose a gaping cave.  
 The bold Cilicians, pirates now no more,  
 Unfurl a juster sail, and ply the oar;  
 To Egæ's port they gather all around, 350  
 The shores with shouting mariners resound.  
 Far in the east war spreads the loud alarm,  
 Where worshipers of distant Ganges arm;  
 Right to the breaking day his waters run,  
 The only stream that braves the rising sun. 355  
 By this strong flood, and by the ocean bound,  
 Proud Alexander's arms a limit found;  
 Vain in his hopes the youth had grasp'd at all,  
 And his vast thought took-in the vanquish'd ball;  
 But own'd, when forc'd from Ganges to retreat, 360  
 The world too mighty, and the task too great.  
 Then on the banks of Indus nations rose,  
 Where unperceiv'd the mix'd Hydaspes flows:  
 In numbers vast they coast the rapid flood,  
 Strange in their habit, manners, and their food. 365  
 With saffron dyes their dangling locks they stain,  
 With glittering gems their flowing robes constrain, }  
 And quaff rich juices from the luscious cane.  
 On their own funerals and death they smile,  
 And living leap amidst the burning pile; 370  
 Heroic minds! that can ev'n Fate command,  
 And bid it wait upon a mortal hand;  
 Who full of life forsake it as a feast,  
 Take what they like, and give the gods the rest.  
Descending

Descending then fierce Cappadocian swains, 375  
 From rude Amanus' mountains fought the plains.  
 Armenians from Niphates' rolling stream,  
 And from their lofty woods Coastrians came.  
 Then wondering Arabs from the sultry line  
 For ever northward saw the shade incline. 380  
 Then did the madness of the Roman rage  
 Carmanian and Olostrian chiefs engage :  
 Beneath far distant southern heavens they lie,  
 Where half the setting Bear forsakes the sky,  
 And swift our flow Boötes seems to fly. }  
 These Furies to the sun-burn'd Æthiops spread,  
 And reach the great Euphrates' rising head.  
 One spring the Tigris and Euphrates know,  
 And join'd awhile the kindred rivers flow ;  
 Scarce could we judge between the doubtful claim,  
 If Tigris, or Euphrates, give the name :  
 But soon Euphrates' parting waves divide,  
 Covering like fruitful Nile the country wide ;  
 While Tigris, sinking from the sight of day,  
 Through subterranean channels cuts his way ; 395  
 Then from a second fountain springs again,  
 Shoots swiftly on, and rushing seeks the main.  
 The Parthian powers, to neither chief a friend,  
 The doubtful issue in suspense attend ;  
 With neutral ease they view the strife from far, 400  
 And only lend occasion to the war.  
 Not so the Scythians where cold Bactros flows,  
 Or where Hircania's wilder forest grows,  
 Their baneful shafts they dip, and string their deadly }  
 bows.



'Th' Heniochi of Sparta's valiant breed,  
 Skilful to prefs, and rein the fiery steed.  
 Sarmatians with the fiercer Moschi join'd,  
 And Colchians rich where Phasis' waters wind,  
 To Pompey's side their aid assembling bring, 410  
 With Halys, fatal to the Lydian king;  
 With Tanais falling from Riphæan snows,  
 Who forms the world's division as he goes;  
 With noblest names his rising banks are crown'd,  
 This stands for Europe's, that for Asia's bound;  
 While, as they wind, his waves with full command,  
 Diminish, or enlarge th' adjacent land.

Then arm'd the nations on Cimmerian shores, }  
 Where through the Bosphorus Mæotis roars, }  
 And her full lake amidst the Euxine pours. }  
 'This strait, like that of Hercules, supplies 420  
 The midland seas, and bids th' Ægean rise.  
 Sithonians fierce, and Arimaspians bold,  
 Who bind their plaited hair in shining gold.  
 'The Gelon nimble, and Arejan strong,  
 March with the hardy Massagete along: 425  
 The Massagete, who at his salvage feast  
 Feeds on the generous steed which once he prest.

Not Cyrus when he spread his eastern reign,  
 And hid with multitudes the Lydian plain;  
 Not haughty Xerxes, when, his power to boast, 430  
 By shafts he counted all his mighty host;  
 Not he who drew the Grecian chiefs along,  
 Bent to revenge his injur'd brother's wrong;  
 Or with such navies plow'd the foamy main,  
 Or led so many kings, amongst their warlike train.

Sure in one cause such numbers never yet,  
 Various in countries, speech, and manners, met;  
 But fortune gather'd, o'er the spacious ball,  
 These spoils, to grace her once-lov'd favourite's fall.  
 Nor then the Libyan Moor withheld his aid, 440  
 Where sacred Ammon lifts his horned head:  
 All Afric, from the western ocean's bound,  
 To eastern Nile, the cause of Pompey own'd.  
 Mankind assembled for Pharfalia's day,  
 To make the world at once the victor's prey. 445

Now, trembling Rome forsook, with swiftest haste,  
 Cæsar the cloudy Alpine hills had past.

But while the nations, with subjection tame,  
 Yield to the terrors of his mighty name;  
 With faith uncommon to the changing Greeks, 450

What duty bids, Massilia bravely seeks:  
 And, true to oaths, their liberty and laws,  
 To stronger Fate prefer the juster cause,  
 But first to move his haughty soul they try,  
 Intreaties and persuasion soft apply; 455

Their brows Minerva's peaceful branches wear,  
 And thus in gentlest terms they greet his ear.

When foreign wars molest the Roman state,  
 With ready arms our glad Massilians wait, }  
 To share your dangers, and partake your fate. }  
 This our unshaken friendship vouches well,  
 And your recording annals best can tell.  
 Ev'n now we yield our still devoted hands,  
 On foreign foes to wreak your dread commands:  
 Would you to worlds unknown your triumphs spread?  
 Behold! we follow wheresoe'er you lead.

But if you rouse at discord's baleful call,  
 If Romans fatally on Romans fall ;  
 All we can offer, is, a pitying tear,  
 And constant refuge for the wretched here. 470  
 Sacred to us you are : oh, may no stain  
 Of Lucian blood our innocence profane !  
 Should heaven itself be rent with civil rage,  
 Should giants once more with the gods engage ;  
 Officious piety would hardly dare 475  
 To proffer Jove assistance in the war.  
 Man unconcern'd and humble should remain,  
 Nor seek to know whose arms the conquest gain, }  
 Jove's thunder will convince them of his reign. }  
 Nor can your horrid discords want our swords, 480  
 The wicked world its multitudes affords ;  
 Too many nations at the call will come,  
 And gladly join to urge the fate of Rome.  
 Oh, had the rest like us their aid deny'd,  
 Yourselves must then the guilty strife decide ; 485  
 Then, who but should withhold his lifted hand,  
 When for his foe he saw his father stand ?  
 Brothers their rage had mutually repress,  
 Nor driven their javelins on a brother's breast.  
 Your war had ended soon ; had you not chose 490  
 Hands for the work, which Nature meant for foes :  
 Who, strangers to your blood, in arms delight,  
 And rush remorseless to the cruel fight.  
 Briefly, the sum of all that we request  
 Is, to receive thee, as our honour'd guest ; 495  
 Let those thy dreadful ensigns shine afar,  
 Let Cæsar come, but come without the war.

Let

Let this one place from impious rage be free ;  
 That, if the gods the peace of Rome decree,  
 If your relenting angers yield to treat, 500  
 Pompey and thou, in safety, here may meet.  
 Then, wherefore dost thou quit thy purpos'd way ?  
 Why, thus, Iberia's nobler wars delay ?  
 Mean, and of little consequence we are,  
 A conquest much unworthy of thy care. 505  
 When Phocis' towers were laid in ashes low,  
 Hither we fled for refuge from the foe ;  
 Here, for our plain integrity renown'd,  
 A little town in narrow walls we bound :  
 No name in arms nor victories we boast, 510  
 But live poor exiles on a foreign coast.  
 If thou art bent on violence at last,  
 To burst our gates, and lay our bulwarks waste,  
 Know we are equally resolv'd, whate'er  
 The victor's fury can inflict, to bear. 515  
 Shall death destroy, shall flames the town o'erturn ?  
 Why—let our people bleed, our buildings burn.  
 Wilt thou forbid the living stream to flow ?  
 We 'll dig, and search the watery stores below.  
 Hunger and thirst with patience will we meet, 520  
 And, what offended nature nauseates, eat.  
 Like brave Saguntum daring to be free,  
 Whate'er they suffer'd, we 'll expect from thee.  
 Babes, ravish'd from the fainting mother's breast,  
 Shall headlong in the burning pile be cast. 525  
 Matrons shall bare their bosoms to their lords,  
 And beg destruction from their pitying swords ;

The

The brother's hand the brother's heart shall wound,  
And universal slaughter rage around.

If civil wars must waste this hapless town,                    530  
No hands shall bring that ruin but our own.

Thus said the Grecian messengers. When lo!  
A gathering cloud involv'd the Roman's brow;  
Much grief, much wrath, his troubled visage spoke;  
Then into these disdainful words he broke :                    535

This trusting in our speedy march to Spain,  
These hopes, this Grecian confidence is vain ;  
Whate'er we purpose, leisure will be found  
To lay Massilia level with the ground :

This bears, my valiant friends, a sound of joy ;                    540  
Our useless arms, at length, shall find employ.

Winds lose their force, that unresisted fly,  
And flames, unfed by fuel, sink and die.

Our courage thus would soften in repose,  
But fortune and rebellion yield us foes.                    545

Yet mark ! what love their friendly speech express !  
Unarm'd and single, Cæsar is their guest.

Thus, first they dare to stop me on my way,  
Then seek with fawning treason to betray.

Anon, they pray that civil rage may cease :                    550  
But war shall scourge them for those hopes of peace ;

And make them know the present times afford,  
At least while Cæsar lives, no safety like the sword.

He said ; and to the city bent his way :  
The city, fearless all, before him lay,                    555

With armed hands her battlements were crown'd,  
And lusty youth the bulwarks mann'd around.

Near

Near to the walls, a rising mountain's head  
 Flat with a little level plain is spread ;  
 Upon this height the wary chief designs 560  
 His camp to strengthen with surrounding lines.  
 Lofty alike, and with a warlike mien,  
 Massilia's neighbouring citadel is seen ;  
 An humble valley fills the space between. }  
 Straight he decrees the middle vale to fill, 565  
 And run a mole athwart from hill to hill,  
 But first a lengthening work extends its way,  
 Where open to the land this city lay, }  
 And from the camp projecting joins the sea. }  
 Low sinks the ditch, the turfy breast-works rise, 570  
 And cut the captive town from all supplies :  
 While, gazing from their towers, the Greeks bemoan  
 The meads, the fields, and fountains once their own.  
 Well have they thus acquir'd the noblest name,  
 And consecrated these their walls to fame. 577  
 Fearless of Cæsar and his arms they stood,  
 Nor drove before the headlong rushing flood :  
 And while he swept whole nations in a day,  
 Massilia bade th' impatient victor stay,  
 And clogg'd his rapid conquest with delay. }  
 Fortune a master for the world prepar'd, 581  
 And these th' approaching slavery retard.  
 Ye times to come record the warrior's praise,  
 Who lengthen'd-out expiring freedom's days.  
 Now while with toil unwearied rose the mound, 585  
 The sounding ax invades the groves around ;  
 Light earth and shrubs the middle banks supply'd,  
 But firmer beams must fortify the side ;

Left

Left when the towers advance their ponderous height,  
The mouldering mass should yield beneath the weight. 590

Not far away for ages past had stood  
An old inviolated sacred wood ;  
Whose gloomy boughs, thick interwoven, made  
A chilly cheerless everlasting shade :  
There, nor the rustic gods, nor satyrs sport, 595  
Nor fauns and sylvans with the nymphs resort :  
But barbarous priests some dreadful power adore,  
And lustrate every tree with human gore.

If mysteries in times of old receiv'd,  
And pious ancientry be yet believ'd, 600

There nor the feather'd songster builds her nest,  
Nor lonely dens conceal the savage beast :  
There no tempestuous winds presume to fly,  
Even lightnings glance aloof, and shoot obliquely by.  
No wanton breezes toss the dancing leaves, 605  
But shivering horror in the branches heaves.

Black springs with pitchy streams divide the ground,  
And bubbling tumble with a fullen sound.

Old images of forms misshapen stand,  
Rude and unknowing of the artist's hand ; 610

With hoary filth begrim'd, each ghastly head  
Strikes the astonish'd gazer's soul with dread.  
No gods, who long in common shapes appear'd,  
Were e'er with such religious awe rever'd :

But zealous crowds in ignorance adore, 615  
And still the less they know, they fear the more.

Oft (as Fame tells) the earth in sounds of woe  
Is heard to groan from hollow depths below ;

The

The baleful yew, though dead, has oft been seen  
 To rise from earth, and spring with dusky green ; 620  
 With sparkling flames the trees unburning shine,  
 And round their boles prodigious serpents twine.  
 The pious worshipers approach not near,  
 But shun their gods, and kneel with distant fear :  
 The priest himself, when, or the day, or night, 625  
 Rolling have reach'd their full meridian height,  
 Refrains the gloomy paths with wary feet,  
 Dreading the Dæmon of the grove to meet;  
 Who, terrible to fight, at that fix'd hour,  
 Still treads the round about his dreary bower. 630

This wood near neighbouring to th' encompass'd town  
 Untouch'd by former wars remain'd alone ;  
 And since the country round it naked stands,  
 From hence the Latian chief supplies demands.  
 But lo ! the bolder hands, that should have struck, 635  
 With some unusual horror trembling shook :  
 With silent dread and reverence they survey'd  
 The gloom majestic of the sacred shade :  
 None dares with impious steel the bark to rend,  
 Lest on himself the destin'd stroke descend. 640  
 Cæsar perceiv'd the spreading fear to grow,  
 Then, eager, caught an ax, and aim'd a blow.  
 Deep sunk within a violated oak  
 The wounding edge, and thus the warrior spoke.  
 Now, let no doubting hand the task decline ; 645  
 Cut you the wood, and let the guilt be mine.  
 The trembling bands unwillingly obey'd ;  
 Two various ills were in the balance laid,  
 And Cæsar's wrath against the gods was weigh'd. }

When



Then Jove's Dodonian tree was forc'd to bow ; 650  
 The lofty ash and knotty holm lay low ;  
 The floating alder by the current born,  
 The cypress by the noble mourner worn,  
 Veil their aerial summits, and display  
 Their dark recesses to the golden day ; 655  
 Crouding they fall, each o'er the other lies,  
 And heap'd on high the leafy piles arise.  
 With grief, and fear, the groaning Gauls beheld  
 Their holy grove by impious soldiers fell'd ;  
 While the Massilians, from th' encompass'd wall, 660  
 Rejoic'd to see the sylvan honours fall :  
 They hope such power can never prosper long,  
 Nor think the patient gods will bear the wrong.  
 But, ah ! too oft success to guilt is given,  
 And wretches only stand the mark of heaven. 665  
 With timber largely from the wood supply'd,  
 For wains the legions search the country wide ;  
 Then from the crooked plow unyoke the steer,  
 And leave the swain to mourn the fruitless year. 669  
 Meanwhile, impatient of the lingering war,  
 The chieftain to Iberia bends afar,  
 And gives the leaguer to Trebonius' care. }  
 With diligence the destin'd task he plies ;  
 Huge works of earth with strengthening beams arise :  
 High tottering towers, by no fix'd basis bound, 675  
 Roll nodding on along the stable mound.  
 The Greeks with wonder on the movement look,  
 And fancy earth's foundations deep are shook ;  
 Fierce winds they think the beldame's entrails tear,  
 And anxious for their walls and city fear.

The

The Roman from the lofty top looks down,  
 And rains a winged war upon the town.  
 Nor with less active rage the Grecians burn,  
 But larger ruin on their foes return ;  
 Nor hands alone the missile deaths supply, 685  
 From nervous cross-bows whistling arrows fly ;  
 The steely corslet and the bone they break,  
 Through multitudes their fatal journeys take ;  
 Nor wait the lingering Parcæ's slow delay,  
 But wound, and to new slaughter wing their way. 690  
 Now by some vast machine a ponderous stone,  
 Pernicious, from the hostile wall is thrown ;  
 At once, on many, swift the shock descends,  
 And the crush'd carcases confounding blends. 694  
 So rolls some falling rock by age long worn,  
 Loose from its ropt by raging whirlwinds torn,  
 And thundering down the precipice is born, }  
 O'er crashing woods the mass is seen to ride,  
 To grind its way, and plain the mountain's side.  
 Gall'd with the shot from far, the legions join, 700  
 Their bucklers in the warlike shell combine ;  
 Compact and close the brazen roof they bear,  
 And in just order to the town draw near :  
 Safe they advance, while with unweary'd pain  
 The wrathful engines waste their stores in vain ; 705  
 High o'er their heads the destin'd deaths are tost,  
 And far behind in vacant earth are lost ;  
 Nor sudden could they change their erring aim,  
 Slow and unwieldy moves the cumbrous frame.  
 This seen, the Greeks their brawny arms employ, 710  
 And hurl a stony tempest from on high ;

The

The clattering shower the founding fence assails ;  
 But vain, as when the stormy winter hails,  
 Nor on the solid marble roof prevails :  
 Till tir'd at length the warriors fall their shields ; 715  
**And**, spent with toil, the broken phalanx yields.  
 Now other stratagems the war supplies,  
 Beneath the Vinea close th' assailant lies.  
 The strong machine, with planks and turf be-spread,  
 Moves to the walls its well-defended head ; 720  
 Within the covert safe the miners lurk,  
 And to the deep foundation urge their work.  
 Now justly pois'd the thundering ram they sling,  
 And drive him forceful with a lanching spring ;  
 Haply to loose some yielding part at length, 725  
 And shake the firm cemented bulwark's strength.  
 But from the town the Grecian youth prepare  
 With hardy vigour to repel the war :  
 Crouding they gather on the rampart's height, 730  
 And with tough staves and spears maintain the fight ;  
 Darts, fragments of the rock, and flames they throw,  
 And tear the planky shelter fix'd below ;  
 Around by all the warring tempest beat,  
 The baffled Romans sullenly retreat.  
 Now by success the brave Massilians fir'd, 735  
 To fame of higher enterprize aspir'd ;  
 Nor longer with their walls defence content,  
 In daring sallies they the foe prevent.  
 Nor arm'd with swords, nor pointed spears they go,  
 Nor aim the shaft, nor bend the deadly bow : 740  
 Eierce Mulciber supplies the bold design,  
 And for their weapons kindling torches shine.

Silent

Silent they issue through the gloomy night,  
 And with broad shields restrain the beamy light:  
 Sudden the blaze on every side began, 745  
 And o'er the Latian works resistless ran ;  
 Catching, and driving with the wind it grows,  
 Fierce through the shade the burning deluge glows ;  
 Nor earth, nor greener planks its force delay,  
 Swift o'er the hissing beams it rolls away : 750  
 Embrown'd with smoke the wavy flames ascend,  
 Shiver'd with heat the crackling quarries rend ;  
 Till with a roar at last, the mighty mound,  
 Towers, engines, all, come thundering to the ground :  
 Wide-spread the discontinuous ruins lie, 755  
 And vast confusion fills the gazer's eye.  
 Vanquish'd by land, the Romans seek the main,  
 And prove the fortune of the watery plain :  
 Their navy, rudely built, and rigg'd in haste,  
 Down through the rapid Rhone descending past. 760  
 No golden gods protect the shining prow,  
 Nor silken streamers lightly dancing flow ;  
 But rough in stable floorings lies the wood,  
 As in the native forest once it stood.  
 Rearing above the rest her towery head, 765  
 Brutus' tall ship the floating squadron led.  
 To sea soon wafted by the hasty tide,  
 Right to the Stœchades their course they guide.  
 Resolv'd to urge their fate, with equal cares,  
 Massilia for the naval war prepares ; 770  
 All hands the city for the task requires,  
 And arms her striplings young, and hoary fires.

Vessels of every sort and size she fits,  
 And speedy to the briny deep commits  
 The crazy hulk, that, worn with winds and tides, }  
 Safe in the dock, and long neglected, rides, }  
 She planks anew, and calks her leaky sides.

Now rose the morning, and the golden sun  
 With beams refracted on the ocean shone ;  
 Clear was the sky, the waves from murmur cease. 780

And every ruder wind was hush'd in peace ;  
 Smooth lay the glassy surface of the main,  
 And offer'd to the war its ample plain :  
 When to the destin'd stations all repair ;  
 Here Cæsar's powers, the youth of Phocis there. 785

Their brawny arms are bar'd, their oars they dip,  
 Swift o'er the water glides the nimble ship ;  
 Feels the strong blow the well-compacted oak,  
 And trembling springs at each repeated stroke.  
 Crooked in front the Latian navy stood, 790

And wound a bending crescent o'er the flood.  
 With four full banks of oars advancing high, }  
 On either wing the larger vessels ply, }  
 While in the centre safe the lesser galliots lie.  
 Brutus the first, with eminent command, 795

In the tall admiral is seen to stand ;  
 Six rows of lengthening pines the billows sweep,  
 And heave the burden o'er the groaning deep.

Now prow to prow advance each hostile fleet,  
 And want but one concurring stroke to meet, 800  
 When peals of shouts and mingling clamours roar,  
 And down the brazen trump, and plunging oar.  
 The brushing pine the frothy surface plies,  
 While on their banks the lusty rowers rise : Each

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Each brings the stroke back on his ample chest, 805

Then firm upon his seat he lights repress.

With clashing beaks the launching vessels meet,

And from the mutual shock alike retreat.

Thick clouds of flying shafts the welkin hide,

Then fall, and floating strow the ocean wide. 810

At length the stretching wings their order leave,

And in the line the mingling foe receive :

Then might be seen, how, dash'd from side to side,

Before the stemming vessel drove the tide ;

Still as each keel her foamy furrow plows, 815

Now back, now forth, the surge obedient flows.

Thus warring winds alternate rule maintain,

And this, and that way, roll the yielding main.

Maffilia's navy, nimble, clean, and light,

With best advantage seek or shun the fight ; 820

With ready ease all answer to command,

Obeys the helm, and feel the pilot's hand.

Not so the Romans ; cumbrous hulks they lay,

And slow and heavy hung upon the sea ;

Yet strong, and for the closer combat good, 825

They yield firm footing on th' unstable flood.

Thus Brutus saw, and to the master cries,

(The master in the lofty poop he spies,

Where streaming the Prætorian ensign flies,) } 830

Still wilt thou bear away, still shift thy place,

And turn the battle to a wanton chace ?

Is this a time to play so mean a part,

To tack, to veer, and boast thy trifling art ?

Bring to. The war shall hand to hand be try'd ;

Oppose thou to the foe our ample side, 835

And let us meet like men. The Chieftain said ; }  
 The ready master the command obey'd, }  
 And side-long to the foe the ship was laid. }  
 Upon his waste fierce fall the thundering Greeks,  
 Fast in his timber stick their brazen beaks ; 840  
 Some lie by chains and grapplings strong compell'd,  
 While others by the tangling oars are held :  
 The seas are hid beneath the closing war,  
 Nor need they cast the javelin now from far ;  
 With hardy strokes the combatants engage, 845  
 And with keen faulchions deal their deadly rage :  
 Man against man, and board by board they lie,  
 And on those decks their arms defended die.  
 The rolling surge is stain'd around with blood,  
 And foamy purple swells the rising flood ; 850  
 The floating carcases the ships delay,  
 Hang on each keel, and intercept her way ;  
 Helpless beneath the deep the dying sink,  
 And gore, with briny ocean mingling, drink.  
 Some, while amidst the tumbling waves they strive,  
 And struggling with destruction float alive, 856  
 Or by some ponderous beam are beaten down,  
 Or sink transfix'd by darts at random thrown.  
 That fatal day no javelin flies in vain,  
 Missing their mark, they wound upon the main. 860  
 It chanc'd, a warrior ship on Cæsar's side,  
 By two Massilian foes was warmly ply'd ;  
 But with divided force she meets th' attack,  
 And bravely drives the bold assailants back :  
 When from the lofty poop, where fierce he fought, 865  
 Tagus to seize the Grecian ancient fought.

But

But double death his daring hand repress'd,  
 One spear transfix'd his back, and one his breast,  
 And deadly met within his heaving chest. }  
 Doubtful awhile the flood was seen to stay, 870  
 At length the steely shafts at once gave way ;  
 The fleeting life a twofold passage found,  
 And ran divided from each streaming wound.  
 Hither his fate unhappy Telon led,  
 To naval arts from early childhood bred ; 875  
 No hand the helm more skilfully could guide,  
 Or stem the fury of the boisterous tide :  
 He knew what winds should on the morrow blow,  
 And how the sails for safety to bestow ; 879  
 Celestial signals well he could descry,  
 Could judge the radiant lights that shine on high, }  
 And read the coming tempest of the sky.  
 Full on a Latian bark his beak he drives,  
 The brazen beak the shivering alder rives ;  
 When from some hostile hand, a Roman dart, 885  
 Deep piercing, trembled in his panting heart :  
 Yet still his careful hand its task supplies,  
 And turns the guiding rudder as he dies.  
 To fill his place bold Gyareus essay'd,  
 But passing from a neighbouring ship was stay'd : 890  
 Swift through his loins a flying javelin struck,  
 And nail'd him to the vessel he forsook.

Friendlike, and side by side, two brethren fought,  
 Whom, at a birth, their fruitful mother brought :  
 So like the lines of each resembling face, 895  
 The same the features, and the same the grace,



That fondly erring oft their parents look,  
 And each, for each, alternately mistook :  
 But death, too soon, a dire distinction makes,  
 While one, untimely snatch'd, the light forfakes. 900  
 His brother's form the sad survivor wears,  
 And still renews his hapless parents tears :  
 Too sure they see their single hope remain,  
 And while they bless the living, mourn the slain.  
 He, the bold youth, as board and board they stand, 905  
 Fix'd on a Roman ship his daring hand ;  
 Full on his arm a mighty blow descends,  
 And the torn limb from off the shoulder rends ;  
 The rigid nerves are cramp'd with stiffening cold,  
 Convulsive grasp, and still retain their hold. 910  
 Nor sunk his valour by the pain deprest,  
 But nobler rage inflam'd his mangled breast :  
 His left remaining hand the combat tries,  
 And fiercely forth to catch the right he flies ;  
 The same hard destiny the left demands, 915  
 And now a naked helpless trunk he stands.  
 Nor deigns he, though defenceless to the foe,  
 To seek the safety of the hold below ;  
 For every coming javelin's point prepar'd,  
 He steps between, and stands his brother's guard ; 920  
 Till fix'd, and horrid with a wood of spears,  
 A thousand deaths at others aim'd he wears.  
 Resolv'd at length his utmost force to exert,  
 His spirits gather'd to his fainting heart, }  
 And the last vigour rous'd in every part ; }  
 Then nimble from the Grecian deck he rose, 926  
 And with a leap sprung fierce amidst his foes :

And

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And when his hands no more could wreak his hate,  
 His sword no more could minister to fate,  
 Dying he prest them with his hostile weight. }

O'er-charg'd the ship with carcases and blood, 931

Drunk fast at many a leak the briny flood ;

Yielding at length the waters wide give way,

And fold her in the bosom of the sea ;

Then o'er her head returning rolls the tide, 935

And covering waves the sinking hatches hide.

That fatal day was slaughter seen to reign,

In wonders various, on the liquid plain.

On Lycidas a steely grappling struck ;  
 Struggling he drags with the tenacious hook, 940

And deep had drown'd beneath the greedy wave,

But that his fellows strove their mate to save ;

Clung to his legs, they clasp him all they can,

The grappling tugs, afunder flies the man.

No single wound the gaping rupture seems, 945

Where tickling crimson wells in slender streams ;

But from an opening horrible and wide,

A thousand vessels pour the bursting tide :

At once the winding channel's course was broke,  
 Where wandering life her mazy journey took : 950

At once the currents all forgot their way,

And lost their purple in the azure sea.

Soon from the lower parts the spirits fled,

And motionless th' exhausted limbs lay dead :

Not so the nobler regions, where the heart 955

And heaving lungs their vital powers exert ;

There lingering late, and long conflicting, life

Rose against fate, and still maintain'd the strife :

Driven out at length, unwillingly and slow,  
She left her mortal house, and fought the shades below.

While, eager for the fight, an hardy crew           961  
To one sole side their force united drew,  
The bark, unapt th' unequal poise to bear,  
Turn'd o'er, and rear'd her lowest keel in air :  
In vain his active arms the swimmer tries,           965  
No aid the swimmer's useless arts supplies ;  
The covering vast o'erwhelming shuts them down,  
And helpless in the hollow hold they drown.

One slaughter terrible above the rest,  
The fatal horror of the fight express.           970  
As o'er the crouded surface of the flood  
A youthful swimmer swift his way pursued ;  
Two meeting ships, by equal fury prest,  
With hostile prows transfix'd his ample breast :  
Suspended by the dreadful shock he hung,           975  
The brazen beaks within his bosom rung ;  
Blood, bones, and entrails, mashing with the blow,  
From his pale lips a hideous mixture flow.

At length the backing oars the fight restrain,  
The lifeless body drops amidst the main ;           980  
Soon enter at the breach the rushing waves,  
And the salt stream the mangled carcase laves,

Around the watery champain wide dispread,  
The living shipwrecks float amidst the dead ;  
With active arms the liquid deep they ply,           985  
And panting to their mates for succour cry :  
Now to some social vessel press they near,  
Their fellows pale the crouding numbers fear ;

With

With ruthless hearts their well-known friends withstand,  
 And with keen faulchions lop each grasping hand; 990  
 The dying fingers cling and clench the wood,  
 The heavy trunk sinks helpless in the flood.

Now spent was all the warriors steely store, }  
 New darts they seek, and other arms explore, }  
 This wields a flag-staff, that a ponderous oar.  
 Wrath's ready hands are never at a loss;  
 The fragments of the shatter'd ship they toss.  
 The useless rower from his seat is cast,  
 Then fly the benches, and the broken mast.  
 Some seizing, as it sinks, the breathless corse, 1000  
 From the cold grasp the blood-stain'd weapon force.  
 Some from their own fresh bleeding bosoms take,  
 And at the foe the dropping javelin shake :  
 The left-hand stays the blood, and sooths the pain,  
 The right sends back the reeking spear again. 1005

Now gods of various elements conspire ;  
 To Nereus, Vulcan joins his hostile fire ;  
 With oils, and living sulphur, darts they frame,  
 Prepar'd to spread afar the kindling flame ;  
 Around the catching mischiefs swift succeed, 1010  
 The floating hulks their own destruction feed ;  
 The smeary wax the brightening blaze supplies,  
 And wavy fires from pitchy planks arise :  
 Amidst the flood the ruddy torrent strays,  
 And fierce upon the scattering shipwrecks preys. 1015  
 Here one with haste a flaming vessel leaves :  
 Another, spent and beaten by the waves, }  
 As eager to the burning ruin cleaves.

Amidst

Amidst the various ways of death to kill,  
 Whether by seas, by fires, or wounding steel,  
 The dreadfullest is that, whose present force we feel. }

Nor valour less her fatal rage maintains,  
 In daring breasts that swim the liquid plains :  
 Some gather up the darts that floating lie,  
 And to the combatants new deaths supply. 1025  
 Some struggling in the deep the war provoke,  
 Rise o'er the surge, and aim a languid stroke.  
 Some with strong grasp the foe conflicting join,  
 Mix limbs with limbs, and hostile wreathings twine,  
 Till plunging, pressing to the bottom down, 1030  
 Vanquish'd, and vanquishers, alike they drown.

One, chief above the rest, is mark'd by Fame,  
 For watery fight, and Phocæus was his name :  
 The heaving breath of life he knew to keep,  
 While long he dwelt within the lowest deep ; 1035  
 Full many a fathom down he had explor'd,  
 For treasures lost, old ocean's oozy hoard ;  
 Oft when the flooky anchor stuck below,  
 He sunk, and bade the captive vessel go.  
 A foe he seiz'd close cleaving to his breast, 1040  
 And underneath the tumbling billows prest :  
 But when the skilful victor would repair  
 To upper seas, and sought the freer air ;  
 Hapless beneath the crouding keels he rose,  
 The crouding keels his wonted way oppose ; 1045  
 Back beaten, and astonish'd with the blow,  
 He sinks, to bide for ever now below.

Some hang upon the oars with weighty force,  
 To intercept the hostile vessel's course ;

Some

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Some to the last the cause they love defend, 1050  
And valiant lives by useful deaths would end ;  
With breasts oppos'd the thundering beaks they brave,  
And what they fought for living, dying save.

As Tyrrhen, from a Roman poop on high,  
Ran o'er the various combat with his eye ; 1055  
Sure aiming, from his Balearic thong,  
Bold Ligdamus a ponderous bullet flung ;  
Through liquid air the ball shrill whistling flies,  
And cuts its way through hapless Tyrrhen's eyes.  
Th' astonish'd youth stands struck with sudden night,  
While bursting start the bleeding orbs of fight.

At first he took the darkness to be death,  
And thought himself amidst the shades beneath ;  
But soon recovering from the stunning sound,  
He liv'd, unhappily he liv'd, he found. 1065

Vigour at length, and wonted force returns,  
And with new rage his valiant bosom burns :  
To me, my friends, (he cry'd) your aid supply,  
Nor useless let your fellow-soldier die ;  
Give me, oppos'd against the foe to stand, 1070  
While like some engine you direct my hand.

And thou, my poor remaining life, prepare  
To meet each hazard of the various war ;  
At least, my mangled carcase shall pretend  
To interpose, and shield some valiant friend : 1075  
Plac'd like a mark their darts I may sustain,  
And, to preserve some better man, be slain.

Thus said, unaiming he a javelin threw,  
The javelin wing'd with sure destruction flew ;

In

In Argus the descending steel takes place, 1080  
 Argus, a Grecian, of illustrious race.  
 Deep sinks the piercing point, where to the loins  
 Above the navel high the belly joins :  
 The staggering youth falls forward on his fate,  
 And helps the goring weapon with his weight. 1085  
 It chanc'd, to ruthless destiny design'd,  
 To the same ship his aged sire was join'd :  
 While young, for high achievements was he known,  
 The first in fair Maffilia for renown ;  
 Now an example meerly, and a name,  
 Willing to rouze the younger fort he came, }  
 And fire their souls to emulate his fame. }  
 When from the prow, where distant far he stood,  
 He saw his son lie weltering in his blood ;  
 Soon to the poop, oft stumbling in his haste, 1095  
 With faltering steps the feeble father past.  
 No falling tears his wrinkled cheeks bedew,  
 But stiffening cold and motionless he grew :  
 Deep night and deadly shades of darkness rise,  
 And hide his much-lov'd Argus from his eyes. 1100  
 As to the dizzy youth the sire appears,  
 His dying, weak, unwieldy head he rears ;  
 With lifted eyes he cast a mournful look,  
 His pale lips mov'd, and fain he would have spoke ;  
 But unexpress'd th' imperfect accent hung, 1105  
 Lost in his falling jaws and murmuring tongue :  
 Yet in his speechless visage seems express'd,  
 What, had he words, would be his last request :  
 That aged hand to seal his closing eye,  
 And in his father's fond embrace to die : 1110  
 But

But he, when grief with keenest sense revives,  
 With nature's strongest pangs conflicting strives ;  
 Let me not lose this hour of death, he cries,  
 Which my indulgent destiny supplies ;  
 And thou forgive, forgive me, oh my son, 1115  
 If thy dear lips and last embrace I shun.

Warm from thy wound the purple current flows,  
 And vital breath yet heaving comes and goes :  
 Yet my sad eyes behold thee yet alive,  
 And thou shalt, yet, thy wretched fire survive. 1120

He said, and fierce, by frantic sorrow prest,  
 Plung'd his sharp sword amidst his aged breast :  
 And though life's gushing streams the weapon stain,  
 Headlong he leaps amidst the greedy main ;  
 While this last wish ran ever in his mind, 1125  
 To die, and leave his darling son behind ;  
 Eager to part, his soul disdain'd to wait,  
 And trust uncertain to a single fate.

And now Massilia's vanquish'd force gives way,  
 And Cæsar's fortune claims the doubtful day. 1130  
 The Grecian fleet is all dispers'd around,  
 Some in the bottom of the deep lie drown'd ;  
 Some, captives made, their haughty victors bore,  
 While some, but those a few, fled timely to the shore.  
 But, oh ! what verse, what numbers, can express 1135  
 The mournful city, and her sore distress !  
 Upon the beach lamenting matrons stand,  
 And wailings echo o'er the lengthning strand :  
 Their eyes are fix'd upon the waters wide,  
 And watch the bodies driving with the tide. 1140

Here



Here a fond wife, with pious error, prest  
Some hostile Roman to her throbbing breast ;  
There to a mangled trunk two mothers run,  
Each grasps, and each would claim it for her son ;  
Each, what her boding heart persuades, believes, 1145  
And for the last sad office fondly strives.

But Brutus, now victorious on the main,  
To Cæsar vindicates the watery plain ;  
First to his brow he binds the naval crown,  
And bids the spacious deep the mighty master own. 1150

## LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

## B O O K IV.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Cæsar having joined Fabius, whom he had sent before him to Spain, incamps upon a rising ground near Ilerda, and not far from the river Sicoris: there, the waters being swollen by great rains endanger his camp; but the weather turning fair, and the floods abating, Pompey's lieutenants, Afranius and Petreius, who lay over-against him, decamp suddenly. Cæsar follows, and incamps so as to cut off their passage, or any use of the river Iberus. As both armies lay now very near to each other, the soldiers on both sides knew, and saluted one another; and forgetting the opposite interest and factions they were engaged in, ran out from their several camps, and embraced one another with great tenderness. Many of Cæsar's soldiers were invited into the enemy's camp, and feasted by their friends and relations. But Petreius apprehending this familiarity might be of ill consequence to his party, commanded them all (though against the rules of humanity and hospitality) to be killed. After this, he attempts in vain to march back towards Ilerda; but is prevented, and inclosed by Cæsar; to whom, both himself and Afranius, after their army had suffered extremely for want of water and other necessaries, are compelled to surrender, without asking any other conditions than that they might not be compelled to take-on in his army: this Cæsar, with great generosity, grants, and dismisses them. In the mean while, C. Antonius, who commanded for Cæsar near Salonæ, on the coast of Dalmatia, being

ing shut up by Octavius, Pompey's admiral, and destitute of provisions, had attempted by help of some vessels, or floating machines of a new invention, to pass through Pompey's fleet: two of them by advantage of the tide found means to escape, but the third, which carried a thousand Opitergians commanded by Vulteius, was intercepted by a boom laid under the water. Those when they found it impossible to get off, at the persuasion, and by the example of their leader, ran upon one another's swords and died. In Africa the poet introduces Curio inquiring after the story of Hercules and Antæus, which is recounted to him by one of the natives, and afterwards relates the particulars of his being circumvented, defeated, and killed by Juba.

**B**UT Cæsar in Iberian fields afar,  
 Ev'n to the western ocean spreads the war;  
 And though no hills of slaughter heap the plain,  
 No purple deluge leaves a guilty stain,  
 Vast is the prize, and great the victor's gain. 5  
 For Pompey, with alternative command,  
 The brave Petreius and Afranius stand:  
 The chiefs in friendship's just conditions join,  
 And, cordial to the common cause, combine;  
 By turns they quit, by turns resume the sway, 10  
 The camp to guard, or battle to array;  
 To these their aid the nimble Vectons yield,  
 With those who till Asturia's hilly field;  
 Nor wanted then the Celtiberians bold,  
 Who draw their long descent from Celtic Gauls of old.  
 Where rising grounds the fruitful champain end,  
 And unperceiv'd by soft degrees ascend;

An

An ancient race their city chose to found,  
 And with Ilerda's walls the summit crown'd.  
 The Sicoris, of no ignoble name, 20  
 Fast by the mountain pours his gentle stream.  
 A stable bridge runs cross from side to side,  
 Whose spacious arch transmits the passing tide, }  
 And jutting peers the wintry floods abide.  
 Two neighbouring hills their heads distinguish'd raise ;  
 The first great Pompey's ensigns high displays ;  
 Proud Cæsar's camp upon the next is seen ;  
 The river interposing glides between.  
 Wide spread beyond, an ample plain extends,  
 Far as the piercing eye its prospect sends : 30  
 Upon the spacious level's utmost bound,  
 The Cinga rolls his rapid waves around.  
 But soon in full Iberus' channel lost,  
 His blended waters seek Iberia's coast ;  
 He yields to the superior torrent's fame, 35  
 And with the country takes his nobler name.

Now 'gan the lamp of heaven the plains to gild,  
 When moving legions hide th' embattled field ;  
 When front to front oppos'd in just array,  
 The chieftains each their hostile powers display : 40  
 But whether conscious shame their wrath repress,  
 And soft reluctance rose in every breast ;  
 Or Virtue did a short-liv'd rule resume,  
 And gain'd one day for liberty and Rome ;  
 Suspended rage yet linger'd for a space, 45  
 And to the west declin'd the sun in peace.  
 Night rose, and blackening shades involv'd the sky,  
 When Cæsar, bent war's wily arts to try,

M

Through

Through his extended battle gives command,  
 The foremost lines in order fix'd shall stand ; 50  
 Mean-while the last, low lurking from the foe,  
 With secret labour sink a trench below :  
 Successful they the destin'd task pursue,  
 While closing files prevent the hostile view.

Soon as the morn renew'd the dawning gray,  
 He bids the soldier urge his speedy way, }  
 To seize a vacant height that near Ilerda lay.  
 This saw the foe, and wing'd with fear and shame,  
 Through secret paths with swift prevention came.  
 Now various motives various hopes afford, 60  
 To these the place, to those the conquering sword :  
 Oppress'd beneath their armour's cumbrous weight,  
 Th' assailants labouring tempt the steepy height ;  
 Half bending back they mount with panting pain,  
 The following croud their foremost mates sustain ; 65  
 Against the shelving precipice they toil,  
 And prop their hands upon the steely pile ;  
 On cliffs, and shrubs, their steps, some climbing stay,  
 With cutting swords some clear the woody way ;  
 Nor death, nor wounds, their enemies annoy, 70  
 While other uses now their arms employ.  
 Their chief the danger from afar survey'd,  
 And bade the horse fly timely to their aid.  
 In order just the ready squadrons ride, }  
 Then wheeling to the right and left divide,  
 To flank the foot, and guard each naked side.  
 Safe in the middle space retire the foot,  
 Make good the rear, and scorn the foes pursuit ;

Each

Each side retreat, though each disdain to yield,  
And claim the glory of the doubtful field. 80

Thus far the cause of Rome by arms was try'd,  
And human rage alone the war supply'd ;  
But now the elements new wrath prepare,  
And gathering tempests vex the troubled air.  
Long had the earth by wintery frost been bound, 85  
And the dry north had numb'd the lazy ground.  
No furrow'd fields were drench'd with drizzly rain,  
Snow hid the hills, and hoary ice the plain.

All desolate the western climes were seen,  
Keen were the blasts, and sharp the blue serene,  
To parch the fading herb, and dip the springing green. }

At length the genial heat began to shine,  
With stronger beams in Aries' vernal sign ;  
Again the golden day resum'd its right,  
And rul'd in just equation with the night : 95

The moon her monthly course had now begun,  
And with increasing horns forsook the sun ;  
When Boreas, by night's silver empress driven,  
To softer airs resign'd the western heaven.

Then with warm breezes gentler Eurus came, 100  
Glowing with India's and Arabia's flame.

The sweeping wind the gathering vapours prest,  
From every region of the farthest east ;

Nor hang they heavy in the midway sky,  
But speedy to Hesperia driving fly ; 105

To Calpe's hills the fluicy rains repair,  
From north, and south, the clouds assemble there,  
And darkening storms lour in the sluggish air. }

Where western skies the utmost ocean bound,  
 The watery treasures heap the welkin round ; 110  
 Thither they croud, and, scanted in the space,  
 Scarce between heaven and earth can find a place.  
 Condens'd at length the spouting torrents pour,  
 Earth smokes, and rattles with the gushing shower ;  
 Jove's fork'y fires are rarely seen to fly, 115  
 Extinguish'd in the deluge soon they die ;  
 Nor e'er before did dewy Iris show  
 Such fady colours, or so maim'd a bow :  
 Unvary'd by the light's refracting beam,  
 She stoop'd to drink from ocean's briny stream ; 120  
 Then to the dropping sky restor'd the rain :  
 Again the falling waters fought the main.  
 Then first the covering snows began to flow  
 From off the Pyrenean's hoary brow ;  
 Huge hills of frost, a thousand ages old, 125  
 O'er which the summer suns had vainly roll'd,  
 Now melting, rush from every side amain,  
 Swell every brook, and deluge all the plain.  
 And now o'er Cæsar's camp the torrents sweep,  
 Bear down the works, and fill the trenches deep. 130  
 Here men and arms in mix'd confusion swim,  
 And hollow tents drive with th' impetuous stream ;  
 Lost in the spreading floods the land-marks lie,  
 Nor can the forager his way descry.  
 No beasts for food the floating pastures yield, 135  
 Nor herbage rises in the watery field.  
 And now, to fill the measure of their fears,  
 Her baleful visage meagre famine rears ;

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Seldom alone, she troops among the fiends,  
And still on war and pestilence attends. 140

Unprefs'd, unstraiten'd by besieging foes,  
All miseries of want the soldier knows.  
Gladly he gives his little wealth, to eat,  
And buys a morsel with his whole estate.  
Curs'd Merchandize ! where life itself is sold, 145  
And avarice consents to starve for gold !

No rock, no rising mountain, rears his head,  
No single river winds along the mead,  
But one vast lake o'er all the land is spread. }  
No lofty grove, no forest haunt is found, 150

But in his den deep lies the savage drown'd :  
With headlong rage resistless in its course,  
The rapid torrent whirls the snorting horse ;  
High o'er the sea the foamy freshes ride,  
While backward Tethys turns her yielding tide. 155

Mean-time continued darkness veils the skies,  
And suns with unavailing ardour rise ;  
Nature no more her various face can boast,  
But form is huddled up in night, and lost.

Such are the climes beneath the frozen zone, 160  
Where cheerless winter plants her dreary throne ;  
No golden stars their gloomy heavens adorn,  
Nor genial seasons to their earth return :

But everlasting ice and snows appear,  
Bind up the summer signs, and curse the barren year. 165

Almighty Sire ! who dost supremely reign,  
And thou great ruler of the raging main !  
Ye gracious gods ! in mercy give command,  
This desolation may for ever stand.



Thou Jove! for ever cloud thy stormy sky; 170  
 Thou Neptune! bid thy angry waves run high:  
 Heave thy huge trident for a mighty blow,  
 Strike the strong earth, and bid her fountains flow;  
 Bid every river-god exhaust his urn,  
 Nor let thy own alternate tides return; 175  
 Wide let their blended waters waste around,  
 These regions, Rhine, and those of Rhone confound.  
 Melt, ye hoar mountains of Riphæan snow;  
 Brooks, streams, and lakes, let all your sources go;  
 Your spreading floods the guilt of Rome shall spare, 180  
 And save the wretched world from Civil War.

But fortune stay'd her short displeasure here,  
 Nor urg'd her minion with too long a fear;  
 With large increase her favours full return'd,  
 As if the gods themselves his anger mourn'd; 185  
 As if his name were terrible to heaven,  
 And Providence could sue to be forgiven.

Now 'gan the welkin clear to shine serene,  
 And Phœbus potent in his rays was seen.  
 The scattering clouds disclos'd the piercing light, 190  
 And hung the firmament with fleecy white;  
 The troublous storm had spent his wrathful store,  
 And clattering rains were heard to rush no more.  
 Again the woods their leafy honours raise,  
 And herds upon the rising mountains graze. 195  
 Day's genial heat upon the damps prevails,  
 And ripens into earth the slimy vales.  
 Bright glittering stars adorn night's spangled air,  
 And ruddy evening skies foretel the morning fair.

Soon

Soon as the falling Sicoris begun 200  
 A peaceful stream within his banks to run,  
 The bending willow into barks they twine,  
 Then line the work with spoils of slaughter'd kine:  
 Such are the floats Venetian fishers know,  
 Where in dull marshes stands the settling Po; 205  
 On such to neighbouring Gaul, allur'd by gain,  
 The bolder Britons cross the swelling main;  
 Like these, when fruitful Ægypt lies afloat,  
 The Memphian artist builds his reedy boat.  
 On these embarking bold with eager haste, 210  
 Across the stream his legions Cæsar pass:  
 Straight the tall woods with founding strokes are fell'd,  
 And with strong piles a beamy bridge they build;  
 Then, mindful of the flood so lately spread,  
 They stretch the lengthening arches o'er the mead. 215  
 And, lest his bolder waters rise again,  
 With numerous dikes they canton out the plain,  
 And by a thousand streams the suffering river drain. }  
 Petreius now a fate superior saw,  
 While elements obey proud Cæsar's law; 220  
 Then straight Iberda's lofty walls forsook,  
 And to the farthest west his arms betook;  
 The nearer regions faithless all around,  
 And basely to the victor bent, he found.  
 When with just rage and indignation fir'd, 225  
 He to the Celtiberians fierce retir'd;  
 There fought, amidst the world's extremest parts,  
 Still daring hands, and still unconquer'd hearts.  
 Soon as he view'd the neighbouring mountain's head  
 No longer by the hostile camp o'erspread, 230

Cæsar commands to arm. Without delay  
 The soldier to the river bends his way ;  
 None then with cautious care the bridge explor'd,  
 Or sought the shallows of the safer ford ;  
 Arm'd at all points, they plunge amidst the flood, 235  
 And with strong sinews make the passage good :  
 Dangers they scorn that might the bold affright,  
 And stop ev'n panting cowards in their flight.  
 At length the farther bank attaining safe,  
 Chill'd by the stream, their dropping limbs they chafe :  
 Then with fresh vigour urge the foes pursuit,  
 And in the sprightly chace the powers of life recruit.  
 Thus they ; till half the course of life was run,  
 And lessening shadows own'd the noon-day sun ;  
 The fliers now a doubtful fight maintain, 245  
 While the fleet horse in squadrons scour the plain ;  
 The stragglers scattering round they force to yield,  
 And gather up the gleanings of ' the field.

'Midst a wide plain two lofty rocks arise,  
 Between the cliffs an humble valley lies ; 250  
 Long rows of ridgy mountains run behind,  
 Where ways obscure and secret passes wind.  
 But Cæsar, deep within his thought, foresees  
 The foes attempt the covert strong to seize :  
 So may their troops at leisure range afar, 255  
 And to the Celtiberians lead the war.

Be quick, (he cries) nor minding just array,  
 Swift, to the combat, wing your speedy way.  
 See ! where yon cowards to the fastness haste,  
 But let your terrors in their way be plac'd : 260

Pierce

Pierce not the fearful backs of those that fly,  
 But on your meeting javelins let them die.  
 He said. The ready legions took the word,  
 And hastily obey their eager lord ;  
 With diligence the coming foe prevent, 265  
 And stay their marches, to the mountains bent.  
 Near neighbouring now the camps intrench'd are seen,  
 With scarce a narrow interval between.

Soon as their eyes o'ershoot the middle space,  
 From either hosts, fires, sons, and brothers trace }  
 The well-known features of some kindred face.  
 Then first their hearts with tenderness were struck,  
 First with remorse for civil rage they shook ;  
 Stiffening with horror cold, and dire amaze,  
 Awhile in silent interviews they gaze : 275

Anon with speechless signs their swords salute,  
 While thoughts conflicting keep their masters mute.  
 At length, disdain'g still to be repress'd,  
 Prevailing passion rose in every breast, }  
 And the vain rules of guilty war transgress'd.  
 As at a signal, both their trenches quit, 281

And spreading arms in close embraces knit :  
 Now friendship runs o'er all her ancient claims,  
 Guest and companion are their only names ;  
 Old neighbourhood they fondly call to mind, 285  
 And how their boyish years in leagues were join'd.  
 With grief each other mutually they know,  
 And find a friend in every Roman foe.  
 Their falling tears their steely arms bedew,  
 While interrupting sighs each kiss pursue ; 290

And

And though their hands are yet unstain'd by guilt,  
 They tremble for the blood they might have spilt.  
 But speak, unhappy Roman ! speak thy pain,  
 Say for what woes thy streaming eyes complain ?  
 Why dost thou groan ? why beat thy sounding breast ? 295  
 Why is this wild fantastic grief express'd ?  
 Is it, that yet thy country claims thy care ?  
 Dost thou the crimes of war unwilling share ?  
 Ah ! whither art thou by thy fears betray'd ?  
 How canst thou dread that power thyself hast made ? 300  
 Do Cæsar's trumpets call thee ? scorn the sound.  
 Does he bid, march ? dare thou to keep thy ground.  
 So rage and slaughter shall to justice yield,  
 And fierce Erinnyes quit the fatal field :  
 Cæsar in peace a private state shall know, 305  
 And Pompey be no longer call'd his foe.

Appear, thou heavenly Concord ! blest appear !  
 And shed thy better influences here.  
 Thou who the warring elements dost bind,  
 Life of the world, and safety of mankind,  
 Infuse thy sovereign balm, and heal the wrathful mind. }  
 But if the same dire fury rages yet,  
 Too well they know what foes their swords shall meet ;  
 No blind pretence of ignorance remains,  
 The blood they shed must flow from Roman veins. 315  
 Oh ! fatal truce ! the brand of guilty Rome !  
 From thee worse wars and redder slaughters come.  
 See ! with what free and unsuspecting love,  
 From camp to camp the jocund warriors rove ;  
 Each to his turfy table bids his guest, 320  
 And Bacchus crowns the hospitable feast.

The

The grassy fires refulgent lend their light,  
 While conversation sleepless wastes the night :  
 Of early feats of arms, by turns they tell,  
 Of fortunes that in various fields befell, 329

With well-becoming pride their deeds relate,  
 And now agree, and friendly now debate :  
 At length their unauspicious hands are join'd,  
 And sacred leagues with faith renew'd they bind. 329  
 But oh ! what worse could cruel fate afford !  
 The furies smil'd upon the curst accord, }  
 And dy'd with deeper stains the Roman sword. }

By busy fame Petreius soon is told,  
 His camp, himself, to Cæsar all are sold ;  
 When fraight the chief indignant calls to arm, 335  
 And bids the trumpet spread the loud alarm.

With war encompass'd round he takes his way,  
 And breaks the short-liv'd truce with fierce affray ;  
 He drives th' unarm'd and unsuspecting guest,  
 Amaz'd, and wounded, from th' unfinish'd feast ; 340

With horrid steel he cuts each fond embrace,  
 And violates with blood the new-made peace.  
 And lest the fainting flames of wrath expire,  
 With words like these he fans the deadly fire.

Ye herd ! unknowing of the Roman worth, 345  
 And lost to the great cause which led you forth ;

Though victory and captive Cæsar were  
 Honours too glorious for your swords to share ;  
 Yet something, abject as you are, from you,  
 Something to virtue and the laws is due : 350

A second praise ev'n yet you may partake !  
 Fight, and be vanquish'd for your country's sake.

Can you, while fate as yet fufpends our doom,  
 While you have blood and lives to lofe for Rome,  
 Can you with tame fubmiffion feek a lord ; 355  
 And own a caufe by men and gods abhor'd ?  
 Will you in lowly wife his mercy crave ?  
 Can foldiers beg to wear the name of flave ?  
 Would you for us your fuit to Cæfar move ?  
 Know we difdain his pardoning power to prove : 360  
 No private bargain fhall redeem this head :  
 For Rome, and not for us, the war was made.  
 Though peace a fpecious poor pretence afford,  
 Bafenefs and bondage lurk beneath the word.  
 In vain the workmen fearch the fteely mine 365  
 To arm the field, and bid the battle fhine ;  
 In vain the fortrefs lifts her towery height ;  
 In vain the warlike fteed provokes the fight ;  
 In vain our oars the foamy ocean fweep ;  
 In vain our floating caftles hide the deep ; 370  
 In vain by land, in vain by fea we fought,  
 If peace fhall e'er with liberty be bought.  
 See! with what conftancy, what gallant pride,  
 Our ftedfaft foes defend an impious fide !  
 Bound by their oaths, though enemies to good, 375  
 They fcorn to change from what they once have vow'd.  
 While each vain breath your flackening faith with-  
     draws, }  
 Yours! who pretend to arm for Rome and laws, }  
 Who find no fault, but Juftice in your caufe. }  
 And yet, methinks, I would not give you o'er, 380  
 A brave repentance ftill is in your power :  
 While Pompey calls the utmoft eaft from far,  
 And leads the Indian monarchs on to war.      Shall

Shall we (oh, shame!) prevent his great success,  
 And bind his hands by our inglorious peace?  
 He spoke; and civil rage at once returns,  
 Each breast the fonder thought of pity scorns,  
 And ruthless with redoubled fury burns.  
 So when the tiger, or the spotted pard,  
 Long from the woods and savage haunts debarr'd, 390  
 From their first fierceness for a while are won,  
 And seem to put a gentler nature on;  
 Patient their prison, and mankind they bear,  
 Fawn on their lords, and looks less horrid wear:  
 But let the taste of slaughter be renew'd, 395  
 And their fell jaws again with gore imbrued;  
 Then dreadfully their wakening furies rise,  
 And glaring fires rekindle in their eyes;  
 With wrathful roar their echoing dens they tear,  
 And hardly ev'n the well-known keeper spare;  
 The shuddering keeper shakes, and stands aloof for fear. }  
 From friendship freed, and conscious nature's tie  
 To undistinguish'd slaughters loose they fly;  
 With guilt avow'd their daring crimes advance,  
 And scorn th' excuse of ignorance and chance. 405  
 Those whom so late their fond embraces prest,  
 The bosom's partner, and the welcome guest;  
 Now at the board unhospitable bleed,  
 While streams of blood the flowing bowl succeed.  
 With greans at first, each draws the glittering brand, 410  
 And lingering death stops in th' unwilling hand:  
 Till urg'd at length returning force they feel,  
 And catch new courage from the murdering steel:

Vengeance



Vengeance and hatred rise with every blow,  
 And blood paints every visage like a foe. 415  
 Uproar and horror through the camp abound,  
 While impious sons their mangled fathers wound,  
 And, lest the merit of the crime be lost,  
 With dreadful joy the parricide they boast;  
 Proud to their chiefs the cold pale heads they bear, 420  
 The gore yet dropping from the silver hair.

But thou, oh Cæsar! to the gods be dear!  
 Thy pious mercy well becomes their care;  
 And though thy soldier falls by treacherous peace,  
 Be proud, and reckon this thy great success. 425  
 Not all thou ow'st to bounteous Fortune's smile,  
 Not proud Massilia, nor the Pharian Nile;  
 Not the full conquest of Pharsalia's field,  
 Could greater fame, or nobler trophies yield;  
 Thine and the cause of justice now are one, 430  
 Since guilty slaughter brands thy foes alone.

Nor dare the conscious leaders longer wait,  
 Or trust to such unhallow'd hands their fate:  
 Astonish'd and dismay'd they shun the fight,  
 And to Ilerda turn their hasty flight. 435  
 But, ere their march atchieves its destin'd course,  
 Preventing Cæsar sends the winged horse:  
 The speedy squadrons seize th' appointed ground,  
 And hold their foes on hills encompass'd round.  
 Pent up in barren heights, they strive in vain 440  
 Refreshing springs and flowing streams to gain;  
 Strong hostile works their camp's extension stay,  
 And deep-sunk trenches intercept their way.

Now deaths unexpected forms arise,  
 Thirst and pale famine stalk before their eyes. 445  
 Shut up and close besieg'd, no more they need  
 The strength or swiftneſs of the warlike ſteed; }  
 But doom the generous courſers all to bleed.  
 Hopeleſs at length, and barr'd around from flight,  
 Headlong they ruſh to arms, and urge the fight: 450  
 But Cæſar, who with wary eyes beheld,  
 With what determin'd rage they fought the field,  
 Reſtrain'd his eager troops. Forbear, he cry'd,  
 Nor let your ſword in madmen's blood be dy'd.  
 But, ſince they come devoted by deſpair, }  
 Since life is grown unworthy of their care,  
 Since 'tis their time to die, 'tis our to ſpare.  
 Thoſe naked boſoms that provoke the foe,  
 With greedy hopes of deadly vengeance glow;  
 With pleaſure ſhall they meet the pointed ſteel, 460  
 Nor ſmarting wounds, nor dying anguiſh feel,  
 If, while they bleed, your Cæſar ſhares the pain,  
 And mourns his gallant friends among the ſlain.  
 But wait awhile, this rage ſhall ſoon be paſt,  
 This blaze of courage is too fierce to laſt; 465  
 This ardour for the fight ſhall faint away,  
 And all this fond deſire of death decay.  
 He ſpoke; and at the word the war ſtay'd,  
 Till Phœbus fled from night's aſcending ſhade.  
 Ev'n all the day, embattled on the plain, 470  
 The raſh Petreians urge to arms in vain:  
 At length the weary fire began to ceaſe,  
 And waſting fury languish'd into peace;

Th'

Th' impatient arrogance of wrath declin'd,  
And slackening passions cool'd upon the mind. 475

So when, the battle roaring loud around,  
Some warrior warm receives a fatal wound ;  
While yet the griding sword has newly past,  
And the first pungent pains and anguish last ;  
While full with life the turgid vessels rise, 480  
And the warm juice the spritely nerve supplies ;

Each sinewy limb with fiercer force is prest,  
And rage redoubles in the burning breast :  
But if, as conscious of th' advantage gain'd,  
The cooler victor stays his wrathful hand ; 485

Then sinks his thrall with ebbing spirits low,  
The black blood stiffens and forgets to flow ;  
Cold damps and numbness close the deadly fount,  
And stretch him pale and fainting on the ground.

For water now on every side they try, 490  
Alike the sword and delving spade employ ;  
Earth's bosom dark, laborious they explore,  
And search the sources of her liquid store ;  
Deep in the hollow hill the well descends,  
Till level with the moister plain it ends. 495

Not lower down from chearful day decline  
The pale Assyrians, in the golden mine.  
In vain they toil, no secret streams are found  
To roll their murmuring tides beneath the ground ;  
No bursting springs repay the workman's stroke, 500  
Nor glittering gush from out the wounded rock ;  
No sweating caves in dewy droppings stand,  
Nor smallest rills run gurgling o'er the sand.

Spent

Spent and exhausted with the fruitless pain,  
 The fainting youth ascend to light again. 505  
 And now less patient of the drought they grow,  
 Than in those cooler depths of earth below ;  
 No savory viands crown the chearful board,  
 Ev'n food for want of water stands abhorr'd ;  
 To hunger's meagre refuge they retreat, 510  
 And, since they cannot drink, refuse to eat.  
 Where yielding clods a moister clay confess,  
 With griping hands the clammy glebe they press ;  
 Where-e'er the standing puddle loathsome lies,  
 Thither in crouds the thirsty soldier flies ; 515  
 Horrid to sight, the miry filth they quaff,  
 And drain with dying jaws the deadly draff.  
 Some seek the bestial mothers for supply,  
 And draw the herds extended udders dry ;  
 Till thirst, unfated with the milky store, 520  
 With labouring lips drinks-in the putrid gore.  
 Some strip the leaves, and suck the morning dews ;  
 Some grind the bark, the woody branches bruise,  
 And squeeze the sapling's unconcocted juice. }  
 Oh happy those, to whom the barbarous kings 525  
 Left their envenom'd floods, and tainted springs !  
 Cæsar be kind, and every bane prepare,  
 Which Cretan rocks, or Libyan serpents bear :  
 The Romans to thy poisonous stream shall fly,  
 And, conscious of the danger, drink, and die. 530  
 With secret flames their withering entrails burn,  
 And fiery breathings from their lungs return ;  
 The shrinking veins contract their purple flood,  
 And urge, laborious, on the beating blood ;

The heaving sighs through straiter passes blow, 535  
 And scorch the painful palate as they go ;  
 The parch'd rough tongue night's humid vapours draws,  
 And restless rolls within the clammy jaws ;  
 With gaping mouths they wait the falling-rain,  
 And want those floods that lately spread the plain. 540  
 Vainly to heaven they turn their longing eyes,  
 And fix them on the dry relentless skies.  
 Nor here by sandy Afric are they curst,  
 Nor Cancer's sultry line inflames their thirst ;  
 But to enhance their pain, they view below, 545  
 Where lakes stand full, and plenteous rivers flow ;  
 Between two streams expires the panting host,  
 And in a land of water are they lost.

Now prest by pinching want's unequal weight,  
 The vanquish'd leaders yield to adverse fate : 550  
 Rejecting arms, Afranius seeks relief,  
 And sues submissive to the hostile chief.  
 Foremost himself, to Cæsar's camp he leads  
 His famish'd troops, a fainting band succeeds.  
 At length, in presence of the victor plac'd, }  
 A fitting dignity his gesture grac'd, }  
 That spoke his present fortunes, and his past. }  
 With decent mixture in his manly mien,  
 The captive and the general were seen :  
 Then, with a free, secure, undaunted breast, 560  
 For mercy thus his pious suit he prest.

Had Fate and my ill fortune laid me low,  
 Beneath the power of some ungenerous foe ;  
 My sword hung ready to protect my fame,  
 And this right-hand had sav'd my soul from shame: 565

But

But now with joy I bend my suppliant knee,  
 Life is worth asking, since 'tis given by thee.  
 No party-zeal our factious arms inclines,  
 No hate of thee, or of thy bold designs.  
 War with its own occasions came unfought, 570  
 And found us on the side for which we fought:  
 True to our cause, as best becomes the brave,  
 Long as we could, we kept that faith we gave.  
 Nor shall our arms thy stronger fate delay,  
 Behold! our yielding paves thy conquering way: 575  
 The western nations all at once we give,  
 Securely these behind thee shalt thou leave;  
 Here while thy full dominion stands confess'd,  
 Receive it as an earnest of the east.  
 Nor this thy easy victory disdain,  
 Bought with no seas of blood, nor hills of slain; }  
 Forgive the foes that spare thy sword a pain.  
 Nor is the boon for which we sue too great,  
 The weary soldier begs a last retreat;  
 In some poor village, peaceful at the plough, 585  
 Let them enjoy the life thou dost bestow.  
 Think, in some field, among the slain we lie,  
 And lost to thy remembrance cast us by.  
 Mix not our arms in thy successful war,  
 Not let thy captives in thy triumph share. 590  
 These unprevailing hands their fate have try'd,  
 And prov'd that fortune fights not on their side.  
 Guiltless to cease from slaughter we implore,  
 Let us not conquer with thee, and we ask no more.  
 He said. The victor, with a gentler grace, 595  
 And mercy softening his severer face,

Bade his attending foes their fears dismiss,  
 Go free from punishment, and live in peace.  
 The truce on equal terms at length agreed,  
 The waters from the watchful guard are freed : 600  
 Eager to drink, down rush the thirsty croud,  
 Hang o'er the banks, and trouble all the flood.  
 Some, while too fierce the fatal draughts they drain,  
 Forget the gasping lungs that heave in vain ;  
 No breathing airs the choking channels fill, 605  
 But every spring of life at once stands still.  
 Some drink, nor yet the fervent pest assuage,  
 With wonted fires their bloated entrails rage ;  
 With bursting sides each bulk enormous heaves,  
 While still for drink th' insatiate fever craves. 610  
 At length returning health dispers'd the pain,  
 And lusty vigour strung the nerves again.

Behold ! ye Sons of Luxury, behold !  
 Who scatter in excess your lavish gold ;  
 You who the wealth of frugal ages waste, 615  
 T' indulge a wanton supercilious taste :  
 For whom all earth, all ocean are explor'd,  
 To spread the various proud voluptuous board :  
 Behold ! how little thrifty nature craves,  
 And what a cheap relief the lives of thousands saves !  
 No costly wines these fainting legions know,  
 Mark'd by old consuls many a year ago ;  
 No waiting slaves the precious juices pour,  
 From Myrrhine goblets, or the golden ore :  
 But with pure draughts they cool the boiling blood, 625  
 And seek their succour from the crystal flood.

Who, but a wretch, would think it worth his care,  
 The toils and wickedness of war to share,  
 When all we want thus easily we find?  
 The field and river can supply mankind. 630  
 Dismiss'd, and safe from danger and alarms,  
 The vanquish'd to the victor quits his arms;  
 Guiltless from camps, to cities he repairs,  
 And in his native land forgets his cares.  
 There in his mind he runs, repenting o'er 635  
 The tedious toils and perils once he bore;  
 His spear and sword of battle stand accurst,  
 He hates the weary march, and parching thirst;  
 And wonders much, that e'er with pious pain  
 He pray'd so oft for victory in vain: 640  
 For victory! the curse of those that win,  
 The fatal end where still new woes begin.  
 Let the proud masters of the horrid field  
 Count all the gains their dire successes yield;  
 Then let them think what wounds they yet must feel,  
 Ere they can fix revolving fortune's wheel:  
 As yet th' imperfect task by halves is done,  
 Blood, blood remains, more battles must be won, }  
 And many a heavy labour undergone:  
 Still conquering, to new guilt they shall succeed, 650  
 Where-ever restless Fate and Cæsar lead.  
 How happier lives the man to peace assign'd,  
 Amidst this general storm that wrecks mankind!  
 In his own quiet house ordain'd to die,  
 He knows the place in which his bones shall lie. 655  
 No trumpet warns him 'put his harness on,  
 Though faint, and all with weariness fore-done:



But when night falls, he lies securely down,  
 And calls the creeping slumber all his own.  
 His kinder fates the warrior's hopes prevent, 660  
 And ere the time, the wish'd dismissal sent ;  
 A lowly cottage, and a tender wife,  
 Receive him in his early days of life ;  
 His boys, a rustic tribe, around him play,  
 And homely pleasures wear the vacant day. 665  
 No factious parties here the mind engage,  
 Nor work th' imbitter'd passions up to rage ;  
 With equal eyes the hostile chiefs they view,  
 To This their faith, to That their lives are due :  
 To both oblig'd alike, no part they take. 670  
 Nor vows for conquest, nor against it, make.  
 Mankind's misfortunes they behold from far,  
 Pleas'd to stand neuter, while the world's at war.  
 But Fortune, bent to check the victor's pride,  
 In other lands forsook her Cæsar's side ; 675  
 With changing cheer the fickle goddess frown'd,  
 And for awhile her favourite cause disown'd.  
 Where Adria's swelling surge Salonæ laves,  
 And warm Iader rolls his gentle waves,  
 Bold in the brave Curiſtan's warlike band, 680  
 Antonius camps upon the utmost strand :  
 Begirt around by Pompey's floating power,  
 He braves the navy from his well-fenc'd shore.  
 But while the distant war no more he fears,  
 Famine, a worse, resistless foe, appears : 685  
 No more the meads their grassy pasture yield,  
 Nor waving harvests crown the yellow field.

On every verdant leaf the hungry feed,  
 And snatch the forage from the fainting steed ;  
 Then ravenous on their camp's defence they fall, 690  
 And grind with greedy jaws the turfy wall.  
 Near on the neighbouring coast at length they spy,  
 Where Basilus with social sails draws nigh ;  
 While, led by Dolabella's bold command,  
 Their Cæsar's legions spread th' Illyrian strand : 695  
 Straight with new hopes their hearts recovering beat,  
 Aim to elude the foe, and meditate retreat.

Of wondrous form a vast machine they build,  
 New, and unknown upon the floating field.  
 Here, nor the keel its crooked length extends, 700  
 Nor o'er the waves the rising deck ascends ;  
 By beams and grappling chains compacted strong,  
 Light skiffs, and casks, two equal rows prolong :  
 O'er these, of solid oak securely made,  
 Stable and tight a flooring firm is laid ; 705  
 Sublime, from hence, two planky towers run high,  
 And nodding battlements the foe defy.  
 Securely plac'd, each rising range between,  
 The lusty rower plies his task unseen.  
 Mean-while nor oars upon the sides appear, 710  
 Nor swelling sails receive the driving air :  
 But living seems the mighty mass to sweep,  
 And glide self-mov'd athwart the yielding deep.  
 Three wondrous floats, of this enormous size,  
 Soon by the skilful builder's craft arise ; 715  
 The ready warriors all aboard them ride,  
 And wait the turn of the retiring tide.

Backward at length revolving Tethys flows,  
 And ebbing waves the naked sands disclose :  
 Straight by the stream the lanching piles are borne 720  
 Shields, spears, and helms, their nodding towers adorn ;  
 Threatening they move in terrible array,  
 And to the deeper ocean bend their way.

Octavius now, whose naval powers command  
 Adria's rude seas, and wide Illyria's strand, 725  
 Full in their course his fleet advancing stays,  
 And each impatient combatant delays :  
 To the blue offing wide he seems to bear,  
 Hopeful to draw th' unwary vessels near ;  
 Aloof he rounds them, eager on his prey, 730  
 And tempts them with an open roomy sea.  
 Thus when the wily huntsman spreads his nets,  
 And with his ambient toil the woods besets ;  
 While yet his busy hands, with skilful care,  
 The meshy hayes and forked props prepare ; 735  
 Ere yet the deer the painted plumage spy,  
 Snuff the strong odour from afar, and fly ;  
 His mates, the Cretan hound and Spartan bind,  
 And muzzle all the loud Molossian kind ;  
 The quester only to the wood they loose, 740  
 Who silently the tainted track pursues :  
 Mute signs alone the conscious haunt betray,  
 While fix'd he points, and trembles to the prey.

'Twas at the season when the fainting light,  
 Just in the evening's close, brought on the night : 745  
 When the tall towery floats their isle forsook,  
 And to the sea their course, adventurous, took.

But

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, BOOK IV. 185

But now the fam'd Sicilian pirates, skill'd  
 In arts and warfare of the liquid field,  
 Their wonted wiles and stratagems provide, 750  
 To aid their great acknowledg'd victor's side.  
 Beneath the glassy surface of the main,  
 From rock to rock they stretch a ponderous chain;  
 Loosely the slacker links suspended flow,  
 T' enwrap the driving fabrics as they go. 755  
 Urg'd from within, and wafted by the tide,  
 Smooth o'er the boom the first and second glide;  
 The third the guileful latent chain enfolds,  
 And in his steely grasp entwining holds:  
 From the tall rocks the shouting victors roar, 760  
 And drag the resty captive to the shore.  
 For ages past an ancient cliff there stood,  
 Whose bending brow hung threatening o'er the flood:  
 A verdant grove was on the summit plac'd,  
 And o'er the waves a gloomy shadow cast; 765  
 While near the base wild hollows sink below,  
 There roll huge seas, and bellowing tempests blow:  
 Thither whate'er the greedy waters drown,  
 The shipwreck, and the driving corpse, are thrown:  
 Anon the gaping gulph the spoil restores, 770  
 And from his lowest depths loud-spouting pours.  
 Not rude Charybdis roars in sounds like these,  
 When thundering, with a burst, she spews the foamy seas.  
 Hither, with warlike Opitergians fraught,  
 The third ill-fated prisoner float was brought; 775  
 The foe, as at a signal, speed their way,  
 And haste to compass in the destin'd prey;

The

The croudidg fails from every station prefs,  
 While armed bands the rocks and shores poffefs.  
 Too late the chief, Vulteius, found the fnare, 780  
 And ftrove to burft the toil with fruitless care:  
 Driv'n by despair at length, nor thinking yet  
 Which way to fight, or whither to retreat,  
 He turns upon the foe ; and though diftrest,  
 By wiles intangled, and by crowds opprest, 785  
 With scarce a fingle cohort to his aid,  
 Againft the gathering hoft a ftand he made.  
 Fierce was the combat fought, with slaughter great, }  
 Though thus an odds unequally they meet, }  
 One with a thousand match'd, a fhip againft a fleet. }  
 But foon on dusky wings arofe the night, 791  
 And with her friendly fhade reftrains the fight ;  
 The combatants from war confenting ceafe,  
 And pafs the hours of darknefs o'er in peace.  
 When to the foldier, anxious for his fate, 795  
 And doubtful what fuccefs the dawn might wait,  
 The brave Vulteius thus his fpeech addrest,  
 And thus compos'd the cares of every beating breaft.  
 My gallant friends ! whom our hard fates decree,  
 This night, this fhort night only, to be-free ; 800  
 Think what remains to do, but think with hafte,  
 Ere the brief hour of liberty be paff.  
 Perhaps, reduc'd to this fo hard extreme,  
 Too fhort, to fome, the date of life may feem ;  
 Yet know, brave youths, that none untimely fall, 805  
 Whom death obeys, and comes but when they call.  
 'Tis

'Tis true, the neighbouring danger waits us nigh;  
 We meet but that from which we cannot fly;  
 Yet think not but with equal praise we die.  
 Dark and uncertain is man's future doom, 810  
 If years, or only moments, are to come;  
 All is but dying; he who gives an hour,  
 Or he who gives an age, gives all that's in his power.  
 Sooner, or late, all mortals know the grave,  
 But to choose death distinguishes the brave. 815  
 Behold where, waiting round, yon hostile band,  
 Our fellow-citizens, our lives demand.  
 Prevent we then their cruel hands, and bleed;  
 'Tis but to do what is too sure decreed,  
 And where our fate would drag us on, to lead. }  
 A great conspicuous slaughter shall we yield,  
 Nor lie the carnage of a common field;  
 Where one ignoble heap confounds the slain,  
 And men, and beasts, promiscuous strow the plain.  
 Plac'd on this float by some diviner hand, 825  
 As on a stage, for public view we stand.  
 Illyria's neighbouring shores, her isles around,  
 And every cliff, with gazers shall be crown'd;  
 The seas, and earth, our virtue shall proclaim,  
 And stand eternal vouchers for our fame; 830  
 Alike the foes and fellows of our cause,  
 Shall mark the deed, and join in vast applause.  
 Blest be thou, fortune, that has mark'd us forth,  
 A monument of unexampled worth;  
 To latest times our story shall be told, 835  
 Ev'n rais'd beyond the noblest names of old.

Distinguish'd

Distinguish'd praise shall crown our daring youth,  
 Our pious honour, and unshaken truth.  
 Mean is our offering, Cæsar, we confess;  
 For such a chief, what soldier can do less? 840  
 Yet oh! this faithful pledge of love receive!  
 Take it, 'tis all that captives have to give.  
 Oh! that, to make the victim yet more dear,  
 Our aged fires, our children had been here:  
 Then with full horror should the slaughter rise, 845  
 And blast our paler foes' astonish'd eyes;  
 Till, aw'd beneath that scorn of death we wear,  
 They bless the time our fellows 'scap'd their snare:  
 Till with mean tears our fate the cowards mourn,  
 And tremble at the rage with which we burn. 850  
 Perhaps they mean our constant souls to try,  
 Whether for life and peace we may comply.  
 Oh! grant, ye gods! their offers may be great,  
 That we may gloriously disdain to treat,  
 That this last proof of virtue we may give, 855  
 And shew we die not now, because we could not live.  
 That valour to no common heights must rise,  
 Which he, our god-like chief himself, shall prize.  
 Immortal shall our truth for ever stand,  
 If Cæsar thinks this little faithful band }  
 A loss, amidst the host of his command.  
 For me, my friends, my fix'd resolve is ta'en,  
 And fate, or chance, may proffer life in vain;  
 I scorn whatever safety they provide,  
 And cast the worthless trifling thought aside. 865  
 The sacred rage of death devours me whole,  
 Reigns in my heart, and triumphs in my soul:

I see,

I see, I reach the period of my woe,  
 And taste those joys the dying only know.  
 Wisely the gods conceal the wondrous good, 870  
 Lest man no longer should endure his load;  
 Lest every wretch like me from life should fly,  
 Seize his own happiness himself, and die.

He spoke. The band his potent tongue confess,  
 And generous ardour burn'd in every breast. 875

No longer now they view, with watery eyes,  
 The swift revolving circle of the skies;  
 No longer think the setting stars in haste,  
 Nor wonder slow Böotes moves so fast;  
 But with high hearts exulting all, and gay, 880  
 They wish for light, and call the tardy day.

Yet, nor the heavenly axis long delays,  
 To roll the radiant signs beneath the seas;  
 In Leda's twins now rose the warmer sun,  
 And near the lofty Crab exalted shone; 885  
 Swiftly night's shorter shades began to move,  
 And to the west Thesſalian Chiron drove.

At length the morning's purple beams disclose  
 The wide horizon cover'd round with foes;  
 Each rock and shore the crouding Istrians keep, 890  
 While Greeks and fierce Liburnians spread the deep:  
 When yet, ere fury lets the battle loose,  
 Octavius wooes them with the terms of truce.

If haply Pompey's chains they choose to wear,  
 And captive life to instant death prefer. 895

But the brave youth, regardless of his might,  
 Fierce in the scorn of life, and hating light,  
 Fearless,



Fearless, and careless of whate'er may come,  
 Resolv'd, and self-determin'd to their doom ;  
 Alike disdain the threatening of the war, 900  
 And all the flattering wiles their foes prepare.  
 Calmly the numerous legions round they view,  
 At once by land and sea the fight renew ;  
 Relief, or friends, or aid, expect they none,  
 But fix one certain truth in death alone. 905  
 In opposition firm awhile they stood,  
 But soon were satisfy'd with hostile blood.  
 Then turning from the foe, with gallant pride,  
 Is there a generous youth (Vulteius cry'd) }  
 Whose worthy sword may pierce your leader's side ? }  
 He said ; and at the word, from every part, 911  
 A hundred pointed weapons reach'd his heart ;  
 Dying he prais'd them all, but him the chief,  
 Whose eager duty brought the first relief :  
 Deep in his breast he plung'd his deadly blade, 915  
 And with a grateful stroke the friendly gift repay'd.  
 At once all rush, at once to death they fly,  
 And on each other's sword alternate die,  
 Greedy to make the mischief all their own,  
 And arrogate the guilt of war alone. 920  
 A fate like this did Cadmus' harvest prove,  
 When mortally the earth-born brethren strove ;  
 When, by each other's hands of life bereft,  
 An omen dire to future Thebes they left.  
 Such was the rage inspir'd the Colchian foes, 925  
 When from the dragon's wondrous teeth they rose ;  
 When

When urg'd by charms, and magic's mystic power,  
 They dy'd their native field with streaming gore ;  
 Till ev'n the fell enchantress stood dismay'd,  
 And wonder'd at the mischiefs which she made. 910  
 Furies more fierce the dying Romans feel,  
 And with brave breasts provoke the lingering steel ;  
 With fond embraces catch the deadly darts,  
 And press them plunging to their panting hearts.  
 No wound imperfect, for a second calls ; 935  
 With certain aim the sure destruction falls.  
 This last best gift, this one unerring blow,  
 Sires, sons, and brothers, mutually bestow ;  
 Nor piety, nor fond remorse prevail,  
 And if they fear, they only fear to fail. 940  
 Here with red streams the blushing waves they stain,  
 Here dash their mangled entrails in the main.  
 Here with a last disdain they view the skies,  
 Shut out heaven's hated light with scornful eyes,  
 And, with insulting joy, the victor foe despise. }  
 At length the heapy slaughter rose on high,  
 The hostile chiefs the purple pile descry ;  
 And while the last accustom'd rites they give,  
 Scarcely the unexampled deed believe :  
 Much they admire a faith by death approv'd, 950  
 And wonder lawless power could e'er be thus lov'd.  
 Wide through mankind eternal fame displays  
 This harpy crew, this single vessel's praise.  
 But, oh ! the story of the godlike rage  
 Is lost, upon a vile, degenerate age ; 955  
 The base, the slavish world will not be taught,  
 With how much ease their freedom may be bought.

Still

Still arbitrary power on thrones commands,  
 Still liberty is gall'd by tyrants bands,  
 And swords in vain are trusted to our hands.  
 Oh! death! thou pleasing end of human woe,  
 Thou cure for life, thou greatest good below;  
 Still may'st thou fly the coward and the slave,  
 And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave.

961

Nor war's pernicious God less havock yields,  
 Where swarthy Libya spreads her sun-burnt fields.  
 For Curio now the stretching canvas spread,  
 And from Sicilian shores his navy led;  
 To Afric's coast he cuts the foamy way,  
 Where low the once victorious Carthage lay.

970

There landing to the well-known camp he hies,  
 Where from afar the distant seas he spies;  
 Where Bagrada's dull waves the sands divide,  
 And slowly downward roll their sluggish tide.  
 From thence he seeks the heights renown'd by fame,  
 And hallow'd by the great Cornelian name:

976

The rocks and hills which long, traditions say,  
 Were held by huge Antæus' horrid sway.  
 Here, as, by chance, he lights upon the place,  
 Curious he tries the reverend tale to trace.

980

When thus, in short, the ruder Libyans tell,  
 What from their fires they heard, and how the case befel.

The teeming earth, for ever fresh and young,  
 Yet, after many a giant son, was strong;  
 When labouring, here, with the prodigious birth,  
 She brought her youngest-born Antæus forth,  
 Of all the dreadful brood which erst she bore,  
 In none the fruitful beldame glory'd more:

Happy

Happy for those above she brought him not,  
Till after Phlegra's doubtful field was fought. 990

That this, her darling, might in force excel,  
A gift she gave: whene'er to earth he fell,  
Recruited strength he from his parent drew,  
And every slackening nerve was strung anew.  
Yon cave his den he made; where oft for food, 995  
He snatch'd the mother lion's horrid brood.

Nor leaves, nor shaggy hides, his couch prepar'd,  
Torn from the tiger, or the spotted pard;  
But stretch'd along the naked earth he lies:  
New vigour still the native earth supplies. 1000

Whate'er he meets, his ruthless hands invade,  
Strong in himself, without his mother's aid.

The strangers that unknowing seek the shore,  
Soon a worse shipwreck on the land deplore.  
Dreadful to all, with matchless might he reigns,  
Robs, spoils, and massacres the simple swains,  
And all unpeopled lie the Libyan plains. }

At length, around the trembling nations spread,  
Fame of the tyrant to Alcides fled.

The Godlike Hero, born, by Jove's decree, 1010  
To set the seas, and earth, from monsters free;  
Hither in generous pity bent his course,  
And set himself to prove the giant's force.

Now met, the combatants for fight provide,  
And either doffs the lion's yellow hide. 1015

Bright in Olympic oil Alcides shone,  
Antæus with his mother's dust is strown,  
And seeks her friendly force to aid his own. }

Now seizing fierce their grasping hands they mix,  
 And labour on the swelling throat to fix; 1020  
 Their sinewy arms are writh'd in many a fold,  
 And, front to front, they threaten stern and bold.  
 Unmatch'd before, each bends a fullen frown,  
 To find a force thus equal to his own.  
 At length the godlike victor Greek prevail'd, 1025  
 Nor yet the foe with all his force assail'd.  
 Faint dropping sweats bedew the monster's brows,  
 And panting thick with heaving sides he blows;  
 His trembling head the slackening nerves confess'd,  
 And from the hero shrunk his yielding breast. 1030  
 The conqueror pursues, his arms entwine,  
 Infolding gripe, and strain his crashing chine,  
 While his broad knee bears forceful on his groin. }  
 At once his faltering feet from earth he rends,  
 And on the sands his mighty length extends. 1035  
 The parent earth her vanquish'd son deplores,  
 And with a touch his vigour lost restores:  
 From his faint limbs the clammy dews she drains,  
 And with fresh streams recruits his ebbing veins;  
 The muscles swell, the hardening sinews rise, 1040  
 And bursting from th' Herculean grasp he flies.  
 Astonish'd at the sight Alcides stood:  
 Nor more he wonder'd, when in Lerna's flood }  
 The dreadful snake her falling heads renew'd.  
 Of all his various labours, none was seen 1045  
 With equal joy by heaven's unrighteous queen;  
 Pleas'd she beheld, what toil, what pains he prov'd,  
 He who had borne the weight of heaven unmov'd.

Sudden

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, BOOK IV. 195

Sudden again upon the foe he flew,  
The falling foe to earth for aid withdrew; 1050

The earth again her fainting son supplies,  
And with redoubled forces bids him rise:  
Her vital powers to succour him she sends,  
And earth herself with Hercules contends.  
Conscious at length of such unequal fight, 1055

And that the parent touch renew'd his might,  
No longer shalt thou fall, Alcides cry'd,  
Henceforth the combat standing shall be try'd;  
If thou wilt lean, to me alone incline,  
And rest upon no other breast but mine. 1060

He said; and as he saw the monster stoop,  
With mighty arms aloft he rears him up:  
No more the distant earth her son supplies,  
Lock'd in the hero's strong embrace he lies;  
Nor thence dismiss'd, nor trusted to the ground, 1065  
Till death in every frozen limb was found.

Thus, fond of tales, our ancestors of old  
The story to their childrens children told;  
From thence a title to the land they gave,  
And call'd this hollow rock Antæus' cave. 1070

But greater deeds this rising mountain grace,  
And Scipio's name ennobles much the place;  
While, fixing here his famous camp, he calls  
Fierce Hannibal from Rome's devoted walls.  
As yet the mouldering works remain in view, 1075  
Where dreadful once the Latian eagles flew.

Fond of the prosperous victorious name,  
And trusting fortune would be still the same,

Hither his hapless ensigns Curio leads,  
 And here his unauspicious camp he spreads. 1080  
 A fierce superior foe his arms provoke,  
 And rob the hills of all their ancient luck.  
 O'er all the Roman powers in Libya's land,  
 'Then Atius Varus bore supreme command;  
 Nor trusting in the Latian strength alone, 1085  
 With foreign force he fortify'd his own;  
 Summon'd the swarthy monarchs all from far,  
 And call'd remotest Juba forth to war.  
 O'er many a country runs his wide command,  
 To Atlas huge, and Gades' western strand; 1090  
 From thence to horned Ammon's fane renown'd,  
 And the waste Syrts un hospitable bound:  
 Southward as far he reigns, and rules alone  
 The sultry regions of the burning zone.  
 With him, unnumber'd nations march along, 1095  
 Th' Autololes with wild Numidians throng;  
 The rough Getulian, with his ruder steed;  
 The Moor, resembling India's swarthy breed;  
 Poor Nafamons, and Garamantines join'd,  
 With swift Marmaridans that match'd the wind; 1100  
 The Mazax, bred the trembling dart to throw,  
 Sure as the shaft that leaves the Parthian bow;  
 With these Massylia's nimble horsemen ride,  
 They, not the bit, nor curbing rein provide,  
 But with light rods the well-taught courser guide.  
 From lonely cots the Libyan hunters came,  
 Who still unarm'd invade the savage game,  
 And with spread mantles tawny lions tame.

But

But not Rome's fate, nor civil rage alone,  
 Incite the monarch Pompey's cause to own; 1110  
 Stung by resenting wrath, the war he fought,  
 And deep displeasures past by Curio wrought.  
 He, when the tribune's sacred power he gain'd,  
 When justice, laws, and gods were all prophan'd,  
 At Juba's ancient sceptre aim'd his hate, 1115  
 And strove to rob him of his royal feat:  
 From a just prince would tear his native right,  
 While Rome was made a slave to lawless might.  
 The king, revolving causes from afar,  
 Looks on himself as party to the war. 1120  
 That grudge, too well remembering, Curio knew;  
 To this he joins, his troops to Cæsar new,  
 None of those old experienc'd faithful bands,  
 Nurs'd in his fear, and bred to his commands;  
 But a loose, neutral, light, uncertain train, 1125  
 Late with Corfinium's captive fortrefs ta'en,  
 That wavering pause, and doubt for whom to strike,  
 Sworn to both sides, and true to both alike.  
 The careful chief beheld, with anxious heart,  
 The faithless centinels each night desert: 1130  
 Then thus, resolving, to himself he cry'd,  
 By daring shews our greatest fears we hide:  
 Then let me haste to bid the battle join,  
 And lead my army, while it yet is mine;  
 Leisure and thinking still to change incline.  
 Let war, and action, busy thought control,  
 And find a full employment for the soul.  
 When with drawn swords determin'd soldiers stand,  
 When shame is lost, and fury prompts the hand,



What reason then can find a time to pause, 1140  
 To weigh the differing chiefs, and juster cause?  
 That cause seems only just for which they fight,  
 Each likes his own, and all are in the right.  
 On terms like these, within th' appointed space,  
 Bold gladiators, gladiators face: 1145

Unknowing why, like fiercest foes they greet,  
 And only hate, and kill, because they meet.

He said; and rang'd his troops upon the plain, }  
 While fortune met him with a semblance vain, }  
 Covering her malice keen, and all his future pain. }  
 Before him Varus' vanquish'd legions yield,  
 And with dishonest flight forsake the field;  
 Expos'd to shameful wounds their backs he views,  
 And to their camp the fearful rout pursues.

Juba with joy the mournful news receives, 1155  
 And haughty in his own success believes.  
 Careful his foes in error to maintain,  
 And still preserve them confident, and vain;  
 Silent he marches on in secret sort,  
 And keeps his numbers close from loud report. 1160

Sabbura, great in the Numidian race,  
 And second to their swarthy king in place,  
 First with a chosen slender band precedes,  
 And seemingly the force of Juba leads:  
 While hidden he, the prince himself, remains, 1165  
 And in a secret vale his host constrains.

Thus oft th' Ichneumon, on the banks of Nile,  
 Invades the deadly Asp by a wile;  
 While artfully his slender tail is play'd,  
 The serpent darts upon the dancing shade; 1170

Then

Then turning on the foe with swift surprize,  
 Full at his throat the nimble seizer flies :  
 The gasping snake expires beneath the wound,  
 His gushing jaws with poisonous floods abound,  
 And shed the fruitless mischief on the ground. }  
 Nor fortune fail'd to favour his intent,  
 But crown'd the fraud with prosperous event.  
 Curio, unknowing of the hostile power, }  
 Commands his horse the doubtful plain to scour,  
 And ev'n by night the regions round explore.  
 Himself, though oft forewarn'd by friendly care,  
 Of Punic frauds, and danger to beware,  
 Soon as the dawn of early day was broke,  
 His camp, with all the moving foot, forsook.  
 It seem'd, necessity inspir'd the deed, 1185  
 And Fate requir'd the daring youth should bleed.  
 War, that curst war which he himself begun,  
 To death and ruin drove him headlong on.  
 O'er devious rocks, long time, his way he takes,  
 Through rugged paths, and rude incumbering brakes ;  
 Till, from afar, at length the hills disclose,  
 Assembling on their heights, his distant foes.  
 Oft hasty flight with swift retreat they feign,  
 To draw th' unwary leader to the plain.  
 He, rash and ignorant of Libyan wiles, 1195  
 Wide o'er the naked champain spreads his files ;  
 When, sudden, all the circling mountains round  
 With numbleless Numidians thick are crown'd ;  
 At once the rising ambush stands confess'd,  
 And dread strikes cold on every Roman breast. 1200

Helpless they view th' impending danger nigh,  
 Nor can the valiant fight, nor coward fly.  
 The weary horse neglects the trumpet's sound,  
 Nor with impatient ardour paws the ground ;  
 No more he champs the bit, nor tugs the rein, 1205  
 Nor pricks his ears, nor shakes his flowing mane :  
 With foamy sweat his smoking limbs are spread,  
 And all o'er-labour'd hangs his heavy head ;  
 Hoarse, and with pantings thick, his breath he draws,  
 While ropy filth begrimes his clammy jaws ; 1210  
 Careless the rider's heartening voice he hears,  
 And motionless the wounding spur he bears.  
 At length, by swords and goading darts compell'd,  
 Dronish he drags his load across the field ;  
 Nor once attempts to charge, but drooping goes, 1215  
 To bear his dying lord amidst his foes.

Not so the Libyans fierce their onset make ;  
 With thundering hoofs the sandy soil they shake ;  
 Thick o'er the battle wavy clouds arise,  
 As when through Thrace, Bistonian Boreas flies, }  
 Involves the day in dust, and darkens all the skies, }  
 And now the Latian foot encompass'd round,  
 Are massacred, and trodden to the ground ;  
 None in resistance vainly prove their might,  
 But death is all the business of the fight. 1225  
 Thicker than hail the steely showers descend ;  
 Beneath the weight the falling Romans bend.  
 On every side the shrinking front grows less,  
 And to the centre madly all they press :  
 Fear, uproar, and dismay, increase the cry, 1230  
 Crushing, and crush'd, an armed croud they die ;  
 Ev'n

Ev'n thronging on their fellows-swords they run,  
 And the foes' business by themselves is done.  
 But the fierce Moors disdain a croud should share  
 The praise of conquest, or the task of war: 1235  
 Rivers of blood they wish, and hills of slain,  
 With mangled carcases to strow the plain.

Genius of Carthage! rear thy drooping head,  
 And view thy fields with Roman slaughter spread.  
 Behold, oh Hannibal, thou hostile shade!  
 A large amends by fortune's hand is made, }  
 And the lost Punic blood is well repay'd. }  
 Thus do the gods the cause of Pompey bless?  
 Thus! is it thus, they give our arms success?  
 Take, Afric, rather take the horrid good, 1245  
 And make thy own advantage of our blood.

The dust, at length, in crimson floods was laid,  
 And Curio now the dreadful field survey'd.  
 He saw 'twas lost, and knew in vain to strive,  
 Yet bravely scorn'd to fly, or to survive; 1250  
 And though thus driven to death, he met it well,  
 And in a croud of dying Romans fell.

Now what avail thy popular arts and fame,  
 Thy restless mind that shook thy country's frame;  
 Thy moving tongue that knew so well to charm, 1255  
 And urge the madding multitude to arm?  
 What boots it, to have sold the senate's right,  
 And driven the furious leaders on to fight?  
 Thou the first victim of thy war art slain,  
 Nor shalt thou see Pharsalia's fatal plain. 1260  
 Behold! ye potent troublers of the state,  
 What wretched ends on curst ambition wait!

See I

See ! where, a prey, unbury'd Curio lies,  
 To every fowl that wings the Libyan skies.  
 Oh ! were the gods as gracious as severe, 1265  
 Were liberty, like vengeance, still their care ;  
 Then, Rome ! what days, what people might'ft thou see, }  
 If Providence would equally decree, }  
 To punish tyrants, and preserve thee free.

Nor yet, oh generous Curio ! shall my verse 1270  
 Forget, thy praise, thy virtues, to rehearse :  
 Thy virtues, which with envious time shall strive,  
 And to succeeding ages long survive.  
 In all our pregnant mother's tribes, before,  
 A son of nobler hope she never bore : 1275

A soul more bright, more great, she never knew,  
 While to thy country's interest thou wert true.  
 But thy bad fate o'er-rul'd thy native worth,  
 And in an age abandon'd brought thee forth ;  
 When Vice in triumph through the city pass'd, 1280  
 And dreadful wealth and power laid all things waste.  
 The sweeping stream thy better purpose cross'd,  
 And in the headlong torrent wert thou lost.

Much to the ruin of the state was done,  
 When Curio by the Gallic spoils was won ; }  
 Curio, the hope of Rome, and her most worthy son. }  
 Tyrants of old, whom former times record,  
 Who rul'd, and ravag'd with the murdering sword ;  
 Sylla whom such unbounded power made proud ;  
 Marius, and Cinna, red with Roman blood ; 1290  
 Ev'n Cæsar's mighty race who lord it now,  
 Before whose throne the subject nations bow,  
 All bought that power which lavish Curio sold,  
 Curio, who barter'd liberty for gold.



