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2799 . e . 105

Faithfully yours

I. Brunel

E. B. Nicholson Jr.

Bodleys Librarian

18 Devonshire Terrace Hyde Park

29 June 1892

Dear Sir,

Since writing to you this afternoon I have come across the enclosed fragment, wh. perhaps as a curiosity may find place in the Bodleian.

It is written by my great-grandfather John Wall Callcott who was born in 1766 & was afterwards a Doctor of Music in the University of Oxford.

2799 c. 105

154.

THE

SCYTHIADS

AN HEROIC

POEM

AFTER VIRGIL,

By JOHN WALL CALLCOTT,

A Youth Nine Years of Age.

In Six Books.

PROSSOR Swallow-ſtreet.

2799. e. 15.

ARGUMENT.

MARS by the help of Alecto, one of the furies, raises a Storm; which shipwrecks Scythus. Triton stills the Tempest; he lands and meets Cybele, in the woods, and is told by her the Adventures of Scylace. He goes to the Queen.

Venus, by the help of Cupid, inspires the Prince Scythus, and the Queen Scylace, with Love.

2 MAR. 93
OXFORD

THE

SCYTHIADS.

BOOK 1.

IN Erebus's kingdom there does lie,
The forcing lightnings of an inflam'd ſky:
Here the dire furies reſt, here rattling hail,
Which 'gainſt an adverſe ſhip ſtrikes off the ſail;
The ſounding thunders, and the crackling fires,
Which pregnant, Jove for the new clouds inſpires.
The morn ariſing from Tithonus' bed,
With roſy light the dewy fields o'er ſpread.
Fierce Mars from heaven directs his fiery courſe,
And proudly mounted on a Thracian horſe,
Then bent his ſpeed to where black night ſhade grew
The doleful Cypreſs, melancholy Yew,
The ſounding box, and the ſtrong Aſh a ſhade,
And alſo Noiſes which Cybele made.
Baleful revenge upon his vitals preys,
And from his inflam'd heart, he ſpeaking ſays:

" This place is ſacred to the Earth and Night;
" The baleful furies who from mortal ſight,
" This place conſtantly keep."
" Three furies born in hell to Night and Earth,
" Their gloomy mother, at one diſmal birth;
" In heaven named Diræ, by their mother's care,
" All armed with ſnakes and wings of fleeting air."
Fierce Ares ſaid, a treble ſpear he wields,
And calls Bellona, from the Thracian fields,
" Siſter (ſaid he) this holy place to night
" And baleful furies who from mortal ſight
" This place conſtantly keep. Aurora here,
" Will never enter without mortal fear.
" O holy ſiſter call Alecto out,
" And drive the navy like a ſtorm about."
Thrice Bellona called on Alecto's name,
Thrice ſhe enrag'd hear'd the maid call the ſame:
Alecto ſprung quick from the Iron bed,
And puts a furious ſnake about her head;
With craſhing noiſe the threefold doors did ope,
Before the Valves ſtood the all-pleaſing hope,
And from the ſurface iſſued ſulphrous ſmoke,
And to Alecto thus Bellona ſpoke:
" There lies a kingdom in the northern parts,
" Scythia by name, fam'd for wealthy marts;"
" Two rocks that threaten heaven are on the ſhores,
" The haſty ſhelves 'gainſt which the water roars;
" Goddeſs diſperſe the ſhips with adverſe ſtorms,
" And leave their bodies to the dogs and worms.
O ſacred nine inſpire a lofty ſtrain,
To ſing thoſe heroes lab'ring on the main.

Which

Which the brave Scythus' gallies arms and oars,
To Scythia's coasts from the Assyrian shores;
Eurus and Notus from their prisons flew,
And the black clouds with force together drew;
The poles with thunder roar, the waters crack,
And all things present fear too soon a wreck;
'Gainst a rock Scythus' ship does dash,
Another hits it soon with a great clash,
Black night broods o'er the sea.
Erythus' ship the first of all was lost,
The sport of winds by the vast billows tost;
Astur the next was thrown on latent rocks,
At every time it hit with different shocks.
Triton, the monster son of the sea God,
Who rules the waters with his three-tin'd rod,
Above the sea his austere face he shew'd,
Whose golden hair was by a Zephyr blow'd,
He stills the tempest, the clouds sends away,
And to the men restores the sun and day.
Mean while brave Scythus's men by bridges land,
From lofty prows some leap on slipp'ry sand;
Scythus' ascends a rock if 'can discern,
The arms of Astur on the gilded stern,
He sees no ship in sight.
He spies a lofty citadel on high,
Whose tow'ring tops seem'd to reach the sky;
With the brave Tarchon he the Town explores,
How far the citadel is from the shores;
A mountain there is near,
On the top of which their is a sylvan scene,
Of summer roses, and of ever-green;

Tarchon

Tarchon perceives two boars to waſte the land,
'Gainſt them enrag'd he flew with ſpear in hand,
He lays them dead before brave Scythus' feet,
Where they their uſual homage did bring meat.
To whom Cybele in the woods, and ſhew'd
Her creſted hair directed to the road,
She thus to the ſtrong valiant Scythus ſays,
(Wearing a tower and cœleſtial keys)
O noble Scythus liſten unto me,
I mother am of Jove, great Cybele,
Scylace rules this realm by cruel fate,
And her more cruel huſband Scylax hate;
Her diſmal deſtinies he impious flew,
Her brother Europs covered o'er with Yew.
In Ceres holy grove an altar ſtands,
Smoking with frankincenſe and faireſt bands
Of youngeſt youths, then orders them to go
A far away, he feigning pious, ſlow
Behind Prieſt Europs his three-edg'd ſword he drew,
And with a ſtroke his head from's body flew.
The fact he did conceal for a long time.
But the great Europs came in dead of night
To Scylace, he then before her ſight
The diſmal ſtory tells, ſhe flees away,
Aurora then reſtores the ſun and day.
Cybele ſaid, to her Scythus replies,
O Goddeſs Cybele, he broke the ties
Of marriage, but the miſerable I,
By cruel fate did the like things defy.
Who can, O mighty Goddeſs Cybele,
Now be propitious to my friend and me;
She ſaid I will.

Then

Then to the Town they hasted with their speed,
And seek those things, which they want when in need;
At the great town with speed soon they arrive,
They thought when first they land not to survive;
They the great temple enter of fierce Mars,
That bloody God, who chief delights in wars.
High on a gorgeous throne of Cedar made,
Under a golden canopy a shade,
Fair Scylace there sat by cruel fates,
To that bright eminence thro' Ash-tree gates was rais'd.
Scythus admires the carving of the stone,
Mean while brave Tarchon in an humble tone,
unto the Queen then speaks, at the same time
Brave Scythus sees the gaudy statues shine,
" O Queen, says Tarchon, you do see the prince,
" Who when there's need stands on his own defence,
" Scythus by name.
" O Queen hath the brave Scythus reach'd your ear,
" From distant kingdoms we our ensigns bear.
Thus Tarchon said to her, the Queen then spoke,
While he laid down his shield of Iron and Oak,
" The name of Scythus late did reach my ears,
" When fames vast trumpet did dispel my fears;
" I'm Scylace, and from my country driven,
" Depriv'd of every hope except of heaven."

Fair

Fair Scylace then ſaid to ſupper call,
Scylace's friend's unto the lighted hall,
There came fam'd Europ's ſon to act his part,
And with his flute he charm'd Scylace's heart;
They offer victims to the Goddeſs high,
Cybele who's enthron'd above the ſky.
She then to Venus goes, Goddeſs, ſaid ſhe,
" I beg your help, you now can favour me;
" How ſays Cytherea if to me you tell,
" What you do want, I will your fears diſpel;
Thus Venus ſaid to her: Cybele ſpoke,
" The help of your ſon Cupid, behold the ſmoke
" Upon thy altars, in that I will comply;"
Thus Venus to Cybele did reply.
The form of Charax, Cupid then did take,
And took within his hand a well-made cake:
When to the preſence of the Queen he came,
His horned bow he bent for to inflame;
The Queen with love from out the quiver drew,
An arrow hiſſing ſwift, from the bow flew,
Unfelt it pierc'd the Queen deep in her heart,
And from his quiver drew another dart,
With this he pierc'd Scythus's inmoſt part.
They burn with mutual love.
On hiſſing wings then Cupid flew away,
Nor did he in that place a long time ſtay.
Mean while in jollity they paſs the night,
Phœbe was almoſt ſunk now out of ſight,
The Stars and Lucifer then fly away,
Aurora quick then brought the Sun and Day.