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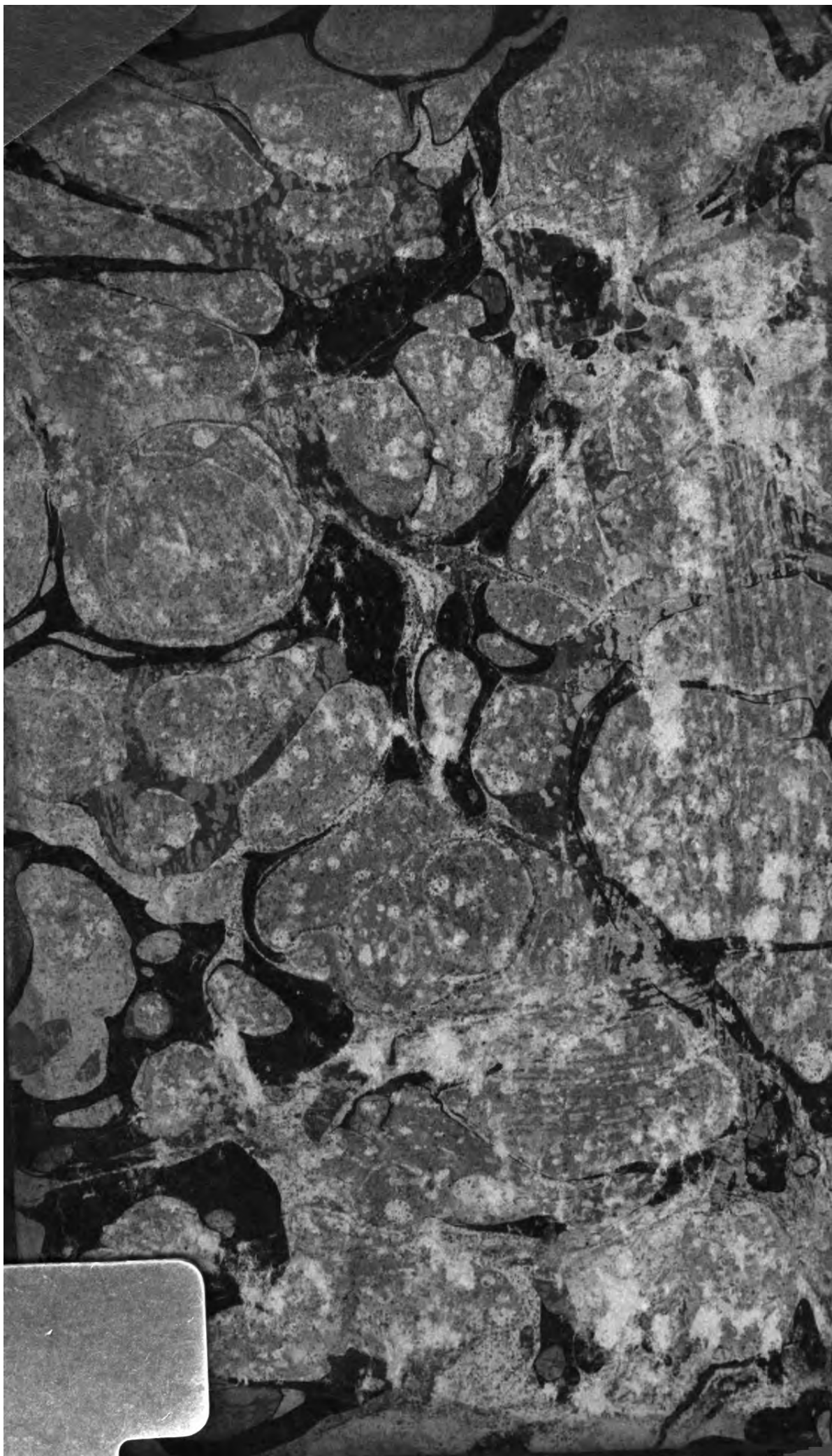
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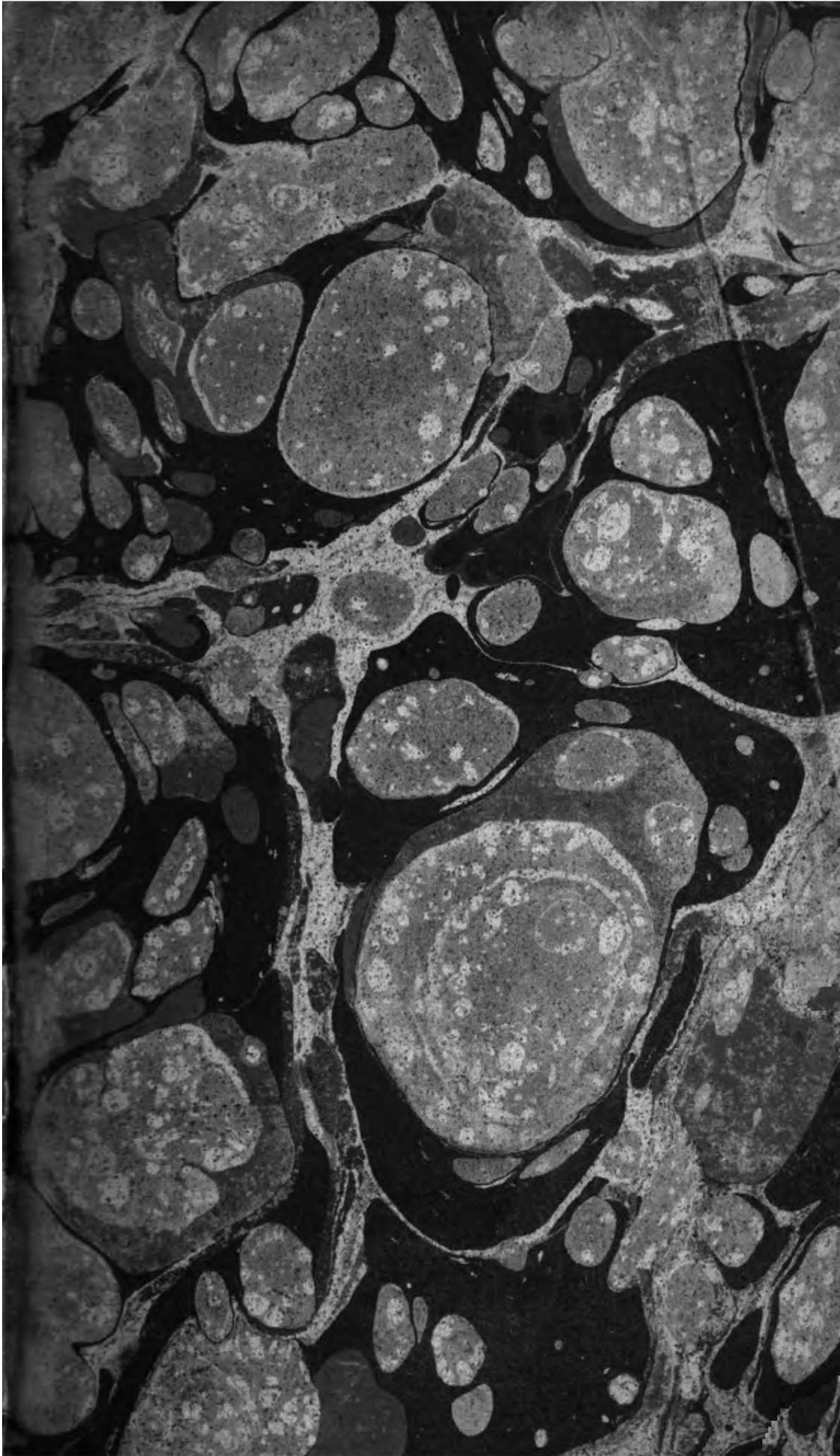
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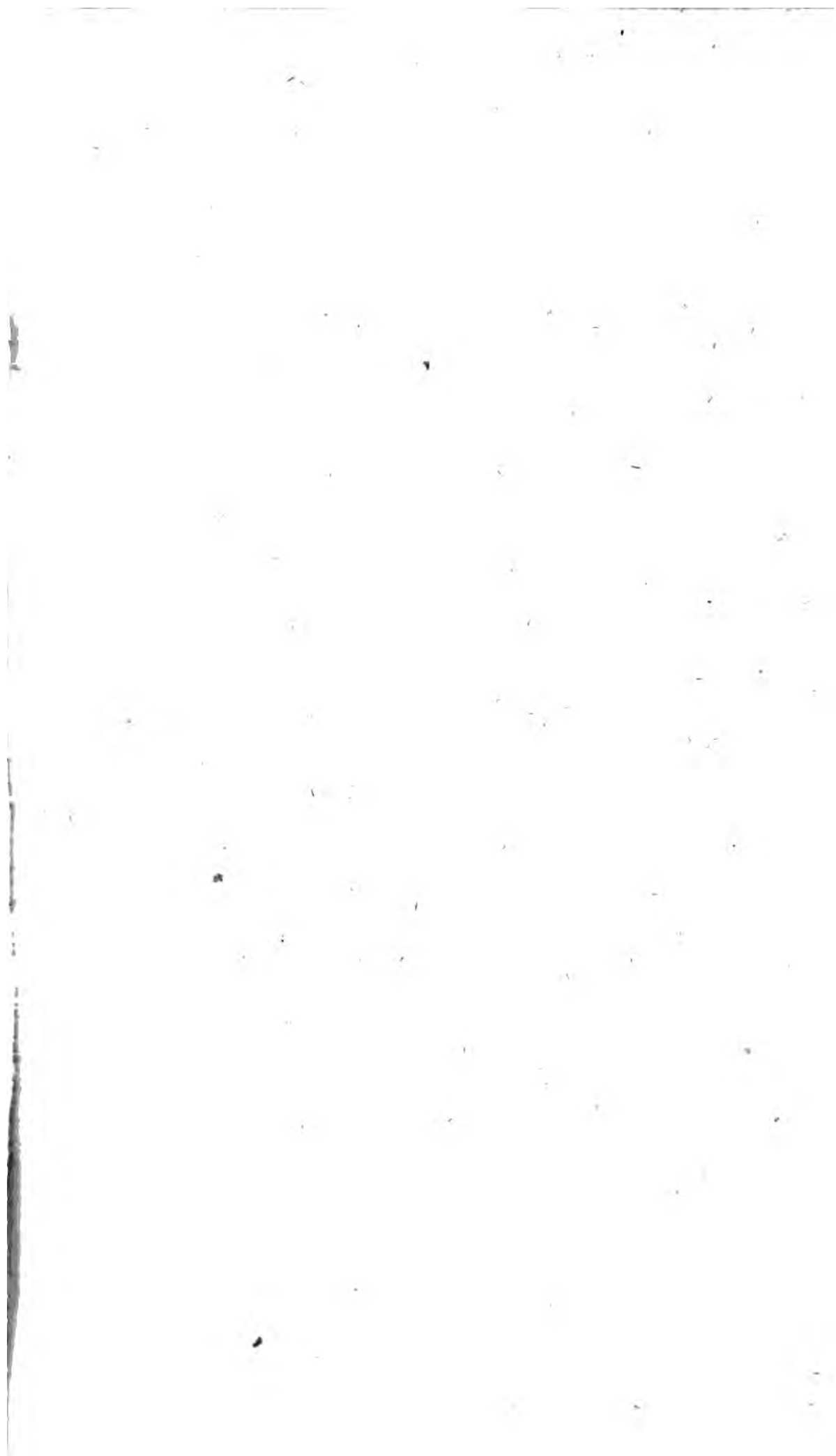


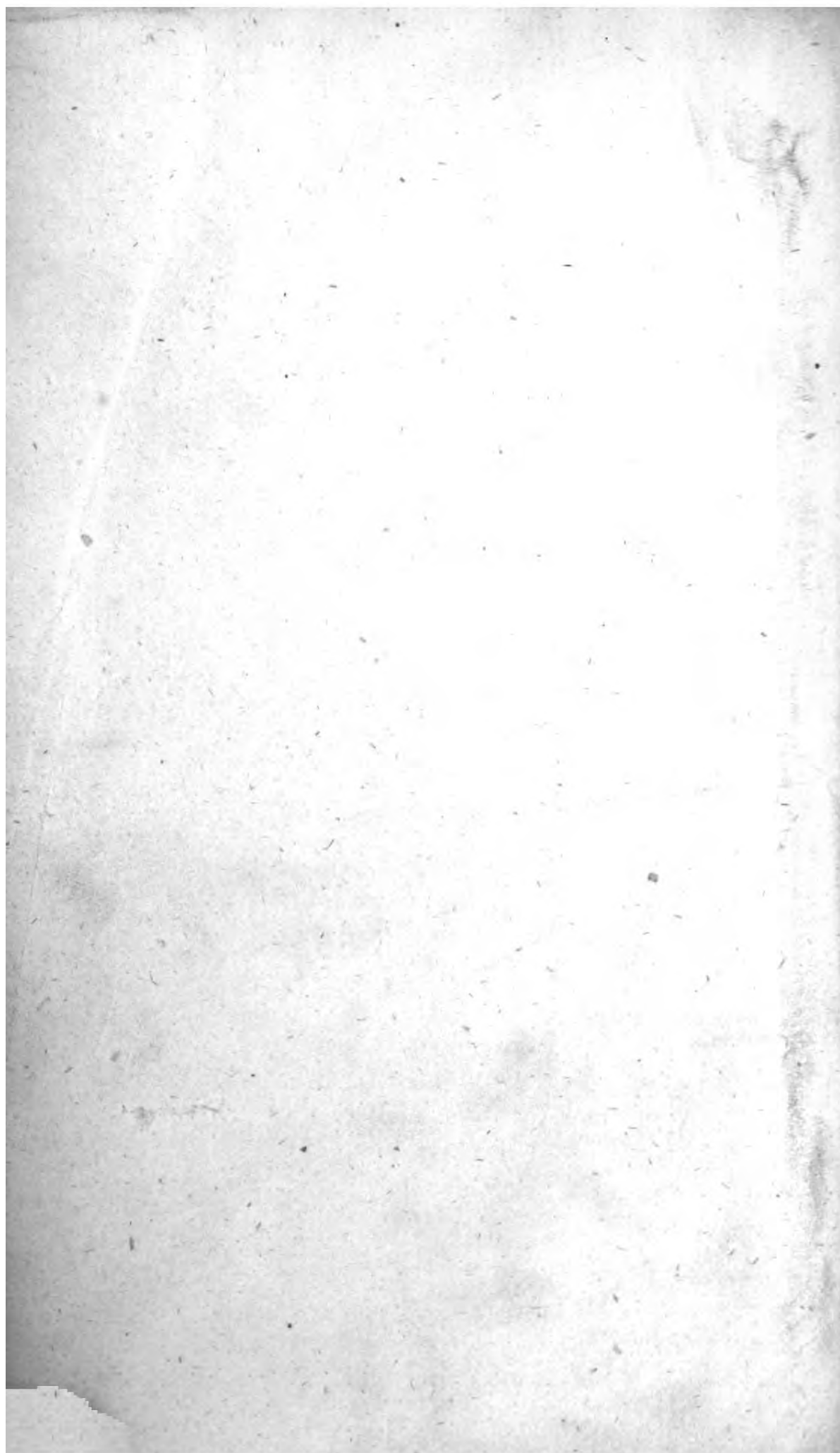


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THE
ARGONAUTICS
OF
APOLLONIUS RHODIUS,

TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH VERSE.

WITH
NOTES
CRITICAL, HISTORICAL, AND EXPLANATORY,
AND
DISSERTATIONS.

BY
WILLIAM PRESTON, ESQ. M.R.I.A.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

DUBLIN:
PRINTED BY GRAISBERRY AND CAMPBELL,
FOR THE AUTHOR.

1803.

OF
POLYGLOTTIC RHODIUS

REVISED 1835
ENGLISH VERSE

WITH
NOTES

ON THE HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY



M.L.A.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY GRAYSON AND COMPANY
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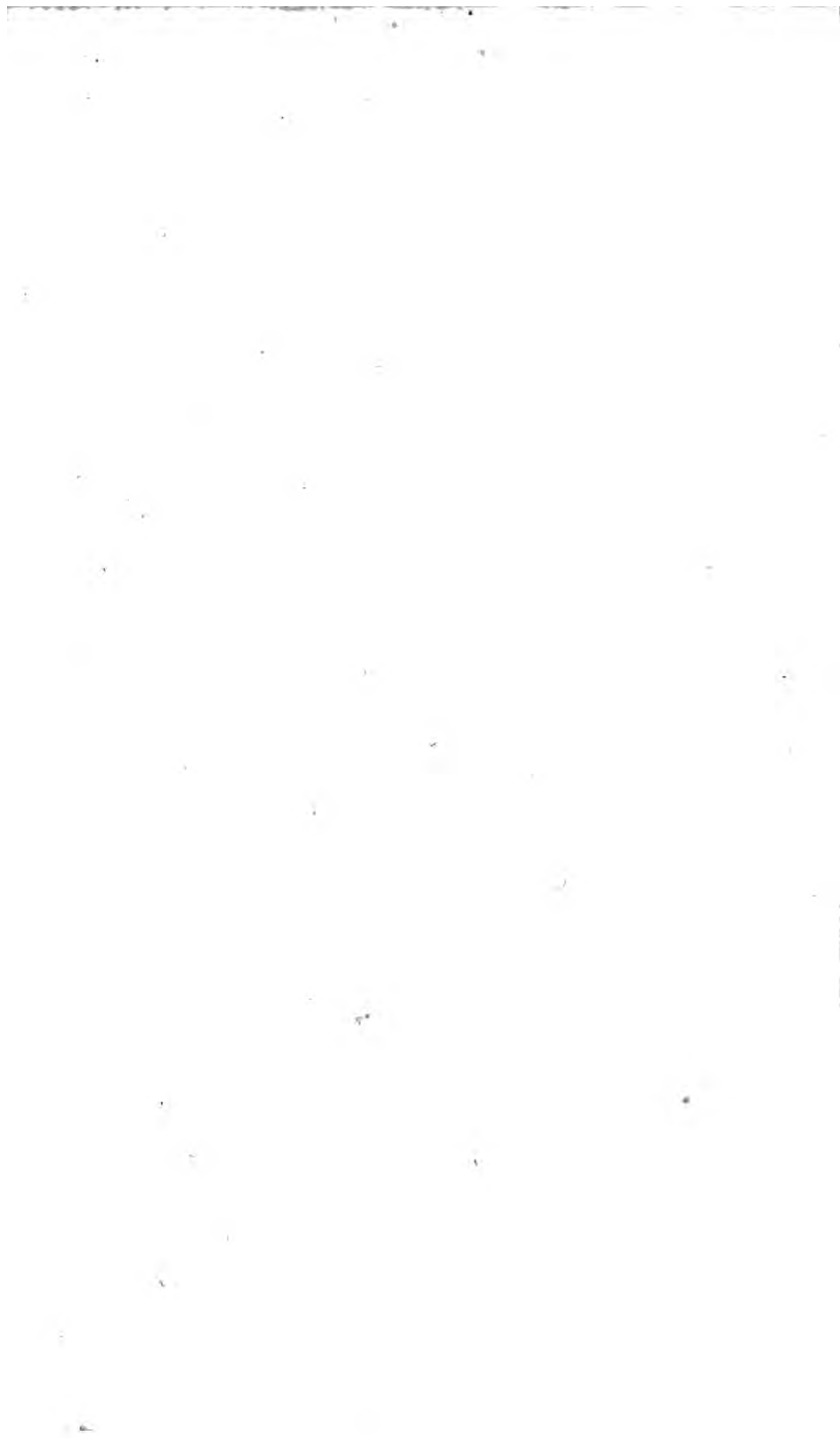
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THE
TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

TO
THE READER.



IF the persons, who endeavour to rescue from oblivion neglected merit, confessedly attempt a meritorious task; the translators of those ancient writers, who have hitherto failed of obtaining the circulation and celebrity justly due to their learning and genius, are fairly entitled, at all events, to the praise of good intention. Should these adventurers prove so fortunate, as to acquit themselves, in their respective undertakings, to the satisfaction of the public, they are further entitled to the regard and encouragement, which ought to recompense, but do not uniformly attend patient and judicious labour, directed to the advancement of taste and science.

The poem of *Apollonius Rhodius*, now offered to the public, in an entirely new version, appeared to the present translator, a fair object, for such a chivalrous enterprize. At least, the partial admiration and gratitude of one, who had

had frequently perused, and always with increasing pleasure, this delightful poet, considered his present reputation and rank, among the illustrious writers of antiquity, as totally inadequate to his intrinsic merits. *Apollonius Rhodius*, it is true, can by no means be considered, as a writer unknown, or obscure; yet has he failed, of obtaining his just station, on the heights of *Parnassus*. He is chiefly known, to profest scholars, and is little in the hands of the modern reader, whose commerce with the ancients is carried on, through the medium of translation. Indeed, even when he is remembered among the learned; he is usually introduced, in the degrading attitude of a captive, bound to the chariot, and following the triumphal pomp of *Virgil*, who has literally fulfilled, in the person of this poet, his own prediction in the third *Georgic*.

Aonio rediens deducam vertice musas.

Thus is the name of *Apollonius* lost, and absorbed in that of his conqueror. His poetical beauties are all hung up, as trophies, to decorate the shrine of *Virgil*. His primary and original claims on our attention, in his own right, are forgotten; and he is honoured only with the derivative and subordinate praise, of having supplied to the *Mantuan* bard, the crude materials

rials and unformed elements, from whence some of his beauties have been wrought, and fashioned. Thus, is he chiefly known to the world, by the vague reputation, the traditional merit, generally taken on trust, that his loves of *Medea* and *Jason* are the ground-work, on which *Virgil* has formed, the *fourth book of his Æneid*. But how small a part is that of the poem! With what happy passages, what various and striking beauties does it every where abound! The fact is, that the bard of *Alexandria* has been worse treated, considering his just pretensions, and real merits, than any poet of antiquity; and furnishes a striking instance of the caprice of fortune, and the uncertainty even of literary posthumous reputation. No critic, ancient, or modern, has been found, to do full justice to the charms of his versification, the beauty of his diction, the apposite illustration of his similies, his picturesque and luminous display of moral and physical nature, his knowledge of the human heart, the sportive graces of his fancy, and those golden visions of bold and excursive imagination, worthy of the fairest names, among the *Italian* poets. No critic has been found, to ascertain with accuracy, the obligations of *Virgil* to this poet.

It is a curious circumstance, to enquire how this has happened. Two *Roman* writers, of

great eminence, have condescended to avail themselves of the talents and the labours of the *Alexandrian*; yet they have not, in any part of their works, acknowledged the obligation; or paid the smallest tribute of gratitude to his memory. May it not be conjectured, that the poets, in question, and their adherents, found an ungenerous interest, in the keeping back from view, the merits of a rival, whose prominence might tend to overshadow them?—May not the *Romans*, from a general sentiment of pride and triumph, in their great epic poet, have been disposed, to consign, if possible, to obscurity, the source, from whence he had imbibed his very genius, and poetical style and character, and had drawn so many of his softest and purest graces?—The father of epic song rose, too powerful and vast, for such an attempt. The obligations, which *Virgil* owed to *Homer*, could not be dissembled, or concealed; because the poems of *Homer* were in every hand. But they judged rightly, as the event has shown, that it might be possible to exclude *Apollonius*, a writer of inferior note, as an unwelcome visitant, an upbraiding creditor, whose presence would remind the great master of *Roman* poetry, how much he was indebted to borrowed stores. On him, the partial criticism of
Rome,

Rome, might hope to exercise its injustice, with impunity.

Certain it is, that two of the great critics of antiquity, from whose sentence there could lie no appeal, were it pronounced, on a fair hearing, and full deliberation, have treated the *Rhodian* poet, in a manner, that seems to justify the coldness and neglect, which he has now experienced from succeeding ages. But may not these respectable and amiable writers, *Quintilian* and *Longinus*, of whose exquisite taste, and sound judgment, no doubt can be entertained.—May they not, in this instance, have been borne away, by fashion?—May they not have yielded, in some measure, to the prejudices of the times, and neglected *Apollonius*, because they found him neglected, by others?—May they not have hastily taken his character on trust, and adopted the opinion of his mediocrity, without a diligent perusal of his writings?—May they not, through excessive admiration of *Homer*, have wished to decry the founder of a new school?

It is to be remembered, that the critics, whom I have mentioned, were enthusiastic admirers, as, indeed, who among the ancients was not, of the poems of *Homer*. To him they referred, as to the standard of excellence. From his works, in their opinion, all the rules of good writing

writing were to be drawn. Bold, and perhaps unfortunate, at the same time, was the poet, who, in such a disposition of the literary world, ventured to deviate from the paths, that *Homer* trod; and to establish a new school of writing. The productions of the mighty father of epic song were marked, by an unlaboured and unaffected greatness, a sublime simplicity, a stile plain, flowing, and unstudied. Stranger to toil, and modern refinements; his poetry exhibited more of divine inspiration, than of human art. The founders of a new school and sect in composition, the authors of a stile different, in some measure, and boldly presuming, to refine and improve on that of *Homer*, had many difficulties to encounter, among the idolatrous worshippers of that venerable poet. Like the apostle of some new poetical heresy, he incurred the danger, of being torn to pieces, by the orthodox and pious rage of devout and zealous critics. At any rate, he could only expect, from the generality of readers, the contempt, or the persecution, that usually await all teachers of heterodox opinions, and novel practices. *Apollonius* was among the leaders of a new school in poetry, less vigorous, but more gorgeous, less sublime, but more elaborate, less forcible, but more graceful than that of *Homer*. For such is the character of the *Alexandrian* school,

school, and of *Virgil*, who adopted its manner.

There may be another reason, why the popularity of *Apollonius Rhodius* was not fully adequate to his poetical merit. His details of religious ceremonies, of mythology, history, and pedigree, though they render his poem highly valuable to the curious antiquarian, as a treasury of ancient literature, impede the rapidity of the story, and damp the ardour and attention of the reader. *Homer*, it is true, sometimes admits them, but more sparingly, and his poems are so full of action and incident, that the weight of these episodic dissertations is less felt. It must be confessed, there are many passages in *Apollonius*, which will appear sufficiently tiresome to the generality of *English* readers; and I presume the case was nearly the same, with the *Roman*. Certainly, in a moderate degree, such details increase the interest of the narrative; and produce a very happy effect. They give a venerable air of antiquity. They fill the mind with a pleasing awful gloom; and excite that kind of sensation, which we experience on our entering some ancient *Gothic* cathedral. Remote antiquity has naturally in it, something awful and imposing; so that the very names of ancient heroes, their achievements and destinies, though, not in themselves, perhaps

haps very great or memorable, possess a magical attraction, that allures and captivates the mind, and fills it with a secret admiration. Hence it is, that we peruse with so much delight, the legends, and ancient ballads, that tell of *Arthur begirt with British and Armoric knights*; and of *Charlemagne*, with all his peerage. Particular details, such as I have mentioned, further add to the interest of the narrative, by giving to it a form and semblance of veracity, an appearance of reality. They seem to be a sort of corroborating pledges, which the author gives to his reader, for the truth of what he narrates. Such may be the advantages of this practice, if employed with moderation; but, *nothing in excess*, is a maxim, as true, in matters of taste, as in morality. *Apollonius*, it must be confest, indulged his predilection for antiquarian details, and religious descriptions, or rather complied, with the reigning taste of the day, and of the country, to which he belonged, at the expence of his general reputation, as a poet; and, like many others, sacrificed to fashion and present popularity, the hopes of posterity.

Another circumstance, to render the poem of *Apollonius* less popular, may be his adoption of the chronological order, and historical form, in place of the epic integrity of action, and succinctness

cinctness of duration. Historical poems will ever be found, to excite less powerful interest, than those, which are modelled on the truly legitimate epic plan. The judicious practice of *Homer*, who hurries his reader *in medias res non secus ac notas*, has been applauded by critics, in all ages. *Apollonius*, as well as some other writers, has adopted a different method, and his poem has suffered in proportion. And there are periods in the narrative, at which the poem might have opened with superior advantage. Such as the meeting with *Phineus*.

Such are the objections, which may justly be made to *Apollonius*. But, surely, his beauties are so numerous, and so splendid, that they should completely exempt him, from the imputation of mediocrity. I think I shall be justified, in my manner of accounting for the treatment he has received, from two consummate critics; and in my suspecting them (though I do so with a reverential hesitation) of some degree of prejudice, or, at least, of precipitation, in the sentence, which they have passed; if we consider, and examine their expressions, in speaking of our poet. Their censures are vague, and convey little of that precise instruction, and appropriate remark, which we might naturally expect from such excellent and acute critics.—The characters are not sufficiently discriminated,

discriminated, descriptive, or apposite, which they have respectively given of *Apollonius*. Their censures come from them, only incidentally, and bear evident marks of haste and carelessness. — *Longinus*, for instance, bestows on him a praise, which he does not seem entirely to merit; while he withholds that, which is fairly due to him; and then to obscure him entirely, by superior and transcendent brightness, he places him beside *Homer*, a situation, which not even *Virgil* himself can bear.—*Longinus* calls *Apollonius ἀνάλωτος*, a writer, who never falls into faults or inequalities, a commendation, which, unless we confine it to the singular beauty and correctness of his versification, style, and diction, cannot be applied to *Apollonius*; who exhibits many inequalities, and occasional lapses, blended with great beauties.—He selects him, as an example, of the humble mediocrity of genius, that scapes censure, only, by fearing to risk any thing great or sublime, and, in the words of *Horace*, *Serpit humi tutus nimium timidusque procellæ*.—Without deigning to bestow a critical examination on *Apollonius*, he condemns him, in the gross, by an insulting interrogation — “Who would chuse rather to be the poet of the *Argonautics*, than *Homer*?”—No man surely—but does it follow, from that unfair comparison, and

and from his inferiority to *Homer*, that *Apollonius* should rank with the poets of mediocrity?—Suppose the same question should be asked, with respect to *Sophocles*, to *Euripides*, to *Virgil*?—I believe there are few, who would answer in the affirmative.*

The words of *Quintilian*, who coldly damns *Apollonius* with faint praise, are—“*Non contemnendum edidit opus æquali quadam mediotate.*”—Words, that have in them much of the sweeping generality, in which assuming and superficial criticism is wont to delight; and carry with them, a supercilious pertness of summary condemnation, not unworthy of the modern critical loungers, in the shops of booksellers. The attribute of even level mediocrity, is by no means descriptive of the character of *Apollonius*. Sometimes, it is true, in his fondness for the picturesque, or the antique, he stoops, with a minute littleness, to the description of local circumstances, manual operations, and religious rites; a failing, from which *Homer* himself is not exempt. But the *Argonautics*, as, I trust, I shall be able to demonstrate hereafter, abounds, as much, perhaps, as any of

* *Scaliger*, with the violence and presumption, natural to him, prefers *Virgil*, and endeavours to degrade *Homer*. He, doubtless, would answer in the affirmative.

the remains of antiquity, in some of the most elevated parts of poetry—bold and excursive flights of fancy—daring and original poetical fictions—new and beautiful similitudes strikingly opposite, and happily illustrative—luminous and exquisite descriptions, of persons, and things, joined with a learned and accurate display of sentiment, and character.—These were the charms, that captivated the discerning and judicious *Virgil*, and led him, to imitate our author so largely.—And are all these to be condemned, by one stroke of a dictatorial pen, to the degrading station of a plebeian mediocrity?—I flatter myself, I shall be able, to convince the reader of taste, that my commendation of *Apollonius* is no exaggerated praise, by a more detailed examination of his beauties, in the course of the dissertations and notes, which he will find subjoined to the present translation.

Another cause, which might have rendered the poem of *Apollonius caviar to the million*, may be found, by a particular reference of the peculiarities of his manner to the period of time when he wrote, and the revolutions, that very soon succeeded the publication of the *Argonautics*. It was not long after the flourishing times, of that literary and munificent dynasty of the *Ptolemies*, that the *Roman* eagle stooped, to grasp the world in her talons, and the *Romans*

mans swept the potentates, and establishments of *Greece* before them, and became all powerful, and all in all, both for arts and arms. Possessors of universal empire, the *Romans* became a literary people. It was not surprising, then, that where the *Roman* government prevailed, there also a tincture of *Roman* taste should predominate, and give the style and tone of fashion to the learned world. Wealth, power, and authority, all the means of rewarding merit, real or imaginary, were in their hands. The *Romans* were they, whose favour the interested had the chief inducements to cultivate; and to please whom, the exertions of talent were naturally directed. Is it strange, then, that the prevailing taste should have taken a turn, in some degree, peculiarly and nationally *Roman*, even among *Greeks* themselves?— Now, it must be confessed, that, in the poem of *Apollonius*, are some things calculated to render him uninteresting, or even tiresome, to a mere *Roman* reader, or a reader with the feelings and tastes of a *Roman*; and these, perhaps, the very particulars, which would have gone to the heart, and captivated the feelings of a *Greek*, reading with the propensities, the impressions, the partialities, and prejudices of a *Greek*, when and where all was *Grecian*; when all he saw around him, concurred to justify

tify his partiality and pride. I mean here such passages, as I have already mentioned; where the poet enters into details of history, mythology, and genealogy; or alludes to religious rites, ceremonies, and mysteries, which he so frequently does *con amore*. These were topics, highly grateful and engaging to his countrymen, in their better days; but they could not expect to excite such a lively interest, when the power of *Grecian* empire, and the pride of *Grecian* spirit, were no more.

Whatever may have been the cause, the fact is, that *Apollonius Rhodius* has been more neglected, in times ancient and modern, than many of the meanest scribblers of antiquity. And yet, the highest, and least equivocal testimony imaginable, has been borne to his excellence, as a poet, by the most exquisite judge of antiquity, *Virgil*; and that more strongly, than by mere declarations, namely, by the fact of his having chosen him, as the model of his style, and versification; studied him with the most diligent attention; and imitated many parts of his poem, and incorporated them with his immortal *Æneid*. It is the noblest eulogy of our poet, that he was the favorite author of *Virgil*; and the many applauded passages, which are confessedly imitated from him, by the divine master of *Latin* song, are the best
vindication

vindication of his genius, against the cold contempt, with which he has been treated by the two great critics; who, in this solitary instance, seem to depart from the amiable candor, the just discernment, and suavity, natural to them.

Nor is *Virgil* the only poet, who has borrowed from this storehouse of precious materials. — *Valerius Flaccus*, who has chosen the same subject, with *Apollonius*, has trod very closely in his great predecessor's footsteps, and, when he has ventured to depart from them, his poem has been so much the worse. This writer has imitated the style and manner of *Virgil*, with tolerable success; but it must be confessed, that the genius of *Flaccus* seldom soars, and that it never rises so much, as when it is invigorated, by the muse of *Apollonius*. It is a remarkable circumstance, which supports strongly the charge of wilful misrepresentation, that *Quintilian*, who has depreciated *Apollonius*, on the ground of mediocrity, mentions *Valerius Flaccus*, the servile imitator of that *Apollonius*, in terms of high respect. — *Multum in Valerio Flacco nuper amisimus*. This must induce us, to receive his censure of *Apollonius* with caution.

Other imitations of *Apollonius* may occasionally be pointed out, among the ancient writers, particularly in *Ovid*. Among the moderns,
Milton

Milton seems to have studied him, with peculiar care, and a marked predilection. Many imitations of the *Greek* poet, and even adoptions of his very expressions, and epithets may be traced, in the poetical writings, of the immortal *English* bard. It shall be my business, in the course of the ensuing notes, to point out some of them to the attention of the reader: I shall also have occasion to remark, with what care he studied the writers of the *Alexandrian* school. That the refined taste of the illustrious *Camoëns* was formed, on the model of the *Greek* and *Roman* poets, and cultivated, by an intimate acquaintance with them, is manifested, throughout the noble poem of the *Lusiad*, which abounds in allusions to the *Pagan* mythology, and is enriched with a profusion of graces, drawn from the ancient classics. To the merit of *Apollonius Rhodius*, in particular, *Camoëns* seems to have been no stranger. The subject of the *Portuguese* poem bears a striking resemblance, to that of the *Argonautics*; and the author, not only alludes to *Argo* and her demigods, but seems fond of drawing a comparison between the heroes of *Portugal*, and those of *Thessaly*. In his fine address to his king *Sebastian*, he says—

“ Here view thine *Argonauts*, in seas unknown.”

In

In the perusal of this work, the reader, who is well acquainted with *Camoëns*, will, I am persuaded, readily perceive, that the *Lusitanian* bard had the *Greek* perpetually in his view; and that some of the most striking passages in the *Lusiad*, have been directly imitated from the *Argonautics*.

These are illustrious suffrages to the merit of *Apollonius*, which I have cited. Yet, for a moment, supposing, contrary to the fact, that his work, were a production of inferior force, and poetical merit, and even dry and tiresome, in the perusal; still it would be highly interesting; and deserve the utmost regard and attention; as a most precious monument of antiquity; as alluding to many points of ancient history, now enveloped in obscurity, to many records now swallowed up, in the abyss of time. It would deserve to be studied, as a treasury of ancient customs, manners, and religious opinions, rites, and ceremonies; as presenting faithful pictures of the heroic times, and state of society: as reflecting lights on many passages of *Homer*, and other ancient *Greek* writers; and affording a clue, to correct their text, or elucidate their meaning, it deserves, and must ever engage, the attention of the learned reader.—*Apollonius* was in possession of all the learning, of a learned age. He had before
him,

him, all the written monuments of antiquity, which were then preserved entire, in the admirable library of *Alexandria*, to which he had constant access. He had also the additional aid, of poetical, mythological, and historical tradition; which were handed down to him, with unimpaired force and fidelity. These views of society are so many materials for the history of the human mind, which we find in the writings of poets: and, in this point of view, his poem deserves to be perused, with care; not only by the poetical reader, the philologer, and the antiquarian, but also by the historian, and the moral philosopher; as giving interesting views of society, and pictures of human nature.

It may be asked, at first glance—what true interest ought man to take, in the events, which have so long ago past by him, on the wings of elapsed time; and with which he has not the most remote present connexion?—None, surely; did they not furnish us with materials, on which to build a part, of that most delightful, and most useful species of science, the knowledge of men.—To obtain this knowledge, we should contemplate him, through all the relations, of which he is capable; and through all the different attitudes, situations, and characters, in which he may be placed; by his greater or lesser progress in civilization,
by

by his passions, the nature of his soul, and the pressure of external circumstances.—No occasion should be neglected, of considering man in the various periods;—in that which precedes civilization—in that of nascent civilization—and in that of civilization somewhat advanced, yet still far short of a perfect polish.—It is in such views of man, that he may be seen and studied, most effectually, as he really is.—His mind is then energetic, as his frame. His thoughts and feelings are vigorous; and the expression of them unrestrained, he is then unsophisticated, and truly himself. It is this consideration, that renders books of travels, particularly into countries inhabited by savage tribes, particularly valuable, and amusing. Such views of society, as I have mentioned, are presented to us in the poems of *Homer*, and of *Apollonius Rhodius*; and they have, for the moral philosopher, all the value of books of travels.

To readers, who are thoroughly tinctured, with the study of classic literature, there is something wonderfully beautiful, and engaging, in the fine romantic fictions, of the *Greek* mythology. Were it allowable for a writer, to speak to the reader, respecting his own tastes and propensities; I should say, that, for me, they have peculiar charms. They come over the mind, *redolent of joy, and youth, and*
B *spring;*

spring; and united with a thousand collateral recommendations; from the many amiable ideas, with which they are associated; and the many fond recollections, of long-lost happiness, which are excited by them. Independent of their intrinsic beauty, an acquaintance with them leads to the true and perfect understanding of the classic writers of antiquity; writers, which must ever be prized, while pure and just taste prevails. *Apollonius*, therefore, who abounds so much in mythological learning, deserves to be studied, as a writer, who reflects a general light, on the other *Greek* classics, since his work is a copious treasury, of fabulous history, and *Grecian* mythology. It may also fairly be presumed, that his poem contains many allusions to the writings of antecedent poets, many imitations of their most striking beauties. Thus, he may preserve some memorial of works, that have perished.

The labours of the present translator have not been confined strictly to the poem of *Apollonius*. He has endeavoured, together with this bright luminary of classic literature, to introduce his attending satellite, to the notice of the reader. It has been the fortune of *Apollonius Rhodius*, to have been illustrated by a scholiast, or rather scholiasts, of singular industry, and learning; whose comments are in the
highest

highest estimation, with the classical reader. In fact, they possess a degree of character, superior to that which marks the labours of the other *Greek* scholiasts; those of the learned *Eustathius*, on *Homer* and *Dionysius*, excepted. Nor is this praise capricious, or unmerited. They abound in a variety of curious matter—historical particulars, which are not to be found in any other writers—quotations from authors, whose works have wholly perished—and notices of others, whose names are preserved, in this record alone. On these accounts, the *scholiasts* on *Apollonius Rhodius* form a most valuable repository; and probably supply the means, of correcting and explaining many passages in ancient authors. Their expositions of the text of their original author are, in general, highly luminous, and satisfactory, and their remarks often show much taste. I have made copious extracts from these respectable annotators; and, in so doing, I hope I shall not be thought by the reader, to have swelled the ensuing notes, with unnecessary prolixity.

Having said thus much, in vindication of the character and dignity of *Apollonius*; I shall reserve any additional observations, which may have occurred on the subject; for the dissertations, which the reader will find subjoined, in the progress of this work; and proceed, to

say something respecting the labours of his present translator. The *Greek scholia*, on the *Argonautics* of *Apollonius*, as they now appear, are supposed to have been the joint work of three persons, *Lucillus Tarræus*, *Sophocles*, and *Theon*. Since these grammarians wrote, our poet has not been much indebted to the labours of critics, editors, or translators. Prior to the publication of the editions of *Shaw* the *Oxford* editor, and of *Brunk*, and *Beck*, copies of this writer were rather scarce; and all the editions of him very exceptionable, and unsatisfactory. That of *Hælzlinus*, in particular, which, however, is still sought, by some book collectors, to complete their sets of *variorum* classics, and, in consequence, bears a price, is universally exploded by the learned, as one of the most detestable, that ever disgraced an ancient author. Nor has the *Oxford* editor, who is sufficiently severe on *Hælzlinus*, much cause to boast of his services to *Apollonius*. In fact, succeeding annotators have added little, to the copious and judicious expositions, of the *Greek scholia*; except some cursory emendations of the text; among these *Stephens* has done the most. The latest edition of our poet, is that by the learned philologer *Beck*. It is much to be regretted, that he has so long delayed the publication of the notes and illustrations, which should accompany the text and version. It is
a particular

a particular mortification, to the present translator, as he could have wished to consult every work, that might promise information, or tend to throw any lights on his author.

As to translations of our author, I shall not dwell particularly, on the prose *Latin* versions, which are not numerous.—The earliest metrical version, I can find, is that in *Latin*, which *John Baptist Pius*, of *Bologna*, has given in heroic *Latin* measure, of the latter part of the *Argonautics* of *Apollonius*. It is subjoined to the poem of *Valerius Flaccus*, which had been left imperfect, by its author, or mutilated by time, by way of supplement; and entitled *Ninth and Tenth Books of Valerius Flaccus*, by *Pius*, in his very rare edition of that poet, printed in the year 1519. The next metrical version, is a translation of the entire poem, into *Latin* hexameters, by *Valentine Rotmar*, of *Salzburg*, which accompanies an edition of the original text of *Apollonius*, with the *Greek* scholia annexed, published at *Basil*, in the year 1572, *ex officinà Henrici Petrinà*.—I have not been able to discover any very early *French* or *Italian* translation of this author. Indeed, I am confident, none such exists. In the *English* language, *Dr. Broome*, who was employed in translating *Homer*,* many years ago, published a translation

* For Mr. *Pope*.

tion of the loves of *Medea*, and the story of *Talus*. Mr. *West* has also presented us, with one or two detached pieces, from the *Argonautics*. Mr. *Ekins* has translated the third book of *Apollonius*, with about two hundred lines of the fourth. This version appeared in a small volume, in the year 1772, with the title of the loves of *Medea* and *Jason*, a poem in three books, translated from the *Greek* of *Apollonius Rhodius*. Two *English* translations in verse, of the entire work, appeared about twenty years ago; and, what is rather singular, precisely at the same time: the one, by Mr. *Edward Burnaby Greene*, and the other, which is more esteemed, though little better, begun by Mr. *Fawkes*, who had before translated *Theocritus*, and, on his death, completed by a friend, who has not given his name to the public.—There are two modern *Italian* versions—the first, by the well known *Salvini*. The latest translation of the *Argonautics*, is that by Cardinal *Filangieri*, an author well known, by his productions on œconomic subjects, which appeared at *Rome*—the first volume in the year 1791. It is printed, together with the original *Greek* text, in two volumes in quarto, with the title of *L'Argonautica di Apollonio Rhodio tradotta ed illustrata*.—An ample preface, treating of the fable of the poem, and the design and
whlie

scope of the author, is prefixed. This translator, while he aims at too scrupulous and exact fidelity, and labours to render all the epithets of his author into *Italian*, becomes verbose and enervate; and smothers all the elegance of the original, in a mass of words. It frequently happens too, that he mistakes and perverts the sense of his author. There are short notes subjoined, at the bottom of each page, and larger notes thrown together, at the end of each book. In these latter, we are presented with a confused and injudicious mass of good and bad—trite and recondite.—There is also a *German* version, in hexameter verse, by *Jo. Jac. Bodmer*, printed in octavo, *Turici*, 1779.—See *Fabr. Thesau. a Harl.* Such are the marks of attention, which *Apollonius* has hitherto received, from the literary world.

I shall not presume to say, how the *English* translators of *Apollonius*, who have gone before me, have succeeded in their task. It would ill become me, to speak in degrading terms of those gentlemen, whose taste led them, to precede me, in the meritorious province of endeavouring to do justice to this delightful, and too much neglected writer. Their performances are before the public; and it is the privilege of the public, to appreciate the labours of
 writers.

writers. It may appear to many, that a new translation of an author, who has been twice translated, might well be spared—yet, in one point of view, I hope my attempt will appear allowable, and free from the imputation of vanity. Whatever may be the demerits of the present translation; I flatter myself they will find indulgence and pardon from the candid reader; for the sake of the concomitants, of which this version is introductory. He will find large extracts from the *Greek* scholia, which deserve to be well known to the classical reader—a variety of hints, critical, historical, and explanatory, some few of them extracted from those of *Farekes*, and the *Oxford* editor, but, for the most part, wholly new, of which some may not be altogether unacceptable, even to those, who read *Apollonius*, in the original text.—And, lastly, certain essays, which if they shall succeed in making the reader an admirer of this delightful poet, they will have contributed to an act of justice.

It is but fair, to apprise the reader, with respect to the translation, which I now, with much diffidence, offer to his hand; that he will find it, in general, rather paraphrastic than strict; in many places, more redundant than I could wish. I must own, that I have endeavoured, to follow rather the spirit, than the
letter

letter of the original. But, I hope, I have not been unfaithful to the general sense, to the substance of what the *Greek* text meant to say.— Shall I own it?—I sometimes had the vanity of aiming at another sort of translation—a kind of portrait translation:—a version, not of the matter merely, but of the style and manner of my original. How I may have succeeded in this—alas, I fear—I feel—but the reader, who is capable of comparing the version with the text, must judge for himself.—And, in judging, the test is, if the version reads, in *English*, like an original work.

There are two opposite causes, which render the task of translating *Apollonius Rhodius* highly difficult.—His excellencies, and his defects.—This writer possesses an uncommon sweetness of style, a peculiar delicacy of language, a curious felicity of expression, an undescribable, inimitable grace, and a polished simplicity, which cannot easily be transfused into a version, especially from the *Greek*, into a language so much its inferior, as the *English*. With an elaborate polish of his diction and verse, he joins a richness of fancy, a copiousness and facility of invention, which impart an air of fluency and facility, to his writing, of which it is not easy for the translator to exhibit an image. To many, the comparison
may,

may, perhaps, appear fanciful and far-fetched, but, in my mind, *Apollonius* seems to bear a considerable degree of likeness to *Ariosto*. The same purity and beauty of style and diction, the same harmony of versification, the same fertile invention, and abundant display of circumstances, the same glowing tints of colouring, the same apposite force and picturesque beauty of epithet, metaphor, and simile, appear in both. The faults of *Apollonius*, to which I allude, as rendering him difficult of translation, are the fondness for the antique, which I have already noticed, and a love of the picturesque, a propensity to graphic illustration, carried sometimes to excess, and producing too much minuteness of description; details, of too great exactness, and circumstance. There are a variety of arts and manual operations, with their appurtenant technical terms, which, partly from the correspondent mechanical operations, in the present improved state of arts and sciences, being performed, in a different manner, partly, from our not having the standard of common use to resort to, for an exposition of the writer's meaning, cannot easily be understood, even by tolerable *Greek* and *Latin* scholars. But, suppose this first difficulty removed; ancient terms of art, even if they can be made intelligible, cannot be rendered,

dered, with any degree of grace, into a modern language, where the corresponding terms are debased into vulgarity, by low and familiar use. Many passages of this kind are to be found in *Homer*. They are frequent also in *Apollonius Rhodius*; particularly so, from the exactness which he affects, in describing every thing.

Had I consulted my own judgment, I should have subjoined the notes incidental to my translation, at the bottom of each page, as I went along. It was the old practice; and I have a great respect for old practices; they are generally reasonable, and founded in convenience. By subjoining the notes, where notes are necessary, at the bottom of the page, much trouble is saved to the reader; and the danger of much misapprehension avoided by the writer. However, the reigning taste of the present day, which seems to consider books, rather as things of ornament than use, as matters designed to please the eyes, rather than to inform the understanding, has thought fit to consult the beauty of the page, at the expence of many more important considerations; and, with this view, has consigned the notes, to the end of the volume, or to a separate volume. This practice is now so generally established, that it would appear an ungracious affectation of singularity, were I to contend for a disposition
generally

generally exploded. With the exception of a very few short ones, I have, therefore, consigned the notes, to a separate station, in my second volume; according to the received form of book-making.

Such is the outline of the present work. A consideration, which disposed the author, to employ himself in the present translation, may also induce some readers, to bestow a little time, on the perusal. This undertaking was commenced, in a season of gloom and turbulence, amidst a variety of alarming phantasms, and fearful apprehensions. The dismal prospect, has in some measure cleared up; yet still the horizon of social sympathy is contracting itself; and blackening into clouds, and heavy darkness. Happy is he, who can find within his closet a temporary retreat, from the tumult, and the sorrows of the busy crowd; and lose himself in literary amusements, and unambitious cares. This is an innocent and moral resource, which does not banish feeling, or unfit the mind for exertion; it is a resource, which is not a satire, on the individual, who adopts it; or an insult, on the sufferings, and the apprehensions, of the many who suffer around him. The muses come, like divine comforters, to the restless couch of pain, privation, and despondency.—Not with the obtrusive

trusive declamation of a vain philosophy; not, with the stale professions of consolation, which ever fail of their end; but with soothing variations from painful and immediate cares, with welcome abstractions from importunate and besieging thoughts, with innocent resources, and alleviating arts, that insensibly steal us from ourselves. Hard indeed it is, to obtain that respite. The displeasing sense of what we are, and what we may be, will still recur. The patriotic feelings, that remind us we have a country, become sources of fear. All the dear surrounding pledges, which to the moral man, in times of perfect serenity, are sources of the most pure and virtuous delight, in times of doubt and dismay, are armed with ponyards, to stab the feeling heart.—But I know, that I shall too frequently have occasion to request the indulgence of my reader.—Let me not trespass on his patience, unnecessarily, and at the very threshold, by a querulous display of the feelings and forebodings of an individual. Many cannot understand me, and those who can, feel too much already.

The reader, who expects to find, in the poem of *Apollonius*, any authentic information, respecting the state of geography, when he wrote, or, to collect thence any true notices of the opinions of the ancients, in his time, on the
bearings,

bearings, distances, and situations, of countries then known; will be much disappointed. The whole geographical system of the wanderings of the *Argonauts*, is completely romantic and fictitious. The curious reader will find the fabulous geography of this expedition diligently explained, by a learned writer, named *Schone-man*; in a work entitled *Commentatio de Geographia Argonautorum, Gottingæ, 1788.*—That elegant master of classic learning, Professor *Heyne*, has also glanced at this subject, in his excellent edition of *Apollodorus the Athenian*. I have ventured to throw together a few reflections on the same subject, which the reader will find in the form of an essay.

As the exploits and travels of the *Argonauts* were a favourite subject, with the ancient poets; the reader may not be displeased, to see a short notice of the names of some of their writers, who either have preceded, or followed our author, in this high argument. The first place is unquestionably due to *Orpheus*, one of the first of poets; who accompanied the heroic adventurers; was, like *Ossian*, at once a warrior, and a bard; and sung and celebrated the exploits, and the dangers, in which he shared. *Orpheus* and *Musæus* were much older than

* In four volumes, *Gottingæ, 1782 and 1783.*

Homer.

Homer. But, the poem on the *Argonautic* expedition, which still subsists, and bears the name of *Orpheus*; though it affects to speak in the character of that most ancient bard; though it always employs the first person; and talks of the different transactions, that past in the course of the voyage, as if the writer had been an eye witness, the bard addressing himself occasionally to *Musæus* as his son; is really of a date, long subsequent to the *Argonautic* enterprize, and even to the time of *Homer*; and is known to be the work of an *Athenian*, named *Onomacritus*, who lived about the sixtieth, or, according to *Clemens Alexandrinus*, the fiftieth *olympiad*, and was contemporary, with *Pisistratus*. No doubt can be entertained, however, of the existence of such a person as *Orpheus*. *Eusebius*, in his *Chronicon*, and *Suidas* inform us, that he lived before the *Trojan* war. *Justin Martyr* relates, that after he had composed his hymns, on the system of polytheism, he travelled into *Egypt*, and, having learned the true worship of God, from the *Hebrews*, composed a palinode or recantation. It is certain too, that *Musæus*, to whom the account of the *Argonautic* voyage is inscribed, and whom *Orpheus* seems to address, as his son, is supposed by many, (as *Pighius* relates,) to have been no other than
the

the prophet *Moses*.—See *Argonautics of Orpheus*, line 306.

“Καὶ ἴδε τοὶ μῦσαι φίλον Ἴεκθ.”

That *Orpheus* visited *Egypt*, is confirmed by a passage in the beginning of the poem ascribed to him.

“Μεμφιν ἐς ἠγαθὴν πελάσας ἱερας ἴε πολλῆας

“Απιδθᾶς περὶ Νεῖλθᾶ ἀγαρροθᾶ ἐσαφανώϊαι.”

Other writers, who have treated the same subject with *Apollonius*, are *Antimachus*, in his work called *Λυδη*—*Cleon curiensis*, from whom *Asclepiades* says *Apollonius* borrowed many things, and transplanted them into his poem.—*Epimenides*—*Eumelius* of *Corinth*—*Dionysius* of *Miletus*, or *Mitylene*—*Herodorus*, whom also *Apollonius* is said to have imitated, and who is frequently quoted, by the scholiast on our author—*Hesiod*, if he was really the author of the poem, which was entitled *Ægimius*—*Pisander*, in a work entitled *Theogonia heroica*—*Pindar*, also, has given a curious account of the *Argonautic* expedition, with some circumstances not mentioned elsewhere, in a long digression, which he has introduced in his fourth *Pythic* ode.—A *Greek* poem on the *Argonautic* expedition, is to be found, in the *Opus Aureum* of *Michael Neander*, published *Lips.* 1588.—*Simonides* the genealogist, also treated this subject, as we are informed.

It

It was not to be supposed, that such a memorable enterprize, which gave birth to a variety of interesting and romantic events, should have failed of affording subjects to the tragic muse, which, as we find, borrowed so much from the transactions of the *Theban* and of the *Trojan* wars. Accordingly, it will appear, that among the dramas of *Æschylus*, extant or enumerated by ancient writers, are these — *Ἀργὼ ἢ κωπηλείης* — *Argo*, or the *rower* — the *Cabiri* — the *Lemnians* — and *Hypsipyle* — exclusive of other subjects. — Most decidedly, these dramas must have been founded, on circumstances related in the history of the *Argonautic* expedition. — *Euripides* composed two plays, at least, on incidents arising in the course of the *Argonautic* expedition, or in consequence of it. — *Hypsipyle*, and *Medea* — the latter of which has been preserved, and is among the most beautiful and affecting dramas of this pathetic writer. — *Sophocles* also wrote a play on an incident taken from this enterprize, called *Lemnians*. — We have an epic poem, of considerable length, by *Valerius Flaccus*, a cotemporary of *Quintilian*, on the subject of the *Argonautic* enterprize. — This writer, who is by no means destitute of genius and talent, has not scorned to avail himself, as much as he could, of imparted aid, from the poets, who preceded him. In his style and diction,

diction, he has imitated *Virgil*, and with some success. In the particular incidents, as well as in the general plan of his poem, he has closely followed *Apollonius*; and imitated, indeed, I might almost say translated many passages, from his *Greek* predecessor. Sometimes, however, he had the vanity, to think of breaking a lance with *Apollonius*, and of improving on his great original; and, perhaps, his poem is so much the worse, for these attempts. For instance, *Apollonius* makes *Acastus*, the son of the jealous and insidious *Pelias*, full of all the fire and gallantry of ingenuous youth, frankly and freely, and contrary to the expectation of the *Argonauts*, follow *Jason*, notwithstanding the enmity of his father to the young hero. This is a most engaging and interesting picture.—*Valerius Flaccus* deprives *Acastus* of the praise of generosity and courage, and degrades the character of *Jason*, his hero, by an imputation of mean artifice, and deliberate malice; for he makes the leader prevail on his companion to join him, by earnest solicitations, and, in some measure, to trepan him on board; and he ascribes the anxiety of *Jason*, to enrol *Acastus* among his followers, not to friendship, or a real wish for his assistance, so much, as to a principle of revenge and malice, a desire of wounding the heart and paternal feelings of *Pelias*,

Pelias, by drawing the son, to share the dangers of the perilous voyage ordained by the father.

Lucius Attius, or *Accius*, an early Roman tragic poet, produced a play, the subject of which was furnished by the *Argonautic* expedition.—A fragment of this drama is preserved; it is a speech, supposed to be spoken by a shepherd, who first descried the ship *Argo*.

— “ Tanta moles labitur

“ Tremebunda ex alto, ingenti sonitu et spiritu

“ Præ se undas volvit, vortices vi suscitât,

“ Ruit prolapsa pelagus respergit reflât

“ Ita dum interruptum credas nimbum volvier

“ Dum quid sublime ventis expulsum rapi

“ Saxum aut procellis, vel globosos turbines

“ Existere ictos undis concursantibus

“ Nisi quas terrestres strages conciet

“ Aut forte *Triton* fuscina evertens specus

“ Subter radices penitus undanti in freto.

“ Molem et profundo saxeam ad cælum vomit.”

Ovid has introduced this subject, in his *Metamorphoses*; and written a tragedy on the story of *Medea*.

There is a long *Italian* epic poem, on the subject of the *Argonautic* expedition, which is entitled “ *La Giasoneide o sia la Conquista del Vello d’Oro Poema Epico di dieci Cantic on le Annotazioni a ciascuno di essi.*” — It is written

written by *L'Abbate Ubaldo Mari*, and dedicated to the great *Frederic of Prussia*.—The copy, which I have seen, was printed at *Leghorn*, 1780; and, probably, there may never be another edition. The author has thought it necessary to prefix the following protest.

Protesta.—“ Sono scherzi poetici soltanto, e
 “ non sentimenti veri dell' autore, l'espressioni
 “ tutte di questo poema, tratte della teologia
 “ de *Pagani*.”

I owe the knowledge of this work, to my worthy and ingenious friend, Mr. *Cooper Walker*, whose taste and attention to *Italian* literature, are not unknown to the public; and whose politeness and obliging temper are felt, and esteemed by all, who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. This author follows a course of his own, and has not much in common, with *Apollonius* or *Valerius Flaccus*. Had I not already trespassed so much on the patience of the reader, in this preface, I should be tempted to give an analysis of the strange poem in question.

Exclusive of different modern plays, on the story of *Medea*; and of mere historical works, in different languages; I believe, I have now enumerated all the different performances, to which a subject has been furnished by the voyages and adventures of the *Argonauts*.

Other

Other particulars, respecting this interesting theme, the writers, who have treated it, and *Apollonius Rhodius*, in particular, will be found, in the course of the Dissertations, and Notes, which accompany the present translation. And now that I am led to mention the notes, which form a part of this work, I must entreat the indulgence of the candid reader, and beg leave to remind him, that it is not easy to hit the exact medium of the public taste, in the department of notes. To many I shall appear, perhaps, to have darkened my author with illustration—to many, my notes may appear trite and unnecessary—to many more, far-fetched and pedantic; and both censures may, probably, be well-founded. The difficulty of satisfying all readers, and an anxiety to elucidate, as well as my poor resources would allow me, the sense of my author, are all I can allege in my behalf.

I have added two translations, which I hope will be acceptable to the reader—the first, of the account, which *Apollodorus* the *Athenian* has left us, of the *Argonautic* expedition, which in most circumstances agrees with that of *Apollonius*—the other, of the latter part of the *Argonautics* of *Orpheus*.—I could have wished to have laid before the reader, a complete poetical version of the venerable legendary rhyme, which is ascribed to one of the most
ancient

ancient of bards, but I found I had already swelled my work to a formidable bulk; and I was somewhat apprehensive, that I might have already surfeited the reader, with mythology and fable.

It may be necessary, in this age of pompous publication, and typographical luxury and parade, I will not call it elegance, to apologize to the public, for the humble and contracted form, in which I presume to lay my work before it.—Certainly, I have to rest my claim to its attention, merely on the matter, which these volumes comprize, without resorting to the adventitious merit, of presenting the admirers of fine printing, with a handsome library book. The reader may be assured, this proceeds neither from a confidence in myself; nor from a disregard of that tribunal, which it is the interest, and the duty, of every author to conciliate, if it is possible. But, simply from the circumstance, of my being obliged to publish these volumes, at my own risque, and finding it expedient, on that account, to consult economy in my publication.

I should gladly have subjoined a copious index to this work, which should refer the reader, to every thing contained not only in *Apollonius Rhodius* himself, but also in the Notes and Dissertations. I am very sensible,
of

of the utility and value of indexes. I found, however, that my work had already outgrown the bounds, and measure, I had originally prescribed to it; that it had swelled to a formidable size; and, that if I were to add an index, I must launch out into a fourth volume.—I must throw myself on the indulgence of the reader, and intreat him to excuse this omission, together with many other defects, which he will, no doubt, find in the execution of the present laborious undertaking.

I now commit myself to the candour and indulgence of the reader; with an humble hope, that he will consider the length of the poem, which I have attempted to translate; the difficulty, of making an ancient author read well, and naturally, in a modern version; and the variety of subjects, which I have presumed to treat, in the course of the work which I offer to him; and, that if I have in any degree, or in any part succeeded; if he any where finds either entertainment or information, although he may often be disappointed of both, that the partial success of the author will induce him to overlook a multitude of failures.

ERRATA

IN THE FIRST VOLUME.



- Page x, line 12, *for* founders *read* founder.
Page x, line 13, *for* authors *read* author.
Page xli. line penult. *for* *Cantic on* *read* *Canti con.*

TRANSLATION.—BOOK I.

- Page 15, line 399, *for* th' other *read* other.
Page 51, line 1722, *for* steams *read* steam.

BOOK II.

- Page 78, line 472, *for* warring *read* warning.
Page 82, line 628, *for* their *read* the.
Page 83, line 651, *for* to *read* no.
Page 85, line 703, *for* *Arssteus* *read* *Aristeus.*
Page 85, line 722, same correction.
Page 96, line 1091, *for* from *read* with.
Page 110, line 1595, a comma after rising.
Page 114; line 1714, *for* eye *read* eyes.

BOOK III.

- Page 133, line 473, *for* oars *read* sails.
Page 153, line 1193, *for* *Persephons* *read* *Persephonè.*
Page 172, line 1867, *for* standing *read* striding.

BOOK IV.

- Page 191, line 383, *for* they *read* then.
Page 211, line 1077, *for* the *read* that.
Page 212, line 1106, *for* beech *read* breach.
Page 224, line 1544, *for* ample *read* spacious.
Page 226, line 1622, *for* wrethed *read* wretched.
Page 239, line 2062, *for* rustie *read* rustic.

Page 100. The first part of the book is devoted to a general history of the art of printing, from its origin in the fifteenth century to the present time. It is a very interesting and valuable work, and one which every student of the history of the art should read.



Page 101. The second part of the book is devoted to a detailed description of the various processes and materials used in the art of printing. It is a very practical and useful work, and one which every printer should read.

BOOK III.

Page 102. The third part of the book is devoted to a description of the various typesetting and composing processes. It is a very practical and useful work, and one which every compositor should read.

BOOK IV.

Page 103. The fourth part of the book is devoted to a description of the various printing and finishing processes. It is a very practical and useful work, and one which every printer should read.

THE
ARGONAUTICS
OF
APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

INVOCATION.—Subject proposed.—Jealousy of *Pelias* excited by an oracle.—Chance points out *Jason*, as the object.—*Pelias* determines to rid himself of *Jason*, by sending for the golden fleece.—Catalogue of heroes, who engaged in the enterprize.—Procession through the city to the shore.—Reflexions of the people as they pass—of the women in particular.—Deplo- rable state of *Jason's* father.—Grief of his mother.—He endeavours to comfort them.—Pathetic address of *Alcimedea* his mother.—*Jason's* reply.—He hastes to join his associates—meets by the way *Ipheia*, priestess of *Diana*.—They are separated by the crowd.—*Acastus*, son of *Pelias*, unexpectedly joins the *Argonauts*, accompanied by *Argus*.—Address of *Jason* to the band.—He proposes that they should choose a leader.—All cast their eyes on *Hercules*.—He refuses the honour; and proposes *Jason*.—He being chosen, commences by directing his followers to propitiate, by sacrifice, *Phebus*, the adviser of the enterprize.—The heroes launch the ship *Argo*, and assign the different stations at the oars by lot.—An altar erected on the shore to *Phebus*, who presides over embarkations.—Prayer of *Jason*.—Sacrifice described.—A feast succeeds.—Prediction of *Idmon*.

—Petulance of *Idas*.—A quarrel.—The tumult composed by *Orpheus*.—Adventurers clear out of the bay of *Pagasaë*.—Prodigy.—The *Argo* speaks.—The Gods look down on the *Argonauts* and their vessel.—The nymphs appear on the tops of the hills to view this strange object. *Chiron* appears, with his wife, who bears the young *Achilles* in her arms, and shows him to *Peleus*.—The *Argonauts* arrive at *Lemnos*.—Episode of the *Lemnian* women.—*Hypsipile*, their queen, holds a council.—*Argonauts* invited ashore.—Mantle of *Jason* described.—Artful speech of *Hypsipile*.—*Hypsipile* takes a pathetic leave of *Jason*.—The *Argonauts* leave *Lemnos*.—Arrive at the *Propontis*.—They are hospitably received by *Cyzicus*.—*Jason*, with some of his companions, ascends mount *Diudymus*.—*Hercules*, with a small party is left to take care of the ship.—They are attacked by the barbarians, but defeat them.—The *Argonauts* set sail; but are driven back in the night by adverse winds.—*Cyzicus* and his people mistake them for enemies.—A violent conflict ensues.—*Cyzicus* slain.—His wife kills herself.—Grief of both parties.—Funeral rites of the prince.—*Jason*, by the direction of *Mopsus*, repairs to mount *Dindy-mus*, to propitiate *Cybele*.—The winds become favourable.—They reach *Mysia*.—*Hercules*, plying his oar with too much force breaks it.—He goes to look for a new one,—meantime, *Hylas*, his favourite, is snatched away by the nymphs.—*Polyphemus* hears the cries of the youth, and goes out, in hope of assisting him.—He meets *Hercules*.—They pursue the search together.—Meantime, the vessel sails away.—*Argonauts* discover their loss in the morning.—Their grief and confusion.—Sorrow of *Jason*.—They wish to return and seek for the heroes.—Are prevented by *Calais* and *Zetes*.—Rage of *Telamon*.

—He accuses *Jason* of having left *Hercules* behind, through envy.—*Glaucus* appears from the waves, and foretels the fortunes of the *Argonauts*, and of *Hercules* and *Polyphemus*.—Strife appeased.—*Hercules* and his friend continue their search for *Hylas*, but in vain.—The *Argonauts* arrive at *Bebrycia*, the country of *Amycus*.

PARENT of sacred song, inform the rhymes,
 Record the glorious men of other times,
 Whose daring oars the vessel first impell'd,
 And thro' th' astonish'd deeps their voyage held;
 With search advent'rous on the *Colchian* shore,
 To win the fleece replete with golden ore.
 For *Pelias*, with insidious dark command,
 To tasks of dang'rous daring urg'd the band.
 Th' obscure prediction wak'd his jealous hate,
 With doubtful warnings of untimely fate. 10
 "A youth unshod amid the crowd appears,
 "Cause of thy ruin, subject of thy fears."——
 Object of terror accident supplied,
 To point suspicions, that had wander'd wide.
 The hallow'd banquet was to *Neptune* giv'n,
 And all th' immortal habitants of Heav'n,
 Save one.—With bold contempt, the wife of Jove
 Selected seem'd, th' irrev'rent slight to prove.
 To *Juno*, Goddess of Pelasgic ground,
 Nor vows are paid, nor pealing hymns resound. 20
 To join the festive rites, with eager haste,
 As youthful *Jason* o'er *Anaurus* past,
 His sandal swallow'd by th' impetuous flood,
 Unshod before the king the stripling stood.
 By superstition fill'd with dire alarms,
 He dooms th' imagin'd foe, to mortal harms;
 To toils unknown, amid the billows' roar;
 And endless wand'rings on a distant shore.

Tis sung, that *Argus*, by *Minerva* taught,
 The first of ships, a wonderous fabric, wrought. 30
 With added memory, let the muse unfold,
 What lives recorded, thro' the years of old,
 The names and lineage of the godlike train,
 Their weary wand'rings o'er the trackless main;
 Illustrious Spirits, prov'd from clime to clime,
 In deeds, that reach the heights of fame sublime.
 Presiding muses, of historic song,
 Recount the leaders of the daring throng.
 A bard divine the brave associates led,
 Whose tuneful soul the thirst of glory fed. 40
 Sweet *Orpheus*, by the parent muse inspir'd;
 A youth of Thrace her heav'nly bosom fir'd,
 Near *Pimple's* tow'ring rock to him she bore
 The mighty master of poetic lore.
 The massy stones his magic song obey'd.
 The torrents in their headlong fall were stay'd.
Pieria's beeches heard the measures flow,
 And left their mountain for the vale below.
 There, list'ning captives of his tuneful hand,
 In order rang'd the green memorials stand. 50
 Him, warn'd by *Chiron*, *Æson's* noble heir,
 To join his labours and partake his care,
 Call'd from *Pieria*, where he reign'd secure;
 And glory's charms the martial bard allure.
 Next came *Asterion*, from *Cometes* sprung;
 With whirlpools boiling, and with woods o'erhung,
 Where rolls *Apidanus*, in torrent force,
 And bids *Enipeus* join his swelling course,
 The youthful hero left his native bow'rs,
 Where cloath'd in shades the tall *Phylleium* tow'rs. 60
 Then, lur'd by fame to fly where danger calls,
 Brave *Polyphemus* quits *Larissa's* walls.
 No stranger he to hardy feat of arms;
 His early youth was giv'n to rude alarms,

When *Centaur*s brav'd the *Lapithæ* to fight;
 But creeping age had now relax'd his might.
 Yet still the undaunted fire of youth remain'd,
 And mental energy the frame sustain'd.
 Nor *Phylace*, with all the charms of home,
 Forbade the gallant *Iphiclus* to roam. 70
 Attach'd to kindred, and alive to fame,
 To share his nephew's glorious toils he came.
 Affection's band the God of marriage tied,
 For *Æson's* sister was his youthful bride.
 From *Pheræ*, rich in many a snowy flock,
 Where beacon-like the *Chalcedonian* rock,
 With head sublime o'erlooks the subject plain,
 Its chief, *Admetus*, joins th' advent'rous train.
 The sons of *Hermes*, skill'd in many a wile,
 In warfare nurtur'd, and enrich'd by spoil, 80
 From *Alopé*, at golden hope's command,
Echion joins, with *Eurytus*, the band.
 Them the fair daughter of *Menæti* bore;
 Their brother shares their journey to the shore,
Ethalides, whom a *Thessalian* dame,
 The beauteous offspring of a stealthy flame,
 Bore to the winged messenger of *Jove*,
Amphrysus' banks were witness of their love.
 From wealthy *Gyrton* with the band enroll'd,
Coronus came, in martial prowess bold. 90
 Yet scarce he reach'd his father's warlike name,
 Undaunted *Ceneus*, darling child of fame.
 When *Centaur* hosts that matchless chief assail'd,
 O'er crowding foes his single might prevail'd.
 Dire was the conflict, horrible their ire,
 Unmov'd, intrepid, scorning to retire,
 With mind unbroken, and unwearied hands,
 Hurling defiance the fierce warrior stands;
 The baffled foes resort to missive war,
 And fill the groaning air with weights from far, 100

The darted pine, and oak's enormous trunk;
 O'erwhelm'd but unsubdued the warrior sunk.
 Next *Mopsus* came, of *Titaresian* line,
 Supremely skill'd to read the will divine
 In voice and flight of tribes that wing the sky,
 For *Phebus* gave the powers of augury.
Polydamas attractive glory leads,
 Where *Xenias* wide his stagnant mirror spreads,
 The son of *Ctimenus* renown'd of yore;
 The father's name his native city bore. 110
 Then *Actor* sends his young *Menætius* forth,
 From noble chiefs to learn heroic worth.
 With him were join'd, companions brave and young,
Eurytion bold and *Eribotes* strong.
 His birth to *Teleon Eribotes* ow'd.
 Old *Actor's* blood, a generous current, flow'd
 To warm *Eurytion's* breast, with dawning fire,
 For, sprung from *Actor*, *Irus* was his sire.
Cileus came, intrepid in the field,
 Swift in pursuit, when flying squadrons yield. 120
 And hapless *Canthus* from *Eubæa* came,
 His sire *Canethus* fann'd th' advent'rous flame,
 In evil hour—for, to return no more
 He roam'd with *Jason* from his native shore,
 Ordain'd to perish on a distant land,
 With *Mopsus* wand'ring o'er the *Libyan* strand.
 O wretched man, how transient is thy breath,
 Inevitably doom'd to pain and death!
 On *Lybia's* burning sands their tombs remain,
 A scene, far distant from their native plain, 130
 As the gay seats of *Phebus'* dawning light,
 From the pale precincts of approaching night.
Clytius and *Iphitus* the call obey,
 And leave *Æchalia* their paternal sway,
 The seat of *Eurytus*, whom *Phebus* taught
 To bend the bow, with aim unerring fraught.

Relentless man, with impious rage he burn'd,
 And gifts divine against the donor turn'd.
 The sons of *Æacus* augment the band.
 Not jointly they, nor from a common land. 140
 By conscious terrors from *Ægina* driv'n,
 They fled the vengeful wrath of earth and heav'n.
 Thro' fell mischance, in flow'r of youthful pride,
 Beneath their hands their brother *Phocus* died.
 Th' *Athenian* isle* bold *Telamon* possest,
 In *Thié Peleus* found a place of rest.
 The valiant *Butes* from *Cecropia* † came,
 Brave *Teleon's* offspring. With congenial flame
Phalerus join'd him, skilful at the spear,
 Child of his age, to hoary *Alcon* dear. 150
 No selfish thoughts the father's mind engage,
 The sole support of his declining age
 He sends, the pride of weary life's decline,
 With noble chiefs, in hardy deeds to shine.
 But *Theseus*, who in glorious acts excell'd
Erectheus' sons, no more the light beheld.
 Victim of friendship, in the *Stygian* gloom
 He mourn'd in chains his lov'd companion's doom.
 Lamented chance, for *Jason's* daring host
 A mighty succour by his absence lost! 160
 The son of *Agnias*, from the *Thespian* plain,
 No mean assistant, *Tiphys* join'd the train,
 Supremely skill'd, with prescient eye to mark
 The perils, that await the lab'ring bark,
 When howling tempests shall the billows sweep,
 And wat'ry mountains rise amid the deep,

* *Salamis*.——So Homer:

Ajax from *Salamis* twelve vessels brought,
 And ranged his troops where the *Athenians* fought.

† *Attica*.

The solar path—and the presaging star.—
Minerva led him to the band from far;
 The band receive him, with a shout of joy,
 And soon their toils his wond'rous gifts employ. 170
Alector's son inspir'd by *Pallas* wrought,
 And fram'd the vessel, as the Goddess taught.—
 Divinely form'd, that first of ships surpast
 All vessels, that have plough'd the briny waste.—
 Possess of all that mortals can desire,
 Cheer'd with the love of his *Lenæan** sire,
 From *Arathyrea* wealthy *Phlias* came,
 For glory touch'd him with her sacred flame.
 He left his mansion, where *Asopus* flows,
 To share in perils, and encounter woes. 180
 Two *Argive* youths increase the gallant throng,
 The daring *Talaus*, and *Arcius* strong,
 With stout *Laodocus*, whom *Pero* bore,
 Daughter of *Neleus*, and the cause of yore,
 That brave *Melampus* mix'd in deeds of spoil,
 Source of his danger, object of his toil.
 Nor mighty *Hercules* the call declin'd,
 While glory's charms inflam'd the daring mind.
 Soon as he heard (for the report was loud)
 'The purpos'd voyage, and th' assembled croud, 190
 When late he left *Arcadia's* wild domain,
 And past to *Argos*, seat of *Lynceus'* reign,
 He bore the savage from the tangled brakes,
Lampeia's † woods, and *Erymanthian* lakes.
Mycenæ's forests trembled at the view,
 When to the ground the captive boar he threw.
 Spontaneous he augments the glorious band,
 Nor seeks a licence from *Eurystheus'* hand.

* *Bacchus*.

† *Lampeia*, a mountain of *Arcadia*, from whence the river *Erymanthus* flows.

With him went *Hylas* in the bloom of youth,
 Who felt with ardour, and repaid with truth, 200
 (Guard of his quiver, bearer of his bow,
 All the fond cares his master * could bestow.
 Then *Nauplius* came, of ancient *Danaus'* line,
 A mortal mother, and a sire divine.

From him, † whose trident shakes the solid earth
 And *Amymoné*, *Nauplius* took his birth.
 From him we find th' heroic race extend,
 And *Prætus*, *Lernus*, *Nauplius* descend.
 The last on *Clytonæus* life bestow'd,
 To him his being younger *Nauplius* ow'd. 210
 A gallant spirit, dauntless *Idmon* came,
 Of Argives last, but not the least in fame,
 For, skill'd in augury, he read his doom,
 And sought, with heart resolv'd, th' untimely tomb.
 Reputed son of *Abas*, but his sire
 The God of day bestow'd prophetic fire,
 What burning entrails teach he bade him read,
 What signs from voice and flight of birds proceed.
 From *Sparta* next, the bold attempt to share,
Ætolian Leda sends th' illustrious pair, 220
Pollux, in combats of the cestus crown'd,
 And *Castor*, for the manag'd steed renown'd,
 Dear as the pledges of declining age,
 Darlings and toys, that closing life engage,
 A double birth from *Tyndarus* and *Jove*,
 Produce of mortal and immortal love.
 No woman's fears, that feeble minds enthrall,
 No weak despondence would the youths recall;
 In *Jove* confiding, and the valiant heart,
 She sees, without a sigh, her sons depart, 230
 Thine offspring, *Apharetus*, *Lynceus* bold
 And haughty *Idas*, next their names enroll'd.

* *Hercules*.† *Neptune*.

*Arene** sends them.—Wond'rous was the pow'r
 Bestow'd on *Lynceus* at his natal hour.
 His darted glance, so fable sings, could pierce
 The darkling centre of this universe.—
 Next, *Peryclimenus*, to join the train,
 First-born of *Neleus*, quits the *Pylian* plain.
 Him ocean's god endow'd with boundless might,
 And, not less useful in the deadly fight, 240
 He gave him pow'r, amid the hurtling storm,
 To chuse his shape, and wish away his form.
Amphidamas and *Cepheus* left the seat
 Of rural pleasures, for the warlike feat,
Arcadia, blest abode of shepherd loves,
Apheidas' happy realm, and *Tegea's*† groves.
 The young *Ancaeus* ‡ on their steps attends,
 The gallant boy his sire *Lycurgus* sends,
 Sprung from one father, the paternal tie
 Bids him entrust them with his progeny 250
 He too had follow'd, but their drooping sire,
 The hoary *Aleüs* checks the fond desire.
 In early manhood beauteously severe,
 Clad in the spoils of the *Manalian* || bear,
 Intrepid boy, *Ancaeus* joins the band,
 And shakes a battle-ax with nervous hand;
 For aged *Aleüs* full of fond alarms
 With pious artifice conceal'd his arms.
Augeas came, to whom the fabled lay
 Gave for a sire th' illustrious God of day. 260
 He rul'd in *Elis* with imperial pride,
 For vast his wealth, and his dominions wide,

* A city of *Peloponnesus* near *Pylus*.

† *Tegea*, a city of *Arcadia*.

‡ There were two of the name in the expedition.

|| *Manalus*, a mountain of *Arcadia*, there was also
 a city of the same name.

Much he desir'd to reach the *Colchian* shore,
 And meet *Ætes*, who the sceptre bore.
 Two gallant sons from *Hyparesius* sprung,
Asterius and *Amphion*, bold and young,
Achaian striplings, from *Pellene** came,
 The city bore their grandsire *Pelias* name.
 Its walls he rais'd beneath th' o'erhanging steep
 Where towering cliffs protect the glassy deep. 270
 The son of *Neptune* by a mortal dame
 From *Tanarus* the swift *Euphemus* came.
Europa fair from *Tityos* claim'd her birth,
 From *Tityos* doom'd to pangs in depths of earth,
 This beauteous offspring she to *Neptune* gave,
 Endow'd with swiftness from the kindred wave,
 O'er rapid waters, o'er the hoary deep
 Swift, swift as winds the steps aerial sweep,
 Nor dipt their traces in the watry vast,
 As scarcely felt the humid path he past. 280
 Two other chiefs, that birth from *Neptune* drew
 Gave added lustre to the noble crew:
 Far-fam'd *Miletus* bold *Erginus* sent,
 His steps from *Samos* fierce *Ancaeus* bent,
 Far from *Parthenian* *Imbrasus* he rov'd,
 And hallow'd banks by virgin *Juno* † lov'd,
 Both train'd in warfare, skilful both to guide,
 The lab'ring vessel thro' the foamy tide.
 From *Calydon* *Ænides* join'd the throng,
 Bold *Meleager* darling of the song. 290
 To check the sallies of presumptuous youth,
 To guide his paths in fortitude and truth,

* *Pellene*, a city of *Achaëa*. *Pallene*, a city of *Ar-cadia*.

† Frequented by *Juno* before her marriage with *Jupiter*.

A father's cares with him *Laocoön* send
 Mature in age, the parent and the friend,
 For *Æneus'* sire, by roving fancy led,
 Had call'd a menial female to his bed,
 Yet, though connected by a spurious tie,
 Fondly he view'd his brother's progeny.
 To manly feats his dawning youth he train'd;
 And longer had th' illustrious boy remain'd, 300
 Form'd by such precepts, his expanded fame
 Had reach'd the glories of *Alcides'* name.
 The son of *Thestias*, *Iphiclus*, was there,
 Skill'd in the dart, and combats of the spear,
Althea's brother, ties of kindred join'd,
 And more effectual the congenial mind,
 To bid him chuse, through danger and renown,
 To make the youth's eventful lot his own.
 Next *Palemonius* caught the generous fire,
Olenian * *Lernus* was the hero's sire. 310
 Reputed sire—to *Vulcan* birth he ow'd—
 His halting gait the genuine father show'd.
 That blemish in his form might malice find,
 None, in his actions, and his godlike mind.
 From *Phocis*, dear to the prophetic God, †
 Seats where his grandsire *Ornytus* abode,
 The youthful son of *Naubolus* appear'd,
 Where fame and *Jason* the bright banners rear'd;
 Bold *Iphitus*, whom ties of kindred mind
 And bands religious with the hero join'd; 320
 For at his hospitable board, the bowl,
 And genial rites had pledg'd the mutual soul,
 When *Æson's* son repair'd to *Delphi's* shrine,
 Guide of his course, to learn the will divine;

* *Olenus* was a place in *Achaëa*.

† *Apollo*, on account of the oracle of *Delphi*.

Calais and *Zetes*, the wing'd brothers came,
 Offspring of *Boreas*, by a mortal dame.
 Amid her equals, as the beauteous maid,
Erectheus' daughter, *Orithyia* play'd,
 The stormy god beheld with wild desire;
 Far from her native land and weeping sire, 330
 Far from her lov'd *Cecropia's* sunny hills,
 Flow'rs of *Hymettus*, cool *Ilyssus'* rills,
 The shrieking maid the tyrant lover bore,
 To *Thracian* wilds, where winds eternal roar,
 Where drifted snows o'erwhelm the distant plains,
 And winter scowls, and desolation reigns,
 Where rifted rocks, in frightful crags arise,
 And foggy damps involve th' inclement skies.
 Around his bride impervious clouds he spread,
 And mists and vapours were their nuptial bed. 340
 An airy pinion from each heel display'd
 O'er their light footsteps cast a plummy shade,
 Sky-tinctur'd pinions, wond'rous to behold
 Transparent plumage all bedropt with gold;
 And on their shoulders mantling broad behind
 Their raven tresses wanton'd with the wind.
 Nor did *Acastus* fill'd with youthful fire
 Partake the feelings of his jealous sire,
 What diff'rent passions, diff'rent aims engage
 Kind ardent youth, and cold malignant age! 350
 The sire, for *Jason* spreads the mortal snare,
 The son resolves his enterprize to share.
 Charm'd with the subjects of a father's hate,
 He loves their dangers, and pursues their fate.
 Last *Argus*, priest of *Pallas*, quits the fane
 Of wisdom's goddess, for the stormy main.
 These bold companions *Jason* rous'd to fame,
 The region call'd them by one common name,
 Th' advent'rous *MINYÆ*; for of *Minyas'* blood,
 The chief, in numbers, and in prowess stood. 360

Minyas, whose daughters, in illustrious line,
 Were wives and parents of a race divine.
 Nor did thy charms or progeny disgrace,
 Fair *Clymene*, the glories of that race.
Alcimedea surpast her mother's charms,
 And *Jason* fill'd her fond maternal arms.

Now had their slaves prepar'd with careful hand,
 For ease and safety of th' advent'rous band,
 Whate'er in ships is hoarded, for the train
 That purpose weary wand'rings o'er the main. 370
 Then, through the streets, with calm undaunted pace,
 In solemn order, mov'd the godlike race,
 And sought the strand renown'd in future fame,
Magnesian Pagasæ, illustrious name.
 They past, distinguish'd, through the black'ning crowd,
 Like stars resplendent 'mid the dusky cloud.
 Emotions mingled—wonder—pity—love,
 Fill the spectators, as the heroes move.
 As the big tear stood trembling in each eye,
 One would indignant to his neighbour cry, 380
 “Ye Gods, what demon *Pelias*' heart can sway,
 “And bid him chace heroic worth away?—
 “Oh blindly tyrannous the lust of gain,
 “That dooms to banishment this gallant train,
 “The prime and flow'r of universal *Greece*,
 “Thro' savage climes to seek the fatal fleece!
 “—Yet, safely may the glorious band return,
 “Proud of the fleecy gold in triumph borne!
 “The treasure freely let *Æetes* yield,
 “Or force extort it, in the sanguine field; 390
 “Let flames devouring on his palace prey,
 “While our brave Greeks pursue their joyful way!
 “But no—the prospect lows—a dismal gloom—
 “Unfruitful labours, and a wat'ry tomb.”——
 Meantime, the softer sex, with hands and eyes
 Uprais'd, implor'd each native of the skies,

“ On ev’ry youthful head a blessing send,
 “ And grant their wand’rings a propitious end!”—
 Then each to th’ other turning would complain,
 As passion dictated the mournful strain.— 400

“ What sorrows sad *Alcimedé* await!
 “ What sudden clouds o’ercast her shining fate!
 “ And hapless *Æson*—better had the gloom
 “ Of death unconscious borne thee to the tomb,
 “ Than childless, hopeless in thy life’s decline,
 “ To think despairing—such a son was mine—
 “ O *Phryxus*, why wert thou preserv’d, to weep
 “ A sister whelm’d beneath the stormy deep?
 “ O that the fleece, portentous cause of woe,
 “ Had sunk for ever in the depths below, 410
 “ Nor bestial organs inauspicious found,
 “ The force articulate of human sound.

“ Hence, hence, *Alcimedé*, thy bitter tears,
 “ The sorrows hence, that aged *Æson* bears.”
 The first appearance of the godlike crew
 Such plaints as these from many a female drew.
 Round the domestics male and female crowd—
 They gaz’d a parting look—they wept aloud.—
 The mother came, transfix’d with sorrow’s dart,
 She clasp’d her son—she strain’d him to her heart.
 O’erwhelm’d with sorrows, and in life’s decay, 420
 Sunk on his couch the wretched father lay.

In many a fold he wrapt his aged head.
 Existence loathing, from the light he fled;
 And sought from ev’ry eye to veil the grief
 Too big for tears, impatient of relief.
 His parent’s anguish pious *Jason* chear’d;
 Hope fill’d his words, and on his brow appear’d.
 Around his neck while yet his parents hung,
 He calls for armour to th’ attendant throng, 430
 Th’ attendant throng his radiant arms prepare,
 With downcast eyes, in silence of despair.

As first around him her white arms she threw,
 His mother clasp'd him still.—The briny dew
 Moistened his cheek—for like a girl she weeps,
 When to her old indulgent nurse she creeps
 Neglected, helpless, full of infant fear
 Aw'd by a cruel step-dame's brow severe.
 Victim of tyranny, she drags on life
 The mark of stern reproach and endless strife, 440
 Despairing, with a weight of woes opprest,
 Scarce her heart flutters in her little breast.
 Tears and short sobbings burst to her relief,
 A solace scarce indulg'd by timid grief,
 Round that sole friend her little arms are spread,
 That aged bosom hides her little head.
 Thus, with affection fill'd, and soft alarms,
 Around her son the mother throws her arms.
 And, oh what piteous sounds her griefs impart,
 Close as she strains him, to her throbbing heart! 450
 —“ Ah wretched, had I sought the shades below,
 “ When *Pelias'* tongue announc'd the doom of woe!
 “ Then, had my soul escap'd this deadly wound,
 “ Then, had my cares a long oblivion found.
 “ My spirit from those arms had sought the skies.
 “ Those darling hands had clos'd my swimming eyes.
 “ Funereal rites thy precious love had paid,
 “ And filial duty sooth'd my parted shade;
 “ Sole tribute I could claim from him I lov'd,
 “ Where hourly acts thy gratitude had prov'd; 460
 “ Sole testimony that remain'd thine own,
 “ All other proofs already have been shown.
 “ I feel them here a sad delight impart.—
 “ They live—they throb—they flutter at my heart.—
 “ My hope, my pride, by thee thy mother claims
 “ Rev'ence and wonder from the *Grecian* dames.
 “ Now like a menial in my palace left,
 “ Weak, and despis'd, of my protector rest,

" I brood o'er blessings that no more are mine,
 " And waste in tears my weary life's decline. 470
 " My hopes, my joys, were plac'd in thee alone,
 " Since nuptial *Juno* loos'd my virgin zone,
 " And first and last for thee the goddess came,
 " Sov'ran of pangs, that give the mother's name.
 " In one completely blest, I ne'er repin'd,
 " That Heav'n to one a mother's cares confin'd.
 " My ev'ry wish you claim'd entire and whole,
 " And left no void within a mother's soul.
 " O fatal change of unsuspected dread, 479
 " Not ev'n in dreams foreshown!—when *Phryxus* fled,
 " Could prescience, from his passage o'er the wave,
 " Trace the wild pangs, that bid the mother rave,"
 —Meantime, her female train in cadence mourn,
 Sigh, as she sighs, and tear for tear return.
 Her son with words of soft condo'ing pow'r,
 Calm'd the distraction of the parting hour,
 —" Ah why this heart with sad forebodings thrill?
 " Can tears and cries avert the destin'd ill?
 " Grief thus indulg'd but aggravates the woe,
 " Inevitable doom of man below. 490
 " Dark, doubtful ills besiege our wretched kind.
 " Shrink not from suff'rings by the Gods assign'd—
 " Upward to *Pallas* look for aid divine.
 " Recall those oracles, from *Phebus*' shrine,
 " Fair and propitious.—View the gallant train,
 " That wait to join my wand'rings o'er the main.
 " Let these thy heart with confidence inspire.
 " Hence with the virgins of thy train retire,
 " Conceal thy grief at home.—Forbear to glide,
 " A bird ill-omen'd, as we seek the tide.— 500
 " The menial band shall farewell duties pay,
 " And speed the vessel on her wat'ry way."
 —He ceas'd, and rushing from the door in haste,
 With grace majestic to the harbour past.

Thus, from his fane, where fragrant vapours play
 In curling clouds, descends the God of day.
Delos he seeks, or *Claros*, lov'd retreat,
 Or hallow'd *Delphi*, his prophetic seat;
 Or views delighted *Lycian Xanthus* roll'd
 Thro' spacious meadows, and o'er sands of gold. 510
 Such *Jason* past along.—Th' admiring crowd,
 Pursued his steps with acclamations loud.
 An aged priestess from *Diana's* shrine,
 Guardian of cities, meets the youth divine,
Ipbias rever'd; with pious lips she prest
 The hero's hand, and accents had address
 Of solemn import, but the hurried throng
 Rush'd like a flood, and swept the youth along.
 In the rude conflict from each other torn
 The priestess and the youth were diverse borne. 520
 Stunn'd by the shock, unaided by the train,
 Feebly she sunk, half-leaning o'er the plain.
 Now, *Jason* passing to the shore had trac'd
 The croud'd streets with lofty structures grac'd:
 His comrades there, attendant on the strand,
 In order rang'd beside their vessel stand.
 A deep attention thro' their ranks prevail'd;
 He paus'd—he stood—and shouts his presence hail'd.
 —But distant now *Acastus* they descry'd
 The city leaving, *Argus* at his side. 530
 As to the shore, with eager steps they prest,
 Wonder and joy pervaded every breast;
 And all applaud, while scorning *Pelias'* wrath,
 Advent'rous virtue guides their glorious path,
 Descending to his feet, of sable hue,
 A bull's large hide the valiant *Argus* threw,
 O'er his broad shoulders.—His companion wears
 A splendid mantle.—In the web appears,
 (The gift, the labour of a sister's hand,)
 How well her art the shuttle could command. 540

—From questions multiplied the chief* forbore,
 And bade them † join th' assembly on the shore.
 On the furl'd sails, and masts, that lay around,
 Commodious seats the throng'd assembly found.
 With courteous act, his gentle words confest,
 The public care, that reign'd within his breast.

“ All preparations for the wat'ry way,
 “ That ships require, or sailors can delay,
 “ Are now complete, a single pause prevails,
 “ Till winds propitious fill the swelling sails. 550
 “ One course, my friends, and common toils we know.
 “ May guardian Gods a joint return bestow!
 “ —Elect a chief, this object to secure;
 “ And be the choice from selfish motives pure.
 “ Let him, who boasts superior worth preside,
 “ And peace or war with steady councils guide.”

He ceas'd—instinctive all, without debate,
 Gaz'd on the centre, where *Alcides* sate,
 As with one tongue, unanimous the band
 Invest that hero, with supreme command. 560
 In vain—for from his seat the godlike man
 His right hand wav'd, and to the crowd began.

“ Let none adorn me, with a leader's name,
 “ I will not trench upon another's fame—
 “ Glorious it is to lead such gallant throngs.
 “ I see to whom that honour'd task belongs.
 “ The palm another has deserv'd to bear;
 “ I will not wear it, nor shall rivals wear.
 “ The man, whose summons calls us to the main,
 “ Is justly chief of this advent'rous train.” 570

Thus he, with innate nobleness of mind,
 And gen'rous pride, the proffer'd rank declin'd,
 Peals of applause th' assenting crowd bestows.
 Again, with heart elate bold *Jason* rose.—

* *Jason*.

† *Acastus* and *Argus*.

In graceful act, as he the crowd address,
Joy flush'd his cheek, and brighten'd on his crest.

“ O may my conduct justify the choice,
“ That gives this honour'd trust, by public voice.
“ —My first command—no more delay—prepare.
“ — Let pious rites of sacrifice and pray'r 580
“ The God of day propitiate.—Then provide
“ A plenteous banquet, near the vessel's side.
“ The care on me devolves, to find the beast,
“ Worthy to bleed for sacrifice, and feast.
“ But while my servants, that the stalls attend,
“ Selected from the herds the fairest send;
“ Launch we the ship; embark the warlike stores,
“ And mark by lot the stations at our oars.
“ Then raise an altar near the foamy tides,
“ To him,* that o'er th' embarking train presides. 590
“ Who yields to mariners his timely aid,
“ To whom the vows on winding shores are paid.
“ Safe on her course, our vessel he shall send,
“ Guide with his counsels, and from storms defend.
“ And won by pray'rs to happy issue bring
“ Our dang'rous conflict with the *Colchian* king.”

He spake, and to th' appointed labour flew,
And all th' example of their chief pursue.
They rose, and cast their garments in a heap,
On a broad rock unmoisten'd by the deep, 600
Save when the tempests, that in winter rave,
O'er the dark summits dash'd the briny wave.
As *Argus* bids, with force conjoin'd they urge
The groaning vessel, to the swelling surge,
Well twisted ropes around her side they past,
Where pins of iron held the timbers fast,

* *Phebus Embasius*, so called from a Greek word,
that signifies to embark.

The straining bark in her descent to guide,
 And keep her steady in the rolling tide.
 Then, deep and spacious, opening from the land,
 Before the ship they dig away the sand, 610
 Far as the bark lay distant on the shore,
 And near the main it deepen'd more and more,
 With gradual slope, and in the trench they laid
 Round polish'd rollers, the descent to aid.
 Supported thus the ship inclining stood,
 Dispos'd with sliding march to gain the flood.
 Tied to the banks, th' inverted oars they place,
 Projecting o'er the ship a cubit's space.
 Marshall'd between alternate stood the band,
 Prepar'd with force conjoin'd of breast and hand. 620
 Within the vessel station'd, to direct
 Combin'd in time, and powerful in effect,
 Their joint exertions, *Tiphys* sate on high ;
 And gave the signal, with commanding cry.—
 All to the task with force incumbent close,
 Th' incumbent force the yielding vessel knows.
 As each with feet infix'd, and lab'ring breast
 His weight applied, and on the vessel prest,
 She quits her bedded seat, and moves along,
 To shouts symphonious of the rushing throng. 630
 The vast slow-gliding mass the rollers feel,
 And loudly creak beneath the ponderous keel.
 The dust in sable volumes rose around,
 As trampling footsteps shook the solid ground.
 —When now the vessel, with augmenting force,
 Had reach'd the sea, they check'd her headlong course,
 With backward effort.—Then, their oars they brac'd,
 And each suspended in its station plac'd.—
 With masts and stores the vessel they supply,
 And canvas destin'd soon to flout the breezy sky. 640
 Now had their active diligence on board
 All due provision for a voyage stor'd.

When perfect readiness confest their cares
 Th' impartial lot the rowers plac'd in pairs.
 But great *Alcides*, without lot, possest
 A chosen seat distinguish'd from the rest.
 Him to the central place the heroes call,
 With strong *Anceus*, sent from *Tegeä's* wall.
 A kindred impulse in the general mind
 To *Tiphys* hand the guiding helm assign'd. 650

Now, for an altar they collect the stone
 Worn by the billows, and with moss o'ergrown.
 A structure rude was soon to *Phebus* rear'd,
 Guardian of mariners, on shores rever'd.
 Their arid boughs the neighb'ring olives lend,
 To bid the pyre of sacrifice ascend.
 From *Jason's* stalls the herdsmen now arrive;
 Two chosen steers for sacrifice they drive.
 These the more youthful of the gallant crew,
 Reluctant, bellowing, toward the altar drew. 660
 Others the bowl and salted cakes prepare.—
 To guardian *Phebus*, *Jason* breath'd the pray'r.

“ Hear me, bright sov'ran of diurnal flame,
 “ From *Pagasaë*, and walls* that bear the name
 “ Of my lov'd sire, thy promis'd aid impart,
 “ Thy sacred oracles sustain my heart,
 “ Assur'd, in perils, of a guide and friend,
 “ Assur'd, in wand'rings, of a glorious end.—
 “ Oh thou, whose influence, with prophetic force,
 “ Supreme impels us in this untried course; 670
 “ Fulfil thy word, and o'er that course preside;
 “ My lov'd companions, and their vessel guide;
 “ In *Colchos*, let them win the precious fleece;
 “ Then safe return them to the shores of *Greece*.—
 “ For ev'ry youth that gains his native land,
 “ A sacred steer shall at thine altar stand.

* *Æsonis*, a city of *Magnesia*, so called after *Æson*.

" In *Delphi* shall my votive gifts remain;
 " My gifts in *Delos* grace thine honour'd fane.
 " This for the future.—Now, propitious pow'r,
 " Receive these off'rings of the parting hour. 680
 " Ere from the shore they loose the stately bark
 " These youthful heroes with thy favour mark.
 " Let prosp'rous omens, at thy word, prevail;
 " And winds propitious fill the spreading sail.

These pious pray'rs and adorations past,
 The salted meal was on the victims cast,
 The toilsome part of sacrificial rite,
 A task, that needs superior nerves and might,
 Was proud *Ancaeus'* and *Alcides'* care.—
 With garb succinct, they for the work prepare.—
 His pond'rous club *Alcides* wields—the blow, 691
 Aim'd at the forehead, laid the victim low,
 Collaps'd, and motionless upon the sand
 He shows the prowess of that matchless hand.
 To thee, *Ancaeus*, his companion bends;
 A brazen ax upon his neck descends.
 Thro' the strong tendons past the gory wound,
 His horns, in falling, plough the solid ground.
 Th' attendants slay the beasts, and strip the hide,
 The limbs they sever, and the flesh divide; 700
 The thighs, allotted to the heav'nly race,
 Involve in fat, and on the altar place.
 They light the hallow'd flame; aloft it tow'rs.
 The son of *Æson* the libation pours,
 Sweet-smelling stream, unmix'd and sparkling wine.—
 Propitious omen from the pow'rs divine,
 The prophet *Idmon* sees the blaze ascend,
 And wreathing smoke it's purple volumes bend.
 The destinies came rushing o'er his thought;
 And thus he utter'd, what *Apollo* taught.— 710

" —Exult, my gallant friends, the fates ordain
 " A safe return, from wand'rings o'er the main.

- “ Exulting shall ye bear the golden fleece,
 “ Exulting tread the happy plains of *Greece*.
 “ But ’tis decreed, you must your paths explore,
 “ Thro’ toils unnumber’d, ’ere you gain that shore.
 “ And dangers multiplied, by doom of fate;
 “ And equal labours your return await.
 “ Severer lot to me, my fates assign;
 “ Untimely death on *Asia’s* plain is mine. 720
 “ No sudden auguries this warning send,
 “ Long have I learn’d to contemplate my end.
 “ But, be it so—I hail, th’ illustrious doom,
 “ And welcome glory, with th’ untimely tomb.
 He ceas’d.—Astonishment the hearers fill’d;
 And mingled joy and grief their bosoms thrill’d.
 While noble *Idmon’s* early fate they mourn,
 With joy they feel the promis’d safe return.—
 His noontide station when the sun had past,
 And the tall rocks a lengthen’d shadow cast. 730
 Along the sands, beside the hoary deep
 Abundant leaves, a silvan couch, they heap.
 There, while from toil, the godlike band repose,
 The viands are prepar’d, the goblet flows.
 The copious jars of generous wine abound,
 And sport, and laugh, and gay discourse go round,
 While youth and health expand the gladden’d heart,
 The graceful trifling food and wine impart,
 Careless effusions of the soul elate,
 From bitter taunt remov’d, and loud debate. 740
 But *Jason* shar’d not in the general mirth.
 Gloom seis’d his brow, at deep reflection’s birth.
 Much he revolv’d the perils of the way,
 The doubtful wand’rings, that before him lay.—
 Him *Idas* marking, loudly thus assails.
 “ What counsel, *Jason*, in thy mind prevails?
 “ Why from thy friends the lab’ring purpose hide?
 “ Does chilling fear within thy breast abide?

" An impulse vile that womankind controlls,
 " Or worse than women—men with female souls. 750
 " I swear to thee, on this impetuous spear,
 " By which renown in fields of blood I bear,
 " Source of my fame, as object of my love,
 " More sure protection than the pow'r of *Jove*,
 " No fatal dangers shall impede thy course,
 " No labours prove superior to thy force;
 " Tho' godhead should attempt thine aims to foil,
 " Since *Idas* joins thee from *Arene's* soil."

With radiant eyes the glorious dawn advanc'd,
 And o'er the crags of lofty *Pelion* glanc'd. 830
 In the smooth swell propitious breezes lave
 Their sportive wings, and gently curl the wave.
 Then, *Tiphys* rousing calls along the shores
 " Embark, my gallant friends, and man your
 oars."

—Loud as he calls, the winding shores resound.
 The gulph of *Pagasaë* rebellows round:
 But speech portentous soon impell'd the crowd,
 The vessel spoke with human voice endow'd;
 For *Pallas* had enclos'd within its frame,
 The vocal wood,* that from *Dodona* came. 840
 The heroes spring on board, and crouding find
 The stations at their oars by lot assign'd.
 Train'd to the task they lay their arms aside,
 And all prepare to sweep the sounding tide.
Ancæus occupied the central post,
Alcides near him, in himself an host.
 The dread of monsters, and misfortune's aid,
 His mighty club was near the hero laid.

* The oaks in the wood of *Dodona* were gifted with the power of speech, and uttered oracles.

The lab'ring keel confest the god-like freight,
 And deeper plung'd, and groan'd beneath his weight.
 The cables now within the ship they drew, 851
 And o'er the waves their last libations threw.
 The shores retire in mist, the hills recede.
 Then, o'er his native roof, and parent mead,
 An eager parting look as *Jason* gave
 He swell'd the breeze with sighs, with tears he swell'd
 the wave.

The nervous rowers, like some youthful choir,
 That dance in cadence round the mystic fire,
 (In *Delphi*, and *Ortygia* the divine,
 And where thy silver streams, *Ismenus*, shine, 860
 Their nimble feet, in cadence, to the sound
 Of lyre and voices, lightly beat the ground;)
 While *Orpheus* thro' the vocal strings explores
 The soul of music, ply th' harmonious oars.
 At ev'ry stroke, in foam the brine arose.
 The hoarse wave murmurs, as the vessel goes.
 As rising on their oars, the vigorous throng
 Plough the dark waves, the vessel shoots along.
 Their polish'd arms repel the dazzling beam,
 And o'er the waters dart a fiery gleam. 870
 Behind the ship an hoary track succeeds,
 As pathways whiten thro' the verdant meads.
 That signal day, from all th' abodes on high,
 The blest immortals cast a wond'ring eye;
 And saw the vessel, with her god-like crew,
 Thro' paths untried the glorious course pursue.
 On *Pelion's* heights, and ev'ry summit stood
 Th' assembled nymphs of mountain, dale, and wood.
 They gaz'd entranc'd—amazement and delight
 Possess their souls, at the stupendous sight, 880
 The fabric of *Itonian Pallas'* hand
 Mov'd o'er the deep, by that heroic band.

And he,* whom *Phillira* to *Saturn* bore,
 From steepy mountains seeks the sounding shore.
 Where the white breakers o'er the pebbles rave,
 Amid the foam advancing through the wave,
 With hands uprais'd, he hail'd the parting train,
 "Safe may ye sail, and safe your homes regain."

Near him his consort *Chariclo* appears,
 The young *Achilles* in her arms she bears. 890
 And holds him forward, as the vessel flies
 With one last look to glad a father's eyes.

And now the winding shores and harbours past,
 They boldly launch into the wat'ry vast.
 The prudent *Tiphys* o'er their course presides;
 The polish'd helm with skilful hand he guides.
 Now, in its station the tall mast they plac'd,
 On either hand with well-strain'd cordage brac'd.
 While, to the topmast as they raise the sail,
 The breezes whistling thro' the shrouds prevail. 900
 White floating on the wind the canvas flew.
 The shrouds thro' pullies to the deck they drew.
 Now, smoothly gliding o'er the liquid plain,
Tisean cliffs they pass, and *Dian's* fane.—
 In measur'd descant *Orpheus* touch'd the wires,
 To strain melodious, that the place inspirés.

—Thee, tutelary maid, the poet sung,

Thee, *Artemis*, from *Jove* eternal sprung.

—"Benign, to guide the vessel on her way,

"Marine *Iolchos* owns thy radiant sway."— 910

The fish, enamour'd of the strains divine,
 Rose from the depths, exulting on the brine,
 Of various form and size, the finny droves
 Obedient follow, where the vessel moves.

* The centaur *Chiron*, to whom the education of *Achilles* was entrusted.

As flocks unnumber'd, when the shepherd leads,
 Sate with food, forsake the dewy meads.
 He steps before them, 'till their cotes they gain,
 His shrilly pipe resounds an artless strain
 Of rustic sweetness,—with resistless charm,
 Thy music, *Orpheus*, led the scaly swarm. 920

Loud and propitious sang the rising wind.
 Dark sinks *Pelasgia's** fertile shores behind.
 Now rushing onward in their rapid flight,
 They pass the steeps of *Pelion's* rocky height;
 And *Sepias*, at whose foot the billows rave,
 Steals from the prospect, mingling with the wave.
 By sea-girt *Sciathus* their course they steer.
 In view remote *Piresia's* towers appear,
Magnesia, rising o'er the beach serene,
 The tomb of *Dolops*, and the shelter'd scene. 930

—Now ev'ning came, and adverse winds with eve,
 The troubled deep the toil-worn sailors leave.
 Admonish'd by the place, and evening's gloom,
 They paid due honours† at the hero's tomb.
 Such vows were offer'd, such libations shed,
 Such victims slain, as suit the parted dead.
 The mounting billows with the tempest roar,
 Two days they shunn'd its fury on the shore.
 On the third morn, they push the ship from land,
 And to the breeze their ample sails expand. 940
 And still the name of *Apheta* prevails,‡
 To mark the place where *Argo* spread her sails.
 Now in their course they *Melibæa* past,
 A rocky shore, vex'd by the raging blast.

* For some short account of the various places mentioned in this and the following lines, see the notes in the second volume.

† At the tomb of *Dolops*.

‡ From a Greek word, *Aphiemi*.

At dawn of day, in prospect near they sweep,
 By *Homolé* projecting o'er the deep,
 Ere long the mouth of *Amyrus* to gain,
 That blends his crystal waters with the main.
 Now full in view of deep ravines they glide,
 And steepy rocks, that break the swelling tide, 950
 Indented deep, where clouds on *Ossa* low'r,
 And cloth'd in woods *Olympian* summits tow'r.
 Borne by the winds all night, their course they bend,
 Where sloping wide *Pallene's* sides descend.
 By *Canastræum's* cliff they wing their way.
 And now conspicuous with the dawning ray,
 His stately head,* the mighty *Athos* shows,
 Sublimely tow'ring o'er the *Thracian* snows.
 Such space, as vessels well equipt may run,
 'Twixt rising morn and the meridian sun, 960
 To *Vulcan's** isle from *Athos* lies outspread.
 Yet such the height of his majestic head,
 O'er *Lemnos* the gigantic shadow falls,
 And casts a gloom within *Myrine's*† walls.
 Thro' the long day, till shades of ev'ning fell,
 The winds blew fresh th' expanded sails to swell.
 The dying breeze, with sinking day light fails,
 Then loosely flutt'ring hung their idle sails.
 With energy renew'd, they ply their oars;
 And soon they gain the rocky *Lemnian* shores. 970
 Rough as the rocks, relentless as the flood,
 The guilty natives drench'd the soil in blood.
 —Nor yet unpunish'd.—Scarcely had the sun
 One annual journey through the zodiac run,
 Since jealous rage had arm'd the female band,
 And crush'd the males beneath their murd'rous hand.

* *Lemnos*.

† A city of *Lemnos*.

Despis'd, rejected, from their homes expell'd,
 The place of love desire of vengeance held.
 For when their husbands had from war return'd,
 Their savage breasts with flame illicit burn'd: 980
 The captive fair the captors had enchain'd;
 (Nor prudence warn'd, nor decency restrain'd.)
 From ravag'd *Thrace* they came, with weeping charms,
 Ah soon to perish in their lover's arms!
 Her name dishonour'd, and her rites withheld,
 Indignant *Venus* to the deed impell'd.
 —O wretched women, blind with jealous rage!
 Against your husbands deadly war ye wage.
 —Nor husbands only,—all the sex must bleed;
 Lest the survivors should avenge the deed. 990
 The young *Hypsipile* alone confest
 The voice of nature pleading in her breast.
 Amid the bloody deeds of frantic ire,
 With pious care she sav'd her hoary sire,
Thoas, who long the *Lemnian* sceptre bore.
 Conceal'd she sends him from the guilty shore.
 His aged limbs within a coffer laid,
 With art she hid him, and with art convey'd;
 If haply he might scape.—*Ænea's* strand
 Yields him a refuge, from the cruel band. 1000
 The vine-clad island bore that ancient name,*
 From fisher tribes its modern title came.
 For when *Sicinus* the possession gain'd,
 It's owner's name the subject soil retain'd.
 Birth to the naiad nymph *Sicinus* ow'd,
 And thro' his veins the blood of *Thoas* flow'd.
 To feed their flocks, the brazen arms to wield,
 To tame with ploughshares the reluctant field,
 —For such pursuits the *Amazonian* fair
 Desert the subjects of their former care, 1010

* From the Greek word *Oinos* signifying wine.

And scorn the works, that *Pallas* taught, of old,
 To wing the shuttle, or the distaff hold.
 Yet still, with anxious gloom and throbbing heart
 O'er the broad main a watchful glance they dart.
 Alarm'd they see th' approaching sail appear,
 And think the *Thracians* arm'd for vengeance near.
 They rush in armour from *Myrine's* walls,
 And crowd the strand where seeming danger calls.
 With frantic rage and terror fill'd they go,
 Like bacchanals, to meet th' imagin'd foe. 1020
Hypsipile assum'd her father's arms,
 And led the van, terrific in her charms.
 But none resource or energy possest;
 Fear chain'd the tongue, and palsy'd every breast.—
 While these on shore some dread event attend,
 The chiefs from sea their peaceful envoys send.
Ethalides the herald swift of pace,
 Blest by his father with persuasive grace,
 Selected organ of their joint desire,
 Bears the caduceus of his heav'nly sire.† 1030
 Strange powers to him that sire indulgent gave,
 Superior rising o'er th' unconscious grave.
 Wond'rous exemption from the common doom,
 Of parted spirits, in the *Stygian* gloom,
 When first he sought th' irremeable bounds,
 To reach the seats that *Acheron* surrounds,
 Oblivious death rever'd the parted shade,
 That half despis'd, and half his stroke obey'd.
 By stated compact, half resign'd to night,
 And half releas'd, returning to the light. 1040
 But wherefore thro' the fabled legends run,
 That ancient bards relate of *Hermes'* son.—

† *Mercury.*

With soothing speech the *Lemnian* queen he drew,
 To grant a landing to the warlike crew.
 They leave their vessel, at th' approach of night,
 Nor loose their cables with returning light.
 For loud and adverse howl'd the northern blast.—
 Meantime, the *Lemnian* dames to council haste.
 Such was the purport of their queen's command;
 And thro' the city croud th' observant band.— 1040
 Frequent and full they sate. Their sov'reign rose;*
 And from her lips this exhortation flows:
 “ Friends, let us with a bounteous hand assign,
 “ Copious provisions, and heart-cheering wine,
 “ Gifts, that the sea-worn mariner desires,
 “ To bend these strangers to what need requires.
 “ Their quick departure, where their voyage calls;
 “ At least their stay without the city walls.
 “ Lest here, with scrutinizing search, they know
 “ Our tale of guilt, of weakness, and of woe.— 1050
 “ Dire was our act; and they thro' ev'ry clime
 “ May waft the story of our monstrous crime.
 —“ Then, who can tell what hostile thoughts may breed,
 “ Within their minds, from knowledge of the deed?
 —“ Ye hear my thoughts.—If any can reveal
 “ Counsels more suited to the common weal;
 “ We give them audience, with attentive ear.
 “ For 'tis the scope of our assemblage here.
 She ceas'd—and to the marble throne retir'd,
 Seat of her sire —With eloquence inspir'd, 1060
 Her nurse *Polyxo* rose, an aged form,
 With wrinkles charg'd, and blanch'd with many a storm.
 Her limbs decrepit fail'd beneath her weight,
 A faithful staff supports their trembling freight.
 Two blooming virgins at her side attend,
 By love and *Venus* never taught to bend,

* *Hypsipile.*

Fierce in the pride of youth, and wildly fair,
 In graceful ringlets wav'd their golden hair.
 Time with his weary yoke her shoulders bow'd.
 She scarcely rear'd her head amid the crowd. 1070
 And thus she spake.—

—“ Yes—as our queen commands,
 “ Send we donations to the stranger bands;
 “ The better course.—And now, my friends, decide
 “ What firm resolves your future lives shall guide.—
 “ Should fierce invasion burst, from hostile *Thrace*,
 “ Or other foes among the manly race,
 “ (For many an inroad we may justly fear,)
 “ Ev'n now we find a sudden force is here.—
 “ Say, should the Gods avert the present doom; 1080
 “ What wars and suff'rings threat the years to come!
 “ The seniors soon shall quit this mortal stage.
 “ The young desponding sink to childless age.
 “ How shall ye, then, maintain the martial strife?
 “ Or how, ye wretches, find the means of life?
 “ Shall the slow ox spontaneous till the soil,
 “ Assume the yoke, and in the furrow toil?
 “ Or when your fields the golden ears display,
 “ Shall oxen reap, and to the barns convey?
 “ For me—tho' fates forbear to cut my thread, 1090
 “ And shrink abhorrent from this hoary head,
 “ Yet, in the next revolving year, I trust,
 “ These limbs shall mingle with their kindred dust.
 “ There I shall sleep, interr'd by pious hands,
 “ And 'scape the perils, that await these lands.
 “ But much I feel, for those of greener age;
 “ The present crisis should their thoughts engage.
 “ Neglect it not. Improv'd by timely skill,
 “ It brings you refuge frem impending ill.
 “ These strangers in your cause with gifts combine;
 “ And houses grant, and settlements assign.”— 1101

She ceas'd—her sentence from th' assembly draws
 Tumultuous bursts, and murmurs of applause.
 'Midst the confusion, with a placid mien,
 And graceful action, rose the youthful queen,
 "—If such a wish pervades the general mind;
 " Our envoy soon the stranger band may find."
 She spake—and turning to th' attendant maid,
 That near her stood, "*Iphinoë* haste, (she said)
 " Where the tall vessel on the billow rides, 1110
 " The chieftain seek, that o'er the band presides;
 " For this abode let him exchange the main;
 " And hear my voice the general wish explain.
 " And let his band, if peaceful minds they bear,
 " Our mansions enter, and partake our chear."
 —The assembly then dismiss, her home she sought,
Iphinoë hasted; as the mandate taught,
 And soon the *Minyæ* greets.—The band explore,
 What motive urg'd her to the sea-beat shore.
 Prompt she replied—" A princess young and fair,
 " Daughter of *Thoas*, bids me thus repair, 1121
 " Eager to speak the wishes of the land,
 " Thro' me she greets the leader of this band;
 " And calls the train, if peaceful minds they bear,
 " To seek our mansion, and partake our chear."
 She ceas'd—a message in such soothing words,
 With every bosom of the throng accords.
 They deem'd, that *Thoas*, to his fathers gone,
 Had left this heiress of a peaceful throne,
 Child of his age.—Of all suspicion clear, 1130
 The crimes of *Lemnos* had not reach'd their ear.
 They bid their chief obey the welcome call,
 Prepar'd themselves to seek *Myrine's* wall.
 The chief a mantle o'er his shoulders cast.
 A clasp retain'd the purple texture fast.
 The clasp and web *Itonian Pallas* gave,
 Work of her hands, and worthy of the brave,

When *Argo's* keel she form'd, to cleave the brine;
 And shap'd her timbers with the rule and line.
 Of scarlet die, more dazzling to behold, 1140
 Than orient suns, that dawn in ruddy gold,
 The central red, a purple border grac'd,
 Where skill divine had many a figure trac'd.—
 Bent o'er th' immortal task the *Cyclops* stand,
 And forge the bolts, that arm the thunderer's hand.
 Beneath their toil th' almighty weapon grew,
 Ev'n now, it lighten'd with effulgence blue.
 Imperfect yet the work of heav'nly ire,
 One fork it wanted of devouring fire.
 They rais'd their hands, the glowing mass they ply'd,
 And flaming sparkles flash'd on ev'ry side — 1151
Amphion there, and *Zethus*, whom, of yore,
Antiopè beside *Asopus** bore,
 Were both pourtray'd; and *Thebes* without a wall,
 Ere stones assembled, at the poet's† call.
 The walls uprear'd by toil fraternal grow.
 Huge rocky fragments from the mountain's brow
 The ruder *Zethus* on his shoulder bears;
 The nervous youth, in toiling act appears.
 A double portion mild *Amphion* brought. 1160
 But not by force the mighty work he wrought.
 His golden lyre and melting voice combine:
 The rocks obedient feel the sounds divine.—
 With floating tresses there was beauty's queen.
 And in her hand the shield of *Mars* was seen.
 From her left shoulder wav'd the flowing vest;
 And show'd her iv'ry arm, and snowy breast.
 While the bright buckler, that the Goddess held,
 A faithful image of her charms repell'd.—
 There were deep pastures graz'd by many a drove,
 And hostile bands for the possession strove. 1171

* A river of Greece.

† *Amphion*.

From *Teleboan Taphians*, men of spoil,
Alectryon's sons embattled guard the soil.
 These would defend, and those obtain the prize,
 And streaming blood the field of combat dies.
 Superior numbers quell'd the rustic band,
 And swept the plunder of the ravag'd land,—
 Two chariots there contended o'er the plains.
 And *Pelops* guides the first, and shakes the reins.
Hippodamiä by his side was plac'd; 1180
 And *Myrtilus* with eager fury chac'd;
 In act to strike, the spear *Ænomaus* held,
 And now in thought, through *Pelop's* back impell'd.
 The axle crashes, faithless to its trust,
 And leaves their vengeance prostrate in the dust.—
 There *Phebus*, yet a stripling, rose to view,
 'Gainst impious *Tityos*, as the bow he drew,
 A monster, nourish'd by the fruitful earth,
 From *Jove* and *Elaré* he took his birth,
 Matur'd in bulk within her deepest cave, 1190
 A second birth, with pangs immense she gave,
 His furious hands were on *Latona* laid,
 But soon her offspring lent his timely aid.
 —The Goddess by her radiant locks he drew,
 The bow resounded, the sharp arrow flew.—
Iolcian Phryxus seem'd to breathe, to hear
 The voice portentous, with astonish'd ear.
 And there the ram, pourtray'd with equal skill,
 In act of speaking seem'd, and vocal still.
 Nature so true, deception so complete, 1200
 The gazer's eye could scarce detect the cheat.
 He listens, with attention most profound,
 And waits and waits, to catch the flying sound.
 — Such *Pallas'* gift.— A lance the hero shook;
 Pois'd by his strength, no narrow range it took.
 From lofty *Manalus*, that mountain hoar,
 A pledge of friendship—he the weapon bore,

From *Atalanta*. Rural scenes among,
 The chief she met; and sought to join his throng;
 But he forbade; lest beauty's magic sway 1210
 O'er youthful minds, should wake intestine fray.

Now, *Jason* seeks the city, beaming bright,
 As that resplendent star, that darts his light,
 At close of day, the messenger of love.
 With throbbing breast the virgin sees him move,
 Blest harbinger of *Hymen's* nuptial blaze,
 To gild the bridal roof, with festive rays.
 Like her own blushes sweet she sees him rise,
 With happiest auguries to glad her eyes,
 To tell her that the youth shall soon appear, 1220
 Hope of her heart, yet object of her fear,
 Whom stern necessity too long detains,
 Indignant of delay, on distant plains,
 Lord of her wishes, for whose longing arms,
 Parental care reserves her virgin charms.—
 Thus *Jason* mov'd, like a celestial light,
 To joyful crowds so welcome and so bright.
 Tumultuous at the city gates they throng.
 With downcast eyes the hero moves along.
 Eager delight among the crowd prevail'd, 1230
 And cries of joy the graceful stranger hail'd.
 He reach'd the palace of the royal maid,*
 The folding gates th' attendants wide display'd.
 The gates with skill the builder had dispos'd;
 And polish'd bolts the pervious passage clos'd.
 Swift through the porch her guest *Iphinoë* led,
 And plac'd him, where a splendid couch was spread.
 Full opposite was set the youthful queen,
 Her glowing cheeks, and her disorder'd mien,
 Betray'd th' emotions of her throbbing breast. 1240
 With soothing speech the stranger she address.

* *Hypsipile*.

- " Say, stranger, to this shore what motive calls?
 " Why would ye linger thus without our walls?
 " Beneath our roofs no hostile greetings fear.
 " The feebler sex alone inhabits here.
 " Far far remote are all the manly race,
 " And now they plough the fertile lands of *Thrace*.—
 " Attend, and hear my faithful tongue disclose,
 " Without disguise, the story of our woes.
 " My sire was *Thoas*, when he rul'd this land, 1250
 " The *Lemnians* muster'd an invading band.
 " In ships to *Thrace* they crost the sounding main,
 " Despoil'd the dwellings, and laid waste the plain.
 " Returning home, more priz'd than all the spoil,
 " They bore the maidens of the ravag'd soil.
 " Foe to this land, the queen of soft alarms
 " Inspir'd a purpose fraught with deadly harms.
 " Their youthful wives the madding train beheld
 " With mortal hate, and from their homes expell'd.
 " Their place the captives of the spear obtain'd; 1260
 " Such full dominion had their frenzy gain'd.—
 " Long time we silent mourn'd, and hop'd to prove
 " Returning reason, and reviving love.
 " In vain we hop'd.—Our patience from the throng,
 " Drew added insults, and redoubled wrong.
 " The lawful offspring was belov'd no more;
 " The bastard drove him from his father's door.
 " The widow'd wife, and unprotected maid,
 " Implor'd the husband's, and the father's aid;
 " Implor'd in vain—an helpless outcast band, 1270
 " Our streets they crouded, and they rang'd the land,
 " The mangled maid, th' injurious step-dame's thrall,
 " In vain for pity to her sire might call.—
 " For aid the sister to her brother flies;
 " No more the brother feels fraternal ties.
 " Th' afflicted mother calls her sons around;
 " She gains no hearing—no relief is found.

" The captive conquerors held our dear abodes,
 " Dance, forum, ev'n the banquet of the Gods.
 " At length, some God, or misery inspir'd 1280
 " A wond'rous boldness, that our state requir'd.
 " 'Gainst those false men we clos'd the gates and tow'rs,
 " While with their *Thracians* they consum'd the hours;
 " 'Till they to reason should restore her seat,
 " Or with their captives seek some new retreat.
 " Whate'er of manly progeny remain'd
 " Within our walls, their earnest pray'rs obtain'd:
 " With them they cross the seas, and *Thrace* regain,
 " Where drifted snows o'erwhelm the wint'ry plain.
 " Hence, we for sojourners have ample room. 1290
 " —Abide with us; the vacant space assume.
 " —To this alliance if thy thoughts incline,
 " The crown my father wore shall now be thine.
 " Nor shall ye blame the produce of our soil;
 " No land more richly pays the farmer's toil;
 " Nor in th' *Ægean* deeps does island lie,
 " In *Ceres'* gifts, that may with *Lemnos* vie.
 " But seek your ship; let your companions hear
 " Our friendly words; no more these walls forbear."
 She ceas'd—the veil of secrecy was cast 1300
 O'er the dire slaughter, that in *Lemnos* past.
 When *Jason* thus—" O Queen, with grateful hearts,
 " We take those aids, your bounteous hand imparts.
 " —I seek the ship; soon to return again;
 " But you, your sceptre, and your isle retain.
 " —Think not, thro' scorn your offer I decline;
 " But perils vast, and fated toils are mine."
 He prest her hand, and hasted to repair,
 With peaceful tidings from the royal fair.
 As, to the city gates he past along, 1310
 Around his steps the blooming maidens throng,
 From ev'ry side; ten thousand beauteous dames,
 With looks of transport, and with loud acclaims.

A train of waggons, rolling on the shore,
 Gifts and refreshments to the strangers bore,
 The band, in order, hear their chief report
 The words of welcome from the *Lemnian* court;
 Words, that with all a joyful hearing find;
 For amorous wishes rose in every mind:
 The soft desires, that beauty's queen inspir'd, 1320
 Anxious to work what *Vulcan* most desir'd;
 From desolation to redeem his land,
 And croud his altars with a manly band.

Now *Jason* seeks the *Lemnian* queen's abode;
 And each, as chance directs, pursues his road.
 By choice, *Alcides* at the ship remain'd;
 And for a guard a chosen few retain'd.
 No soft indulgence could admission find;
 No fond delights subdue that mighty mind. 1240

In choral songs, its joy the city breath'd,
 And dance, and feast, and clouds of incense wreath'd.
 To *Vulcan*, chief of the celestial throng,
 Were sacrifices giv'n, and sacred song;
 And his fair bride, the sov'ran queen of charms,
 Was call'd propitious to their soft alarms.
 Their voyage is deferr'd from day to day.
 Still new pretences authorise delay.
 Still had they linger'd, by delights enthrall'd;
 But stern *Alcides* his companions call'd.
 He view'd their weakness with indignant heart, 1250
 He call'd them from the female train apart.

Reproachful he began—"Are then the band,
 "A troop of exiles from their native land?—
 "Have you, for consorts plough'd the billowy flood,
 "And scorn'd the virgins of your kindred blood?
 "Have we for this endur'd such mighty toil?—
 "As colonists to till the *Lemnian* soil?
 "Suits it the honour of your former praise,
 "With foreign dames, to waste inglorious days?

" In bondage crouded, captives of the fair, 1350
 " Will ye renounce the subject of your pray'r?
 " How shall the Gods such sacrifice behold?
 " Will they spontaneous grant the fleece of gold?
 " —Each to his home return.—Let *Jason* prove
 " The joys, that wait *Hypsipile* and love;
 " For them, his country, and his fame resign,
 " And people *Lemnos*, with a manly line." —

The sharp invective wak'd their shame and pride.—
 With downcast eyes they stood; and none replied.

Th' assembly parts confus'd, and each, in haste, 1360
 Prepares again to tempt the wat'ry waste.

That purpose known, in swarms with murmur loud,
 Among the youths the busy females croud.
 As bees from hollow rocks, with murmuring sound,
 Pour forth, and buz the beauteous flow'rs around;
 Refresh'd with dew-drops smile the fragrant meads;
 While they, from flow'r to flow'r, as fancy leads,
 On pinions light pursue their airy toil,
 And drain from silky cups the nectar'd spoil;
 With tender action, and with plaintive tongue, 1370
 To some lov'd youth each *Lemnian* female clung,
 And fondly pray'd, with hands and eyes up-borne,
 The gracious Gods, to grant his safe return.

Hypsipile the hand of *Jason* prest;
 And tears reliev'd her agonizing breast.

—" Go then.—May Heav'n your brave companions
 guard;

" And may the golden fleece your toils reward.—

" Go then, my friend, th' heroic aim pursue,

" The glorious fortune, to such merit due.

" Know, that this isle, and my paternal throne, 1380

" Wait thy return, reserv'd for thee alone.

" Myriads on myriads would augment thy train,

" From many a city, and from many a plain.

" But, well I know, thou never wilt return,
 " And I am doom'd with hopeless flames to burn.
 " Yet go, and whether far remote or near,
 " My faithful image thro' thy wand'rings bear.
 " Some parting mandate leave, that I may prove
 " The fond remembrance of an absent love.
 " Some blessing to the produce of our flame, 1390
 " If Heav'n shall crown me with a parent's name."
 Then *Jason*, wond'ring at her love, replied,
 " Events propitious from the Gods betide!
 " Awake to passion, yet thy lover's mind
 " Supremely feels the patriot wish refin'd.
 " Beset with dangers wheresoe'er I roam,
 " With fond attachment I pursue my home.
 " If Heav'n shall aid me to surmount my toil,
 " And bring me safely to my native soil;
 " To friendly views may *Pelias'* heart incline, 1400
 " And native seats, domestic joys be mine.—
 " But of this frame should diff'rent fates dispose,
 " And distant regions must my wand'rings close;
 " Then, should a son our mutual wishes crown,
 " When youth invests his cheek with manly down,
 " Let him *Iolcus*, in *Pelasgia* find,
 " And soothe with duty the parental mind;
 " In sorrows lingering should my parents stay,
 " To mourn a son untimely snatch'd away;
 " But, should they, then, have sought th' *Elysian* plain,
 " Not wholly friendless shall my child remain; 1411
 " My countrymen, far from the tyrant's court,
 " Within their dwellings shall his youth support."

Thus saying, to the ship he led the way.
 His firm example all the train obey.—
 Embark'd, with hand robust they grasp'd their oars,
 In order plac'd; and *Argus* from the shores
 The cables loos'd.—The bending sweeps they plied;
 And sinewy arms upturn'd the curling tide.

By *Orpheus* counsel'd, as the day declin'd, 1420
 Fair *Samothrace*, *Electra's* seat they find,
 Daughter of *Atlas*, that to them reveal'd
 The mystic rites, with sacred awe conceal'd,
 And doubly purified, in frame and mind,
 Objects of love to the celestial kind,
 With pious confidence, th' advent'rous train
 Might meet the perils of the stormy main.—
 But, cease my tongue, nor with unhallow'd sound,
 Pursue the strange mysterious theme profound,
 No subject meet of song;—let silence hide 1430
 That isle, and deities who there preside.

Thro' the vast depths of the *Melanian* surge,
 Their eager course th' unwearied rowers urge.
 The shore of *Thrace* upon their right hand lies,
 And on their left the rocks of *Imbrus* rise.
 When now the sun first sunk into the main,
 A wide extent, the *Ghersonese* they gain.—
 Strong rose the southern blast; they set their sails,
 And thrid the current, while the breeze prevails.
 A dangerous strait, that hapless *Helle's* name, 1440
 And doom untimely, consecrate to fame.
 That upper sea they left, with morning ray,
 A different measure, at the close of day.
 All night along *Rbeteian* shores they steer:
Idean uplands on their right appear.
Dardania past, *Abydus* then they gain,
Percoté next, *Abarnis'* sandy plain,
 And *Pityeä* fair.—With steady force
 The winds direct impell'd their onward course,
 And safely thro' the *Hellespont* they past, 1440
 In eddies blackening thro' the greedy vast.
 Within *Propontis* tow'r'd a lofty isle,
 Where *Phrygia's* wealthy plains adjacent smile.
 An island then—for now the base extends,
 With daily augments, that the water lends,

To meet the main land, rising thro' the wave,
 And hears on either side the billows rave.
 Far as it stretches thro' the wat'ry roar,
 With gradual course declining to the shore,
 The swelling strand a two-fold access knows; 1460
 —Beneath, the current of *Æsepus* flows.—
 —The height above is call'd the mount of bears;
 A name expressive of the general fears;
 For savage beasts, and men, more savage still,
 With terrors multiplied that region fill.
 An earth-born race, inur'd to spoil and wrong,
 Six hands of violence to each belong;
 Two sinewy arms from their broad shoulders grow;
 Four from their horrid sides depend below.
 The *Dolians*, a more mild and peaceful train, 1470
 Held the low *Isthmus*; and o'erspread the plain.
 They temp'rate rule and equal laws obey'd;
Thessalian Cyzicus their sceptre sway'd,
 The son of *Eneus*, whom *Enete* bore,
Eusorus' daughter, on the *Thracian* shore.
 No wrongs they prov'd, from that fierce earth-born
 kind,
 For *Neptune's* influence aw'd the savage mind.
 Deriv'd from him, in long transmitted line,
 The *Dolians* boast an origin divine.—
 With fury *Argo* runs her wat'ry race, 1480
 Before th' impetuous winds of stormy *Thrace*,
 An haven fair receives the weary band;
 As driv'n with force the vessel dash'd to land.
 There, as sage *Tiphys* bade, the cautious crew
 Their stony anchor near a fountain threw,
Artacia's fount. A rock of ampler size,
 And weight more adequate, the place supplies.
 This, warn'd by *Phebus*, in prophetic rhymes,
Ionian colonists, of after times,

Who, led by *Nelens*, left their native plain, 1490
Set, as a monument, in *Pallas'* fane.

The guardian pow'r, in ev'ry danger tried,
Who guided *Jason* thro' the foamy tide.

The *Dolians* with their monarch sought the strand,
To greet the strangers, ere they reach'd the land;
Soon as they learn'd the lineage of the train,
And purpos'd voyage thro' the stormy main.
They gently urge them, with reception fair,
To ply their oars, and thro' the bay repair.
The strangers follow, where such welcome calls; 1500
And moor their vessel near the city walls.—

Now disembark'd, their pious rites to pay,
They rear'd an altar, to the god of day,
Ecbasius, worshipt, when the sea-worn band,
Their dangers past, approach the welcome land.

The friendly monarch, for the rites divine,
The fatted flocks bestow'd, and generous wine.
For previous oracles, with high command,
Assur'd his kindness to th' heroic band,
The purpose of their hardy voyage taught, 1510
And chac'd suspicion from his anxious thought,
Bade him the warriors hail, without a fear,
And aid extend, and hostile acts forbear.

New to his cheek the down of manhood came;
Nor boasts he yet, a father's honour'd name.
Within the palace his fair bride remains,
As yet unconscious of a mother's pains,
The fair-hair'd *Clité*, form'd to wake desire;
Percosian Merops was her noble sire. 1520

Her, won by countless gifts, her husband bore,
In pride of beauty, from *Percote's* shore.
Young as she was, her free and dauntless mind
The bridal room and nuptial couch resign'd,
To mix familiar with the stranger race,
And share the banquets, that their welcome grace.

Meantime, the leaders their discourse prolong.
 Alternate questions croud upon the tongue.
 While, from the strangers *Cizycus* demands
 Their destin'd course, and *Pelias*' stern commands,
 And *Jason* bids his royal host explain, 1530
 What various tribes possess th' adjacent plain;
 What various nations, in a circle spread,
 Around *Propontis*' wide capacious bed.—
 Much more to know, th' advent'rous train require,
 Did information second their desire.

When o'er the landscape morning light prevail'd,
 The giant heights of *Dindymus* they scal'd.
 The winding bays and shallows to survey;
 And, from the station where the vessel lay,
 The road of *Chytus*, *Argo* came impell'd; 1540
 And now the harbour more advanc'd she held.
 Long time that arduous mountain path remain'd,
 That *Jason* trod, and still his name retain'd.

Now, from the summits, with impetuous force,
 The savage giants urg'd their hostile course.
 Beneath the crags of overhanging rock,
 The mouth of *Chytus* they prepare to block,
 With stony masses, where it joins the main;
 As tho' they sought some monster to restrain,
 Within their toils.—But, with the younger band,
 The strong *Alcides* takes his watchful stand. 1551
 With nervous arms he bends th' unerring bow,
 And heaps on parent earth the gasping foe,
 The giant race th' undaunted hero plied,
 With massy fragments from the mountain's side,
 Hurl'd high in air, destruction of the brave,
 Such wond'rous strength vindictive *Juno* gave.—
 To crush *Alcides*, in th' unequal fight
 She crown'd these monsters with stupendous might.—
 While thus the heroes in the combat burn'd,
 Their brave companions from the heights return'd,

And near them in compacted phalanx stand, 1551
 To share the slaughter of that earth-born band.
 Then, some their fate from flying arrows found,
 And some the spear laid prostrate on the ground.
 Nor ceas'd the deadly toil, ere all the brood
 Had drench'd their native rocks with caitiff blood.
 As when the woodmen, o'er some river's bank,
 Dispose the lofty trees in many a rank,
 New from their ax, that moisture of the stream 1570
 May season for the wedge the brittle beam;
 Thus, on the margin of the foamy bay,
 A space confin'd, in rows the giants lay.
 Some, in the waves immerse the breast and head,
 While on the beach the monstrous limbs lie spread;
 Some rest their heads upon the sandy shore,
 And hide their feet beneath the billow's roar,
 To birds and fishes of voracious kind
 Expos'd a prey, and welt'ring to the wind.

Their labours freed from danger and from fear,
 The vessel to the wind the heroes clear; 1581
 With spreading sails her rapid course advanc'd;
 All day along the swelling surge she glanc'd.
 As day declin'd, the favouring breezes fail,
 Too soon succeeded by an adverse gale.
 So fierce and sudden that unfriendly blast
 The pilot's skill, and rower's strength surpast,
 Snatch'd from her track, the lab'ring ship it bore,
 Back to the *Dolian's* hospitable shore.

Wrapt in the shades of night, th' heroic band 1590
 Sprung to the shore, nor know that friendly land.
 Nor could the *Dolians*, through the gloom, descry
 Their guests, endear'd by many a social tie;
 While *Argo* some *Pelagic* vessel seem'd,
 Her people *Macris'* hostile sons they deem'd;
 With armour snatch'd in haste they urg'd their course,
 To meet th' imagin'd foes with force to force.

The bands conflicting 'gainst each other dash;
 And spears encounter spears, and bucklers clash.
 Dire was the onset, loud the cry of fear; 1600
 As when among the thickets dry and sere,
 A conflagration falls, with noisy sway,
 And roaring volumes urge their wasteful way.—
 Ill-fated king! whom Heav'n no more allows
 To reach his home, or clasp his youthful spouse!—
 The son of *Æson* met his bold advance,
 And thro' his breast impell'd the fatal lance.
 Around the point the crashing bones resound;
 And life's warm current issues from the wound.
 Roll'd on th' empurpled sand, the youth sustain'd
 Th' inevitable doom for man ordain'd. 1611
 The fatal barrier burst, that holds confin'd
 Within its pale, our weak and fev'rish kind.
 Thus, he, who thought all danger of this band
 Far far remov'd, by Heav'n's protecting hand,
 By fate entangled, on that fatal night,
 So soon succeeding to the social rite,
 With many of his brave companions, slain
 In conflict dire, lay prostrate on the plain.
 Alcides rest brave *Telecles* of life, 1620
 With *Megabrontes*, in the mortal strife.
Acastus mingles *Sphodris* with the dead,
 By *Peleus*, *Zelys*, and *Gephyrus* bled.
 And *Telamon*, supreme the lance to wield,
 Laid *Basileus* extended on the field.
 With *Promus*, *Hyacinthas* prest the ground,
Idas and *Clytius* dealt the mortal wound.
 The twins of *Leda*, with unerring aim,
 Stout *Megalossaces*, and *Phlogeus* tame.
Itomeneus, from *Meleager's* arm, 1630
 And bold *Artaces* felt the mortal harm,
 Illustrious shades, ye find those tribes among,
 The rites, that to th' heroic dead belong.

The scar'd survivors fled, with panic fear,
 Like flights of doves, that find the falcon near.
 In heaps confus'd, within the gates they croud;
 And fill the city with their clamours loud.
 Mournful return from that pernicious fight!
 But, when the morn display'd her rosy light,
 Both parties, then, their cruel error knew, 1640
 And anguish fill'd each spirit at the view.
 The *Minyæ* mourn'd, as breathless on the shore
 The youthful king lay welt'ring in his gore.
 Three days with grief conjoin'd they mourn'd the dead;
 They tore their hair; and on the corses spread;
 And thrice in brazen arms they cours'd around
 The heroes clos'd in the sepulchral mound;
 The tomb they circled in two bands, and paid
 All honours suited to the parted shade;
 Image of war, along the grassy plain 1650
 The games they led, in mem'ry of the slain;
 Where still untouch'd succeeding ages keep,
 With pious awe, their monumental heap.
 Nor *Clité* long surviv'd her husband's fate
 New horrors rise to swell the doom of hate.
 Eager to follow her departed lord,
 Around her neck she knit the fatal cord.—
 The hapless victim of connubial love,
 Was mourn'd, by ev'ry nymph of lawn and grove,
 The Gods approving mark'd her constant flame, 1660
 And bade a prodigy preserve her fame.
 The tears, that from her eyes bedew'd the plain,
 A fountain rose, and still her name retain.—
 Sad, and portentous, harbinger of woes,
 That cruel morn on ev'ry *Dolian* rose;
 And all forgot, in deep despairing mood,
 The care of being, and the thoughts of food.
 When hunger rag'd, it's urgent pangs to heal,
 With gloomy haste they snatch'd the casual meal,

On *Ceres'* gifts, as from the field they came; 1670
And savage food unconscious of the flame.

And still in *Cizycus* th' *Ionian* race
To that event a solemn custom trace,
That, when revolving time within their walls,
With annual lapse, th' ill-omen'd day recalls,
They homely cakes of coarsest meal prepare,
As emblems of that public grief and care.

Twelve days and nights such stormy blasts prevail,
That ev'n the boldest fear to spread the sail.

The night that follow'd, as the heroes slept, 1680

The watch while *Mopsus* and *Acastus* kept,
Near *Jason's* head with golden tresses crown'd,
The peaceful halcyon wheel'd her airy round;
And, as she wheel'd, foretold in shrilly strain,
A truce with warring winds, that vex'd the main.

That sea-born bird sage *Mopsus* understood,
And voice presageful of the smiling flood.

Sent by some god the bird return'd again,
With circling flight, and perch'd upon the vane.

Their slumb'ring chief the heapy fleeces prest. 1690

The voice of *Mopsus* interrupts his rest.

From sleep he shook him—" Son of *Æson*, wake,

" To rocky *Dindymus** thy steps betake.

" Where on its top aspires a temple fair,

" Appease † the mother of the Gods by pray'r.

" Then shall the tempests cease to vex the main,

" So halcyon sings, who never sings in vain.

" For, while you slumber'd thro' the shades of night,

" Around the bird of prescience wheel'd her flight.—

" Know, that on mighty *Cybele* depend 1700

" The storms that bellow, and the waves that rend.

* A mountain of *Phrygia*.

† For the death of *Cyzicus*.

" The war of elements, that takes its birth,
 " In the dark entrails of the lab'ring earth,
 " And ev'ry change of airy meteors, bred
 " Where cold *Olympus* rears his snowy head.
 " To her precedence ev'n the thunderer yields,
 " When earth she leaves, for bright ethereal fields.
 " All deities, throughout the starry sphere,
 " That awful source of living things revere."

The chief, delighted as he spake, attends; 1710
 Leaps from his couch, and calls his gallant friends.
 In haste he calls, and to th' assembled bands
 Explains what *Mopsus* from the Gods commands.
 Soon to the mountain, ready at his call,
 The youths impell'd the bullock from the stall.
 Some from the sacred rocks the vessel clear,
 And rowing to the *Thracian* haven steer,
 A few remaining the tall ship defend,
 The rest the mountain with their chief ascend.
 As in a picture, from that tow'ring height, 1720
 The *Macrian* rocks, and *Thrace* approach'd the sight;
 The *Bosporus* involv'd in rising steams,
 The hills of *Mysia*, with *Æsepus'* stream;
 That opposite the level *Troade* bound,
 With *Nepe's* plain, *Adraste's* walls around.—
 An ancient vine, within a neighb'ring wood,
 Where first it flourish'd, had for ages stood;
 The stock uprooted from the parent soil,
 A shape and polish takes from *Argus* toil;
 An image of the Goddess, form'd with skill, 1730
 They place it high upon a craggy hill,
 O'er arching broad where stately beeches grow,
 That deeply shoot their twisted roots below.
 Stones rudely heaped an hasty altar made,
 With dusky leaves of oak their brows they shade.—

* *Cybele.*

The rites begin.—They call in hallow'd strains,
 That awful pow'r, o'er *Dindymus* that reigns.—
 “Parent of Gods, from *Phrygia* bend thine ear;
 “And sacred *Tityas*,* with *Cyllenus** hear.”—
 These only of a numerous train were seen, 1740
 The guides of fate, th' assessors of the queen,
Idean Dactyls, in the *Cretan* cave,
 Whom fair *Anchialé* to being gave,
 When, struggling in *Lucina's* painful toil,
 With both her hands she grasp'd *Oaxis*'† soil.—
 The pious chief, if thus the heav'nly mind
 Might yield, to calm the wave, and chain the wind,
 With lips devout, and suppliant action prays;
 And pours libation, o'er the sacred blaze,
Orpheus commands, the youths in arms advance, 1750
 And tread the measures of the warlike dance,‡
 With swords they clash their shields; and all around,
 Thro' the vex'd air, the dismal clangors sound.
 That ancient custom still the nations keep,
 When kings are borne within the tomb to sleep.
 In *Rhea's* worship, still the *Phrygian* crowd
 The Goddess soothe, with drums and timbrels loud.
 With spotless hands preferr'd, and pious mind,
 Their vows and off'rings heav'nly favor find.
 Divine *Antea* || mark'd them with delight; 1760
 Propitious omens blest the gladden'd sight;

* *Tityas, Cyllenus*.—Names of the *Idei Dactyli*.

† *Oaxis*.—There was a river of this name in *Crete*, another in *Mesopotamia*.

‡ This dance was called *Betarmus*; see notes vol. 2. from the temple of the deity where it was practised, or from the regulation of movement in dancing.

|| *Rhea* was so called; the reader will find the origin of this name in the notes, vol. 2.

The trees above abundant fruit display'd;
 And earth below the green and tender blade.
 From the dark cavern, and the woody lae,
 With fawning act, the savage beasts repair.
 More wond'rous still, amid the thirsty soil,
 Of *Dindymus*, unapt for rustic toil,
 From rocky crags the gushing fountain came,
 Perennial spring, that bears the hero's name.
 —That solemn day, the mount of bears along, 1770
 They spread the feast, and sooth'd the power with song.*
 The winds were hush'd, as morn began to smile,
 And force of rowing bore them from that isle.
 Each chief contended in the wat'ry field,
 Who most should labour, and who last should yield.
 Surrounding æther a still calm possest,
 And lull'd the waves, and smooth'd old *Ocean's* breast.
 Confiding in that calm, with efforts strong,
 They ply'd their oars, the vessel shot along. 1779
 Not *Neptune's* steeds, such was th' impetuous force,
 With feet of storm, could reach it's flying course.
 When now the deep with winds began to heave,
 Breath'd from the river banks, at close of eve,
 With toil incessant their exertions fail'd;
 Unchang'd alone *Alcides'* might prevail'd.
 In strength resistless, to himself he drew
 The force conjoin'd of all the lab'ring crew.
 His mighty stroke the vessel sends along;
 The timbers tremble, with concussion strong.
 As onward to the *Mysian* land they haste, 1790
 The roaring mouths of *Rhyndacus*† are past.
Ægeon's monument, and *Phrygia's* plain,
 Lay near in prospect, as they trac'd the main.

* *Rhea*, or *Cybele*.

† *Rhyndacus*, a river of *Phrygia*.

Here, as the hero dash'd the wave aside,
 His oar broke short, within the furrow'd tide.
 Half as he grasp'd, with force oblique, he fell;
 Half floated wide, upon the billowy swell.
 His seat regain'd, he gaz'd in silence round;
 Strange to his hands appear'd the rest they found.

What time the delvers and the ploughmen haste
 Home to the lowly roof, and spare repast; 1801
 When at the porch their weary knees they rest,
 And curse their lot, with pangs of hunger prest;
 Then, squalid from the parch'd and dusty soil,
 Gaze on their hands sore from the rustic toil;
 They reach'd the dwellings of *Ciane's* shore,
 And *Cius'* mouths, where waves conflicting roar.—
 Th' *Arganthonian** mount, with gloomy brow,
 Majestic frowns upon the stream below.

The *Mysian* habitants, along the plain, 1810
 With fair reception greet the peaceful train;
 And to their wants supply, with lib'ral hand,
 Whate'er the sea-worn mariners demand.
 All that for banquet or repose they need,
 The racy vintage some, and fleecy breed;
 And some collect the billets sere and dry;
 Soft herbage others for the couch supply.
 Part of the *Minyæ* round the hearths repair;
 Part mingle wine; the viands part prepare;
 They worship *Phebus*,† as the sun descends, 1820
 Rever'd by sailors when their voyage ends.

The festive rites the son of *Jove* resign'd,
 For diff'rent thoughts possess his active mind.

* For some account of the different places mentioned in the text, the reader, as I have already said, is referred to the notes in the second volume.

† *Phebus Ecbasius*, so called, from a Greek verb, that signifies to disembark.

Thro' woods perplex'd he held his devious course;
And sought an oar to match his mighty force.

There, as he wander'd, chance an ash display'd,
Nor thick with branches, nor opprest with shade.

As tapering strait it's graceful head it rear'd,
Like a young poplar the fair plant appear'd.

His bow and quiver on the verdant soil 1830

He laid, and cast aside the lion's spoil.—

His pond'rous club *Alcides* first applied,

He shook the stubborn root, from side to side,

With legs diverging as the hero stands,

He stooping grasp'd the stem, with both his hands,

Then, strongly prest with shoulders broad above,

As with the deeply-rooted plant he strove.

—It yields—it falls—his vast impetuous sway

The roots and earthy fibres tore away.

As, when *Orion* holds the wint'ry sky, 1840

And sudden tempests from their caverns fly,

Incumbent from above the furious blast,

With all its bolts and clasps, uptears the mast.

Again the chief his bow and quiver took;

With puissant hand the massy club he shook;

The lion's hide athwart his shoulders threw;

And hasted to rejoin the gallant crew.

With duteous care and fond attention fraught,

A sacred spring the youthful *Hylas* sought,

Far from the band.—He bears a brazen urn, 1850

For limpid water 'gainst the chief's return;

In order due, that the repast might shine,

Such prompt obedience, gentle youth, was thine.

His childhood thus the hero lov'd to train,

Since first he bore him from his sire's domain.

Alcides' hand depriv'd that sire of life,

A steer for rustic labour caus'd the strife;

Theodamas, a chief of name renown'd,

Among the *Dryopes* his doom he found.

Amid the labours of the furrow'd field,
 The sullen chief refus'd the prize to yield.
 Th' unbending hero urg'd the stern demand,
 For much he sought a contest with the band,
 Regardless, as they were, of social ties,
 And Gods and men accustom'd to despise.—
 But these details the devious bard mislead;
 Pursue we then, the stripling o'er the mead.
 When to the margin of the fount he came,
 That bears among the natives *Pegæ's* name,
 Around the spring, by fate's decree, or chance, 1870
 A choir of nymphs entwin'd the mystic dance.
 For all the nymphs, that haunt the wood, the cave,
 Or their fair limbs, in that bright fountain lave,
 With dance and choral warblings thro' the night,
 Sooth the fair Goddess of the silver light.—
 From many a woodland haunt, the virgin throng,
Oread, and *Dryad*, join'd the dance and song.
 A nymph, emergent from the crystal flood,
 The fair *Hydatié*, on the margin stood,
 She view'd the boy, array'd in youthful charms, 1880
 By ev'ry grace; and throbb'd with soft alarms.—
 The roseat bloom of health his cheek display'd,
 Around his form the sweet allurements play'd,
 Seen doubly charming, by the lunar beam,
 That o'er his beauties shot a milder gleam.
 —Oh how the venom tingled thro' her breast!—
 She pants—she faints—with wild desire possest.
 —The youth inclining o'er the fountain bends,
 And thro' the crystal lymph his urn descends.
 Cool and translucent as the gushing rill, 1890
 With gurgling sound his urn began to fill,
 The time was apt, and opportune the place,
 She sprang to fold him in a soft embrace,
 Eager, to print an ardent kiss, and sip
 The nectar from his soft and ruby lip.

Her left hand o'er his ivory neck she threw,
 And by his elbow, with her right she drew.
 Deep plung'd the boy; and scream'd with sudden fear
 Distressful notes, that reach'd a single ear.
 The son of *Elatus*,* as o'er the plain 1900
 He wander'd lonely, heard the piteous strain.
 To meet *Alcides* he pursued his way,
 Foreboding evil from the chief's delay.
 Attracted by the boy's distressful cries,
 With haste impetuous to the spring he flies.—
 As when the savage beast, with hunger bold,
 Lur'd by the bleatings of the distant fold,
 With headlong rage the hurdled cote assails,
 Fierce as he is the bold invader fails.
 Enclos'd the shepherds guard their fleecy care, 1910
 He pants, he roars, and weary seeks his lair.—
 Thus, *Polyphemus* rag'd the spring around;—
 He groans, his clamours thro' the air resound.
 But vain his rage, his clamours all are vain,
 —He turns his steps to seek the social train.
 The naked falchion glitters in his hand,
 To scare the beasts of prey, the pirate band.
 Along the path he wav'd the shining blade,
 And soon discern'd *Alcides* thro' the shade.
 The mournful chance the hero thus exprest, 1920
 While groans and pantings shook his lab'ring breast.
 “Wretch that I am, by fate ordain'd to rend,
 “With mortal grief the bosom of my friend;
 “To tell him, what thro' life he shall deplore,
 “His darling youth, his *Hylas* is no more.—
 “Whether he died, of savage beasts the prey,
 “Or roving pirates bore the youth away,
 “Doubtful the mode, but certain is the grief;
 “I heard his cries too late to yield relief.”

* *Polyphemus*.

The bursting sweat, that o'er his temples flow'd,
 The mortal anguish of *Alcides* show'd. 193¹
 Despair and rage the fatal words inflame.
 The vital currents boil within the frame.
 Th' uprooted ash he hurls away in wrath,
 And rushes wild, as chance directs his path.—
 —As when the hornet's sting with fury fills
 The mighty bull, he flies the meads and rills,
 That wander o'er the low and marshy land,
 Deserts the herd, nor heeds the rustic band,
 Onward he drives—and restless, now the plains 194⁰
 He traverses—now motionless remains,
 Rears high the brawny neck, and mighty crest,
 And roars tremendous, from a tortur'd breast.
 So rag'd the chief; and headlong now he flies,
 Now motioplless, he rends the air with cries,
 The piercing sounds of anguish and despair
 Reverberated fill the troubled air.

The rays of morning smote each mountain's brow,
 While fresh from heav'n the favouring breezes flow.
 The prudent *Tiphys* bade the train employ 195⁰
 The precious season, and the winds enjoy.—
 Gladly they hear; and the tall ship ascend,
 They heave their anchors, and the sails unbend.
 Far from that shore, with canvas swell'd they haste,
 And *Posidëium's** cliff rejoicing past.
 Morn from her heav'nly goal with eyelids glad
 Return'd, the field with yellow lustre clad;
 And o'er the mead, with scatter'd dew-drops bright,
 Her roseat fingers shed the seeds of light.
 The band perceiv'd whom they had left behind
 Unwary, and contention fill'd the mind; 196⁰
 Clamours and tumult rose, for they had lost
 The best, and noblest of th' assembled host.

* A cape of *Bithynia*.

Then *Jason* rapt in mute affliction sate,
 Confounded by this stroke of adverse fate,
 Such mighty grief his lab'ring thought assail'd,
 That, sunk in stupor, all expression fail'd.

But sudden fury *Telamon* possest;
 And words reproachful spoke the stormy breast.
 "And dost thou calmly sit, with placid mind, 1970
 "When lost is he, that first of human kind?—
 "No work of chance—I read the dark design.
 "Thine burning envy, artifice was thine.
 "Thine heart foretold, that, when their wand'ring o'er
 "The hardy Greeks should gain their native shore,
 "The matchless glories of *Alcides'* fame
 "To dark oblivion would consign thy name.
 "But words are idle—I no more remain,
 "With such a chief, and his deceitful train."
 He ceas'd, and with a bound on *Tiphys** flies; 1980
 While flames of fury lighten from his eyes.

Now back to *Mysia*—had their course been held;
 Tho' waves resisted, and tho' winds repell'd,
 But, the twinn'd offspring of the *Thracian* wind.
 With stern reproaches check'd his wrathful mind.
 Ah youths ill-fated! they were doom'd to bear,
 For these their words, a recompence severe.
Alcides felt, how they had sway'd the band
 To leave him there amid a stranger land.
 And, as the brothers from the games return'd, 1990
 And obsequies, that *Pelias* slain inurn'd,
 In sea-girt *Tenos*, by his hand they died,
 That fatal hand their monument supplied.
 Relenting, o'er the dead a mound he rear'd;
 Two columns sacred to their fame appear'd;

* With an intention of forcing him to put back the vessel.

† See notes and observations, vol. 2.

And one, a prodigy, that sense confounds,
Trembles, whene'er the northern blast resounds.

But these events the womb of time conceal'd.
Meantime, amid the furious waves reveal'd,
Glaucus, the prescient son of *Nereus*, rose. 2000

His bushy head, and hairy breast he shows.—

Emergent from the deep, with mighty hand,
He grasp'd the keel, and shouted to the band.—

“Thwart not the doom of *Jove*; attempt no more,

“To bear *Alcides* to the *Pontic* shore.

“For him in *Argos* tyrant hate ordains

“Twelve conflicts rude, with perils and with pains:

“These labours past, he joins his heav'nly sire.

“To godhead thus the sons of *Jove* aspire.

“Then, seek him not; nor mourn, whom ruling *Jove*

“By earthly suff'rings calls to bliss above.

“Nor yet on *Polyphemus* bend your care.

“The Gods for him a diff'rent fate prepare,

“At *Cius*' mouths to found the *Mysian* wall;

“On boundless *Chalybean* plains, to fall.

“*Hylas* remains, (the cause for which they rov'd,)

“A youthful bridegroom by a Goddess lov'd.

 A depth immense he plung'd to wat'ry caves.

Above in circling eddies foam'd the waves.

The ship sprang forward, as with mighty force 2010

The God descending urg'd her liquid course.

The heroes all rejoic'd—with eager haste,

The generous *Telamon* towards *Jason* past;

His hand he seis'd; and with affection prest,

Embrac'd the chief, and thus his speech address.—

“O *Jason*, wilt thou not forgive thy friend,

“That rash and thoughtless haply might offend?—

“Grief dictates words injurious and unkind.—

“Be they forgotten—give them to the wind.—

“—All past resentments, every cause of pain—

“No thoughts but those of amity remain.”— 2020

—The son of *Æson* prudent thus replied.—
 “ Harsh were thy words, but rage those words supplied.
 “ —A cruel charge!—desert the man I lov’d!—
 “ But be resentment from my soul remov’d.—
 “ Tho’ feeling suffer’d, I can prize thy worth.—
 “ ’Twas jealous friendship call’d reproaches forth.
 “ Not thine the motives of plebeian strife,
 “ The sordid incidents of vulgar life,
 “ A flock of sheep, or other selfish claim, 2040
 “ That wakes in little minds contention’s flame;
 “ And were I wrong’d, thy just and noblest heart
 “ Would prompt for me, the same ingenuous part.”

He said—and love succeeds to stern debate,
 With spirits harmoniz’d the heroes sate.—
 —The friends, meantime, their destinies attend;
 One fated to behold his walls ascend;
 And one to meet, upon his native plains,
 The dreadful tasks *Eurystheus’* ire ordains.
 The son of *Jove* his ravish’d *Hylas* sought, 2050
 With furious action, and distemper’d thought;
 —He calls on *Hylas*.—Unavailing call!
 His direful threats the *Mysian* swains appal.
 —“ Restore him living, or produce him slain;
 “ Or carnage smokes along your ravag’d plain.”
 The rulers, to preserve their menac’d land,
 With hostages avert his fatal hand,
 The *Mysian* race those solemn pledges bind,
 To search incessant till the youth they find.
 Ev’n now, where *Cius* flows, the *Mysian* throng 2060
 For *Hylas* lost the public search prolong;
 And, from those hostages deriv’d of old,
 The men of *Trachin* still the custom hold.

The wind, propitious to the vessel’s flight,
 Breath’d all the day, and all the cool of night.
 But when *Aurora* broke the bands of sleep
 No breeze was stirring o’er the glassy deep.

A rising shore the mariners survey,
A spacious strand outspread within a bay.
Thither, as dawn appear'd, their oars they ply, 2070
Then morn arose, rejoicing ev'ry eye.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK THE SECOND.



ARGUMENT.

The *Argonauts* having arrived at the country of the *Bebrycians*, *Amycus*, king of that people, challenges them to produce a person able to contend with him in boxing.—*Pollux* accepts the challenge, and kills his antagonist.—A battle ensues, between the *Argonauts* and *Bebrycians*.—The former kill many of their opponents, and compel the rest to save themselves by flight.—The *Argonauts* find *Phineus* deprived of sight, who implores their aid against the harpies, who used to carry away his food, before he could taste it.—*Phineus*, it seems, knew, by prophetic inspiration, long before the arrival of the adventurers, that they were fated, to drive away the monsters, that persecuted him.—In compliance with his prayers, the sons of *Boreas* undertake the task; and chase the harpies to the islands called the *Strophades*.—*Phineus*, meantime, explains to the *Argonauts* the course of their navigation to *Colchos*.—The sons of *Boreas* return, and give an account of their pursuit of the harpies, and how they were prevented from destroying them, by the interposition of *Iris*.—Cause of the blindness of *Phineus*.—Of *Cyrene*, daughter of *Hypseus*, and *Aristæus*, her son by *Apollo*.—Fables respecting the *Etesian* winds.—*Argonauts* pass the *Symplegades*.—Reach a desert island on the coast of *Bithynia*.—*Phebus* appears to them there.—They erect an altar, and worship him, by the name of *Phebus Eous*.—They reach the country of the *Mariandyni*.—*Lycus*, king of the district, receives them in the most friendly manner; on account of their having

punished his enemy, *Amycus*.—Here, *Idmon*, the prophet, dies, being wounded by a wild boar; and also *Tiphys* the pilot.—*Ancaeus* offers his services to preside at the helm; and they are accepted.—The *Argonauts* pass various places.—Customs and manners of the *Chalybes*, *Mosynæci*, and *Tibareni*.—Fabulous birds in the isle of *Mars*, expelled by the *Argonauts*.—The sons of *Phryxus*, by *Chalciope*, the daughter of *Æetes*, who had been shipwrecked on the island, in their passage to *Orchomenus*, are found there by the *Argonauts*.—They recognise each other, and proceed to *Colchos*.

—◆—

WHERE haughty *Amycus* possest the land,
 His spacious stables and his palace stand.
 This tyrant a *Bitynian* nymph, of yore,
 Fair *Melia*, to the god of ocean bore.
 Proudest of mortals, his ferocious mind
 Establish'd customs hostile to mankind.
 In fights of cestus, 'twas his cruel boast,
 To foil unhappy men, that reach'd the coast.
 And many died;—for none might thence depart,
 Without a trial of his strength and art. 10

As at the ship he question'd their descent,
 Their place of birth, and whither they were bent,
 With insolent contempt he mark'd the train,
 While boastive words his brutal thoughts explain.—
 “Wand'ers of ocean, wretched outcasts, hear
 “What much imports you, with attentive ear.—
 “Know, by my sov'reign pleasure 'tis decreed,
 “When strangers to *Bebrycia's* coast proceed,
 “The bold intruders shall not thence remove,
 “Ere they my prowess at the cestus prove. 20
 “The bravest, therefore, of your number send,
 “And, at the cestus, let him here contend.

“ For, should you dare this ordinance to scorn,
 “ The bitter fruits in common must be borne.”

His vauntive words the Greeks with anger fir'd
 And *Pollux* chief with generous rage inspir'd.

The champion of the social band he stood—
 “ Whoe'er thou art, forbear this taunting mood.

“ Thy threats are needless—we the rule obey—

“ Accept the combat, then resume our way. 30

“ I freely promise, to sustain the fight.—

“ Approach; and let me prove thine utmost might.”

Thus he undaunted.—At the youth so bold,
 The tyrant glar'd—his eyes in fury roll'd.—
 Pierc'd by the javelin with a madding wound,
 The lion thus, whom men and dogs surround,
 Compacted circle, rolls his blood-stain'd eyes;
 Nor heeds the crowd, but on the hunter flies,
 Whose aim, unerring yet imperfect, sped
 The wound, that fail'd to mix him with the dead. 40

The son of *Tyndarus** then laid aside
 His mantle soft in brightest tincture dy'd.

From looms of *Lemnos* the smooth texture came,
 The fond memorial of a gentle dame.—

Loos'd from the clasps aside the monarch threw
 His thick and double cloak of sable hue.

With it his sheephook on the ground he laid,
 Knotty and tough, of mountain olive made.—

Amid their followers,† on the tawny sand,
 Unlike in size and form, the champions stand. 50

Round the selected space their eyes they throw.
 Their train are seated in a two-fold row.

Tow'ring in horrid strength the monarch stood,
 Like fell *Typhæus*, or that monstrous brood,
 Which earth, enrag'd against the pow'rs above,
 Produc'd, to wage presumptuous war with *Jove*.

* *Pollux*.

† The *Argonauts* and *Bebrycians*.

But *Pollux* shone, like a celestial star,
 Resplendent thro' the gloom that shoots afar
 The silver shafts serenely bright and fair.
 Loose on his shoulders wav'd the shining hair. 60
 Scarce on his cheeks the down of manhood rose,
 From his glad eyes a speaking lustre flows;
 Yet, in his heart the lion's force was found;
 He moves his hands, and meditates a wound,
 Doubtful, if yet their pliant strength they hold,
 Worn by the toilsome oar, and numb'd by cold.—
 Far diff'rent *Amycus*.—He stood apart,
 And thro' the youth* his glances seem'd to dart.
 Athirst for blood, with wishes dire possest,
 To dash the vital streams from that fair breast. 70
Lycoreus now, the king's attendant, laid
 Before their feet the blood-stain'd gauntlets made,
 Pond'rous and hard, of dry and thickest hide.—
 The haughty chief these words of scorn applied.—
 "Take which thou wilt; and arm thee, for the blow.—
 "Without a lot, prædiction I bestow:
 "Lest thou hereafter, or thy social band
 "Unfairness charge upon the victor's hand.
 "But arm for fight; that feeling thou may'st tell,
 "How, in preparing gauntlets I excel; 80
 "And how these hands, without remorse, or pause,
 "The blood-stain'd visage mar, and crashing jaws."—
 The noble youth a wordy contest spares;
 And gently smiling for the fight prepares.
 Without a preference, from earth he caught
 The pair of gauntlets, chance had near him brought.
 Beside him *Castor*, and brave *Talaus* stand,
 They bind the weapons on each valiant hand;
 And much encouragement and counsel gave,
 Proofs of their love, but needless to the brave. 90

* *Pollux*.

Aratus, next, with *Ornytus* came near,
 And arm'd the monarch, for the task of fear.
 Ah fools, untaught, to pierce the future gloom,
 And see that combat seal their master's doom!
 Now, force to force the combatants apply.
 Before their fronts, they mix their hands on high.
 The king appears a wave abrupt and dark,
 That breaks with fury on the lab'ring bark.
 Scarce with his skill th' intrepid pilot saves
 The vessel buoyant o'er th' enormous waves, 100
 From the deep gulf escap'd, on either hand,
 Like walls immense, where heap'd up waters stand.
 Thus he, with direful threats, the youth pursued,
 Yet, mock'd by skill, no blood his hands imbrued.
 No rest—no pause—the youth with vigour bounds,
 From side to side—and shuns th' impending wounds.
 With dauntless courage, and unerring sight,
 He weighs and speculates the future fight,
 Marks the defences of his giant foe,
 The points unguarded, that invite a blow. 110
 There, there he presses, there his hopes are fix'd,
 And hands with hands, and blows with blows are mix'd.
 —As skilful carpenters the wedges drive,
 When timbers destin'd for some ship they rive;
 With noisy sway the hammer's weight descends;
 Wedge after wedge a forceful passage rends;
 Stroke follow'd stroke, nor interval, nor pause,
 Their cheeks resounded, and their crashing jaws;
 And loud their grinding teeth.—The fight prevail'd,
 Without remission, till their forces fail'd. 120
 With weary pantings painful breath they drew,
 Apart they stood, and wip'd the briny dew,
 Roll'd copious from their fronts. With doubled rage,
 Again they close, again in fight engage.—
 Thus, for some heifer, beauty of the mead,
 Two bulls to battle rush, with butting head.

Bebrycia's king stood rais'd, in act to wound,
 Like those that fell stout oxen to the ground.
 With weight enormous, a dire stroke he sped,
 The youth avoids it, with inclining head. 130
 And bending forward, as the foe advanc'd,
 His elbow lightly on the shoulder glanc'd.
 Now, closing firmly knee to knee was prest,
 Arm twin'd with arm, and breast encounter'd breast.
 Above his ear, with quick resistless blow,
 The gallant stripling smote his giant foe.
 The bones within were shatter'd by the wound,
 He sunk in anguish, kneeling on the ground.
 With loud acclaim, that deed the *Minyæ* view.
 In gushing blood th' indignant spirit flew. 140

Thro' the *Bebrycians* grief and rage prevail'd.—
 With clubs and lances they the youth assail'd.
 Before the youth advanc'd the social band,
 Resplendent falchions arm'd each valiant hand.
 First *Castor* slew the slain, and from above
 The head his weapon to the shoulders clove.
 The vast *Itomeneus* and *Mimas* felt
 What mortal harms the sword of *Pollux* dealt.
 As fiercely rush'd the first, with trampling sound,
 Beneath his breast he felt the fatal wound, 150
 And prone in dust lay stretch'd.—A rapid blow
 On *Mimas* lighting smote away his brow;
 Suffus'd in blood, bare roll'd the ball of sight;
 He groan'd, and sunk in everlasting night.
Orides, with injurious daring stor'd,
 Servant of *Amycus*, and like his lord,
 Bold *Talaus* wounded, in th' eventful strife.
 Full on the flank, nor reach'd the seat of life.
 Beneath his belt he feels the point of brass,
 With gliding wound short of the vitals pass. 160
 His mighty club with force *Aratus* sway'd;
 The valiant *Iphitus* he prostrate laid,

Not destin'd by that stroke to yield his breath,
 But he from *Clytus*' hand receiv'd his death.
 With indignation bold *Ancæus* swell'd;
 Aloft a dreadful battle-ax he held,
 A bear's black spoils upon his left hand hung,
 Himself like lightning 'mid the crowd he flung.
 Athirst for vengeance on the savage band,
 The sons of *Æäcus** beside him stand. 170
 The gallant *Jason* join'd with these attends,
 To swell the chosen groupe of noble friends.
 As, when in winter dreary frosts prevail,
 Th' embattled wolves the crouded fold assail.
 The guardian dog, the shepherd's care is vain;
 They rush upon the trembling fleecy train;
 They prowl with keen and eager search around,
 And mark the prey, tho' numbers choice con-
 found;
 Fetter'd by fear, and pent in narrow space,
 Heap'd on each other fall the bleating race. 180
 The heroes thus on the *Bebrycians* flew;
 And, heaps on heaps, o'erturn'd the caitiff crew.
 As when, with piercing smoke the peasants drive
 The swarm, from cavern'd rock, or straw-built
 hive;
 With fearful murmurs indistinctly loud,
 Within their walls the buzzing clusters crowd;
 But, when the fiery vapours roll'd amain,
 Spread thro' their cells the suffocating bane,
 Stunn'd and confus'd, their citadel they leave,
 The sounding air their dusky legions cleave; 190
 Confounded thus the routed myriads spread,
 To bear the tidings of their monarch dead.
 Struck with the present ill, the thoughtless band
 Knew not the full disasters of the land.—

* *Telamon* and *Peleus*.

To wrap their vineyards and their towns in flame,
 Their ancient foes, the *Mariandyni** came.
 Rich mines of steel awake the jealous rage,
 And endless wars these hostile neighbours wage.
 'Thine absence, *Amycus*, new boldness bred;
Lycus, their chief, the fierce irruption led. 200

The *Minyæ* thin the fold, and waste the stall,
 And flocks unnumber'd for provision fall.
 Then spake some chief, the valiant *Greeks* among,
 —“ Our arms have quell'd the rude barbarian throng,
 “ But had *Alcides* in th' adventure shar'd,
 “ The foes this trial of our strength had spar'd;
 “ No terms had been impos'd by lawless might,
 “ No champion then selected for the fight;
 “ But when their king approach'd with insult fraught,
 “ His club had meekness to that boaster taught. 210
 “ Alas, unhonour'd, on a distant plain,
 “ The hero wanders, while we plough the main.
 “ Too late the *Greeks* their mighty loss shall know,
 “ When their dire front unwonted perils show.”

He said—but sov'ran *Jove* had all ordain'd.—
 The night came on; and there the *Greeks* remain'd.
 To heal their wounds the leach applied his aid;
 And pious off'rings to the Gods they paid;
 Spread for the train, they bid the banquet shine,
 And slumber chace, with sacrifice and wine.— 220
 With tawny laurel, then, their brows they bind;
 And laurel boughs are with their cables 'twin'd.
 In measur'd hymn, then *Orpheus* join'd his voice,
 To the sweet lyre—the silent shores rejoice:
 The list'ning breezes fold the gauzy wing;
 While thee *Laconian* son† of *Jove* they sing.

* A tribe of *Bithynia*, and neighbours of the *Bebrycians*.

† *Laconian* son of *Jove*—*Phœbus*.—See the note on this passage.

The morn renew'd the labours of the swain,
 To lead his flocks abroad, or till the plain.—
 The *Minyæ* from that laurel freed in haste,
 The ropes, that held their tossing vessel fast, 230
 Embark'd on board a portion of their prey,
 Then thro' the *Bosporus* pursued their way.—
 In dreadful whirlpools the vex'd deep was curl'd;
 And waves on waves like some tall mountain hurl'd,
 Roll'd furious onward, meeting with the sky—
 Approaching death glar'd full on ev'ry eye.
 While o'er the ship suspended tow'rs the wave,
 And ev'ry moment threats a wat'ry grave;—
 Yet, bursting harmless shall it's rage subside,
 If skilful pilotage the vessel guide. 240
 Such skill could *Tiphys* boast—his friends he bears,
 Thro' dangers safe, tho' not exempt from fears.—
 With the succeeding morn they gain the land,
 And moor their ship, on the *Bithynian* strand.
 The wretched *Phineus* dwelt upon that shore,
 Who pangs beyond the lot of mortals bore.
 From *Phebus*' bounty all his suff'rings flow'd;
 The power of augury the god bestow'd.
 Regardless he, of vengeance from above,
 To men reveal'd the secret will of *Jove*. 250
 Th' offended pow'r inflicts a dreadful doom,
 Endless decrepitude in cheerless gloom.
 No relish left of health or young delight—
 No comfort beaming thro' the *Stygian* night.—
 No viands gratify his famish'd taste,
 Tho' daily care supplied the rich repast.
 The natives round his far-fam'd prescience led,
 And plenteous off'rings on his board they spread,
 But rushing from the clouds the harpy brood
 Snatch from his hands and mouth th' untasted food,
 With crooked talons, and with rav'ning jaws, 261
 Their inroads knew nor interval, nor pause.

Unwearied plunderers.—Sometimes, nought remain'd,
 And, sometimes, scarce what loathsome life sustain'd,
 Reserv'd for torture.—Such a stench imbu'd
 Whate'er they touch'd, that none might taste the food,
 Spar'd by their ravage, or in haunts remain
 Stain'd by the visits of that odious train;
 Savē him by dire necessity confin'd
 To bear th' annoyance of their hateful kind. 270

The wretched sufferer* heard th' approaching crowd,
 With trampling steps, and mingled voices loud.
 And well could read in oracles of *Jove*,
 Those strangers came, his famine to remove.—
 Rais'd from his couch, a lifeless thing, a shade,
 Scarce with his staff the fantome frame he stay'd.
 As dark, with tottering limbs, he sought the doors,
 His trembling hand the guiding wall explores.
 Feeble, and old, scarce differing from the dead,
 An hideous squalor o'er his body spread. 280

When to the portal of his house he came,
 His knees unnerv'd refus'd to bear his frame.
 Distemper'd vision mocks his darkling eyes;
 And wheeling earth in giddy circle flies.
 Speechless he sinks, absorb'd in trance profound,
 Th' astonish'd *Greeks* the wretched man surround.

Regaining breath, the seer prophetic spoke;
 Scarce from his breast the feeble accents broke.—
 “Hear, flower of *Greeks*, if ye, indeed, are they,
 “Who doom'd by *Pelias* plough the wat'ry way. 290
 “Whom *Argo* wafts, a gallant band enroll'd,
 “And *Jason* leads, to win the fleece of gold.—
 “Hail noble strangers, welcome to this heart!—
 “Hail glad event, long promis'd by my art!
 “Son of *Latona*,† thanks to thee be paid;
 “O king of prophets I have felt thine aid,

* *Phineus*.† *Apollo*.

" My sole support in anguish to this hour.—
 " By hospitable *Jove*,* tremendous pow'r,
 " To him that slights the suppliant's hallow'd claim,
 " By *Phebus*; and by matron *Juno's* name; 300
 " The guardian pow'rs, that guide you thro' the main,
 " Oh let not sorrow supplicate in vain!
 " Despise me not—but, ere ye plough the wave,
 " A wretch from pangs unutterable save.
 " 'Tis not, that furies trample on my head;
 " That darkling thus I am to pleasure dead;
 " That slow decrepit age has made my life
 " A ling'ring death, with nature still at strife.—
 " Curses on curses, plagues on plagues, I bear;
 " The harpies from my mouth the viands tear. 310
 " No prudence aid or comfort can supply,
 " They stoop impetuous rushing thro' the sky.
 " I may not 'scape them, present as my thought,
 " Sudden they come, with dire annoyance fraught;
 " Of food and social intercourse bereave;
 " Such poisonous scents the parting furies leave;
 " Men loathe the reliques of their tasted food,
 " And shun the place polluted by that brood.—
 " An heart of adamant could scarce endure;
 " Yet I must bear these ills, without a cure. 320
 " By famine driv'n, tho' horror chills my breast,
 " To feed on noxious fragments of their feast.
 " But late relenting *Jove* beholds my grief,
 " Divine predictions promise sure relief.
 " The sons of *Boreas*, sprung from kindred race,
 " Are doom'd by heav'n th' infernal brood to chace.
 " If I, indeed, am *Phineus*, known to fame,
 " For mighty riches, and an augur's name,
 " Our lineage if *Agenor* has supplied,
 " Or if in *Thrace* their sister was my bride."— 330

* *Jupiter Xenius.*

Agenor's offspring here his voice suppress.—
Painful emotions fill'd each hero's breast.

Chief *Boreas'* sons in pity's gracious mood,
Dry'd up the bursting tears and near him stood.
Seizing the hand of that most wretched man,
In soothing accents *Zetes* thus began.—

“ Ah wretched, past the lot of human woes!
“ Why do the Gods these direful pangs impose?
“ What impious action, or what sound profane,
“ Hath drawn this vengeance from the heav'nly train?
“ Supremely gifted with prophetic skill, 341
“ Say, hast thou contraven'd th' eternal will?
“ Relief from us thou shalt not vainly ask,
“ If Heav'n, indeed, hath call'd us to the task.
“ Nor difficult is it, for man, to read
“ When Heav'n, in wrath, would scourge th' ungodly
deed,

“ Much as we pity thy distressful state,
“ We rush not blindly on immortal hate.
“ Much as we wish the harpy brood to chace,
“ We wage not war, with the celestial race. 350
“ Swear to us, then, we shall not anger *Jove*.
“ Or draw down vengeance, from the pow'rs above.”—

Full on his front the sage expanded wide
His eyeballs 'rest of day, and thus replied.—

“ No more, my son.—Thy pious fear resign.—
“ Thou, *Phebus*, donor of my skill divine,
“ Be witness!—and my present wretched state,
“ And these dark eyes for ever clos'd by fate!
“ Be witness for me all ye pow'rs below!
“ And may my shade nor peace nor respite know!—
“ If false this oath, that you offend not *Jove*, 361
“ You draw no vengeance from the pow'rs above.”

The generous youths upon his oath rely;
The hard achievement they resolve to try.

Meantime, the juniors of the band, with haste,
 To cheer the prophet furnish the repast,
 A parting spoil to gorge the harpy train.—
 The sons of *Boreas** nigh the board remain,
 With falchions to repel th' accursed brood;
 And scarcely had the prophet touch'd the food, 370
 —They rushing sudden from the darken'd air,
 Swift as the whirlwind's blast, or lightning's glare,
 With sounding pinions, and with fearful cry,
 Stoop from the clouds, and on the viands fly.—
 The gallant youths, undaunted at the view,
 With threat'ning shouts upon the monsters flew.
 With keen dispatch the shrieking monsters fed,
 Consum'd the viands, and o'er ocean fled.
 As, vanishing from sight, aloft they rose,
 Diffus'd around th' infectious odour flows. 380
 The youths pursued them with incessant flight,
 For *Jove* infus'd unconquerable might.
 And close behind their falchions they display'd,
 But vain the chace had *Jove* withheld his aid.
 For, when they sought the prophet, or withdrew,
 More swift than *Zephyr's* blast the harpies flew.
 As when with eager speed sagacious hounds
 The wooded valley trace, or forest bounds,
 And see the mountain goats, or branching deer
 Fly full in view, upon the wings of fear, 390
 Stretch'd at full speed they follow close behind;
 They think to seise the prey; they champ the wind;—
 The plummy brethren thus pursued the chace,
 With hands outstretch'd to grasp that hateful race;
 And now, and now they aim'd a mortal blow;
 In heaven's despite they had subdued the foe;
 On the *Plotæan* isles, their swords had freed
 Abhorrent earth, of that detested breed.—

* *Calais* and *Zetes*.

But *Iris* swift, who made these birds her care,
 From Heav'n observant cut the yielding air. 400
 She check'd the youths, with monitory words.—
 "O sons of *Boreas* cease, withhold your swords.—
 "For know, the fates prohibit mortal arm,
 "These huntress dogs of sov'ran *Jove* to harm.
 "Their dire approach no more shall *Phineus* feel;
 "Most solemn oaths this peaceful compact seal."
 She said—and swore by *Styx*,—a sound of fear,
 Tremendous oath, that all the Gods revere.
 "That never more, (so destinies ordain,)
 "Should *Phineus* suffer, from the harpy train." 410
 Confiding in that oath the youths return.—
 Hence have those isles their appellation borne,
 Of *Strophades*.—A name, that still remains,
 And memory of the past event maintains.
 Then, parting—*Iris* soar'd, on wings sublime,
 To splendid mansions, in the starry clime,
 The harpies fled to *Crete*, where *Minos* reign'd,
 And hid from mortal ken in caverns deep remain'd.
 The *Grecian* leaders pious cares engage.—
 Lustrations purify the darkling sage, 420
 Whose frame neglected squalid filth o'erspread.
 The chosen victims for the Gods they led,
 With care selected from *Bebryciu's* spoil;
 Then, spread the feast, more welcome after toil.—
 In *Phineus'* halls the banquet they prepar'd;
 And with the chiefs the noble sufferer shar'd.
 Eager he shar'd; and these returning gleams
 Of ease and comfort, seem'd but blissful dreams.
 Now, fully satisfied with food and wine,
 Sleep fled the band, till morn' began to shine. 430
 With anxious heart, for *Boreas'* sons they wait.
 Meanwhile, the seer unfolds the book of fate.
 He sate, before the hearth.—Around, the youth
 Bend forward; and imbibe prophetic truth;

What various incidents their course attend;

What toils await them; what propitious end.

“ Young heroes learn.—Not all 'tis giv'n to know;

“ But, what the Gods allow, my tongue shall show.

“ In *Phineus*, by prophetic gifts destroy'd,

“ Behold the doom of prescience ill employ'd. 440

“ No more this rash irrev'rent tongue reveals,

“ What Heav'n, for wisest purposes, conceals.

“ In dark uncertainty while mortals rove,

“ They learn reliance on the pow'rs above.—

“ When first from hence your parting course you steer,

“ Within a streight *Cyanea's* rocks appear.

“ Arduous the task, thro' these your way to keep,

“ Unstay'd, unrooted, wand'ring in the deep.

“ Oft times they rush, with front to front oppos'd,

“ And, clashing dreadful, both in one are clos'd. 450

“ O'er their broad back, roll'd high, with thund'ring sound,

“ The breakers swell, the shores rebellow round,

“ Now, mark my counsels, if the gods you fear;

“ Nor blindly rush, when peril is so near;

“ Lest youthful ardour, with presumptuous force,

“ On death precipitate your fatal course.—

“ First, let a dove the dang'rous passage try.—

“ If, thro' the rocks, unhurt she chance to fly,

“ And reach the sea beyond, with prosp'rous flight,

“ Then, forward rush; then ply your oars with might;

“ With manly vigour, plough the foaming wave; 461

“ Strength more than pray'r avails, the bark to save.

“ —Not that I bid you slight the heav'nly pow'rs;

“ But, each exertion has its proper hours.

“ In safe untroubled times, let pray'r precede;

“ But, perils ask some energetic deed.—

“ Crush'd in her midway flight, if fails the dove,

“ Turn, backward turn, nor tempt the pow'rs above.

“ Else, tho' your ship were form'd of solid steel,

“ From closing rocks, a dreadful death ye feel. 470

“ Ah wretched, if ye slight my friendly zeal,
 “ Or doubt the truths, my warring lips reveal!
 “ —No—did the Gods pursue with tenfold hate
 “ This head accurst—I speak the doom of fate.—
 “ Take then the dove, precursor of your way;
 “ Nor think, to thwart the Gods, with mortal sway.
 “ Events must follow, as the fates ordain.—
 “ But, thro’ the rocks a passage should ye gain;
 “ *Bitynian* shores upon the right hand keep;
 “ Avoid the land; and navigate the deep; 480
 “ Until you pass, where *Rheba’s** torrent roars,
 “ And circle in your course the gloomy shores.
 “ Where *Thynia’s* island shall salute your eyes,
 “ The station safe to shelter vessels lies.
 “ As onward thence the voyage ye pursue,
 “ Full opposite a coast appears in view,
 “ Not far remote from *Thynia’s* sea-girt strand;
 “ The *Mariandyni* cultivate that land.
 “ There, down to *Tartarus* a passage tends,
 “ And *Acheron’s* projecting shore ascends, 490
 “ Where gulphy *Acheron* the hill divides,
 “ Thro’ deep ravines it rushes to the tides.
 “ Thence, to the *Paphlagonian* seats ye steer,
 “ With gentle swell, where clust’ring hills appear,
 “ In distant ages *Pelops* rul’d that coast;
 “ And still a kindred stock the people boast.
 “ Turn’d to the wint’ry site, and northern *Bear*,
 “ A promontory’s steepy cliffs appear.
 “ *Carambis*, by the native tribes ’tis nam’d;
 “ For ever buffeted by blasts untam’d; 500
 “ So far it runs, projecting thro’ the deeps,
 “ So high in air its stormy head it keeps.
 “ This having compass’d, a long shore extends,
 “ Where prominent the bank of *Halys* bends;

* For some account of the places and rivers here mentioned, see the notes in vol. 2.

* With roar tremendous roll'd along the plain,
 " He disembogues his waters in the main;
 " And near, a minor torrent, *Iris** roars,
 " In foaming eddies whitening to the shores.—
 " As, pressing onward, ye pursue your way,
 " A stretching headland forms an ample bay. 510
 " There, an extent of soil *Thermodon* laves,
 " And hastes to mingle with the placid waves.
 " Beneath *Themiscyreum's* jutting head,
 " The shelter'd waves their glassy mirror spread.
 " In order next the plain of *Doias* lies;
 " Three *Amazonian* towns adjacent rise.—
 " The forges, then, that steely works prepare,
 " At distance seen diffuse a ruddy glare.
 " The *Chalybes*, a much enduring kind,
 " Turn the rough soil, the stubborn ore to find. 520
 " Where *Genetean* cliffs o'erhang the main,
 " And hospitable *Jove* unfolds his fane,
 " The *Tibareni* hold the pastures fair,
 " Rich in the numbers of their fleecy care.
 " A woody region skirts the mountain side,
 " And at its foot the *Mossynaci* bide.
 " This region having past, your sails and oars
 " Shall bear you to an isle, with craggy shores,
 " By all deserted, save a countless swarm,
 " Of rav'nous birds, ill-omen'd and deform. 530
 " —Be it your earliest care, with urgent toil,
 " From these foul guests to purify the soil.
 " There, rais'd of stone by *Amazonian* hands,
 " To *Mars*, the homicide, a temple stands,
 " On warfare bound *Otrera*, valiant dame,
 " With bold *Antiopé* uprear'd the frame.—
 " There, from an unexpected source of aid,—
 " The deep,—shall hope and safety be display'd.

* See notes in the second volume.

" But, whither have I stray'd?—th' admonish'd breast
 " Feels the past anguish, and conceals the rest.— 540
 " Borne onward thence, the continent ye gain,
 " The *Philyrean* race possess the plain.
 " The seats beyond them the *Macrones* hold.
 " Next the *Bechiri* come, in numbers bold.
 " Th' adjacent regions the *Sapires* claim.
 " Near them *Bixeres* dwell, a kindred name.
 " Last come the *Colchians*, fam'd for warlike deed.
 " Still hold your ship, and thro' the deep proceed;
 " The deep recesses of the gulph explore;
 " The bounds remote of the *Cytaan** shore; 550
 " The *Amarantine* hills, and *Circe's* plain,
 " Where *Phasis* rolls in whirlpools to the main.
 " As mounting thence against the stream ye tend,
 " Full in your view the *Colchian* towers ascend.
 " There shall the grove of *Mars* it's gloom unfold;
 " Where a tall beech sustains the fleece of gold.—
 " A monstrous dragon, object of affright,
 " For ever holds that treasure in his sight.
 " Slumber alike, in light and darkness flies,
 " Nor tames his vigilance, nor seals his eyes." 560
 —He ceas'd.—Amazement fill'd the list'ning throng,
 With terror mix'd.—Sad was the pause and long.—
 A thousand anxious cares their chief surround;
 For dire the perils, that in prospect frown'd.
 —Thus he—" O prophet, well hast thou pourtray'd
 " The dreadful obstacles, before us laid.—
 " Well hast thou taught, what trial to prepare,
 " Thro' those fell rocks ere we the passage dare.
 " But, if (all dangers past) the fates ordain,
 " That homeward I should lead this gallant train. 570

* *Cytaan*—*Colchian*.

† *Phasis*, a river of *Colchis*.

" Thy treasur'd counsels I would gladly bear,
 " My future voyage, thro' the deep to steer.
 " An arduous enterprize awaits my hand,
 " Unskilful chief, of an unskilful band.
 " The *Colchian* shores our patient search confound,
 " So distant set, on earth's remotest bound."——
 He ceas'd—and thus the venerable seer——
 " Oh son, when thou shalt pass those rocks of fear,
 " With mind elated, in thyself confide.——
 " For what remains, a god shall be thy guide. 580
 " Guides you shall find, as far as *Æa's** wall.
 " Care of your voyage thence on Heav'n will fall.
 " But mark, my friends, to guard from future harms,
 " How much depends upon the queen of charms.—
 " Her artful aid, her blandishments you need,
 " To bid your daring, and your toils succeed.
 " Go, generous youths, your destiny pursue.——
 " Enquire no more—'tis hid from mortal view."
 —*Agenor's* offspring † ended.—The wing'd pair, ‡
 On sounding plumes, came rushing thro' the air. 590
 The threshold scarce they touch'd with nimble feet,
 Th' heroic band rush'd forth the youths to greet.
 Then *Zetes* hastes th' enquiring crowd to teach,
 Tho' weary pantings interrupt his speech;
 " How far from thence the harpies they pursued;
 " How *Iris* came to save the ravening brood;
 " Yet pitying *Phineus*, how, by *Styx* she swore,
 " The hateful race should torture him no more.
 " And how th' ill-omen'd birds—(as terror wrought
 " The caverns deep of *Cretan* mountains sought. 600

* *Æa*, the capital city of *Colchos*, and residence of *Æetes*.

† *Phineus*.

‡ *Calais* and *Zetes*.

Th' assembled heroes were with pleasure fill'd;
 Unwonted joy the soul of *Phineus* thrill'd,
 With warm affection to th' unhappy man,
 In soothing accents *Jason* thus began.—
 “ Some pitying god, O *Phineus*, mark'd thy grief,
 “ And urg'd our sails from far to thy relief;
 “ That *Boreas*' sons might chase thy plagues away.—
 “ Oh could we but restore thy visual ray!—
 “ Scarce could the joys of home my soul delight,
 “ Like thy recovery of ravish'd sight.”—— 610
 But, *Phineus* answer'd, with a downcast brow.—
 “ 'Tis past—not Heav'n could remedy bestow;
 “ For, wither'd from their orbs, the balls of sight,
 “ Tell me, no more to hope for chearing light.—
 “ No—let your friendship pray the gods to send
 “ A speedy transit, and a peaceful end.—
 “ Then, boundless joys of vision shall be mine;
 “ Where fields of bliss in purest æther shine.”
 —Alternate, thus, they listen'd, and they spoke;
 Till ruddy morning on their converse broke. 620
 Round *Phineus* day convok'd a mingled train,
 With wonted aid, from all th' adjacent plain.
 Without distinction, thro' th' assembled band,
 Of who bestow'd, or came with niggard hand,
 With tongue inspir'd, the reverend prophet told
 Such truths, as Heav'n allow'd him to unfold;
 Their griefs to comfort, or their weakness aid;
 And grateful love their sacred truths repay'd.—
Parebius, with th' observant throng was near,
 A name above the rest to *Phineus* dear, 630
 Well pleas'd, th' assembled heroes to behold,
 Since, told by *Phineus*, he had learn'd of old,
 That led, from *Greece* a long predestin'd race,
 To *Colchos* bound, the harpy brood should chace;
 Then, borne to *Thynis*, 'mid the wat'ry roar,
 Should bind their cables to the rocky shore.

The rev'rend prophet, now, dispatch'd the rest,
 With prudent words, that calm'd each anxious breast;
 He bids *Parebius* only, of the train,
 Selected favourite, with the chiefs remain, 640
 And seek the folds, obedient to his voice,
 Among the sheep, to cull the prime, and choice.—
 As, from th' abode, on this behest, he ran;
 Thus mildly to the *Greeks*, the seer began.—
 "Not all mankind, my friends, in violence trust.
 "Nor are they all ungrateful, and unjust.
 "In him, that parted hence,* a proof we find,
 "Of virtuous nature, and the grateful mind.
 "Worn out with toils, the mark of fortune's hate,
 "Hither he came, to learn his future fate. 650
 "From toil no respite, to release from pains,
 "His father's sins the victim wretch sustains.
 "As in the mountain, with repeated stroke,
 "The churlish father fell'd the stubborn oak,
 "Impious he scorn'd the *Hamadryad's* pray'r,
 "And smote the tree coeval with the fair,
 "With streaming tears she pleads, and suppliant strain,
 "To that unfeeling churl, but pleads in vain.—
 "Oh rustic stay, nor wound the hallow'd rind,
 "For ages with that stem I live entwin'd.— 660
 "With pride of brutal strength his bosom swell'd,
 "He rais'd his cruel arm—the trunk he fell'd—
 "In cruel hour.—For him, and his, remain
 "Unfruitful labour, poverty, and pain.—
 "The wretched son resorted to my skill,
 "Soon I perceiv'd the fatal cause of ill.
 "The guilt, his father had incurr'd, to chase,
 "I bade his pious hands an altar place,
 "Sacred to her, th' offended *Thynian* maid,†
 "Where due oblations should for sin be paid. 670

* *Parebius*.† The *Hamadryade*.

" By me to shun the destin'd sorrows taught;
 " Deep sunk the benefit in grateful thought.
 " And never since hath his attention slept;
 " Or cold oblivion o'er his kindness crept.
 " Prop of debility, of darkness guide,
 " With what reluctance does he leave my side!"

He ceas'd—the good *Parebius* was at hand—
 Two sheep he brought, selected for the band.
 Then *Phineus* bids for sacrifice prepare.
 With *Jason Boreas'* offspring claim that care. 680
 To *Phebus*, chief of that prophetic throng,
 They breathe the pray'r, and raise the pious song.
 The victims on the hearth they duly slay,
 As broad and glorious rose the disk of day.
 The juniors for the train the banquet crown'd,
 And glad repast and temperate bowls went round.
 The banquet done, the train divided sleep,
 Some in the dwelling, some beside the deep.
 With rising morn, arose th' *Etesian* gales,
 The breath of *Jove*, to fan the hills and vales. 690
 A virgin life the nymph *Cyrene* led,
 Where stagnant waters of *Peneüs** spread.
 'Mid harmless men of the far distant age,
 Her thoughts, her cares, the fleecy tribe engage.
 As, with her flocks, along the bank she stray'd,
Apollo saw, and bore away the maid.
 Far from *Æmonia's*† bounds the prize he bore.
 He crost the main, and sought the *Libyan* shore,
 And native nymphs around *Myrtusa's* steep.—
 He bade the train the lovely mourner keep.— 700
 Not long averse the lovely mourner frown'd.
 A beauteous boy their mutual wishes crown'd.

* *Peneüs*, a river of *Thessaly*.

† *Thessaly* was so called. — For the remaining names of persons and places, see the notes in vol. 2.

His parents *Aristeus* call'd the child,
Agreus, and *Nomius*, by th' *Æmonians* styl'd.
 Th' enamour'd God to his fair mistress yields
 Immortal youth, a huntress of the fields.
 To *Chiron's* hand the tender babe he gave,
 The centaur bred him in his secret cave.
 The goddess muse in nuptial union sought
 His graceful youth, and her endowments taught, 710
 The pow'r of healing, and the piercing ken,
 That thro' the future reads the doom of men.
 The muses bade him guard their fleecy care,
 In *Athamantian* plains of *Pthia* fair.
 Where stately *Othrys* waves his shady brow,
 And bright *Apidanus*, thy currents flow.
 When *Sirius* rear'd in Heav'n his baleful head,
 And o'er the *Cyclades* his fury shed;
 With fiery shafts he parch'd the gaping plain;
 And plague, and famine, hover'd in his train.— 720
 The wretched habitants relief demand,
 By *Phebus* warn'd, from *Aristeus'* hand.
 Th' obedient son his father's mandate hears;
 Counsel and succour he from *Pthia* bears.
 Assembled at his call, *Lycaon's* race,
Parrhasian tribes, their seats in *Coos** place.
 He rear'd an altar for *Icmean*† *Jove*,
 Who sends the gladdening moisture from above.
 High on the hills, the sacrifices gleam,
 To *Saturn's* son, and the red *Dog-star's* beam. 730
 Hence, forty days, along the hills and vales,
 By *Jove's* decree, th' *Etesian* breeze prevails.
 And *Coos* hence, the custom still retains,
 That ere the *Dog-star* in th' ascendant reigns,

* An island.

† From a *Greek* word, signifying moisture.

The priest, with sacrifice, and solemn rite,
 Averts the furies, of his baneful light.—
 Thus fable sings.—But, by that breeze detain'd,
 The chiefs reluctant on the coast remain'd.

All thro' that day, their ship the natives sought,
 And gifts immense of amity they brought, 740
 The work of *Phineus*, who, with grateful mind,
 To friendly feelings all the race inclin'd.
 Along the limit of the sea-girt strand,
 To twice six deities, with pious hand,
 The *Greeks* an altar rear; th' oblations lay;
 Then seise their oars, to plough the wat'ry way.
 Nor did the train neglect the turtle-dove,
 The harbinger of safety from above.

As, with a band, *Euphemus* check'd her flight,
 She flutter'd round his hand on pinions light. 750

Now had they loos'd their cables from the
 shore.—

Minerva mark'd them 'mid the wat'ry roar.
 Her course, with eager haste, the goddess bends;
 And soon a bright and flitting cloud ascends.
 Tho' light as gossamer it seem'd to shine,
 That airy fleece supports the freight divine.
 Her flight she guided to the *Pontic* plain,
 With thoughts propitious to th' advent'rous train.
 As when an exile, distant far from home—
 (Thus hapless men are often doom'd to roam.)— 760
 In wishes, to the natal spot will fly:
 And land and seas are spread to fancy's eye;
 A moment passes o'er the march of years;
 And space contracts, and distance disappears;
 Now here, now there, the swift ideas roll,
 And travel, with a bound, from pole to pole;
 Swift flew the goddess; and from air descends,
 Where *Thynis'* shores the *Euxine* billows rends.

The mouth of that dire streight* the heroes found.
 Tremendous rocks the winding passage bound. 770
 It's course beneath an adverse current held,
 With foamy whirlpools; and the ship repell'd.—
 Tho' bold th' attempt, surpassing human force,
 The hardy band pursue their desp'rate course.
 Now, closing with a crash, and thund'ring sound,
 The rushing rocks the startled ear astound,
 Continuous, deaf'ning. The surrounding shore,
 With dismal peal, reverberates the roar.—
 Then, forward to the prow *Euphemus* sprung,
 While fluttering from his hand the turtle hung. 780
 On *Tiphys*' skill their throbbing hearts relied.
 Each to his oar his utmost strength applied;
 In station apt, that vigour join'd with art,
 Between the rocks should bid the vessel dart.
 —For the last time,† the rocks their jaws expand,
 As circling round them sail'd th' advent'rous band.
 —*Euphemus* loos'd the bird of pinions light.—
 With heads uprais'd the sailors mark her flight,
 And wait th' event, with mingled hope and dread,
 As thro' the pass on airy plumes she sped, 790
 Then, furious rushing thro' the dark profound,
 The rocks together crash'd, with horrid sound.
 Dash'd in a thick and gloomy cloud, the spray,
 To Heav'n ascending, blurs the face of day.
 Thro' the vex'd air the dismal tempest raves,
 Beneath the pointed rocks, the groaning caves
 With hollow bellowings gorge the waves within,
 Then, back return them with appalling din.
 High o'er the boiling deep the foam is hurl'd,
 In eddies caught, the giddy bark is whirl'd. 800

* Between the *Symplegades*.

† Because they were destined to become fixed afterwards.

Safe, thro' the closing rocks, the turtle springs,
 But, shorn of plumage from her tail and wings.
 The mariners rejoice, with eager cry,
 And *Tiphys* shouts—"Your oars with vigour ply,
 "Again, a pass the parting rocks expand."——
 But, as they row'd, what terror seis'd the band!
 When, backward currents, with returning roar,
 Far, far within the rocks the vessel bore;
 Who can express the measure of their dread!—
 Then certain death seem'd hovering o'er each head.
 On either hand the dreary deep appear'd; 810
 It's mountain head a sudden billow rear'd,
 And, rolling on, with gloomy terror swell'd,
 Against the ship the wat'ry mass impell'd.
 With heads inclin'd, the sailors downward bent,
 As death approach'd them, in its dire descent.
 But *Tiphys*, at the helm, with watchful skill,
 And dext'rous hand, anticipates that ill.—
 The rower's energy the ship deprest;—
 It ceas'd—she mounted on the billow's breast. 820
 Beneath the keel the billow spent its force;
 Buoy'd o'er the rocks, the bark pursued her course,
 Behind, the wave impell'd her on her way,
 Ensuring safety, as it caus'd dismay.
 From bank to bank, with exhortations loud,
 To ply their oars, *Euphemus* urg'd the crowd.
 The crew, with shouts, and eager toil, replied;
 And vigorous efforts cut the foamy tide.—
 Far, as a youthful crew, with lab'ring oars,
 Speed, at a stroke, the vessel from the shores, 830
 That distance twice their bark the *Minyæ* send;
 Their oars, conflicting with the billows, bend,
 With arms robust, as archers bend the bow,
 To wing the feather'd mischief on the foe.—
 Then, following close, the wave abrupt and steep
 Breaks o'er the deck, and mingles with the deep.

As, rolls the cylinder along the plain,
 The ship was drifted o'er the saucy main.
 Forward she scuds, the wat'ry menace braves,
 And to the deep pursues the refluent waves. 840
 But adverse currents, soon, with eddying shocks,
 Detain her, midway 'twixt the fatal rocks,
 Fast rooted in that dark abyss of fear,
 Closing again, the rocks rebellow near.

Then, to their succour came the blue-ey'd maid;
 The rocks, with force divine, her left-hand stay'd;
 Supported by her right the bark advanc'd,
 And o'er the waters, like an arrow, glanc'd;
 Yet, as her stern receiv'd the parting stroke,
 The sculptur'd ornaments the conflict broke. 850

Triumphant o'er the waves the vessel rode:
 The Goddess* sought the starry-pav'd abode.
 Fast rooted in the deep the rocks remain'd,
 For ever fix'd, by destiny ordain'd,
 When once a mortal birth the streights had past,
 No more to wander in the briny vast.—
 The hardy train respire, from mortal dread;
 Joyful they see the clear horizon spread.
 Around their hearts a lively transport play'd;
 They seem'd deliver'd from the *Stygian* shade. 860
 With thoughts elate, they view'd the ocean round,
 A glorious vast expanse, without a bound.
 Then, *Tiphys* spake.—“ Undaunted we proceed;
 “ If in the past we may the future read.—
 “ The Gods assure the safety of this band.
 “ I hail the guidance of *Minerva's* hand.—
 “ When *Argus* labour'd at the vessel's frame,
 “ O'er it the Goddess breath'd instinctive flame.
 “ And hence the ship inviolate shall sail,
 “ O'er every danger hence the crew prevail.— 870

* *Minerva*.

“ Escap’d these rocks, press on, where *Pelias* sends.

“ No peril, *Jason*, like the past impends.

“ This band successful toils and struggles wait;

“ If *Phineus* truly could interpret fate.”——

He ceas’d—and urging thro’ the wat’ry roar
The rapid vessel, past *Bithynia’s* shore.—

The chief* replied, with soft and soothing words.—

“ How ill this language with my grief accords!

“ No gentle voice my feelings can deceive:

“ Th’ irreparable fault no chance retrieve. 880

“ —That tyrant’s mandate why did I obey,

“ And lead these heroes thro’ this desp’rate way?

“ —No—death, in direst form I should have borne,

“ Ere I complied, and limb from limb been torn.

“ For them, I sink, o’erwhelm’d in deep despair,

“ I feel th’ intolerable weight of care.

“ By sea, the billows roll untimely fate.

“ By land, on shores unknown what terrors wait.

“ There beasts of prey, there savage men abound; 879

“ And force and fraud, with mingled fears, confound.

“ These thoughts, by day, with anguish fill my breast;

“ These thoughts, by night, deprive my couch of rest;

“ Since first my cause convok’d this suff’ring train.—

“ To thee full easy is th’ intrepid strain;

“ Not hard the task a confidence to show;

“ When care for self is all the care we know.”

“ Myself I heed not—but, for him—for thee—

“ For all the heroes, that around I see——

“ For all I tremble, lest my cares should fail,

“ In safety home to guide the flying sail.”—— 900

His thoughts were diff’rent; but, with prudent art,
He prob’d the firmness of each gallant heart.

The heroes answer’d, with a loud acclaim;

And words expressive of a generous flame.—

* *Jason*.

As forth the peals of manly ardor broke,
Their leader's soul rejoic'd; and thus he spoke.—

“ Oh friends, your spirits have elated mine.

“ No task I fear—no conflict I decline.

“ I lead, undaunted, your advent'rous way,

“ Tho' Hell should gape our progress to delay. 910

“ In perils prov'd, your bright heroic fire

“ Shall warm the cold, th' inanimate inspire.

“ Here have our sufferings reach'd their utmost bound;

“ And danger here in the worst form we found.

“ No peril like the past this train awaits,

“ If *Phineus* truly has reveal'd the fates.”

Silence ensued—the lab'ring oars they ply'd.—

The vessel swiftly cut the yielding tide.—

Where the swift *Rheba* disembogues, they fled,

And where *Coloné* lifts the rocky head, 920

Their course beneath *Melæna's* cliffs they keep,

Where nodding forests blacken o'er the deep.

Then pass, where *Phillis* mingles with the wave,

The roofs, that shelter once to *Phryxus* gave.

As, from *Orchomenus*, to *Colchos'* shore,

The fabled ram th' illustrious exile bore;

Here, on his way, reception fair he found;

When *Dipsacus* the peaceful mansion own'd,

Whose lineage from a river god was drawn,

Borne by a nymph presiding o'er the lawn. 930

No passions rude their gentle offspring felt;

A blameless rustic with the nymph he dwelt.

Where roll'd his father's stream thro' meadows fair,

The bow'r he trimm'd, and fed the fleecy care.—

The fane they past, rear'd by his pious hand,

The river's spacious banks, the fertile land.

While day remains, their steady course they keep,

Where *Calpis* rolls majestically deep.

Nor paus'd the heroes, with declining light,

The labouring oars resounded through the night. 940

In the deep furrow'd land when oxen toil,
 And straining cleave the moist and heavy soil,
 Their sides and necks the streams of sweat o'erflow,
 Beneath the yoke askance their eyes they throw,
 Their fiery breath ascends, with panting sound,
 The streams are roll'd in misty volumes round,
 Their hoofs deep printed in the stubborn clay,
 Patient they labour thro' the live-long day;
 Thus, thro' the deep, their oars the *Minyæ* drew;
 While streams of sweat their ardent limbs bedew. 950
 Her chearing visit still the morn delay'd,
 Yet, not unbroken, lay the nightly shade.
 A tender lustre, glimm'ring thro' the sky,
 With doubtful dawn, perplex'd the longing eye.—
 'Twas then their vessel, swiftly dash'd along,
 Full on an island bore the weary throng.—
 A station, dreary, desolate, and wild,
 The shores of *Thynias* by the sailors styl'd;
 Yet, desert as it was, th' o'erlabour'd band,
 With joyful footsteps prest the welcome sand, 960
 The God of day, return'd from *Lycia's* plain,
 Appear'd from far to seek the northern train.*—
 His beauteous cheeks with youth immortal glow'd;
 In radiant gold his curling tresses flow'd;
 The graceful ringlets o'er each shoulder rov'd,
 Or floated on the breeze, whene'er he mov'd.
 His left hand wav'd a bow, of silver bright,
 That in its motion glanc'd a dazzling light.
 The quiver from his iv'ry neck depends,
 And stor'd with arrows down his back descends. 970
 All nature felt the presence of the god;
 That island rock'd, and trembled, where he trod.
 The groaning deep in larger billows swell'd,
 With awe profound the race of men beheld.

*. The *Hyperboreans*.

lone dar'd his radiant countenance survey,
 To meet those eyes, that shot refulgent day.
 To *Pontus* thro' the distant air he went.—
 All hearts ador'd; all heads in rev'ence bent.
 A mute amazement long the train possest.—
 When *Orpheus*, late, the wond'ring chiefs address. 980
 —“ Henceforth, this isle the sacred station call
 Of orient *Phebus*,* here reveal'd to all;
 When rising dawn the midnight shadows chac'd.—
 Here, let his altar on the shore be plac'd.—
 To *Phebus* here perform your pious vows;
 With such oblations, as the time allows.—
 Hereafter, should his favour guard this train,
 And lead us safely to *Hæmonia's* † plain;
 The thighs of goats his altars then shall find,—
 Best off'ring now, an unpolluted mind.”—— 990
 He spake—they rais'd an altar's hasty pile,
 With rolling stones, collected thro' that isle.
 The timid fawns and mountain goats they chace,
 Nurst in the woodlands, of that savage place.
 The hunter's toil *Latona's* offspring crown'd.—
 The votive thighs the double cawls surround.
 O'er these upon the casual altar laid,
 They pray to *Phebus*, and invoke his aid.—
 “ O source illustrious, of each orient ray,
 “ Benignant giver of the gladsome day!” 1000
 In active measures, round the sacred blaze,
 The choir they lead, and *Io Pæans* raise.
Ægrus 'hallow'd son, ‡ amid the throng,
 Tunes to the *Thracian* lyre melodious song.
 “ By *Phebus*' shafts how monster *Python* fell;
 “ Where steep *Parnassus*' rocky summits swell.
 “ Ere his smooth cheeks the youthful down display'd,
 “ While yet unshorn the golden tresses stray'd.—

* *Phebus Eous*. † Another name for *Thessaly*.

‡ *Orpheus*.

" Oh pardon—sure, thy bright and precious hair
 " Flows still unshorn; nor hand profane may dare,
 " To touch the sacred honours of the head. — 1011
 " Thy beauteous parent only, as they spread——
 " Daughter of *Cæus*—may, with hands divine,
 " Approach the locks, where streaming glories shine.—
 " Thy daughters, *Plistus*,* oft, amid the fight,
 " *Corycian* nymphs, awak'd his infant might.
 " Then *Io—Io*, echoed o'er the plain,
 " And still *Apollo's* hymns th' enliv'ning sound retain."

Such was that hymn.—Now ceas'd the choral strain,
 With due libations, then, the puissant train, 1020
 By solemn oath, their mutual aid combin'd;
 One cause, one strength, and one according mind.
 —The sacred things they touch'd, with pious hands;
 And still preserv'd the reverend custom stands.
 And long, in witness of their union vow'd,
 Succeeding times the fane of *Concord* show'd,
 Rais'd by the chiefs to the benignant pow'r,
 Whose influence govern'd, in that solemn hour.

The third fair morn display'd her roseat smile;
 And vigorous zephyr's bore them from that isle. 1030
 Then, opposite *Sangarius* they descried,
 On verdant plains where *Mariandyni* bide.
 There, *Lycus* to the sea his current leads;
 And there her stagnant lake *Anthemois* spreads.
 These full in view, with swelling sails they past.
 All night continuous howl'd the savage blast.
 The straining timbers with the whirlwind groan'd,
 And thro' the shrouds the stormy dæmons moan'd.
 As dawn approach'd, the storm was lull'd to sleep.
 Gladly they gain'd that *Acherusian* steep. 1040
 Towering the cliffs precipitous arise;
 And safe below the tranquil harbour lies,

* A river of *Delphi*.

Forward it looks, to the *Bithynian* wave ;
 The rocks beneath the dashing billows lave.
 With growth redundant, on its misty head,
 Enormous planes their dusky foliage spread.
 From thence, a dark and hollow glen descends,
 Indented deep, and to the mainland tends.
 The dismal cave of *Orcus* there is found,
 That black o'erhanging rocks and woods surround.
 With chilling influence, deadly vapours rise 1051
 Unceasing from its mouth, and blot the skies.
 A cold ungenial air prevails around,
 And hoary frosts o'erspread the sterile ground ;
 Scarce, when the shafts of noontide glare are felt,
 Their icy chains with transient mildness melt.
 No silence that tremendous region knows
 Friendly to thought, or soft and sweet repose.
 But, toiling ever peals the briny vast,
 And howls the forest bending to the blast. 1070
 The mouths of *Acheron* incessant roar,
 Where, from the steep, he bellows to the shore.
 It's eastern bound, as, raging in his course,
 He tears the gulphy rock with headlong force.
 But after times a diff'rent name bestow'd,
 The *Soönautes*,* to the deep he flow'd.
 Their sails *Nisæan Megarensians* bore,
 Where *Mariandyni* held the distant shore.
 A shelter from the tempest here they found,
 And hence, the stream that appellation crown'd. 1080
 Now, past the promontory full in view,
 O'er the calm wave the *Greeks* their way pursue.
 Then *Iycus* mark'd them, ruler of that land,
 The *Mariandyni* mark'd the gallant band.
 And well 'twas known, o'er that exulting plain,
 What hands the tyrant *Amycus* had slain.

* This name denotes the preserver of sailors.

Before the *Minya* spread the welcome fame,
 Pledge and assurance of a social aim.
 Round *Pollux* from their homes the natives flow,
 And honours destin'd for the Gods bestow; 1090
 In conflict from th' unjust *Bebrycians* tir'd,
 From wars disastrous gladly they respir'd.
 To *Lycus*' royal seat the crowd repair,
 And crown the banquet with reception fair:
 The son of *Æson*, at the royal bow'r,
 In pleasing converse past the social hour:
 "Of *Pelias*' mandate, his companion's names,
 "Their soft adventures with the *Lemnian* dames,
 "How fatal error sway'd the *Dolian* train,
 "And *Cizycus* fell breathless on the plain. 1100
 "Of great *Alcides*, how their band was 'rest,
 "On *Mysian* plains by inadvertence left,
 "How *Glaucus* op'd the future to their view,
 "How the *Bebrycians* with their king they slew.—
 "To *Phineus*, then, the prompt narration roll'd,
 "What pangs he suffer'd, and what fates foretold,
 "How teem'd the floating rocks with wild affright,
 "The glorious vision, of the god of light."
 The tale with pleasure fill'd the monarch's mind;
 Yet, much he mourn'd *Alcides* left behind. 1110
 And thus among th' assembled chiefs began—
 "What loss, my friends, is that unequall'd man!
 "Thro' perils strange to *Colchos* while you rove,
 "His puissant aid a tow'r of strength might
 prove.—
 "I knew him—not by distant sounds of fame—
 "But in these halls—to *Dascylus* he came,
 "My royal sire, when to his wide domain
 "By land he past, from *Lydia's* wealthy plain.
 "And bore triumphant, his ninth labour done,
 "That dangerous prize, the warlike virgin's zone.

- “ Fairest *Hippolita* that trophy own’d.
 “ The down of manhood scarce my cheeks had crown’d.
 “ There, for my brother *Priolaus*, slain 1121
 “ In hardy conflict with the *Mysian* train,
 “ A youth yet mourn’d by all the native throng,
 “ In warbled dirge, and elegiac song,
 “ The games were held.—The cestus arm’d his hand;
 “ And *Titias* sunk extended on the sand,
 “ A mighty man, in strength, and manly grace,
 “ Superior to the heroes of his race.—
 “ The victor’s gauntlets were with blood imbru’d,
 “ The shatter’d teeth were on the ground bestrew’d.
 “ He to my father’s sway the *Mysians* brought. 1130
 “ The bordering *Phrygians* were subjection taught.
 “ And all that region the *Bithynians* till,
 “ To *Rheba*’s† current, and *Colone*’s hill.
 “ From *Pelops* sprung the *Paphlagonian* yields;
 “ Where deep *Billeus* dashes round the fields.
 “ But, when *Alcides* was remov’d from sight,
 “ Fierce *Amycus*, injurious in his might,
 “ The savage tyrant of a savage band,
 “ With cruel inroad vex’d our peaceful land, 1140
 “ And wide encroachments; and the ravage spread,
 “ Where *Hypius* steals, thro’ many a grassy mead.—
 “ But, valiant chiefs, ye have aveng’d our wrongs,
 “ On that oppressor, and his brutal throngs.
 “ Thee, *Pollux*, to the fight some god impell’d,
 “ And aid divine the dire opponent quell’d.—
 “ For these inestimable acts, receive
 “ The best return, a grateful heart can give;
 “ Such as the feeble to the mighty owe; 1149
 “ Where thanks and praise are all they can bestow.

* Queen of the *Amazons*.

† *Rheba*, otherwise called *Rhesus*, or *Rhebus*, a river of *Bithynia*, falling into the *Euxine* sea.

" Yet more, my son, my *Dascylus* I send,
 " To guide your progress, and your wish attend.
 " While he is present, in these seas ye find
 " Each prompt assistance, of the friendly mind,
 " From all, whose shores our *Euxine* billows lave,
 " Ev'n where *Thermodon* mingles with the wave.
 " A tribute to this band in common paid,
 " Since all in common lent their timely aid, 1160
 " But, from our hands, these godlike brothers claim
 " Peculiar gratitude, peculiar fame.—
 " Where *Acherusian* cliffs insult the skies,
 " To speak my gratitude, a fane shall rise.
 " As future mariners their course pursue,
 " With hallow'd awe, that structure shall they view.—
 " I to the youths, as guardian pow'r's divine,
 " The fertile space without our walls assign."—

Thus, thro' the night, their converse they prolong'd,
 With dawn returning, to the ship they throng'd. 1170
Lycus was there, with gifts uncounted fraught;
 And from the regal dome his offspring brought.
 Now hurries on the mournful doom, that waits
 The son of *Abas*, skill'd to read the fates;
 Could wretched man avoid those ills he sees,
 Or prescience overrule what Heav'n decrees!—
 His hour was come;—for, where the river spreads,
 In stagnant marshes, o'er the grassy meads,
 The tusky boar, tremendous monster, bides;
 And bathes his limbs, and cools his bristly sides. 1190
 Fear'd even by water nymphs, to man unknown,
 Amid th' extended marsh he reign'd alone.
 Where the green banks in swelling hillocks grow,
 And choak'd with mud, the river scarce can flow,
 Down the declivity as *Idmon* ran,
 Th' impetuous foe assail'd th' incautious man.
 As hid among the lofty reeds he lay,
 The time he watch'd, and rush'd upon the prey.

He tore the thigh, he snapt the nerve and bone.
 The son of *Abas*, with a dreadful groan, 1200
 That pierc'd each heart, fell bleeding on the ground.—
 Loud shouts of anguish from his comrades sound.—
 As, backward to his marsh the monster flew;
 With erring haste the javelin *Peleus* threw,
 Around the savage turn'd, to seek his foe.—
 From *Idas*' hand, he feels the deadly blow—
 He grinds his tusks, and writhes around the lance.
 The *Minyæ* to their wounded friend advance.
 They leave the monster weltering in his gore,
 And bear the son of *Abas* * to the shore, 1210
 Convulsive sobbing in the pangs of death;
 And soon within their arms he yields his breath.
 Care of the voyage flies the general mind,
 And every thought is to the dead confin'd.
 Three days—continual days, the dead they mourn'd.
 The fourth with solemn pomp the corpse inurn'd.
 And royal *Lycus*, with his subject train,
 Attend the funeral rites for *Idmon* slain.
 Full many a victim to his memory bled;
 And high they rear'd the mound, and widely spread.
 And still that monument his memory keeps. 1221
 The sailor sees it, as he ploughs the deeps.
 An olive trunk, upon the summit plac'd,
 Ev'n now remains with verdant foliage grac'd.
 Near to that *Acherusian* hill it lies;
 And—if the bard may speak without disguise,
 Taught by the muse, *Apollo's* voice divine,
 Warn'd the *Bæotian*, and *Nisæan* line,
 When to that shore they came, with solemn rite,
 To win protection, from the parted sprite, 1230
 Him, as their tutelary pow'r to call;
 And round that olive draw th' intended wall.

* *Idmon*.



—Mistaken men*—no tokens of regard
 From them awaited that *Æolian* bard.
 No solemn rites departed *Idmon* found;
 Th' erroneous honours *Agamestor* crown'd.—
 But—why that groan?—another hero lost
 With general sorrow fills th' assembled host.
 Oh say, for whom the sad sepulchral toil;
 Say, to whose memory swells the rising soil? 1240
 Still, side by side, the verdant mounds appear,
 And tell, that mighty men lie buried there.
 The son of *Agnias* here, 'tis said, repos'd.
 Here all his wand'rings thro' the deep were clos'd.
 While the last rites the band to *Idmon* gave,
 A transient sickness swept him to the grave.
 His loss with anguish every bosom thrill'd.—
 When now the last sad office was fulfil'd;
 In mute despair, with downcast eyes, the train
 Sate motionless beside the toiling main. 1250
 Absorb'd in grief, upon their loss they dwelt;
 Nor care of food, nor pangs of thirst they felt.
 His skill essential to their safety seem'd;
 And lost with him their hopes of home they deem'd.
 But *Juno* mark'd their suff'rings, and possest
 With wond'rous daring strong *Ancæus'* breast.
 Where *Imbrasmus* descends to meet the wave,
 To *Neptune* him *Astypaleï* gave.—
 Supremely skill'd the lab'ring bark to guide,
 To *Peleus* thus with eagerness he cry'd.— 1260
 “ Why, son of *Æacus*, desert our toil,
 “ And sit desponding on a foreign soil?—
 “ Think me not chiefly excellent in war,
 “ Me, whom from *Samos* *Jason* leads so far.
 “ Not with such skill I grasp the lance and shield,
 “ As ships I govern, in the wat'ry field.—

* They did not understand the oracle.

“ Why should our band the future voyage fear?—

“ Full many a skilful mariner is here,

“ The helm let any of that number keep.—

“ From danger free we navigate the deep.” 1270

His words with transport fill'd the warrior's breast.

His bold companions soon the chief* addrest.—

“ Why, comrades, cherish unavailing grief?—

“ Complaints and tears afford us no relief.—

“ Tho' great our loss, yet, this advent'rous band

“ May glory still in many a pilot's hand.—

“ No more the time in lamentations waste.—

“ Rouse to your tasks, and on the voyage haste.

“ Where, *Peleus*, (*Jason* cry'd, with doubtful mind)

“ Where shall our band these boasted pilots find?—

“ For blackest omens with despondence fill 1281

“ Those, whom we late extoll'd for naval skill.

“ My heart presages some disastrous doom,

“ With those that sleep already in the tomb.

“ If Heav'n's decree withholds us from the plains,

“ And stately walls, where fierce *Æetes* reigns;

“ If this devoted train shall pass no more

“ The floating rocks, or view the *Grecian* shore;

“ In dark oblivion sunk, and lost to praise,

“ Here shall we pine an useless length of days.”—

He ceas'd—*Ancaus* eagerly replied; 1290

And offered thro' the deep their ship to guide.

Some pow'r divine impell'd.—Th' important task

Erginus, *Nauplius*, and *Euphemus* ask.

The crowd repell'd their claim.—The general voice

Pronounc'd *Ancaus* object of their choice.

Now, the twelfth morn display'd her radiance fair,—

Th' assembled *Minyæ* to their ship repair.

Full in their stern, loud sang the western blast;

And *Acheron* with oars they swiftly past. 1300

* *Peleus*.

The breeze they trust; the canvas wide display,
 And cut with swelling sails their tranquil way.
 Now, past *Callichorus*, they swiftly drove,
 Where fable sings, of old, the son of *Jove*,
Nysëian call'd from tribes of *Indian* strain,
 'Triumphant turning to the *Theban* plain.
 Perform'd his orgies, as he past along,
 And round the cavern led the choral throng,—
 (The cheerless cavern of unbroken night
 Where slept the god)—amid the hallow'd rite. 1310
 The natives hence impos'd that river's name.
 Hence to the cave its appellation came.*

And now the beach the stately barrow shows,
 Where the remains of *Sthenelus* repose.—
Alcides led his youthful steps from far,
 With *Amazons* to wage adventurous war.
 Returning, here th' untimely doom he bore.
 An arrow pierc'd him, on the fatal shore.
 Ere from that spot the *Grecian* vessel fled,
Persephone, fair empress of the dead, 1320
 (The warrior's mournful pray'r such pity mov'd)
 Anxious to greet the native bands he lov'd,
 Allow'd the shade from *Stygian* gloom to rise,
 With those dear objects to rejoice his eyes.
 High on the summit of his tomb he stood,
 And view'd the vessel dancing o'er the flood.—
 Such, as in life, appear'd th' illustrious shade,
 In beauty stern, in panoply array'd.
 His graceful head a radiant helmet prest,
 The cone of purple wav'd a fourfold crest. 1330
 Short space conspicuous, hovering o'er his tomb,
 He sunk—he vanish'd, in eternal gloom.—
 The band with fear that awful vision fill'd.
 When *Mopsus* thus, (to read the future skill'd,)

* *Callichorus*.—From two Greek words.

" Repair to land; and let th' advent'rous train
 " A warrior's favour with libations gain."——
 Contracted round the mast the sails they drew;
 And to the shore tenacious cables threw.
 Then, busied on the land, the tomb around,
 They pour'd libations, and the victims crown'd, 1340
 Such victims, as the realms of night demand,
 And burn their entrails, with religious hand.——
 But, far apart from the funereal rite,
 They place an altar to the god of light,
 Whose chearing influence mariners desire;
 And burn the victims on the hallow'd pyre.
 His lyre upon that altar *Orpheus* plac'd;
 The region hence the name of *Lyra* grac'd.

Now, calling them from land, the breeze prevails.
 Embarking, from the yard they spread the sails. 1350
 The ship impetuous hurried thro' the deeps,
 Swift as thro' liquid air the falcon sweeps,
 When, to the breeze resign'd, from high she springs,
 And darts unmoving on her levell'd wings.——
 Where to the shore *Parthenius* smooth descends,
 Gentlest of streams, her course the vessel bends.
 Oft will the virgin *Artemis* repair,
 With steps delighted, to those waters fair.
 Here bathes the huntress, when the chace she flies,
 And hastes, to join the banquet of the skies. 1360
 All day, untir'd by *Sesamus* they steer,
 Where *Eruthinian* hills their summits rear.
 Then, past *Crobialus*,* and *Cromnas* stood,
 And dark *Cytorus* crown'd with waving wood.
 When morning, now, began to dart her ray,
 Around *Carambis* they pursued their way.

* *Crobialus*—*Cromnas*.——See notes in the second volume.

Assiduous at their oars the hardy band
 Impell'd the vessel past a length of strand.
 All day, and the succeeding night they toil;
 And soon their labours reach th' *Assyrian* soil. 1370
 There *Jove* the daughter of *Asopus* plac'd,
 With chastity inviolable grac'd,
*Sinope**—from the god she won, with art,
 That gift unfriendly to th' enamour'd heart.—
 The fair deceiver cry'd, “ Almighty *Jove*,
 “ My wish perform, and I return, thy love.”——
 The god assented.—At her lover's hands,
 Virginity the crafty maid demands.—
 With equal art she mock'd *Apollo's* flame,
 And unpolluted kept a virgin's name. 1380
 Her love in vain the river *Halys* tried.
 Nor god nor mortal won her for a bride.
 Here still abode three warriors brave and young,
 From fam'd *Deimachus* in *Tricca* sprung,
Deilcon, *Phlogius*, not unknown to fame,
 With bold *Autolycus*, no vulgar name.
 In exile here they were content to bide,
 Since first they left the godlike hero's side.
 With much-enduring *Hercules*, from far
 They came, to share that *Amazonian* war.— 1390
 When now the welcome ship appear'd in view,
 With eager footsteps to the beach they flew.—
 They hail the *Minyæ*, as they gain the shore;
 Their names, their leaders, and their course explore.—
 These known, they wish no longer to remain,
 But haste on board, to join the gallant train,—
 Louder and louder sounds the western blast;
 The mouth of *Halys* in their course they past.

* *Sinope*, a city of *Pontus*. The birth place of *Diogenes* the cynic.

And *Iris*, as their gliding course they hold,
 Is past, a neighbour stream to *Halys* roll'd. 1400
 They pass *Assyria*, with alluvions fed,
 Encroaching still on ocean's oozy bed.

Now, with a circuit wide, they compass'd round
 The cliffs of *Amazons*, where ports abound.

Alcides here by stratagem detain'd
 Fair *Melanippe*,* till the prize he gain'd,
 Daughter of *Mars*, and as a ransom bore
 The varied girdle, that her sister wore.

Hippolyta the precious trophy paid;
 And from the chief receiv'd the captive maid. 1410

A harbour there *Thermodon's* outlet forms,
 A welcome refuge, from the raging storms.

No river can with this resemblance boast,
 Roll'd thro' such numerous channels to the coast.

Let four be added, from its fruitful head,
 An hundred streams affiliated spread,

From mountains high the parent spring distils,
 That take the name of *Amazonian* hills.

One channel first the downward current binds,
 Ere yet resistance in his course he finds; 1420

But uplands soon, to thwart his progress, swell,
 And hills oppos'd the backward flood repel.

Then, as the sloping ground affords a way,

Now here, now there, the winding currents stray.
 Some near, some distant, in meanders creep.

Some perish nameless, ere they gain the deep.

A few their parent to the main attend,

The winding shore, where *Euxine* billows rend.

There, tho' the band from storms a shelter found;
 They bode reluctant near that hostile ground. 1430

* *Hippolyta* was queen of the *Amazons*, and *Melanippe* her sister.

With warlike *Amazons*, their longer stay
 Brings fierce contention, and no bloodless fray.
 Those plains they held, a race inur'd to strife,
 The foes of civil rights, and social life ;
 For cruel injuries their cares engage ;
 And wrongs they perpetrate ; and wars they wage.
 Them to the warrior god, *Harmoniu* bore ;
 And from their sire descends the thirst of gore.
 Th' *Acmonian* shades beheld the fierce embrace,
 That fill'd the region, with a martial race. 1440

Again the *Zephyrs* blew, by *Jove's* command ;
 And bade them leave that inauspicious land ;
 Else *Themiscyra** soon, with rude alarms,
 Had seen th' assembled *Amazons* in arms.
 For, not combin'd within one wall they bide ;
 A threefold tribe, the region they divide.—
Hippolyta beneath her warlike reign
 Held *Themiscyra*, with the subject plain.
 From seats remote *Lycastian* troops advance.
 And bold *Chadesians*, train'd to wield the lance.—
 Another day, another night had roll'd.— 1451
 The land of *Chalybes* they now behold.
 To them nor vine nor orchard plant is dear ;
 The glebe they turn not, with the patient steer ;
 Nor bleating flocks in dewy meadows feed ;—
 Severer toils employ that hardy breed.
 Their sinewy arms earth's inmost entrails feel.
 From stubborn clods they force the temper'd steel.
 Their food they win, from unproductive soil ;
 And never morn allows repose from toil ; 1460
 While, black and grim with smoke, with ashes blear,
 Thro' ceaseless labour painful life they bear.
 Then, sailing round the cape, that tow'rs above,
 Grac'd with the name of *Genetean Jove*.

* A city and district belonging to the *Amazons*.

Advancing in their course, th' advent'rous band
 Were borne along the *Tibarenian* land.
 Among that race strange usages they find,
 Inverting all the customs of mankind.
 When to the light their infant offspring rise,
 The husbands utter groans, and piercing cries; 1470
 With many a bandage bind the drooping head,
 And helpless sink, upon the sickly bed.
 The wives for them the choicest food prepare,
 And baths adapted for the teeming fair.—
 A region, then, they past, and sacred hill,
 Where tow'rs of wood the *Mossynaci* fill.
 In stages high they rear the wooden frame;
 And from th' abodes the people take their name.*
 Far diff'rent institutes their conduct sway,
 From all the rules, that common men obey. 1480
 The public objects, we are wont to treat,
 In the wide forum, and the crouded street,
 With strange and studied secrecy they veil,
 And deep in privacies of home conceal.
 What native instincts, and the voice of fame,
 From public view discard, as acts of shame,
 Uncheck'd and shameless, as those herds that graze,
 Such they perform in the meridian blaze.
 Unknown to them the reverential awe,
 That in a brother's eye can read the law. 1490
 Nor lasting harmonies, of kindred mind,
 Nor contracts firm in wedded union bind.
 The public way, the meadow, and the grove
 Are all the scenes of base promiscuous love.
 Within the highest tow'r the king resides,
 And equal justice for the crowd provides.

* *Mossyni* and *Æcus*.—Two Greek words of corresponding sense.

Wo to the sovereign!—should his erring sense
 Pervert the right, or partial law dispense.
 His vengeful subjects close him in his tow'r,
 Till pining famine brings the mortal hour. 1500

This region past, all day they ply'd their oars,
 While, near them lay *Aretias'* sea-girt shores.
 (The breeze had languished the preceding night,)
 On high the bird of *Mars* pursued his flight.
 An inmate of that isle, thro' air he springs,
 And o'er the rapid vessel shakes his wings;
 Then, shot a feather, pointed as a dart;
Oileus' shoulder felt the sudden smart.—
 His oar fell idle from his powerless hand.—
 Amaze and terror fill'd the gazing band; 1510
 At such a weapon, rushing from on high.
 At such a foe, suspended in the sky.

Then *Eribotes*, from his station near,
 Arose, with pity fill'd and mingled fear:
 His friend's relief employs his tender skill;
 His gentle hands extract the feather'd ill.
 Then, from the sheath, his baldrick he unbound,
 A ligature to close the gaping wound.
 But, now, pursuing his companion's flight,
 A second bird attracts their wond'ring sight. 1520
 'Gainst him, with steady aim, the bow was bent.

The son of *Eurytus** an arrow sent,
 Nor sent in vain.—The flying death he feels;
 And round, in many a dizzy circle, wheels.
 Then, near them falls.—The son of *Aleus*† broke
 The general silence, and the croud bespoke.—
 “Th' expected isle, *Aretias*, lies full near.
 “These birds, undoubted harbingers appear.—
 “How shall our band this hateful tribe assail?
 “Our stock of arrows in th' assault must fail. 1530

* *Clytius*.

† *Amphidamas*.

" Let prudence, then, combine her aiding hand;
 " If there, as *Phineus* bids, we mean to land.—
 " When great *Alcides*, on *Arcadia's* soil,
 " Pursued the progress of his glorious toil,
 " From fair *Stymphalus'* wide expanse, to chace
 " The brooding *Plöides*, pernicious race,
 " Most foul and hateful of the plumy kind;—
 " I saw the chief.—His quiver he resign'd.
 " His station on a lofty rock he took.
 " His mighty hands the brazen cymbals shook. 1540
 " Far fled the brood abhorr'd, on sounding wings,
 " And darken'd air with screams of terror rings.—
 " I speak, with past experience for my guide.
 " Some apt expedient let us now provide.
 " While crested helmets every head defend;
 " To row, by turns, let half our number bend;
 " Half from the deck the burnish'd shield display,
 " And shake the lance, to scare the foes away.
 " All, at one instant, raise terrific cries; 1549
 " Th' unwonted clamours shall the brood surprise.
 " The voice, the nodding crest, the brandish'd spear,
 " Shall daunt the swarms with salutary fear.
 " And when that isle receives our gallant crew,
 " Then clash your shields, your clamours then renew."
 He ceas'd—the counsel just applauses found;
 And all their heads with brazen helmets crown'd.
 Terrific splendour; and with purple glow'd
 The crests, that nodded as by turns they row'd.
 Some, on the deck the spear and shield extend,
 A warlike roof, the vessel to defend. 1550
 As when the roof of tiles some builder forms,
 At once an ornament and shade from storms;
 Adapted each to each, in order'd rows,
 The shields to shields, and spears to spears they close.
 And such the din, as when, with hostile rage,
 Conflicting myriads furious battle wage.

The clamours fill'd the air, while distant far,
 No bird, as yet, perceiv'd that show of war.
 But, when, approaching that infested ground,
 Their shields they clash'd with a terrific sound; 1570
 In clouds on clouds the hateful birds arise,
 And scatter far and wide with piercing cries.
 As o'er some city when *Saturnian Jove*
 Drives hail in storms, loud pattering from above;
 O'er the broad roofs, along the spacious walls,
 The shiver'd cloud in deaf'ning volley falls;
 The populace survey th' ethereal arch,
 And in the blackness see the tempest march;
 Each door and avenue with caution bar;
 And shun appall'd, that elemental war; 1580
 Thus, clouds of feathers on their bucklers fell;
 Their bucklers thus the sounding storm repel.

But, why should *Phineus* send the godlike band,
 To such a welcome, and a desert land?—
 What gain allures?—what pleasures may redound?
 —The sons of *Phryxus* on that isle they found.—
 From *Æa*, where the rule *Æetes* bore,
 A ship of *Colchos* seeks their native shore.
 A dying father's last commands to keep,
 They launch the vessel, and they plough the deep.
 To gain the treasures, which a countless hoard, 1591
 His mansion held, for his descendants stor'd.
 That day their pinnacle near *Aretias* past;
 As *Jove* from high impell'd the northern blast;
 When, moist *Arcturus* rising in his train,
 Brings the chill tempest, and the drifted rain.
 By day, the breeze along the forest strays,
 And shakes the boughs, and with the foliage plays.
 By night, ascending with collected force,
 He swells the billows, in his howling course. 1600
 A settled gloom the face of Heav'n invades,
 And not a star can pierce the brooding shades.

Drench'd with the beating rain, and dashing waves,
 And tost at random, as the whirlwind raves,
 The sons of *Phryxus* see the billows rise;
 And near perdition glares before their eyes.
 The mast gives way; the sail, to fragments torn,
 Flies scatter'd, on the shrieking tempest borne.
 Th' infuriate wave, with sway resistless darts,
 And strikes the bark—the bark asunder parts. 1610
 Then, sudden, by divine suggestion taught,
 A mighty beam, the sons of *Phryxus* caught,
 As brac'd with spikes the wreck lay floating round.—
 Here clung the brothers; and their safety found.
 The winds and billows, from impending death,
 Waft to that isle their poor remains of breath.
 Now burst the clouds, in deluges of rain,
 Both on that isle, and the surrounding main.
 O'er isle, and continent the torrents fly,
 Regions, that opposite *Aretias* lie 1620
 O'er isle and continent, whatever place—
 The *Mossynæci* hold, injurious race.
 Now the strong impulse of the billows bore
 That timber, with the brothers to the shore.—
 They landed in the deepest gloom of night;
 The rainy torrents fled the dawning light.
 To meet the strangers, as the *Minyæ* ran,
 In plaintive accents *Argus* thus began.—
 “ By *Jove* all-seeing, hear the suppliant's pray'r,
 “ Whatever race of mortal men ye are. 1630
 “ The howling tempests, that the billows sweep
 “ Have dash'd our bark, in fragments o'er the deep.
 “ Where sunk in sorrows, and with want oppress'd,
 “ We late embark'd.—Oh let the generous breast
 “ With pity hear the suff'ring brothers' cry;
 “ And humblest raiment to their want supply.
 “ Equal in birth and woes, an hapless train.
 “ We reap our sad inheritance of pain.

" In us, your brethren, your companions know;
 " Since born of women, all are born to woe. 1640
 " To hospitable *Jove* are suppliants dear,
 " His chosen care,—in us, the God revere.—
 " Mercy to man regard to Heav'n may prove,
 " And pitying tears are off'rings worthy *Jove*.
 " For *Jove* maintains the hospitable tie,
 " And o'er the stranger casts a guardian eye."
 Him *Jason* questions, with a prudent aim,
 For *Phineus*' sayings his attention claim,
 And near completion seem.—" Whate'er the mind
 " Benevolent performs, expect to find.— 1650
 " What country, say, was erst your dwelling place?
 " Say, what distresses o'er the billows chase?
 " What names, ye bear, with verity disclose,
 " And whence the lineage of your father's flows."
 Perplex'd with misery, *Argus* thus replied.—
 " From land to land the fame has travell'd wide,
 " How *Phryxus*, sprung, from *Æolus*, of yore,
 " Exchang'd his native land for *Æa*'s shore,
 " To you well known.—The ram, with golden fleece,
 " Convey'd th' illustrious fugitive from *Greece*. 1660
 " Still to be seen the trophy'd fleece remains.
 " A branching oak the precious freight sustains.
 " When, past the perils of the deep, he gain'd
 " The distant regions, where *Æetes* reign'd;
 " The ram, that bore him safely o'er the tide,
 " At once the prophet and the victim died,
 " Victim to *Jove*, the guardian of his flight.—
 " *Æetes* then, with hospitable rite,
 " Within his stately walls receiv'd the guest,
 " Close to himself by bonds of marriage prest, 1670
 " *Chalciopé* his daughter fair bestow'd,
 " And gave the maid unask'd and unendow'd,*

* Unendowed.—For, by the custom of those times,

“ (Nor pow’r nor wealth the naked stranger brought.)
 “ The bond of love, the pledge of friendly thought.—
 “ Their children we—our sire, by years opprest,
 “ Within *Æetes*’ palace sunk to rest.
 “ We sail’d, obedient to his last desire,
 “ To seek the wealth of *Athamas*, his sire,
 “ Stor’d in *Orchomenus*.—But, would ye hear
 “ The names, that I and these my brethren bear,
 “ Your aid, with *Argus*, *Cytisorus* claims, 1680
 “ *Melas*, and *Phrontis*.—All ill-fated names.”

He ceas’d—this meeting charm’d the gen’ral breast.
 All, with affection, round the strangers prest.
 And gaz’d upon them, with admiring eyes;
 In language apt, while *Jason* thus replies.
 “ Much pitied youths, ye find, amid this band,
 “ Nor soul averse, nor unperforming hand.
 “ In double right our aid must be supplied,
 “ Brothers in sufferings, and in blood allied.
 “ Third in descent, from *Athamas* ye spring, 1690
 “ And I my parentage from *Cretheus* bring.
 “ At equal distance, from a common sire,
 “ Thro’ them, we catch the sparks of vital fire.
 “ I seek the region, where *Æetes* sways,
 “ With these, my friends—but this for future days—
 “ Now—take such raiment as your plight demands.
 “ And thank the Gods, that sent you to our hands.”

He ceas’d, and garments from the vessel gave,
 To clothe their members, shivering from the wave.
 With hasty step the shrine of *Mars* they sought; 1700
 And consecrated flocks for off’ring brought.—
 Around his altar croud an eager train;
 Of stones unhewn, it stood without the fane.
 Within, by barbarous worship long rever’d,
 A shapeless symbol of the God appear’d.

the dowry was not given by the wife, but paid by the husband.

Deep fix'd a black and massy column stands,
 Addrest with vows, by *Amazonian* bands.
 Nor sheep, nor oxen, to the fane they drive,
 Nor common entrails to the flames they give;
 But stall-fed horses, that ferocious race 1710
 In morsels cut, and on their altars place.

The rites perform'd, the banquet held its place,
 And all the train the calls of hunger chace.
 When *Jason* thus.—“Th’ all-seeing eye of *Jove*,
 “The deeds of mortals ponder from above.
 “The good and just are his peculiar care;
 “And never should the virtuous man despair;
 “He snatch’d your father from a step-dame’s wrath,
 “And strew’d with boundless wealth his favor’d path.
 “And you, his progeny belov’d, he keeps 1720
 “Unharm’d by tempests, and the raging deeps.
 “On your desires behold our vessel wait.—
 “Embark with freedom, and pursue your fate,
 “To *Colchos* steer, or mansions of your line
 “In *Pthian* seats, *Orchomenus* divine.
 “Our ship is hallow’d: for *Minerva’s* hand
 “The timber hew’d, and fashion’d for our band.
 “The sacred oaks from *Pelion’s* summit came;
 “And, taught by *Pallas*, *Argus* join’d the frame.
 “Your vessel yielded to the waves and wind, 1730
 “But greater dangers yet remain behind,
 “The narrow streight, where floating rocks are found,
 “That clash incessant, with tremendous sound.—
 “Alike with you we seek the *Grecian* plain;
 “But aid us first the golden fleece to gain;
 “And guide our course.—Oblations shall be paid,
 “With solemn rites to soothe your father’s shade.
 “The vengeance then of angry *Jove* may cease;
 “And leave the sons of *Æolus* in peace.”

He paus’d; and terror ceas’d the hearer’s mind,
 Who knew *Æetes* form’d of sternest kind. 1741

To bear away from him the fleece of gold,
 Appear'd a task, that might appal the bold.
 Solicitous to shun that rash emprise,
 In terms dissuasive *Argus* thus replies.—

“ O friends, whene'er th' emergence shall require,
 “ Our feeble aid shall second your desire.—
 “ But *Colchos!*—how the thought with terror chills!
 “ Such savage cruelty *Æetes* fills!—
 “ He boasts his lineage from the god of day; 1750
 “ And countless are the tribes that own his sway.
 “ In dreadful voice, in strength and warlike pride,
 “ He dares to vie with *Mars*, the homicide.—
 “ The guardian monster let your eyes behold,
 “ And then aspire, to win the fleece of gold!
 “ A serpent vast, exempt from death and sleep,
 “ Produc'd by earth on the *Caucasian* steep.
 “ Where black the *Typhaonian** rocks arise,
 “ And thunderstruck enormous *Typhon* lies.—
 “ His impious hands were rais'd, with madding ire;
 “ And on his head descends th' eternal fire. 1761
 “ Warm, smoaking from the wound the gore distils.
 “ To *Nyssa's* plains he fled, and rising hills.
 “ There, chain'd in iron sleep, no more to wake,
 “ He rolls; and o'er him spreads the vast *Serbonian* lake.”
 —He ceas'd—and paleness on each visage dwelt;
 For all the terrors of that conflict felt.—
 But *Peleus* thus his hardy speech address.—
 “ O friend, expel despondence from thy breast.
 “ Nor strength we want, nor skill in war's alarms,
 “ With fierce *Æetes* to contend in arms.— 1771
 “ What, tho' from Gods he draws his vaunted line;
 “ We too can boast an origin divine.
 “ Let him the fleece concede; or haply, vain
 “ His heav'nly lineage, and his subject train.”

* See notes in the second volume.

Thus speech alternate wing'd away the hour;
 The banquet done, they yield to slumber's pow'r.
 The morn, with rising gales, disperst their sleep.
 And gentle murmurs call'd them to the deep.
 They rais'd their sails, the canvas caught the wind,
 And soon they left that isle of *Mars* behind. 1781
 The night succeeding, with propitious blast,
 Along the shores of *Philyra* they past.
 There, *Chronus*, eldest progeny of Heav'n,
 To thine embrace fair *Philyra* was giv'n;
 When from *Olympus* thou the *Titans* sway'd,
 And *Jove* was in the *Cretan* cavern laid!
 There, the *Curetes*, fill'd with pious fears,
 Nurst the young sov'reign of the starry spheres.
 —Tho' studious to withdraw from *Rhea's* eye, 1790
 What arts the glance of jealousy may fly?
 Th' offended wife surpris'd their guilty loves,
 Chang'd to a horse, the conscious husband roves.
 Through shame, the nymph, fair daughter of the main,
 Forsook she favorite seat, the native plain;
 The lofty mountains of *Pelasgia* sought;
 And there to birth a monstrous offspring brought.—
 In origin, part bestial, part divine,
 He bore resemblance of the mingled line.—
 The region of *Macrones* they survey; 1900
 And plains immense, where the *Bechiri* sway.
 These, in their voyage, past, the shores they trace.
 Where the *Sapirians* dwell, a lawless race.
 Still onward borne, by the propitious blast,
 They plough'd the deep, and the *Byzeres* past.
 Its ample bay the *Colchian* shore reveals;
 And *Caucasus* his head in Heav'n conceals.
 There, 'mid the rocky crags, that rise around,
 With brazen shackles was *Prometheus* bound.
 His vitals are the famish'd eagle's food, 1910
 Still, still devour'd, and evermore renew'd.

Still the dire feast the bird of carnage brings,
 To dip the beak in gore, and flap the wings.—
 That eve they saw him, by the twilight pale:
 At first, beneath the clouds, he seem'd to sail.
 They heard him scream, terrific as he past,
 With levell'd pinions o'er the lofty mast.
 Their canvas flutter'd, as his plumage moves.
 No bird he seems, that field aerial roves;
 But, like some vessel, borne by sail and oars, 1920
 Ample and dark, with steady flight he soars.
 Oh, soon they hear most lamentable sounds;
 With shrieks of torture all the air resounds.—
 Canst thou, O wretch, withdraw th' accustom'd feast?
 What hope? what means to shun the direful guest?
 Till from the cliffs returning, gorg'd with food,
 Slowly he sails, distilling drops of blood.

While night prevail'd, by *Argus* taught, they found
 The mouths of *Phasis*, and the *Colchian* bound;
 The sails and yards within their places stor'd; 1930
 And laid th' inclining mast along the board.
 With oars the mighty current they ascend,
 That gurgles hoarse, and to the stroke they bend.
 The rocks of *Caucasus*, that meet the sky,
 And *Scythian Æa*, on the left hand lie:
 The plains of *Mars* were on the right display'd,
 And consecrated groves, with horrid shade.
 The guardian serpent, there, that never slept,
 The fleece, suspended 'mid the foliage, kept —
 In *Jason's* hand the golden goblet flam'd; 1940
 With awful rev'rence many a pow'r he nam'd.
 Libations pure were on the stream bestow'd;
 And next for *Earth* the racy vintage flow'd;
 Then, to the deities that haunt the soil;
 And shades of heroes freed from mortal toil.
 "Hail native pow'rs! propitious be the strand.
 "In safety guard us, as ye guard the land."—

Anceus then.—“ Behold the *Colchian* plains,
“ And *Phasis* reach’d :—what counsel now remains?
“ Think, with *Æetes*, how we may prevail; 1950
“ How soothe with art, or with success assail.”
He ceas’d—as *Argus* bids, th’ heroic race
In the ’mid stream their ship at anchor place.
The trees above wave gloomy o’er their heads;
Below, the stream its stagnant water spreads.
They court the gifts of slumber, thro’ the night;
And hail with gladness the returning light.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

BOOK THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

Juno and *Minerva*, having consulted together how they may best aid the *Argonauts* in their enterprize, resolve to apply to *Venus*.—They persuade her, to send *Cupid* to inspire *Medea* with love for *Jason*.—That hero, with the sons of *Phryxus*, presenting himself before *Æetes*, demands of him the golden fleece.—The monarch, enraged at this bold application, propounds tremendous, and, as he thought, impracticable tasks, as the means of obtaining the fleece.—These were, to yoke the bulls breathing fire.—To sow the dragon's teeth; and reap the harvest of armed men.—In the meantime, *Venus* finds *Cupid* playing at dice with *Ganymede*.—She bribes her son, with a couple of golden balls, to co-operate in the design of inflaming *Medea* with love.—The passion and mental conflicts of that princess are described.—She resigns herself wholly to the dominion of love; and, under the influence of that emotion, determines to assist *Jason* in his enterprize.—She has an interview with the young hero, at the temple of *Hecate*.—She furnishes him with a certain medicament, composed of enchanted herbs and drugs; by which he should be enabled to endure the fiery breath of the bulls.—And instructs him, how he is to conduct himself, so as to avoid the fury of the earth-born brothers, who were to spring up from the dragon's teeth.—The fatal day arrives.—*Jason*, duly instructed and prepared, enters on his task, with alacrity.—Description of his yoking the bulls, compelling them to work, and sowing the dragon's teeth.

—The harvest of armed men springs up.—*Jason*, as he had been previously instructed, throws a stone among them.—They begin to fight, and destroy each other.—*Jason* exterminates the survivors.—*Æetes* beholds the scene with rage and despair.

COME *Erato*,* sweet parent of the song,
That tells the feelings of th' enamour'd throng.
Relate, how *Jason*, from that *Colchian* shore,
The fleecy treasure to *Thessalia* bore.
While artful love to *Pallas* lent his aid,
And gentle phrensy fir'd the royal maid.
The tender wars of *Venus* are thy care;
Thy melting numbers soothe the virgin fair.
Oh soft historian of the lover's flame,
Hence are thy songs, and hence th' endearing name.

Yet undetermin'd on their future way, 11
The *Grecian* band conceal'd in sedges lay.
Meantime, the daughter and the wife of *Jove*
Consult, sequester'd from the pow'rs above.
When to their fragrant chamber they repair'd,
Not *Jove* himself their sacred counsels shar'd.
The converse first from royal *Juno*, mov'd,
Anxious to learn, what wisdom's pow'r approv'd.

“ Daughter of *Jove*, what purpose fills thy mind?
“ Say, what expedient can thy wisdom find? 20
“ What soothing speech from stern *Æetes* gains
“ The fleece of gold?—what stratagem obtains?—
“ Fierce as he is, much labour it will ask.
“ But shall immortals shun an arduous task?”
She ceas'd—and *Pallas* thus—“ Revolving thought
“ Already with the favourite theme is fraught.

* The muse, who presided over love and poetry, so called from the *Greek* word, *erao*.

“ From scheme to scheme, I turn my doubtful mind,
 “ Yet, none propitious to the *Greeks* I find.”—

She paus'd—and both upon the pavement keep
 Their glances fix'd, in meditation deep. 39

Then *Juno*.—“ Let us seek the queen of charms;

“ And gain her son to lend his powerful arms.

“ Let him inflame the fair *Medea's* heart.

“ Philtres she knows, and many a magic art.

“ His gentle weapons shall invade her rest;

“ And love for *Jason* fill th' enamour'd breast.

“ The slave of fond desire, she may unfold

“ Expedients, that shall win the fleece of gold.”

Minerva with the prudent speech accords,
 And thus replies, in soft and gentle words.— 40

“ My sire produc'd me, of impassive kind.

“ Love's fond artillery never touch'd my mind.

“ Unskill'd I am, in amorous hopes and fears.

“ Yet, if this engine of such force appears;

“ Let knowledge still o'er inexperience sway;—

“ I freely follow where you point the way.”—

They sought the palace of the *Cyprian* queen;

A spacious pile, where *Vulcan's* hand was seen.

The beauteous bride when sov'ran *Jove* bestow'd,

His choicest skill th' impassion'd workman show'd.

The courts they past, and found the portals clos'd, 51

Where the fond spouse his bridal bed dispos'd.—

With fairest hands the Goddess deck'd the bed;

To wonted labours while her husband sped.—

His forge, his anvil, and th' erratic isle

Invite him early, to the scene of toil,

Where all the wonders of his art he made,

Recesses deep, that cavern'd fires pervade.

Full opposite the portal, on a throne,
 That circled round the Goddess sate alone. 60

Her tresses floated on her shoulders fair,

A comb of gold adjusts her radiant hair.

The queen of beauty then her cares bestow'd,
 In braids prolix to weave her locks, that flow'd;
 Like streaming sunshine.—When her guests she view'd,
 The pleasing labour she no more pursued.

She bade them enter, and with courteous grace,
 Sprang from her seat, to give the strangers place.
 Reclin'd, the heav'nly visitants beside,
 Her careless tresses in a knot she tied.— 70

Then, with soft smiles, that search the heart of heart,
 And gentle stings, and secret wishes dart.—

—“ Say, honour'd goddesses, what counsel springs?

“ After long absence, what occasion brings,

“ Unwonted favour, to the queen of love,

“ The first and chief of deities above?

“ We feel the sarcasm, tho' conceal'd with art,

“ (*Juno* replied) but grief invades the heart.—

“ In *Phasis'* stream, the ship of *Jason* lies;

“ Allur'd by hopes, to make that fleece his prize. 80

“ From *Grecian* shores he leads a gallant band;

“ Unequal conflicts the bold youths demand.—

“ For all I fear—for *Æson's* offspring most.—

“ Oh shall the flow'r of warlike hope be lost?—

“ No—should the youth to *Stygian* glooms descend,

“ My care should follow, and my arm defend.—

“ Ev'n should he try, to loose from bands of steel,

“ That wretch *Ixion*, he my aid should feel.—

“ Shall haughty *Pelias* mark, with impious scorn,

“ My frustrate vengeance, and my shrine forlorn? 90

“ And shall not, then, th' atrocious tyrant dread

“ The fate impending o'er his guilty head?—

“ Not from caprice my care of *Jason* flows.—

“ His piety thy stream, *Anaurus*, knows.

“ Returning from the chace, when all around

“ The snows lay white, on every rising ground,

“ And roaring torrents, from the mountain roll'd,

“ O'erspread the plain, in shape deform'd and old,

" With helpless seeming, and with piteous strain,
 " I prov'd his feeling heart, nor prov'd in vain. 100
 " He bow'd his shoulders to my weight; and bore
 " Safe thro' the deluge, and the torrent's roar.—
 " Oh deed humane! recorded in my mind,
 " No common recompence it claims to find.—
 " But punishment and recompense demand
 " Alike concurrence from thy gentle hand."—

She ceas'd.—The novel language and request,
 Fill'd with amazement *Cytherea's* breast.
 And veneration mix'd with secret shame,
 While regal *Juno* us'd the suppliant's name. 110

" Goddess rever'd (she said, in accents kind)
 " Deprav'd and reprobate were *Venus'* mind,
 " Dare she presume, thy wishes to despise,
 " For word or act, that in her province lies.
 " Poor, poor auxiliaries are hands so weak;
 " But, task them freely.—No return I seek.

With prudent answer, *Juno* then proceeds—
 " Nor strength nor force our present purpose needs.
 " A peaceful influence with thy son employ,
 " That mighty arbiter of pain and joy. 120

" At thy persuasion, let him wing the dart;
 " And love and *Jason* touch *Medea's* heart.
 " Thus, may the *Minyæ* find a powerful aid;
 " For artful wiles endow the royal maid.
 " Thus, may they safely reach *Iolcus'* shore;
 " And gain the fleece, that shines with golden ore."

Then, *Venus* to the Goddesses replied.—
 " Your influence sooner would that urchin guide;
 " For, shameless tho' he is, and unconfin'd,
 " Some touch of reverence might affect his mind. 130
 " Of me regardless, with reluctant scorn,
 " A mother's rule the wayward imp has borne.
 " In bitterness of grief, and passion's glow,
 " Oft have I thought, to break his shafts and bow.

“ For, sworn with pride, at chastisement he spurns;
 “ And menaces to reprimand returns.”——

With smiles the Goddesses her plaint attend,
 And meaning glances on each other bend.

In mournful notes, resumed the queen of love.—

“ I find, my sorrows your derision move.— 140

“ Why weary others with my plaintive tone?—

“ No—let me weep, in silence, and alone.—

“ Tho’ secret anguish on my bosom prey;

“ Yet, where I can, your wishes I obey.

“ When softest blandishments assail his breast,

“ My son may grant a parent’s fond request.”

Then, *Juno* prest her soft and polish’d hand;
 And spake, with soothing smiles, and language bland.

—“ Perform th’ appointed task with gentle art;

“ Nor let contention agitate thy heart. 150

“ Indulge thy son.—A parent’s wish will find,

“ Short opposition, from his playful mind.”

The Goddess ceas’d’ and from her seat arose.

With her returning, virgin *Pallas* goes;

While o’er *Olympus*, and the realms above,

Fair *Venus* seeks the fleeting pow’r of love.—

Sacred to *Jove*, where spread the flowery ground,

The little deity his mother found.

Nor found alone—the *Phrygian** boy was there,

Whom *Jove* translated to the starry sphere, 160

Struck with his beauty.—Them, as suited boys,

At golden dice, the careless hour employs.

Minion of fortune, in exulting mood,

On tiptoe rais’d, the wanton tyrant stood.

His left hand grasp’d the winnings, which he prest,

His wealth securing, to his ivory breast.

Delirious sweetness from his glances flow’d;

And o’er his cheeks translucent colour glow’d.

* *Ganymede*.——See notes, vol. 2.

Near him, with bending knee, th' opponent stands,
Two dies alone remain within his hands. 170

His heart the conqueror's mirthful triumph stung;
His drooping head, in silent grief, he hung.

Now, the two dies, that of his store remain'd,
That urchin god, by lucky chance, has gain'd.
With empty hands, in deep despairing trance,
He turn'd, nor saw the queen of charms advance.

She stood before her son—she prest his cheeks;
And thus, with sweet insinuation, speaks.

“ Why, wayward urchin, that malicious smile?

“ What thoughtless victim does thy craft beguile? 180

“ Thy mother brings thee an appropriate task.

“ Nor yet, without reward, thine aid I ask.

“ Indulge thy mother; and I give my boy,

“ What once to *Jove* belong'd, a beauteous toy.—

“ To him an infant, in th' *Idean* cave,

“ His nurse, *Adrasté*, the bright plaything gave,

“ A polish'd sphere.—And never, from the flame,

“ Or skill of *Vulcan*, sweeter trinket came.

“ The various circles are of burnish'd gold;

“ Two swelling curvatures round each are roll'd. 190

“ The joinings are conceal'd, with skill profound,

“ And over each is pale green ivy bound.

“ Launch'd from thy hand, in fields of æther bright,

“ That star-like orb will draw the train of light.

“ The prize is thine, if thy successful art,

“ With love for *Jason* fills *Medea's* heart.—

“ Send forth thine arrows, let her feel thy sway;

“ Nor be the favour lessen'd by delay.”—

The Goddess paus'd—the boy, with ravish'd ears,
The task propos'd, and promis'd payment hears. 200

The gather'd playthings from his grasp he flung.

Then, to her robe, with both his hands he clung.

Her knees he clasp'd, and sprang from side to side,

While every art of blandishment he tried.—

" I pine — I languish, for a toy so fair.—
 " This instant, grant it, to my ardent pray'r."——
 But *Venus* slily parries the demand,
 With artful words, and with caresses bland.—
 She strok'd his cheeks, she kist him, and she prest;
 And, gently smiling, thus her speech address. 240
 " Thy dearest head be witness, and my own,
 " Here, no deceit by *Venus* shall be shown.—
 " The gift is thine—it shall not be delay'd.
 " But first thy shafts must touch the royal maid."
 She spake.—The wily urchin, in a trice,
 Collected from the ground his scatter'd dice.—
 He counted, one by one, the shining hoard;
 And all in *Venus*' radiant bosom stor'd.—
 His quiver, leaning 'gainst a tree reclin'd,
 He seis'd; and in the golden belt confin'd. 220
 He snatch'd his bow; he trac'd the realms above,
 Æthereal, all-productive plains of *Jove*.—
 Then, thro' the portals of *Olympus* tends,
 Where sloping the celestial path descends.
 There, the two poles of the celestial sphere,
 To meet the heav'ns, their lofty summits rear.
 The highest points of earth, where first upborne
 The blushing sun unfolds the rays of morn.
 The foodful earth appear'd, within his ken,
 And cities, fair abodes of polish'd men; 230
 With verdant banks, where sacred rivers flow;
 And cloud-capt mountains lift th' aerial brow,
 In prospect wide, the vast of ocean lies,
 And seems to mingle with surrounding skies.
 The ship was moor'd beside the rushy bank;
 The crew the benches fill'd, in many a rank;
 Tall spiry reeds, that in the marshes grew,
 Their ambush'd numbers hid from hostile view.
 Each, in his place, in silent order sate;
 While *Jason* thus commenc'd the deep debate. 240

“ Hear, gallant friends, what present thoughts suggest;

“ And then decide, as suits th’ occasion best.—

“ Our common dangers common counsels need.

“ From free discussion safety must proceed.

“ That man, whose thoughts a guilty silence veils,

“ Of glory and of *Greece* defrauds our sails.—

“ In arms your station at the ship retain;

“ While I the palace of *Æetes* gain.—

“ The sons of *Phryxus* shall with me along.

“ And two beside, selected from the throng.— 250

“ I mean, to try the pow’r of peaceful words.—

“ If chance the king that fleece of gold accords,

“ ’Tis well.—If trusting to his strength of hand,

“ He treat with insolence a stranger band;

“ We then the worst of our condition know;

“ And thoughts matured our future course may show;

“ Whether we shall depend on open force,

“ Or find in stratagem some safe resource.—

“ Injurious ’twere, to seize the prize in arms,

“ Ere soft persuasion has applied her charms. 260

“ With soothing words persuasion can prevail,

“ While brutal force and rageful menace fail.—

“ When blameless *Phryxus* fled his step-dame’s * ire,

“ And murderous rites of a misguided sire, †

“ His mild demeanour rising pity bred,

“ And stern *Æetes* spar’d his gentle head.—

“ The laws of hospitable *Jove*, confest

“ In every clime, pervade the rudest breast.”

The band assented, with a loud acclaim;

Nor one the counsel could in secret blame. 270

The hero’s steps the sons of *Phryxus* guide,

With *Telamon Augeas* guards his side.—

* *Ino*.

† *Athamas*.

He bears the staff of *Hermes** in his hand,
And thro' the reeds and waters hastes to land.

They reach'd an eminence amid the plains.
From *Circe* fam'd the place a name retains.
Osiers, in ranks, and vines o'erspread the ground;
Where carcasses are hung with chains around.
For, still the *Colchians* with abhorrence view
Sepulchral rites, that other tribes pursue. 280
Nor to the flames the lifeless man they give,
Nor bid the womb of parent earth receive.
No monumental mounds their hands compose.
Crude hides of bulls the manly kind enclose;
While, to the elemental air consign'd,
From trees they welter to the parching wind,
Without their walls.—But different rites await
Their females, when they feel the stroke of fate.—
The corse is yielded to the parent clay.—
Such various customs o'er that nation sway. 290

Propitious to their journey, *Juno* shrouds
The *Colchian* city, in a veil of clouds.
That safely they might reach the monarch's seat;
Nor insult from the swarming rabble meet.
Soon as the heroes past the spacious plain,
The city walls, and royal dome to gain;
The Goddess, then, dispell'd the mist in air;
Wondering they stood before the palace fair.—
It's ample gates their admiration call,
And stately columns rank'd along the wall. 300
On brazen chapiters projecting plac'd,
The roof above a marble cornice grac'd.
The threshold, then, they pass, in mute amaze.
There, her broad leaves the paly vine displays.
Beneath the shade, four springs perennial flow'd;
Where *Vulcan's* hand had wond'rous skill bestow'd.

* The sign of peaceful intentions.

One milk dispens'd; and one the grape's red blood;
 One fragrant oil; and one the crystal flood.—
 Hence, when the *Pleiades* forsake the skies,
 With boiling heat the gushing waters rise. 310

When the fair stars returning radiance show,
 With icy coldness from the rock they flow.—
 Such wonders in the *Colchian* palace shine,
 Eternal monuments of art divine.
 And wond'rous bulls from *Vulcan's* labour came,
 With brazen hoof, and mouths disgorging flame.
 For these a plough he form'd, of structure rare,
 And temper'd adamant compos'd the share;
 A grateful offering to the God,* whose car,
 Receiv'd him faint from the *Phlegræan* war. 320

Amid the court, the stately palace rose.—
 Compacted valves each spacious entrance close.
 In ample range the sumptuous chambers stand.
 A portico projects, on either hand.
 Oblique a lofty building clos'd each wing.
 Here, with his spouse, abode the *Colchian* king,
 Within the turret, that in height excell'd.
 Th' inferior tow'r his son *Abyrtus* held.
 Him, earliest object of the monarch's care,
Caucasean nymph, *Asterodea* bare. 330

Ere yet the bands of nuptial faith were tied,
 That mark'd *Idya*,† for his virgin bride.
 This youngest offspring of the hoary wave,
 To parent ocean matron *Tethys* gave.
 The graceful youth shone so supremely bright,
 The *Colchians* nam'd him, from the source of light,
 Fair *Phaeton*.—The chambers that remain'd
 Th' attendant virgins of the queen obtain'd.—
Chalciopé—*Medea* there abode,
 Offspring by marriage on the king bestow'd. 340

* *Phebus*.† The queen of *Æetes*.

That morning, to salute her sister bent,
 The fair *Medea* from her chamber went.
 For *Juno's* care confin'd the nymph at home,
 Unusual chance, within the splendid dome.—
 Priestess of *Hecaté*, within the shrine
 Day after day she past, in rites divine. —
 Soon as she view'd the strangers, in surprise,
 Mingled with fear, she utter'd piercing cries;
 Full soon the piercing cries her sister hears.
 Full soon they reach th' attendant virgins' ears. 350
 They cast their webs and distaffs to the ground,
 And all, with hurried wonder, crouded round.
 With them *Chalciope* beheld her sons.—
 Thro' all her veins a thrilling pleasure runs.
 With eager joy, her arms aloft she holds,
 Each grateful youth his parent then enfolds,
 With fond caresses, to his gentle breast;
 While plaintive sounds the matron's cares exprest.
 —“ In vain, regardless of a mother's pain,
 “ Ye left me here—to tempt the dangerous main, 360
 “ Fate has repell'd you.—What unstay'd desire?—
 “ What cruel mandate of a dying sire,
 “ Oh wretched me! would leave me to deplore,
 “ My darlings ravish'd to some distant shore?
 “ O *Phryxus*, how thy last commands impart
 “ Eternal anguish, to my bursting heart!—
 “ Why seek *Orchomenus*? why plough the deep,
 “ To reach the seats, that fancied treasures keep?
 “ What place is that?—ah, whither would you go?—
 “ Can sons delight to see their mother's woe?”—
 Rous'd by her complaints, *Idya*, royal dame, 371
 And last *Æetes*, from the palace came.—
 The startling ear a mingled clamour thrill'd;
 And various noises had th' inclosure fill'd.—
 Some of the train surround the mighty steer.
 Some cleave with sharpen'd brass the billets sere.

Some, for the bath capacious caldrons boil.—
Each for his lord was busied in some toil.

Thro' the clear air unseen, relentless love
Came, like the fly, that mads the youthful drove. 380
Thro' valley, and thro' flood, it drives them wild,
Scourge of the herd, the *Breeze* by rustics stil'd.

Behind a column at the porch he stands,
And bends th' unerring bow with cruel hands.
A shaft untried he from the quiver drew,
Parent of pangs, that bosom never knew.—

With footsteps light, the threshold then he past;
And round and round his wily glances cast.—

By *Jason* screen'd, he now contracts his size,
And to the nerve th' indented shaft applies. 390

He draws the feather'd mischief to the head;
Home to *Medea's* heart the shaft is sped.—

Delirious trances all her pow'rs subdue.
Back, from the lofty dome, that urchin flew,
A laugh malign his cruel mischief show'd.

Deep in the virgin's breast his arrow glów'd.
Like pent up fires it rag'd; and from that flame,
At *Jason* darted, ardent flashes came.

While soft oblivion o'er the spirit flows;
With fainting throbs her bosom sunk, and rose. 400

Sensations new the melting spirit fill'd;
Thro' all her veins delightful anguish thrill'd.

As when the toiling matron's frugal hand,
Has heap'd the fuel round the smother'd brand.
From works of wool her scanty means are drawn;
Her wakeful toil anticipates the dawn;

And stores the hearth, with lurking seeds of light,
That industry may steal an hour from night.

With gradual waste the fire in secret preys;
The billet moulders, as it feeds the blaze; 410

Thus love, pernicious love, consum'd the maid,
A fire unseen, that on the bosom prey'd.—

The various hue tumultuous passion speaks,
 And pale and red alternate, seise the cheeks.—
 Now had th' attendants spread the festive board;
 And lenient baths the weary limbs restor'd.—
 When food and wine had chear'd th' expanding breast.
 The king his grandsons mildly thus addrest.—
 " Say, gentle offspring of my daughter's love,
 " To *Phryxus*, honour'd all my guests above; 420
 " What to these walls returns you?—choice? or force?
 " —Say, did misfortune interrupt your course?—
 " Might counsels built on past experience sway,
 " Ne'er had your bark essay'd the weary way.
 " The space immense before your eyes I plac'd;
 " For, every shore, and distant gulf I trac'd.—
 " Borne in the chariot, at my father's* side,
 " O'er many a clime I past; in circuit wide;
 " What time from *Colchos*, to *Hesperia's* shore,
 " The God of light my sister *Circé* bore. 430
 " Our wand'rings ended on the *Tuscan* strand.
 " There, yet she dwells, far from the *Colchian* land.
 " —But, why should tales of other times detain?—
 " Th' occurrence of the present hour explain.
 " Why, from the vessel ye are present here?
 " And who these men, that in your train appear?"
 Before his brothers *Argus* quick replies,
 While prudent fears for *Jason's* ship arise.
 In language mild he cloath'd his prudent thought,
 For riper years had more experience taught.— 440
 " Our ship asunder torn, by wind and wave;
 " Sole hope of refuge from the wat'ry grave,
 " One precious plank, with anxious grasp, we keep;—
 " That isle of *Mars* receiv'd us from the deep,
 " Buoy'd o'er the billows, by celestial care,
 " When shades of midnight blacken'd our despair.

* *Phœbus*.

“ —No more we found the birds of *Mars*; erewhile,
 “ Brooding they harbour’d, in the desert isle;
 “ But, ere we came, they fled their favorite land,
 “ Chac’d by the prowess of a stranger band. 450
 “ That band for us, in pity, *Jove* detain’d.
 “ They gave us garments, and with food sustain’d.
 “ A tyrant’s jealousy, this youth expell’d,
 “ Who all the race of *Æolus* excell’d.
 “ With boundless wealth endow’d, and regal sway,
 “ His haughty mandate none may disobey.
 “ He bids him wander, destin’d to remove,
 “ A curse, impending from the wrath of *Jove*.
 “ Hopeless alike, to disobey or speed,
 “ And only sure the tyrant’s hate to feed, 460
 “ He comes, enjoin’d to purge away the stain,
 “ Deriv’d from *Phryxus* on th’ *Æolian* train.
 “ His efforts failing, they are doom’d to know
 “ Inflictions dire, intolerable woe.
 “ Nor cease their pangs, ere his return to *Greece*,
 “ Means of atonement, wafts the golden fleece.
 “ *Minerva*’s skill the stately ship supplied;
 “ Not like those barks, that *Colchian* pilots guide;
 “ Not like the bark our evil genius gave,
 “ Sport of the winds, and scorn of every wave; 470
 “ But, firm and tall, compact with timbers vast,
 “ To ride the billows, and to dare the blast.
 “ Alike contriv’d, with swelling oars, to fly,
 “ And bending oars, that nervous rowers ply;
 “ She bears collected all the prime and boast,
 “ Of youthful heroes, from the *Grecian* coast.—
 “ Far have they wander’d to the *Colchian* plain,
 “ Thro’ many a city, many a stormy main.—
 “ If generous thoughts the precious fleece may yield—
 “ No force they meditate, no listed field.— 480
 “ Supreme in all things shall thy pleasure sway;
 “ And ample gifts for the possession pay.—

" Their timely aid may quell the warlike kind,
 " *Sauromata*, that bear a rebel mind.—
 " Wouldst thou be told, from whence his lineage flows?
 " —The race heroic shall my tongue disclose.—
 " This chief, whose cause convokes the brave and young,
 " Is son of *Æson*, and from *Cretheus* sprung,
 " The gallant *Jason*.—If we credit fame;
 " A common lineage, with the chief we claim. 490
 " *Cretheus* and *Athamas* the vital fire
 " Deriv'd from *Æolus*, a common sire;
 " *Phryxus* from *Athamas*.—His parent bright,
 " *Augeas* honours in the source of light;
 " And *Telamon*, allied to pow'rs above,
 " Thro' glorious *Æacus*, descends from *Jove*.—
 " The hero's followers all, of strain divine,
 " From deities deduce th' illustrious line."——

As *Argus* ended, indignation fill'd
 The monarch's soul; and storms of passion thrill'd.
 Reproach and fury all the band engage; 501
 His grandsons chief attract the burst of rage.
 For them he censur'd, as the guilty cause,
 That hateful visit from the strangers draws.
 Beneath his brows, his eye-balls darted fire.—
 " Hence, from my sight, ye caitiff brood retire.
 " Back, with your fables, and your wiles, to *Greece*;
 " Nor wait the fruits of *Phryxus*, and his fleece,
 " Bitter to you.—Not for the fleece ye come.—
 " My sceptre ye would seize; and regal dome.— 510
 " My table ye have touch'd, with genial rite;
 " Or direful thanks intrusion should requite;
 " Tear out your tongues, and lop your arms away;
 " And send you forth a pageant of dismay;
 " A timely check, to wild attempts and lies;
 " A just reward of monstrous blasphemies."——
 He spake infuriate—high disdain impell'd
 The son of *Æacus*; his bosom swell'd,

With indignation; and he had repaid
 Reproaches with reproach; but *Jason* stay'd 520
 The war of words; and mildly thus address
 The haughty king.—“*Æetes*, calm thy breast.
 “ Let not our armament thy fears engage;
 “ Or fill thy bosom with tumultuous rage.—
 “ Not ours the motive, painted by thy fear.—
 “ No hostile purpose to thy realm we bear.
 “ What man would traverse such a tract of main,
 “ To spoil, with hand unjust, a stranger's reign?—
 “ But, plac'd by *Jove* beneath a tyrant's sway,
 “ His cruel mandate I, perforce, obey.— 530
 “ Indulge our wishes. Thro' the *Grecian* land,
 “ Thy name and honour shall immortal stand.
 “ Nor shall the favour meet a thankless race.
 “ Our warlike service shall repay the grace.
 “ Whether the proud *Sauromata* must bend;
 “ Or other tribes the shock of arms attend.”——
 Thus, *Jason*, with persuasive language wrought.
 While doubtful fluctuates the tyrant's thought.
 Now, bent, with sudden onset to destroy;
 And, now, their strength in trials to employ. 540
 With him revolving, the last thought prevails.
 “ Why, strangers, (he replied) these long details?
 “ If ye, indeed, a line celestial boast;
 “ And, as our equals, seek the *Colchian* coast.—
 “ Lo—to your wish I grant the fleece of gold.—
 “ From valiant men, I nothing can withhold.
 “ Bear it to him, the despot of your land,
 “ Whoe'er he is, that rules the *Grecian* band.—
 “ But, prov'd in trial, I demand to see
 “ The daring man, who vies in force with me.— 550
 “ Now, to the test; and let experience show,
 “ What tasks of peril I can undergo.
 “ Two bulls upon the plains of *Mars* I tame,
 “ With brazen hoofs, and mouth exhaling flame.

" Obedient to the yoke the beasts I guide;
 " And plough the sacred space, from side to side.
 " Four acres are allotted to the toil;
 " But rude the surface, stubborn is the soil.
 " No common seed is in that furrow sow'd;
 " No grain, that *Ceres* erst on man bestow'd. 560
 " Along the furrow dragon's teeth I fling,
 " And hostile warriors from the tillage spring,
 " With mortal fury menacing around,
 " But soon my spear extends them on the ground.
 " At dawn, I yoke my steers, and labour meet;
 " When twilight comes, I from the toil retreat.—
 " If thou art equal to the task;—this day
 " Home to thy king; and bear the fleece away.—
 " But think not thou, on other terms to gain.—
 " The brave concede not, to the recreant train."——

Silent the hero sate, in grief profound. 571

His downcast eyes, he rivets to the ground.
 Much he revolved the proffer, in his mind;
 If thought perplex'd might some expedient find.—
 How shall he meet the trial? how refuse?——
 'Tis equal danger, to reject, or chuse.——
 How shall he promise such a test to bide?——
 At length, with artful words, he thus replied.——

" Just are thy sayings, King.—I feel their force;
 " Nor shun probation, in this glorious course. 580
 " I claim the labour, should my death impend,
 " The last of ills, that fates on mortals send.——
 " Those fates subject me, to a cruel lord;
 " His stern commands no doubt no choice afford."

Thus he, while terror wrung th' astonish'd mind.—
 In language stern, the monarch thus rejoin'd.

" Now, get thee to thy comrades.—Thou hast dar'd
 " A task of peril.—Come, with mind prepar'd.——
 " Wo to thee, if I mark the signs of fear!——
 " If but reluctance in thy looks appear; 590

“ If thou shouldst tremble, at the fiery breed;
 “ Or fly when warriors rise from fatal seed;
 “ Mine be the care, in thee to teach mankind,
 “ How dreadful ’tis to gall the nobler kind.”——

He ended frowning.—*Jason* rose, in haste,
 And left the table.—Forth *Augeas* past,
 With *Telamon*; and separate by some space
Argus attended, with more tardy pace.——
 He stay’d, to warn his brothers, by a sign,
 Their steps within the palace to confine.—— 600

Thus they departed.—’Mid the crowd alone,
 In form and grace distinguish’d, *Jason* shone.——
 Th’ enraptur’d maiden held her veil askance;
 And caught, beneath the shade, a sidelong glance.
 She gaz’d, and gaz’d; while grief her soul subdued;
 And thought in vain the lovely guest pursued;
 As when we catch at objects, in a dream,
 That still beyond, yet, ever near us seem.——

While, sorrowing from the palace they retire;
Chalciopé, to shun her father’s ire, 610
 Her inmost chamber, with her children sought.
Medea follow’d, with distracted thought.

The cares of love within her bosom rise;
 And absent *Jason* stands before her eyes,
 His looks, his gestures, grav’d within her breast.
 “ Such his deportment—thus he wore his vest—
 “ Such words he utter’d—thus, and there he sate—
 “ Thus from the portal rush’d unhappy fate!”——

Possest, bewilder’d, her enamour’d mind
 Finds not his parallel, in human kind. 620

Still, still, in thought, his honey’d words she hears;
 His tuneful accents vibrate on her ears.——

Much for the youth her boding fears arise.
 A ghastly corse he sinks before her eyes.
 She sees him with the fiery bulls engage.
 She sees him bleed beneath her father’s rage.

She wept the victim, as already dead;
 And piteous tears of soft compassion shed.—
 And mournful words to solitude she spoke;
 While from her breast the smother'd anguish broke.—
 “What means the strange disorder of my heart?—
 “Such tumult can a stranger's look impart?—
 “In questionable shape, from distant climes,
 “Comes he a prince, or slave distain'd with crimes?—
 “No matter.—Let a chief, or miscreant fall—
 “Why should th' event for wild emotions call?—
 “Me it concerns not.—Yet, renown'd, or base,
 “In safety let him fly this fatal place.—
 “Daughter of *Perseus*, venerable pow'r,*
 “Oh guard the youth; in that tremendous hour.—
 “Protect him, guide him, to his native land. 641
 “Let him not perish, on this *Colchian* strand!—
 “But, if the fates have destin'd him to fail;
 “And perish, by the bulls, that flames exhale;
 “Let him perceive, there is a feeling heart,
 “That, in his sufferings claims an equal part.”—
 Thus anxious cares the virgin's bosom waste.
 The chiefs, meantime, the crowd and city past.—
 Back, thro' the plain, their journey they pursued;
 And *Argus* thus to *Jason* speech renew'd.— 650
 “Will *Æson's* gallant son disdainful hear
 “My present counsel, as the child of fear?—
 “Yet, in a state so doubtful and forlorn,
 “No trial, no resource deserves our scorn.—
 “Hast thou not heard me of a virgin tell,
 “In philtres learn'd, and many a magic spell?—
 “Daughter of *Perseus*, *Hecate* bestow'd
 “The magic science; and with pow'r endow'd.—
 “Might we this maiden, in your cause engage,
 “No terrors would await the monster's rage. 660

* *Hecate*.

" To this my mother could dispose the maid.
 " Her influence great, but doubtful is her aid.
 " Yet, will I seek her, and intreaties prove.
 " Our common danger may awake her love."
 Thus he benevolent.—The chief replied;
 " If such thy sentence; be th' expedient tried.
 " Go—and with pray'rs thy parent's heart incline;
 " And be the pow'rs of soft persuasion thine.
 " Yet, feeble comfort can that hope instil,
 " That waves, suspended from a woman's will." 670

Beside the marsh the social train they find.
 Impatient transport fill'd the general mind.—
 While eager questions every tongue employ;
 With words of sorrow *Jason* damps their joy.
 " O friends, (he said) the king's indignant mind,
 " Relentless, stern, has dreadful tasks assign'd.
 " Such, as nor I, nor all this gallant band
 " May hope to finish, with successful hand.—
 " Two bulls upon the plain of *Mars* he feeds.
 " Brazen their hoof, flame from their mouth proceeds.
 " Four acres are the space for tilth allow'd; 680
 " With dragon's teeth the furrow must be sow'd.—
 " This fatal seed the tyrant's hand supplies.
 " Thence warriors clad in panoply arise.
 " The plough-man, compass'd by that hostile crew,
 " Must perish, or his earth-born foe subdue.—
 " To try the toil, I boldly gave assent;
 " Other expedient none could thought present."

Their downcast eyes, in consternation, fall.
 The task is deem'd impossible by all.— 690
 Then, each his neighbour view'd, with listless gaze;
 And silent sate, in anguish and amaze.—

Peleus, at length, with dauntless mien, and breast,
 Arose; and thus th' assembled chiefs address.—
 " In deeds, not words, our safety must reside.—
 " The moments haste our conduct to decide.

" If *Jason*, thou to yoke the monsters dare;
 " Preserve thy faith, and for the task prepare.
 " But, if thy spirit from the conflict flies;
 " Go not; nor single any, with thine eyes.—— 700
 " The glorious danger none from *Peleus* gains.
 " Death is the worst, that fate for man ordains."

He ceas'd.——The soul of *Telamon* was stung;
 Impatient for that enterprize he sprung.

The valiant *Idas* for the trial glows.

The gallant twins of *Tyndarus* arose.

Arose the son of *Æneus*,* young and fair,
 His cheek scarce shaded yet with golden hair.

Yet, firm in daring, ripe in virtue's flame,
 Th' appalling task of mighty men to claim.—— 710

In silence, from the trial shrunk the rest.

When *Argus* thus th' advent'rous chiefs addrest.——

" O friends, the labour, that your force demands,
 " May be the last predestin'd to your hands.——
 " Yet Heav'n, perhaps, may keep resources stor'd;
 " My parent's counsel may some aid afford.——
 " Your generous ardour for a while restrain.
 " Some little space within your ship remain.
 " Better the task of glorious danger shun,
 " Than blindly rash, on sure destruction run. 720

" A maid within the royal palace bides;
 " Whom *Hecate* thro' paths of science guides,
 " From every drug earth, air, and sea produce,
 " Charms to prepare; and know their pow'r and use.
 " Of wasteful flame she stays the rageful force;
 " She stays the torrent, in its headlong course;
 " The sacred moon within her orbit chains;
 " The planets from their devious range detains.——
 " Theme of discourse, on our returning way,
 " This virgin, haply, might my mother sway; 730
 " The toil were light.——If ye to this assent;
 " Back to the palace be my footsteps bent,

* *Meleager*.

“ My pray’rs and influence in your cause to prove,
 “ With Heav’n to speed me, and parental love.”——

The favouring Gods display’d a sign, from high.
 Chac’d by a falcon, thro’ the liquid sky,
 With downward flight, a dove to *Jason* prest;
 And sought for shelter in the hero’s breast.——
 Swift on the vane alights his cruel foe.—

Prophetic *Mopsus* mark’d them, from below; 740
 And, conscious of the future, thus reveal’d
 The sacred truths, in mystic signs conceal’d.——

“ I read the favour, of the pow’rs divine.

“ The Gods benevolent have sent this sign.

“ With soothing words, and each persuasive art,

“ Essay, to bend the royal virgin’s heart;

“ Secure to speed, if *Phineus* truly told;

“ That means of safety *Venus* should unfold.

“ The bird of love, her harbinger, we see,

“ Preserv’d from danger, to our leader flee. 750

“ A joyful prescience fills th’ expanded breast,

“ Of toils successful, and of glorious rest.——

“ But first propitiate beauty’s queen, with pray’r.

“ Then, to perform what *Argus* bids prepare.”

He ceas’d—the heroes their assent exprest.

The words of *Phineus* dwelt in every breast.——

Idas alone, of all the warriors, rose.——

In accents loud th’ indignant spirit flows.——

“ Did women, then, embark to lend their aid;

“ And must our vows, at beauty’s shrine be paid? 760

“ Must we, forgetful of the well-fought field,

“ Our childish thought to doves and falcons yield?

“ Perdition catch you! be your arms resign’d!

“ With words subdue the weak unwarlike kind.”——

He ended, frowning, while, in murmurs low,

A numerous train disapprobation show.——

He sate indignant; answer none return’d—

Till *Jason*’s mind with deep resentment burn’d.

To meet th' injurious charge he rous'd his thought ;
 And utter'd accents by th' occasion taught.—— 770

“ If such the pleasure of the general train ;
 “ No more let *Argus* at the ship remain.
 “ Moor we the vessel, boldly from the land.—
 “ Longer concealment would disgrace our band.
 “ No more, in marshes hid, the combat shun.—
 “ Bold and determin'd on the danger run.”——

He ceas'd.—And *Argus*, at the word, recalls
 His steps; and hastens to the city walls.——
 They weigh'd their anchors; at the chief's command;
 And urg'd, with oars, their vessel to the land. 780

Without the palace gate, accustom'd seat
 Of council, round their king the *Colchians* meet.
 The savage king, insuperable snares,
 And mortal anguish, for the *Greek* prepares.
 Soon as the bulls th' ill-fated man should slay,
 That rashly dares the dangerous task essay;
 With wood, collected from the mountains gloom,
 The ship and *Greeks* he purpos'd to consume.
 A dire example, of impressive fear,
 To bid the future visitant forbear.—— 790

“ *Æolian Phryxus*, when these shores he gain'd.
 “ No free reception, at my hand obtain'd,
 “ Gentlest of guests, with piety adorn'd.
 “ Yet, had my palace gates a stranger scorn'd;
 “ With earnest pray'rs, he vainly had implor'd
 “ Place in my household, station at my board;
 “ Had not the son of *Maia*, from above,
 “ Reveal'd the pleasure of almighty *Jove*.——
 “ And shall these pirates, that invade my states,
 “ Elude the vengeance, that presumption waits?—
 “ Miscreants, that meditate by force and spoil, 801
 “ To seise the produce of another's toil!——
 “ With wild excursion, thro' the seas they roam,
 “ To vex the peasant, and his peaceful home.”——

The sons of *Phryxus*, too, his wrathful mood,
 Condemn'd to wash away their crime in blood.—

—“ Returning thus, with an unhallow'd train,
 “ Ye come, he cried, to shake my peaceful reign.
 “ Ye come, to spy the secrets of the land.
 “ Ye come, to wrest the sceptre, from my hand.—
 “ Irreverent wretches!—but, your deeds accord, 811
 “ With revelations of my father's word,
 “ Th' all-seeing sun.—He taught me to beware
 “ The home-bred treason—the domestic snare.
 “ That voice prophetic such a fear imprest,
 “ I yielded frankly to your wild request;
 “ Pleas'd, that the mandates of your dying sire
 “ Should with the safety of my house conspire.
 “ To distant climes ye purpos'd, then, to go;
 “ And rid my palace of th' intestine foe, 820
 “ Sole cause of fear.—For, from my daughters rise
 “ No terrors.—They no treason will devise.—
 “ My child, *Abyrtus*, will not bear a part,
 “ In any scheme, to rend a father's heart.—
 “ *Chalciope*, my child, thy sons appear
 “ Sole cause of danger; only source of fear.—
 “ Guard well the vessel.—Vengeance on my train,
 “ If single miscreant 'scape the destin'd pain!”

Argus return'd the while his mother sought;
 And to his aim with various speeches wrought; 830
 Intent *Medea's* powerful aid to prove;
 No new expedient, to parental love.
 But, decent sense of shame her tongue withheld;
 And fear restrain'd, while tenderness impell'd.
 Scarce dares she, to the virgin's ear confide
 Requests, from common rule so strangely wide;
 Matter so dangerous, should the maid comply;
 So doubly dangerous, should the maid deny.—
 Well might she fear her father's savage mind.
 Well might she fear some impious task behind. 840

While on her couch she sunk, in trance profound,
Medea's sorrows soft oblivion drown'd.
 Yet, fearful visions hover'd round her head,
 Illusive forms, of mournful fancy bred.—
 The stranger seem'd, that trial to sustain,
 Mov'd by no wish, the wond'rous fleece to gain;
 But love and she the daring aim supplied;—
 He sought *Medea*, for his virgin bride.—
Greece he had left, at beauty's powerful call,
 And love allur'd him, to her father's hall.— 850
 The fiery bulls she then appear'd to tame,
 And yoke, uninjur'd by their breath of flame.—
 Her parents, then, their promises denied.—
 The labour finish'd, they withheld the bride.
 Between her father and the strangers rose
 A fierce debate.— The warfare to compose,
 The maid was call'd, as umpire of the strife;
 And soon the daughter yielded to the wife.
 Her kindred for that stranger thus resign'd,
 What indignation fill'd each parent's mind!— 860
 Vast was their anguish, loud and shrill their cries—
 Scar'd at the din, the virgin's slumber flies.—
 Pale, from the couch she sprang, in wild amaze,
 And round the chamber cast a vacant gaze.
 She pants.— Her bosom palpitates, with dread.
 Thought is absorpt; and recollection fled.—
 “ What forms of terror, miserable maid,
 “ With feeble voice, she cried, thy sleep invade?—
 “ Some dire misfortunes have these heroes brought.
 “ With anxious doubts this stranger fills my thought.
 “ Far let him fly, and wed some *Grecian* fair.— 871
 “ My parents, and my virtue claim my care.—
 “ But why with cruelty my bosom steel?—
 “ A sister's anguish why refuse to feel?—
 “ Maternal terrors for her sons arise—
 “ Wilt thou, relentless, mark her tears and cries?—

" Think, savage as thou art, 'tis thine, to save,
 " Or doom her children to th' untimely grave.
 " Oh nature no,—thy sacred ties shall bind;
 " In grief thine energies support the mind."—— 880

In wild disorder from the couch she flew,
 Unfolded wide the chamber door she threw.——
 Unshod, and disarray'd, in eager haste,
 To seek her sister, she the threshold past.——
 By conscious shame, and timid awe restrain'd,
 Long time, before the portal she remain'd.
 Fearful of ent'ring, to and fro she pac'd;
 Now, forward rush'd, and now her steps retrac'd;
 Her trembling steps, uncertain where they stray'd.—
 Her gait, the conflict in her soul betray'd.—— 890
 Impetuous love, with wild desire impell'd,
 And bashful fear and modesty withheld.
 Impassion'd, now, her sister's door she sought;
 Her chamber, now, with deep despondence fraught.—
 Thrice she proceeds; and thrice her foot recalls;
 Then, prone upon her couch distracted falls.

As the young bride laments her blooming spouse,
 Lord of her bosom, object of her vows;
 In love united, and the hallow'd bands,
 Knit by fraternal and parental hands; 900
 She flies the soothings of th' attendant train,
 She hides the fond expressions of her pain.
 With grief, at once, and virgin shame oppress,
 Her tears fall lonely, on th' enamour'd breast;
 When fates relentless the dear youth remove;
 Untried the joys, the tender thefts of love;
 From every tongue, that might impart relief,
 She dreads a censure on her amorous grief;
 In avarice of anguish hoards her care,
 And eyes the widow'd couch, in mute despair; 910
 'Thus mourn'd *Medea*; thus, the cause suppress,
 That bath'd her eyes, and heav'd her throbbing breast.

—Amid this conflict of desire and shame,
 A virgin, from among her menials, came.
 Unseen she stood awhile, her tears to view;
 Then, to *Chalciopé*, with tidings flew.
Chalciopé amidst her children sate.
 Her thoughts were center'd, on their future fate.
 Much she revolv'd, what motives might persuade,
 What arts impel her sister, to their aid. 920
 Not inattentive to the maiden's tale,
 She finds strange tumults in her breast prevail.—
 A grief so sudden fills her, with surprise.
 To working fancy strange surmises rise —
 While doubt and wonder in her bosom wrought;
 Her hasty steps *Medea's* chamber sought.
 Sunk on her couch th' afflicted maid she found,
 Tearing her cheeks, in floods of sorrow drown'd.—
 “Why do thy tears—*Medea*—sister, flow?
 “What fatal cause has plung'd thy soul in woe?—
 “Does angry Heav'n thy feverish veins inflame? 931
 “Do seeds of malady pervade thy frame?—
 “Hast thou for me, and for my sons forlorn,
 “The deep reproaches of our father borne?
 “Oh would to Heav'n, that I, and mine might flee,
 “And never more the roof parental see!
 “For ever fly this city, and this shore,
 “And never hear the name of *Colchos* more!”—
Medea heard, suffus'd with crimson dye,
 Eager to speak; yet shame forbade reply.— 940
 Now, on her tongue the floating accents stray;
 Now, lost within her bosom, fade away.—
 Her beauteous lips in act to speak appear;
 But, thence no murmurs reach th' attentive ear.—
 Long time she paus'd—and then, replied, with art,
 That mighty love can teach the simplest heart.—
 “Thy sons my fond solicitude employ;
 “Lest them my father with his guests destroy.—

" When brief repose upon my senses crept;
 " The mind was wakeful, tho' the body slept.— 950
 " Terrific visions rose, a ghastly train.—
 " Ye pow'rs of mercy make the portents vain!
 " Spare my lov'd sister such a cruel doom!
 " Preserve her offspring from th' untimely tomb!"

She spake, for trial of her thoughts; to prove
 Th' extent and feelings of maternal love.
 If anxious tenderness, her sons to shield,
 To strangers aid against a sire might yield.—
 While pangs intolerable seised her breast,
 The sister thus a mother's cares confest.

960

" Such visions oft are present to my mind;
 " And oft I wish thy powerful aid to find.—
 " But swear, by Heav'n above, and earth below;
 " To keep my secret, and thine aid bestow.—
 " My sister, I conjure thee, at this hour;
 " By thy lov'd self, and every blessed pow'r;
 " By joys, and griefs, maternal ties impart,
 " Ties, that full soon may haply bind thy heart;
 " Let not my childrens' dire untimely end
 " Torture my sight, my bleeding bosom rend.— 970
 " I will not leave you, offspring of my love.—
 " For good, or ill, one destiny we prove,
 " And should we perish.—An avenging shade
 " I rise, to vex thy rest, unfeeling maid."—

Tears coursing tears, in floods, each other chac'd.
 Her sister's knees, impassion'd she embrac'd.
 Her glowing face within her bosom kept,
 As lock'd within each others arms they wept.
 As thus they join'd their grief, with mournful cries,
 Thro' all the dome the lamentation flies.

980

Medea first resum'd the plaintive strain.—
 " Ill-fated sister, what relief from pain?—
 " With imprecations why my aid demand?—
 " Why name the *Stygian* pow'rs, tremendous band?

" Oh, did the safety of thy sons depend
 " On me; no sorrows should thy bosom rend.—
 " Inviolable oath, that *Colchians* fear,
 " By Heav'n above, and earth below, I swear,
 " Earth, awful mother of the powers divine,
 " My wish, my aid, my choicest skill are thine. 990
 " Tho' things scarce possible thy tongue should ask;
 " Ne'er shall this hand be wanting to the task."

She ceas'd—and thus *Chalciopè* replies.—

" Might not thy skill some stratagem devise,
 " Some art; if, yielding to the stranger's pray'r,
 " To brave the fury of our sire we dare;
 " To bear him thro' the conflict safe and free;
 " And snatch from death my gentle sons and me?
 " Our being on the youth's success depends.—
 " Within, my *Argus* thy resolve attends. 1000
 " To me deputed he from *Jason* came.
 " Thine aid, thro' me, the *Grecian* heroes claim."

Delight *Medea's* throbbing bosom flush'd.

The mantling crimson o'er the lily rush'd.

A trance of pleasure every sense confus'd.

Her swimming eyes a sudden night suffus'd.—

" *Chalciopè*, thy safety, and thy joy
 " Shall every thought, and every toil employ.—
 " Let me not view the dawn of morning fair;
 " Let me not breathe the gift of vital air; 1010
 " If object or connexion claim a part,
 " More dear, more inward, in *Medea's* heart,
 " Than thou, and thine!—the brothers of my love,
 " Thy sons, by nature, fond affection move.
 " And I thy love, in double right, demand,
 " Sister, at once, and daughter of thy hand.—
 " A playmate with thy children have I grown;
 " Thy cares parental, from my childhood known.
 " Oft would thine arms, so has our mother told,
 " My weak and helpless infancy enfold.— 1020

" Go then.—Let silence veil my promis'd aid;
 " Till art my parent's jealous care evade.—
 " Not light or idle are the words I speak.—
 " At dawn, the fane of *Hecaté* I seek;
 " With potent drugs prepar'd, and magic charms,
 " To save th' adventurous youth from fiery harms."

With joy her sister heard, with joy convey'd
 Hopes to her children, of the promis'd aid.—

Medea, now, in solitude remain'd;

And shame and fear, once more, th' ascendant gain'd.—

" What—for a stranger, in such tasks engage! 1031

" Impious—for him defy a father's rage!"—

Now, night o'er earth her ample veil display'd;

And sailors, from the deep, the stars survey'd,

Orion, and the greater bear; that guide

The nightly path of vessels, thro' the tide.

Sleep on the weary trav'lers' senses crept.

Ev'n in the tow'r the careful warder slept.

Subdued by rest the mother ceas'd to mourn

Her darling infants, clos'd within their urn. 1040

The busy hum of crouded streets was still;

And still the watch-dog's larum loud and shrill.

The queen of darkness trod her awful round;

Her ears untroubled, by a vagrant sound.—

Medea's couch refus'd the soft controul;

For love and *Jason* agoniz'd her soul.—

The bulls, that breathe intolerable fire,

Forebodings mortal to her love inspire.

The plain of *Mars* in dismal prospect lies.

In fancy there the youthful hero dies. 1050

Distracting thought!—She feels the fluttering heart,

With feverish throbbings, in her bosom dart.—

As when, from cauldron, or capacious vase,

The trembling lymph reflects the solar face;

Uncertain glancing round some chamber walls,

Now here, now there, the darted radiance falls;

The dazzling *species* plays incessant round,
 Strikes on the roof, or dances o'er the ground;
 With pulse irregular, that knew no rest,
Medea's heart leapt fluttering in her breast. 1060
 The streams of pity from her eyes distill'd.
 Corroding pangs her inmost bosom fill'd,
 Incessant anguish.—The devouring flame
 Glows in each nerve; and wastes the weary frame.
 It rends the heart-strings—hurries, in each vein.—
 Fills every sense; and fires the madding brain.—
 Within her mind confus'd ideas roll.—
 Discordant purposes distract the soul.—
 Now, she determines to supply the charms,
 Of pow'r, to save the youth from fiery harms; 1070
 Now, to withhold; and seek, in death, to prove
 A long oblivion, of disastrous love.—
 Again, she hopes, that reason force may give,
 To sacrifice the youth, yet dare to live.—
 Amid this conflict, mournful sounds exprest
 The painful tumults, of th' enamour'd breast.—
 " Ah wretch, what end, what respite canst thou find;
 " While choice of evil presses on the mind?—
 " My thoughts are error, doubt, confusion all;
 " Certain in love alone, a wretched thrall.— 1080
 " Oh had the shafts of virgin *Dian* fled;
 " And early join'd me to the silent dead!—
 " Then, had I slept in peace, nor seen this band,
 " For my perdition, reach the *Colchian* land.
 " Nor seen, *Chalciopè*, in evil day,
 " Thy sons, for *Greece*, th' adventurous sail display.—
 " These strangers' steps some God, some fury led;
 " To tear this heart, with agonizing dread.—
 " But—let him perish—if the fates ordain
 " That direful exit, on the martial plain.— 1090
 " How might I 'scape a parent's watchful eye?
 " Or how my philtres, and my charms apply?

- " What language might deceive the jealous ear?
 " Or what my purposes to *Jason* bear?—
 " In privacy may succour be convey'd?—
 " What arts, what stealth, the bold attempt shall aid?—
 " In secret, shall I own my fond alarms;
 " And boldly clasp the stranger in these arms?
 " Oh were he lost—would that event bestow
 " A pause from love—a remedy for woe? 1100
 " Would' not the soul, enamour'd of her grief,
 " Pursue his image, and disclaim relief.—
 " Farewel decorum!—farewel every joy!—
 " His dear existence all my thoughts employ.—
 " Whatever destiny for me remains,
 " Fair youth, in safety fly; where fate ordains.—
 " May'st thou but know, that from *Medea's* pow'r,
 " Protection follow'd, in that fearful hour;
 " And I am satisfied.—Pursue thy fate—
 " Leave thy deliverer, to misfortune's hate.— 1110
 " His conflict over; death shall end my care;
 " Whether I perish pendulous in air,
 " Or rest from pain th' invenom'd potion give.—
 " But shall not, then, the tale of shame survive?—
 " Scorn and derision shall attend my fall;
 " And taunts resound, within this peopled wall.
 " Each *Colchian* female shall her death deride,
 " Who, slave of passion, for a stranger died.
 " A wanton, heedless of her virgin fame,
 " Who stain'd her parents, and her house, with shame.
 " —O foul offence, no language can defend!— 1121
 " Disgrace to womanhood, that ne'er shall end!
 " No—better here resign this hated breath,
 " And fly reproach, so multiplied, in death.
 " This very chamber, and this very time
 " Present a refuge, from the monstrous crime."
 She ceas'd—and rising for a coffer sought,
 With potent drugs, of various influence, fraught;

Some genial; some, with operation dark,
 Could sense perturb, and quench the vital spark. 1130
 Upon her knees the hoarded philtres rest;
 While tears, a ceaseless torrent, bath'd her breast;
 From grief and love unequal'd, they descend;
 While, for those sufferings she prepares an end.—
 The friendly bane determin'd now to taste,
 She touch'd the bands, that held the coffer fast;
 And thought the balm of all her cares to find;
 When sudden terrors rush'd upon her mind.—
 She paus'd astonish'd.—For, before her eyes
 The forms of death, in all their terrors, rise. 1140
 And in succession, blandishing appears,
 All that allures the wish, and life endears;
 Each darling child of hope, and fancy bright,
 That bids the senses teem, with young delight;
 And every joy, that to th' expanded heart
 The mutual wish, and social hours impart.—
 Sudden, a fairer face all nature show'd.
 In streams more gay, the solar radiance flow'd.—
 Again the coffer on her knees she plac'd,
 While various objects, in her soul she trac'd.— 1150
 For *Juno's* influence in her bosom wrought;
 And gave the final bias to her thought.
 No more she doubts, by warring motives drawn.
 With settled aim, she wishes for the dawn;
 That *Jason* she might meet, gaze on his charms,
 And drugs impart, to guard the youth from harms.—
 Oft she unbar'd her portals thro' the night;
 And look'd, and look'd, to mark approaching light.
 The morn, at length, unveil'd her welcome face;
 And thro' the city wak'd the toiling race. 1160
 Thy sons, *Chalciopè*, as *Argus* bade,
 To watch her purpose near *Medea* stay'd.
 The youth himself, ere yet the stars were fled,
 His eager footsteps to the vessel sped.—

Soon as the maid descry'd the morning fair,
 She deck'd her golden locks, with studious care,
 That hung neglected; and th' enlivening red
 O'er cheeks, all pale with sorrow's ravage spread.
 Ambrosial essences her skin bedew.
 O'er her bright frame a splendid robe she threw, 1170
 Confin'd with clasps around her slender waist.
 A veil upon her radiant head she plac'd,
 Her head, that more than mortal beauty show'd.
 The snowy veil in waves translucent flow'd,
 With spreading flow'rs of broider'd silver crown'd.
 Her locks diffus'd ambrosial odours round.
 Now, circling thro' the dome, with steps of air,
 She trod the floor; and vanish'd every care;
 Unseen those evils, that around her lay;
 And greater evils of the future day.— 1180
 She call'd her maidens—twelve, in youthful bloom,
 Stood at the chamber doors that breath'd perfume.
 Alike in age, alike in beauteous frame,
 Strangers to love, and the maternal name.
 Intent, great *Hecatè*, to seek thy fane,
 Her mules she bade them harness to the wain.
 The mules and car obedient they provide.
 Meantime, the nymph her mystic coffer tried.
 A drug she took, that bears *Prometheus'* name,
 Sov'reign protection 'gainst devouring flame.— 1190
 Those, who that drug employ, with midnight care,
 Must sooth the pow'r, rever'd with torches' glare,
Persephons, sole offspring, sought in vain,
 By weeping *Ceres*, o'er th' *Ennaean* plain:
 That unguent with mysterious rite applied,
 No steely weapon shall the skin divide.—
 With force innoxious, the devouring flame
 Shall spend it's fury, on th' enchanted frame.
 No fear of peril shall the man subdue.
 In fight, no faintness shall from toil ensue.— 1200

Prometheus drench'd *Caucasian* steeps with gore;
 And teeming rocks the potent herbage bore;
 When the fierce vulture, delving for his food,
 The reeking entrails tore, and swam in blood.—
 A cubit high the stately flow'r it rears,
 Which like the crocus, in its hue, appears.
 The stem disparting wide, sublime it shoots.
 Like newly sever'd flesh appear the roots.
 The juice effus'd descends in sable rills,
 Like the dark sap, that from the beech distils. 1210
 For magic uses, this her skilful hand
 In shells had treasur'd, of the *Caspian* strand.—
 Seven times she plung'd in the perennial stream,
 Seven times on *Brimo* call'd, tremendous name,
 On *Brimo*, awful nurse of youthful might,
 That, veil'd in clouds, pursues the dogs of night.
 Whose pow'r tremendous central earth pervades;
 Whose pow'r tremendous sways the *Stygian* shades;
 Ere, rob'd in black, thro' brooding darkness deep,
 That herb she cull'd along the rocky steep. 1220
 She tore the plant of *Titan* from the ground;
 And earth convuls'd shook from her base profound.—
 Then, direful pangs *Prometheus'* bosom rent;
 And screams of torture thro' the air he sent.

This unguent o'er the fragrant zone was laid,
 That bound the lovely bosom of the maid.
Medea, hasting from the door, ascends
 The car; a virgin on each hand attends.
 She caught the reins, and with the sounding thong,
 Thro' the wide city lash'd the mules along. 1230
 Behind her, the remaining virgin train
 Clung to the chariot, as it roll'd amain;
 Succinct, as thro' the spacious streets they flee,
 They bind their snowy garments, by the knee.

As, where *Parthenius'* limpid currents gleam,
 Or newly bath'd, *Amnisus*, in thy stream,

Her golden chariot virgin *Dian* fills,
 And swift-pac'd hinds transport her o'er the hills;
 Call'd by the scent of hecatombs from far,
 A thousand nymphs attend her rapid car; 1240
 The *Naiads*, that in cool *Amnisus* lave,
 With the brown *Oreads*, from the mountain cave,
 The pensive *Dryads*, that retirement love,
 And haunt the mazes of the shady grove;
 And, as they pass, the beasts of wood and lawn,
 With murmurs bland, and gentle crouchings, fawn;
 Such was the train, all-beauteous to behold.—
 The crouds receded as the chariot roll'd.

Now, thro' the stately portals, o'er the plain,
 With urgent speed *Medea* reach'd the fane: 1250
 There, from the car she sprang, with throbbing breast,
 And eager thus, the virgin train address.—

“ O friends, some error strange misleads my thought,
 “ And near those strangers hath our footsteps brought.
 “ Unwelcome visitors they seek this land;
 “ And fill with terror, all the *Colchian* band.
 “ Hence, all the female kind, possess with fear,
 “ Their wonted confluence to the shrine forbear.—
 “ Yet, having ventur'd thus; since none advance,
 “ Our sports to censure, with intrusive glance, 1260
 “ For wreaths collect we, every fairest flow'r,
 “ While tuneful songs deceive the fleeting hour;
 “ Then home return.—Yet, might my counsel sway,
 “ Most useful were th' excursion of this day.
 “ My kinsman *Argus*—but, my friends, conceal
 “ In trusty silence, what I shall reveal.—
 “ Oh, should my father learn it—woe to all!—
 “ What direful vengeance on our heads might fall!—
 “ But, *Argus* wearies me, with urgent pray'rs;
 “ And ev'n my sister in his counsel shares.— 1270
 “ With mighty gifts they would my purpose bend,
 “ By magic aid, this stranger to defend;

" Else he must perish.—Pity mov'd my heart,
 " Join'd to the treasures, which he can impart.
 " My word is pledg'd obedient to their will;
 " And *Jason* comes the treaty to fulfil.—
 " In secret here the treasure he divides;
 " And takes the philtre, that my skill provides,
 " The strongest spell, that magic can prepare.
 " Let all retire; and all his bounty share."— 1280

She ended—and her mandates all pursue.

Argus apart the son of *Æson* drew,
 Warn'd by his brethren, that when dawn should break,
 The fane of *Hecate* the maid would seek:
 Onward he led him o'er the spacious plain,
 And *Mopsus* join'd them, of prophetic strain,
 Who trac'd events, with prescient ear, and sight,
 In voice of birds, and in foreboding flight.—
 That hour, might none, amid the sons of *Jove*,
 Amid the progeny of gods above, 1290
 In youthful beauty, and endowments rare,
 With *Jason*, deck'd by *Juno's* hand compare.—
 Around his face ethereal radiance play'd;
 And every gesture manly grace display'd.
 A glad amazement his companions felt.
 Such beamy charms on every feature dwelt.
 The son of *Ampycus** with pleasure glows,
 And fairest omens of the future rose.—

Beside the path, that to the temple tends,
 A poplar, with funereal leaf, ascends: 1300
 A station meet, where clust'ring rooks abound,
 Whose ceaseless cawing fills the air around.—
 One of the number claps her sable wings,
 And thus the will of royal *Juno* sings.—
 " Poor shallow prophet, ignorant alone,
 " Of what to striplings and to girls is known!

* *Mopsus*.

" Ah fool unheeding, amorous parleys need
 " Nor babling witnesses, nor jealous heed.—
 " Go—go thou novice, in affairs of love,
 " A vile incumbrance from thy friend remove. 1310
 " What?—will the soft and timid maid explain,
 " Her tender thoughts, before a numerous train?—
 " Oh no, their presence checks the fond desire,
 " The sweet unfoldings of the mutual fire.
 " Hence, hence, thou harbinger of ill remove.
 " Go simple novice in affairs of love.—
 " On thee may never *Cytherea* smile;
 " Or young delights thy gloomy cares beguile."—
 Thus she reproachful.—*Mopsus* gently smil'd;
 Her mission own'd; and spake in accents mild. 1320
 " —Alone, O *Jason*, to the fane repair.—
 " There shalt thou find a virgin young and fair.
 " Bland smiles, and kind reception shall be thine;
 " For *Venus* will her heart to love incline.
 " From her, assistance shall thy toils await.—
 " So *Phineus* has reveal'd the will of fate.
 " With *Argus*, here I shall remain apart,
 " Expecting thy return, with anxious heart.—
 " Thou singly haste, and urge the royal maid,
 " In hours of danger to bestow her aid."— 1330
 His prudent words their approbation find;
 While thoughts congenial fill *Medea's* mind.
 Ah wretched maid, nor song nor sport had pow'r,
 To fix attention, in the sportive hour.—
 Sport seem'd impertinent, and harsh the strain,
 Thro' music's varied soul pursued in vain;
 The varied melodies displease alike,
 No chord composure to the soul can strike.
 Scarce can her train allure the wand'ring eye;
 To diff'rent objects thought and wishes fly. 1340
 Absent she sate, in meditation drown'd,
 And gaz'd on all the distant pathways round;

Intent, with eager eyes, and head reclin'd.—
 At sound of trampling foot, or sighs of wind,
 The flutt'ring heart seem'd wing'd to leave her breast;
 And painful throbs the glowing breath supprest.

He comes—the subject of her fond alarms——

He comes, in all the majesty of charms.
 With footsteps light, exulting o'er the plain,
 And bright as *Sirius* rising from the main; 1350
 All beauteous from the briny surge he springs,
 But death and mourning to the fold he brings;
 Such fatal splendour *Jason's* charms impart,
 Joy to the sight, but sorrow to the heart:
 Sad interview, from thee, the maid shall know
 A direful tissue, of reproach and woe. ——
 Her hurried heart within her bosom flies;
 A sudden darkness veils her swimming eyes.
 Her burning cheek the deepest blush suffus'd;
 Her trembling knees to bear her frame refus'd. 1360
 To fly, or to proceed, vain, vain her toil;
 Her feet beneath are rooted to the soil. ——
 Now, quickly vanish'd all th' attendant train.
 Silent the hero and the maid remain. ——
 No limb they mov'd; but, in astonish'd mood,
 With gaze delighted, near each other stood.
 Nor sounds nor gestures animation show.
 Like oaks or firs, that on the mountains grow,
 Whose peaceful heads all motionless arise,
 While not a breeze is stirring in the skies; 1370
 But, when the tempests agitate the steep,
 They wave, they bellow, as the whirlwinds sweep;
 Thus, stood the youthful pair, ordain'd to prove
 A mighty change, beneath the storms of love;
 Ordain'd that flowing eloquence to find,
 That passion dictates to th' enamour'd mind.

The wily youth perceiv'd the heav'n-born flame;
 And gently, thus, he spar'd the virgin's shame.

- " Why, beauteous maiden, in this lonely place,
 " Why gaze astonish'd on a stranger's face?— 1380
 " Think me not, like the common youthful crowd,
 " In thoughts capricious, and in boasting loud.—
 " Why shouldst thou fear me?—in my native land,
 " In ease and affluence of the heedless band,
 " Not mine the mood, to wake a virgin's fear.
 " Safe slept her secret, in my faithful ear.—
 " Oh blush no more.—Whate'er thou wilt, request:
 " Repose thy feelings, on a feeling breast.—
 " My fairest speak.—With mutual hearts we meet.
 " No rash presumption fear; no foul deceit.— 1390
 " In this most awful place, where fraudulent mind,
 " And thoughts unhallow'd no reception find,
 " Speak uncontroll'd.—Nor let soft speech evade
 " The flattering promise, to thy sister made.—
 " The drugs of soothing pow'r —This aid I claim,
 " By sacred *Hecate*, most awful name;
 " By soft attraction of the gentle ties,
 " When pleading kindred to the soul applies;
 " By *Jove*, the friend of strangers, who delights,
 " In deed benevolent, and social rites.— 1400
 " A twofold title to thine aid I bear,
 " At once, a suppliant, and a stranger here.—
 " By perils compass'd, for thine aid I bend,
 " Sole hope, in those dire conflicts, that impend.—
 " We, in return, whate'er the fates allow,
 " Or strangers can in climes remote bestow,
 " Will pay; the tribute of our thanks and praise,
 " And gratitude her monuments shall raise.
 " Their labours ended, our heroic throngs
 " Shall celebrate thy praise, in martial songs. 1410
 " The *Grecian* fair thy merits shall rehearse,
 " In strain symphonious, or in measur'd verse;
 " Our wives and virgins, who with sorrow pale,
 " Their absent loves along the shores bewail.

" Grateful to thee th' exulting train shall prove,
 " Peace to their hearts, protection to their love.
 " Thus, *Ariadne*, on the *Cretan* shore,
 " Daughter of *Minos*, aid to *Theseus* bore.—
 " *Pasiphae* fill'd her veins, with heav'nly fire,
 " Deriv'd from *Phebus*, her immortal sire. 1420
 " Tho' *Minos* purpos'd to destroy the train;
 " His daughter's pity made that purpose vain.
 " To share the safety, that her counsels gave,
 " She join'd their wand'rings o'er the distant wave.
 " Dear to the Gods above, her garland bright*
 " Adorns the glitt'ring canopy of night.
 " Rank'd with the beauteous host of heav'nly signs,
 " Her crown the pledge of fame immortal shines.
 " So, should my friends to thee their safety owe,
 " Th' admiring Gods their favour will bestow. 1430
 " We read the means, in that expressive face,
 " The fair deportment, and the beaming grace.
 " There, our fond hopes the bright assurance find,
 " Of soft persuasion, and the prudent mind."—

Thus, dropt the dews of flattery from his tongue.
 With nectar'd smiles, her eyes she downward flung.
 Then, fill'd with soft confusion, by his praise,
 Her eyes she ventur'd on the youth to raise.—
 The virgin wish'd, but tried in vain to speak;
 Such throng'd ideas for expression seek. 1440
 A thousand thoughts at once her fancy strike,
 Alike important all, and apt alike.
 Forth from her fragrant bosom, then she drew
 The potent charm, instinct with magic dew.
 She plac'd it in the youth's delighted hand.—
 And, had he pleas'd her being to demand;
 Her life, her soul, in that consenting hour,
 Of amorous yielding, had confest his pow'r.—

* The constellation called *Ariadne's Crown*.

From *Jason's* form, his face, his sunny hair,
 Such beams of beauty flash'd upon the fair; 1450
 The sweet contagion thro' the kindling eyes,
 Subdued the melting heart, with fond surprise.
 The fumes of passion drink the hurry'd blood,
 As shrinks within her veins the vital flood.—
 Their downcast eyes, now, spoke the timid shame.
 Alternate, now, they darted looks of flame.
 Beneath their brows, sweet smiling lustre play'd.—
 Then, hesitating, slow, rejoin'd the maid.—
 “ Attentive hear me, that thou may'st derive
 “ The means of safety, from those aids I give. 1460
 “ With deadly purpose rankling in his heart,
 “ The dragon's teeth my father will impart.—
 “ The fatal seed in peril thou must sow,
 “ A crop most fertile, in despair and woe.—
 “ Thou, by the march of constellations bright,
 “ Observe the moment, that divides the night.—
 “ Bathe in the current of th' unwearied flood;
 “ Then, veil'd with sable stole, in solemn mood,
 “ A circling trench with hallow'd rev'ence trace;
 “ And kill a female lamb within the space. 1470
 “ Then, rear, with unpolluted hands, the pyre;
 “ And give the victim to the flames entire.
 “ Appease the Goddess, in that awful hour,
 “ Daughter of *Perseus*, sole begotten pow'r.—
 “ On *Hecate* libations due bestow;
 “ Let honey'd streams from sacred goblets flow.—
 “ This ended, home return, with backward pace;
 “ Nor turn at startling noise, thy heedless face;
 “ Tho' hurried steps along the causeway sound,
 “ Or mastiffs hoarsely bay, with note profound.—
 “ Shouldst thou, ill-fated, rashly turn thy head, 1481
 “ Vain are the rites, and hopes of safety fled.—
 “ Seek not thy comrades, with irreverent haste,
 “ Ere all precautions are observ'd and past.—

" Soon as the morning shall illumine the sky;
 " Dissolve this drug, and o'er thy frame apply.
 " Unwearied strength, and courage shall be thine;
 " And vigour, not of men, but pow'rs divine.
 " Remember, too, with this same drug, to smear
 " Thy shield, thy trenchant sword, and pointed spear.
 " No wounds shall pierce thee, through the potent
 charms,
 " From weapons, wielded ev'n by giant arms. 1492
 " The furious bulls, that roll devouring flame,
 " Shall breathe innocuous on th' enchanted frame.—
 " But, oh beware.—Th' enchantment will not stay.
 " It's force is bounded by a single day.—
 " Yet, not for this the bold emprize decline.
 " Some other aid, in dangers shall be thine.—
 " When with the fiery team, and potent hand,
 " Thro' all th' extent is plough'd the rugged land;
 " When all the tract is sown with dragon's teeth; 1501
 " An earth-born race shall spring to light beneath.
 " When thou shalt see the crowding warriors rise,
 " In secret, cast a stone of ample size.—
 " For this, as famish'd dogs for food engage,
 " The giant brothers will in combat rage.—
 " Fell'd by each other, as they press the ground,
 " Then, join the fight; then deal thy blows around.
 " Thus, safe from *Æä* shalt thou bear the fleece,
 " Scope of thy voyage, to the shores of *Greece*.—
 " But, let my image dwell within thy mind; 1511
 " And sometimes seek these shores; but leave thy train
 behind."—

She paus'd, and silent stood, with downcast eyes;
 A flood of tears succeeding stormy sighs;
 While she reflected he must far remove,
 Death to her hopes, and torment to her love!
 But, now, with bolder confidence endued,
 She prest his hand; and thus her speech renew'd,

With mournful tone.—“Thou, on the *Grecian* plain,
 “Remember me.—Thy form I shall retain; 1520
 “Alas, too firmly.—But, ingenuous youth,
 “Disclose thy home, and household gods, with truth.
 “—What course will bear thy vessel from our coasts?
 “—Where proud *Orchomenus* her treasure boasts?—
 “Or, ’mid the waves, will *Æëä’s* nearer isle
 “Allure thy wishes; and in prospect smile?—
 “But, who that virgin, theme of thy applause,
 “Whom ties of kindred to my father draws?
 “Thy words have painted her, as fair and young,
 “Of noble lineage, from *Pasiphaë* sprung.”——
 Engender’d by her tears, pernicious guest, 1531
 Love rush’d impetuous on the hero’s breast.——
 Ardent he answer’d.—“Neither day nor night,
 “Shall thy bright form be absent from my sight.
 “If I may ’scape, indeed, on *Colchian* plains,
 “The dreadful conflict, that thy sire ordains,
 “And safely reach the happy shores of *Greece*,
 “I bear thine image, with the precious fleece.——
 “My fairest asks me, where my country lies.——
 “My heart, my tongue, are strangers to disguise.
 “’Tis pleasure, to perform the soft request, 1541
 “By lips so sweet, and eyes so bright exprest.——
 “A land there is, that lofty hills surround,
 “Where numerous flocks and fertile plains abound,
 “Sprung from *Japetus*, of heav’nly fire,
 “There dwelt *Prometheus*, good *Deucalion’s* sire.
 “He first, by laws o’er willing subjects reign’d;
 “And towns for men, and fanes for Gods ordain’d.
 “’Tis called *Hæmonia*, by the neighb’ring race,
 “There, tow’rs *Iolcus* my paternal place; 1550
 “And various other stately cities smile;
 “Nor ev’n by name is known *Æëä’s* isle.
 “From thence, ’tis said, the noble *Minyas* went,
 “Who drew from *Æolus* his proud descent,

- “ And built *Orchomenus*, a town, that stands,
 “ In peaceful neighbourhood with *Theban* bands. —
 “ But why amuse thee, with this idle fame,
 “ My natal spot, and *Ariadne's* name? —
 “ Daughter of *Minos*.—Let her memory live,
 “ In that esteem, benignant actions give. 1560
 “ Her sire and lover she to friendship led;
 “ And concord firm, with healing influence, spread.—
 “ Oh might thy father hear the words of peace,
 “ From those dear lips, and all his fury cease!” —
 Thus he, with flattering words, and soothing art,
 While sharpest anguish wrung the virgin's heart.
 Desponding looks and mournful tones exprest
 The gloomy thoughts, that labour'd in her breast. —
 “ In *Greece*, perhaps, the solemn pact may bind;
 “ And laws of honour overawe the mind. — 1570
 “ Alas, *Æetes* knows no law, but force,
 “ Unlike that *Minos*, theme of thy discourse.
 “ And far inferior to that maiden mild,
 “ In charms and influence, his unhappy child! —
 “ Oh think no more of hospitable rite;
 “ But, when *Iolcus'* tow'rs rejoice thy sight;
 “ Remember me.—Be some few sighs consign'd,
 “ To the poor victim, that remains behind. —
 “ For me; no pow'r shall tear thee from my soul,
 “ Nor mother's voice, nor father's stern controul. —
 “ May fame the tidings of thy welfare bring. 1580
 “ Some bird propitious waft them on his wing.
 “ To bear me, might the favouring breezes rise,
 “ And o'er the seas transport, and thro' the skies!
 “ While round thee all the sports and pleasures flow,
 “ That affluence, ease, and kindred can bestow;
 “ Before thee, might I stand, a sudden guest,
 “ And say—thro' me these raptures fill thy breast?—
 “ Oh might I soon be plac'd, and long remain,
 “ A favour'd inmate, with thy household train!” 1590

Then piteous tears her lovely cheeks bedew'd.
 His gentle accents thus the youth renew'd.—
 “Wish not, my fairest.—Fruitless wish—to find
 “The bird of embassy; the wafting wind.—
 “But, wouldst thou yield to seek the *Grecian* shore;
 “Our maids shall honour thee; our youths adore;
 “Our matrons hail thy tutelary pow'r,
 “Our guardian goddess, in th' eventful hour;
 “Whose counsels wise and salutary charms
 “Return the dearest pledges to their arms. 1600
 “To some, the tried companions of their youth,
 “To some, the husbands of their plighted truth.
 “To this, a brother thine assistance gives,
 “That from thine hand a darling child receives.—
 “Oh might I claim thee, as my blooming spouse;
 “Sole darling object of my faithful vows;
 “In hallow'd league of soul with soul combin'd,
 “One wish, one love, one fortune, and one mind!
 “Form'd for each other, by the Gods allied,
 “Death, only death our union should divide.”—

His words her soul with amorous softness fill. 1610
 Yet, starting she recoils from purpos'd ill.—
 Vain were thy conflicts, most unhappy maid!
 For *Juno's* will, with pow'r compulsive, sway'd.
 Brief was thy force, a lover to deny.
 To *Grecian* shores thou art ordain'd to fly.
 To wreak her vengeance, against *Pelias* plann'd,
 The Goddess claims thee, on *Iolcus* strand.—

Meantime, th' attendants of the royal fair,
 At distance, watch'd her steps, with jealous care.—
 They watch'd the progress of the wearing day, 1620
 And silent murmur'd, at the long delay.
 The sun, so forward on his journey past,
 Home to her parents bids *Medea* haste.—
 Yet, all unmark'd the stealing moments flow;
 Such pleasure *Jason's* looks and words bestow.

His form, his soothing speeches so delight,
 Full gladly had she linger'd there till night.
 More cautious he, with watchful thought, and eye,
 Late, and reluctant urg'd the nymph to fly.— 1630

“ The day advances.—I'o thy mother's arms,
 “ Awhile, my fairest, I resign thy charms;
 “ Lest ev'ning shades our intercourse surprize;
 “ Or stranger mark it, with unfriendly eyes,
 “ In happier moments of th' expansive heart,
 “ Hereafter we may meet, no more to part.”——

The lovers thus in fond expressions vied.

The feelings all their eloquence supplied.
 And amorous doubt essay'd, with jealous art,
 To search the secret of the heart of heart.— 1640

The youth, his vessel and companions sought,
 Fire in his eye, and rapture in his thought.—
Medea sought her train along the land,
 And soon to meet her came th' assembled band.
 But all unconscious, as the groupe drew near,
 Her thoughts were rapt above the starry sphere.
 With limbs spontaneous, the bright car she gains;
 And takes the polish'd whip, and flowing reins.
 She lash'd the mules; with eager course they flew;
 And soon the stately city rose in view. 1650

Chalciopé her sister now addrest,
 With all the mother lab'ring in her breast.
 Her sons awake the mingled hope and fear.
 Much she demands, and much expects to hear.—
 In vain.—Her words nor thought nor organ find.
 Grief and confusion fill *Medea's* mind.—
 She hears not—speaks not—such a trance possess
 The troubled soul, and every sense oppress.
 Down on an humble seat, beside her bed,
 She sunk; and lean'd oblique her languid head 1660
 Propt on her left hand, like a drooping flow'r;
 While from her eyes distils the briny show'r.

A gloomy cloud o'ercasts her thoughtful brow;
 And self-upbraidings on the spirit flow.
 A calmer moment, and a deeper heed,
 In all its horrors view the promis'd deed.—

His two attendants youthful *Jason* finds
 Awaiting his return, with anxious minds.—
 He join'd their steps, and hasten'd, to explain
 Th' eventful tidings, to th' assembled train. 1670
 Th' assembled train, as near the ship he drew,
 With glad surprise their gallant leader view.
Idas alone, from all the train apart,
 In secret bitterness consum'd his heart;
 Nor pleasure from the common gladness felt,
 For pride and envy in his spirit dwelt.

Now, night came on, and shades and silence brought.
 And calm repose the youthful warriors sought.
 But, when *Aurora* bade the day-spring flame,
 Two from the number haste the seed to claim. 1680
 Bold *Telamon* of *Mars* the darling went,
 And, who from *Hermes* drew his proud descent,
Æthalides.—Nor was their journey vain;
 For from the king the dragon's teeth they gain,
 Insidious gift. He sternly bade them take
 The fatal teeth, of that *Aonian* snake,
 Whom ancient *Cadmus* in *Ogygia* slew;
 When, fair *Europa* ravish'd from his view,
 His sister, by their mournful sire's* command,
 O'er many a deep he sought, and many a land. 1690
 Before his face the fabled heifer went,
 Guide of his way, by prescient *Phebus* sent.
 At *Thebes*, beneath his hand the serpent fell;
 With poison arm'd he kept th' *Aretian* well.
Pallas, who stoop'd the monster's teeth to save,
 The spoil to *Cadmus* and *Æetes* gave.

* *Agenor*.—See the notes on this passage, vol. 2.

His portion *Cadmus* sow'd in *Theban* fields;
 And warriors arm'd the breathing furrow yields.
 Contentious brood, they bath'd in kindred gore;
 And only they surviv'd, whom *Cadmus* bore, 1700
 As denizons, his rising walls to fill;—
 The parent field its earth-born children till.—
 The seed *Æetes* to their hands consign'd,
 With readiness that spoke the rancorous mind.
 Tho' to the yoke the fiery steers should bend,
 The toil, he trusts, will in their ruin end.

Beneath th' horizon now the sun declin'd,
 His course where *Ethiopian* summits bind.
 Night yok'd her sable steeds.—Along the sand,
 Stretch'd near their cables, slept th' heroic band. 1710
 But *Jason* slumber from his eyes repell'd;
 And fix'd on Heav'n his anxious looks he held.
 Resplendent 'mid the starry host from far,
 The bear of *Helicè* had turn'd her star.
 No noise was heard, along the wat'ry scene;
 Nor breeze nor cloud deform'd the blue serene.
 'Twas now the time.—With silent stealthy pace,
 The son of *Æson* sought a lonely place.
 He bore each requisite for solemn rite,
 With care collected, ere th' approach of night. 1720
 Part, in the fold and dairy *Argus* sought;
 A female lamb and tepid milk he brought.—
 The rest the ship supplied.—The hero found,
 Far from the beaten path, a space of ground,
 With streams irriguous springing fresh and clear.—
 He bath'd his tender limbs with pious fear,
 In the pure lymph; and o'er his shoulders threw
 A robe from *Lemnos* brought of sable hue,
 Gift of *Hypsipilé*, design'd to prove,
 A sad memorial of ill-fated love. 1730
 A cubit, then, in depth a trench he made,
 And wood for sacrifice in order laid.

The victim bleeds, extended on the pyre,
 And all the hallow'd pile receives the fire.
 As o'er the flames the mix'd libation falls,
 On *Brimo Hecaté* the votary calls.—

“Tremendous pow'r, assist my future toil.”—

With backward steps he slowly trod the soil.
 From deep recesses, awful pow'r, she heard;
 And rising, at the potent call appear'd. 1740
 Envenom'd snakes with oaken boughs entwin'd,
 Terrific wreath, her awful temples bind.

A mighty glare of torches flamed around;
 And dogs of hell were heard, with piercing sound.
 The meadows trembled, as she mov'd along;
 The *Naiads* wail'd, the lakes and rills among.
 Loud shriek'd the nymphs, that in the marshes lave,
 Where *Amarantian Phasis* seeks the wave.

Amaze and fear the soul of *Jason* felt;
 Yet, in his thoughts *Medea's* warning dwelt. 1750
 With firm resolve he backward trod the plain;
 Nor turn'd him, ere he reach'd the social train.

When morn began, fair daughter of the spring,
 Her beams on snowy *Caucasus* to fling;
Æetes rose; and clad his giant frame,
 In ponderous arms; a gift from *Mars* they came.
 When sunk *Phlegrean Mimas* bath'd in gore,
 His bloody spoils th' immortal victor tore.
 The golden helmet grac'd the monarch's head;
 A fourfold cone its bright effulgence shed, 1760
 From far refulgent, like that orb of day,
 When, bath'd in ocean, he renews his ray.
 A vast expansive shield his left hand holds,
 Where thickest hides are plac'd, in numerous folds.—
 His right hand grasps th' inevitable spear
 Weighty and vast, the messenger of fear.
 The king excepted, in th' embattled field,
Alcides only could that weapon wield.—

In youthful grace fair *Phaeton* attends,
 And holds the chariot, ere his sire ascends.— 1780
 The king ascending seis'd the flowing reins;
 And past the city gates, to reach the plains,
 Scene of th' intended trial.—O'er the road
 His course he held extended long and broad.
 Forth rush'd the *Colchians*, an unnumber'd throng.
 The king, like car-borne *Neptune*, rode along,
 When *Isthmian* games, divine spectator, bring
 The god, to *Tanarus*,* or *Lerna's* spring.—
Onchestus' hallow'd grove, *Euboic* seat,
 Or *Calaureia*, his belov'd retreat.— 1780
 He seeks, emergent from the sounding floods,
 Th' *Æmonian* rock, *Gerestus* cloth'd in woods.
 The youth, admonish'd by the royal maid,
 Dissolv'd the drug, and on his armour laid.
 Full soon, the massy buckler's polish'd orb,
 The spear, and trenchant blade that charm absorb,
 Around the youth his brave companions stand;
 And try the polish'd arms, with vig'rous hand.
 To bend his pond'rous lance, that gallant train
 Their utmost efforts prove, and prove in vain. 1790
 The son of *Aphareus*† with rage beheld,
 Presumption vain his haughty bosom swell'd.
 His mighty falchion at the spear he aim'd,
 Where nigh the point the brazen circles flam'd.
 On the firm anvil, as the hammer sounds,
 The falchion fell; the blunted edge rebounds.
 With joyful shouts the warriors rent the air;
 And augur'd to their toils an issue fair.—
 Now *Jason* to his limbs that charm applied;
 And matchless energy the drug supplied, 1800

* For an account of the places here mentioned, the reader is referred to the notes vol. 2.

† *Idas*.

Ineffable, tremendous in the fight.—

Unmov'd he stood, exulting in his might.

Redoubled courage fill'd his ardent breast;

Redoubled strength his valiant hand possest;

And hope elates his heart, and brightens on his crest. }

As when the charger of illustrious strain

The battle scents, and paws the sounding plain;

In pride of strength, his haughty crest he rears;

At ev'ry sound he pricks his watchful ears;

O'er his arch'd neck the floating mane is cast;

His nostrils broad propel th' impetuous blast; 1810

In youthful glory, beautiful and strong,

The son of *Æson* bounded 'mid the throng.

Swift, as the lightning, in a wintry night,

From pitchy darkness vibrates sudden light,

Now here, now there, it glances through the sky,

And tells th' affrighted world a storm is nigh;

So *Jason* mov'd his polish'd shield and lance,

That, quick and dazzling shot a fiery glance.

Now, came that awful conflict big with fate.

The band, in order, on their benches sate; 1820

By sounding oars, and sinewy arms impell'd,

Their course, to reach that field of *Mars* they held.

A space, like those, that goal and barrier part,

Where rival charioteers display their art,

When prizes are proclaim'd, and lists outspread,

To honour some illustrious chieftain dead,

And horse and foot the ceremonies grace,

With speed contending in the measur'd space,

Divides th' imperial seat of *Colchian* pride,

From that domain of *Mars* the homicide. 1830

Ætes with the *Colchian* race they found.—

The lofty rocks of *Caucasus* around

The crowd possest; beside the river hoar,

The monarch stood, upon the winding shore.

The band with cables made their vessel fast;
 And *Jason* to that arduous trial past.—
 His shield and spear he grasp'd, with eager hand;
 And from the deck sprang lightly to the land.
 The polish'd helmet's shining brass he took,
 And in its womb the serpent's teeth he shook. 1840
 Nor ponderous mail his active limbs opprest;
 Nor scaly cuirass beam'd around his breast.
 Unarm'd he stood, half like the God of war,
 Half like the lord of the diurnal car,
 And golden brand.—His eyes around he threw,
 The brazen yoke was laid within his view;
 And near the plough with adamantine share, —
 The crisis bids him for the toil prepare.
 The youth approach'd, advancing o'er the ground;
 And planted deep the spear with ringlets bound. 1850
 Weighty and strong, erect it stood in earth;
 Near lay the teeth of that envenom'd birth,
 Within the helmet.—Cover'd by his shield;
 To seek the bulls, he march'd along the field.—
 When, sudden, from the stalls beneath the ground,
 Dark clouds of smoke diffus'd their volumes round.
 Seen thro' the blackness, by the lurid glare,
 Disgorging fire, uprush'd the fatal pair.—
 That object struck with fear th' heroic bands;
 To meet the rageful monsters *Jason* stands, 1860
 Standing unmov'd, as rocks within the deep,
 When mountain billows break, and torrents sweep.
 His shield oppos'd to meet their wrath he bore.
 With levell'd horns they came; and furious roar,
 In vain their fury the brave youth assail'd;
 Nor force immense nor volley'd fire prevail'd.
 On the red furnace, where the metals glow,
 Thro' many an orifice, as founders blow,
 And now the bellows urge the raging fire,
 And pausing now th' enfeebled flames retire, 1870

Loud and impetuous roars the blast beneath,
At intervals;—the bulls with fiery breath,
Now, pause—and now, the flamy volumes drive,
Quick, noxious, as the cloud when lightnings rive,
With sound tremendous.—But they smote unharm'd
The dauntless youth, with magic influence arm'd.—
Now, by the horns, with such commanding might,
He seis'd the bull, that stood upon his right,
Superior force his dangerous captive held,
And to the yoke the struggling beast compell'd. 1880
His foot the brazen hoof, with nimble stroke,
Supplants, and brings him kneeling to the yoke.
An equal fate his fierce companion found;
The youthful hero brought him to the ground.
His ample buckler on the plain he cast;
And firmly striding grasp'd the monsters fast.
Outstretch'd at length, with broad and nervous breast,
The struggling bulls incumbent he opprest.
Smoke wreath'd around him, darted flames were roll'd;
—With hand intrepid he retain'd his hold. 1890
The savage monarch, with amaze, survey'd
The force and courage, by the youth display'd.
Nor then regardless were the gallant pair,
The sons of *Tyndarus* and *Leda* fair.—
Appointed service, near the yokes they stand;
They raise from earth; they give to *Jason's* hand.—
These o'er each monster's neck he firmly brac'd;
Then fair between the brazen pole he plac'd.
And threw the ring that from th' extreme depends
O'er the sharp hook, that from the yoke extends. 1900
Back, from the noxious glare and scorching heat,
Th' illustrious brothers to their ship retreat.
In haste, from earth the hero caught his shield;
And o'er his shoulders cast its orb'd field;
His polish'd helm he seis'd, no common weight,
Replete with dragon's teeth, tremendous freight.

His ponderous javelin by the midst he held.
 The biting point th' indignant beasts impell'd;
 Like the sharp goad by rustic hands applied;
 Deep in their flanks the polish'd brass he dyed. 1910
 He guides the plough-tail, with unerring hand,
 Compacted firm in adamantine band.—
 The toiling monsters roar'd with fruitless ire,
 And darted from their mouths redoubled fire.
 Loud and impetuous was their stormy breath,
 As blasts, that menace mariners with death;
 When mountain-high devouring waves prevail,
 And fearful hands contract the shivering sail.—
 Not long they mov'd, obedient to the spear,
 Ere the rude earth was open'd in the rere. 1920
 The ploughman stout and potent steers combin'd
 Ample and broad the furrow trac'd behind.
 O dire the crash!—the sound was heard afar,
 From all the broken clods, that teem'd with war.
 The youth pursuing, with intrepid breast,
 And footsteps firm, the path of danger prest.—
 With hand unsparing, onward as he past,
 O'er the plough'd land the dragon's teeth he cast;
 And oft he turn'd—oft anxious ey'd the soil;
 Lest giant harvests should prevent his toil, 1930
 While pressing onward, o'er the stubborn plain,
 The brazen footed bulls their toil sustain.—
 When three full portions of the time were spent,
 From dawn of morning to the sun's descent;
 And gladsome now their weary task to leave,
 The workmen hail the sweet approach of eve;
 Th' unwearied ploughman triumph'd in his toil,
 O'er all the large allotted space of soil.—
 Four acres lay upturn'd, the share beneath,
 All fully saturate with dragon's teeth.— 1940
 The fiery monsters from the yoke he freed;
 And drove them terrified along the mead.

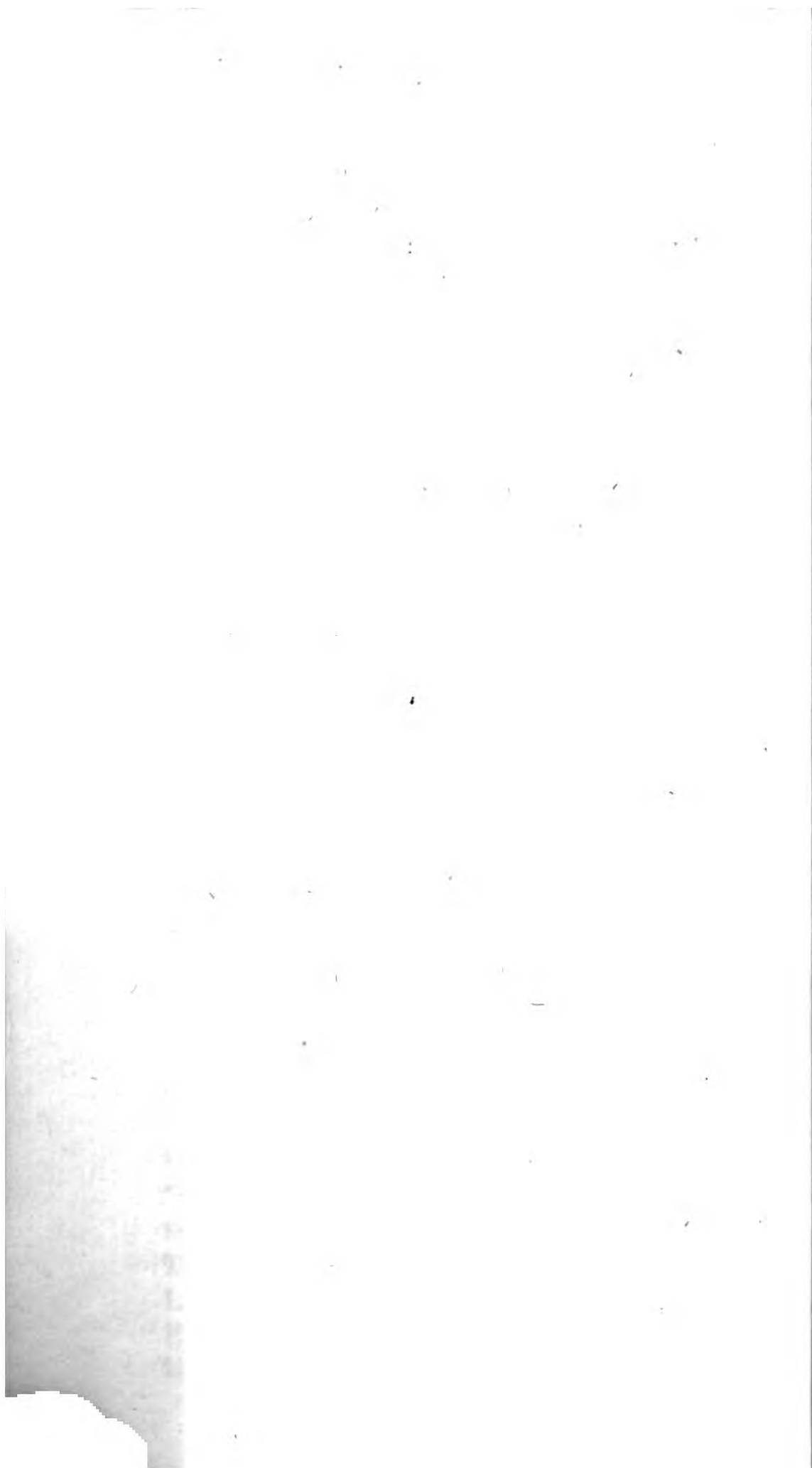
He gaz'd around.—The furrows still remain
 A blank, unpeopled by the giant train.—
 The ship he sought, and join'd the gallant crew;
 Then, in his helm the cooling beverage drew.
 Gladly the youth indulg'd in transient rest;
 With words of hope his comrades cheer'd his breast.
 His heart expanded, with increasing might,
 Like the fierce boar impatient for the fight, 1950
 Who whets his tusks, and musters all his wrath,
 And foaming waits the hunter in his path.

But now the land its horrid harvest brings.
 A giant arm'd from ev'ry furrow springs:
 And helms, and shields, and lances, all around,
 Like bearded corn, rose bristling o'er the ground,
 The sacred space of *Mars*, the scourge of man.—
 To Heav'n's high vaults the gleaming splendours ran.
 When wint'ry storms, surcharg'd with vapours, flow,
 And heap along the ground the drifted snow, 1960
 The clouds disperse, and thro' the gloom of night,
 The starry train emerge, in dazzling light;
 Thus, sudden brightness shot along the land.—
 Admonish'd by the virgin's wise command,
 A circling stone, of mighty weight and size,
 A disk for dreadful *Mars* the youth espies;
 Scarce could four men th' enormous mass sustain,
 With ease the hero rais'd it from the plain;
 Then, rushing forward, with a sudden bound,
 Aloft in air he hurl'd it, round and round. 1970
 Distant it fell amid th' embattled field.
 The youth collected shrunk behind his shield,
 Yet with intrepid heart.—The *Colchians* roar,
 Like billows, when they lash the rocky shore.—
 With mute and blank amaze their king beheld,
 What force stupendous the huge disk impell'd.—
 In combat loud, as barking dogs engage,
 Those earth-born brothers round that discus rage,

With hideous din; and by each other's hand,
 Pierc'd thro' with spears, they sunk, along the land.
 Like oaks, uprooted by the whirlwind's sway, 198t
 Or mountain pines o'erturn'd in ranks, they lay.—
 As shoots a star portentous to mankind,
 And falling draws a train of light behind;
 So bright, at once, and terrible to view,
 The youthful warrior on the giants flew.
 The naked falchion lighten'd in his hand;
 And wounds promiscuous fell'd the rising band.
 Some, half ascended into life he found;
 Some, to the breast yet struggling in the ground; 199o
 Some, newly freed stood upright on the soil.
 Some, forward rush'd, to claim the martial toil.—
 As when a land becomes the seat of war,
 The farmer marks the foe's approach from far;
 And lest the spoilers should possess the grain,
 Anticipates the harvest of the plain;
 The curving sickle newly-edg'd he bears,
 And o'er the furrows fall th' unripen'd ears;
 He bears the corn, with fearful haste, away,
 Ere yet it's tinge bespeaks the solar ray; 200o
 Dire harvest, *Jason* reap'd that earth-born brood;
 And all th' o'erflowing furrows boil'd with blood.
 Swell'd by continual rains, as torrents spread,
 Despise their banks, and inundate the mead.—
 In various postures they resign'd their breath,
 And grim and diverse were the forms of death.—
 Some bit th' empurpled earth, and prostrate lay;
 Some backward fell, and breath'd their souls away;
 Some lean'd half-rais'd, and panted to the wind;
 Some sidelong writh'd, in agonies reclin'd; 201o
 Then, sunk, extended in eternal sleep;
 Like mighty whales, that slumber o'er the deep.—
 Entangled some, fast rooted in the ground,
 With head inclining droop'd beneath the wound;

High as erewhile to Heav'n they rear'd the crest,
So low they sunk, with damps of death opprest;
Thus youthful plants, surcharg'd with storm and rain,
Hang their moist heads, and languish to the plain,
Bent from the roots; the gardener, in despair,
Surveys the prostrate offspring of his care; 2020
And weeps his toils defrauded of their scope,
The pride of autumn lost, *Pomona's* ravish'd hope.—
Such grief and rage the monarch's bosom knew,
As o'er th' expiring train he cast his view.
He sought the city, with the *Colchian* throng,
Resolving vengeance, as he mov'd along.—
The second conflict with the day was clos'd.
The sun declin'd, and all the train repos'd.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.



BOOK THE FOURTH:

ARGUMENT.

Æetes begins to suspect, that his daughters, particularly *Medea*, must have had some share, in the unexpected success of *Jason*.—He calls a council of his confidential friends, by night.—*Medea* is alarmed, and dreads the vengeance of her father.—Her first thoughts, on the occasion, lead her to end her life by poison.—Through the influence of *Juno*, she resolves, after a conflict between love and fear, and the sense of duty, to fly from *Colchos*, with the *Argonauts*.—She leaves the city, by night, and joins *Jason* and his companions, at the ship.—Their meeting described.—The fleece of gold.—The dragon that guarded it described.—*Jason* is aided by *Medea*, lulls the latter to rest, and gains possession of the former.—*Medea* sails with the adventurers for *Greece*.—*Æetes* pursues them.—The *Argonauts*, having crost the *Euxine* sea, sail up the *Ister*.—*Absyrtus*, the brother of *Medea*, is murdered, through the contrivance of that princess, and the treachery of *Jason*.—The pollution, induced by this act of cruelty, is expiated by *Circe*, at whose island the *Minya* land.—*Thetis* and her nymphs conduct the vessel through the straits of *Scylla*, and *Charybdis*.—The *Argonauts* sail past the islands of the *Sirens*, from whose enchantments they are preserved by *Orpheus*.—At *Corcyra*, they encounter the *Colchians*, who pursued them through the *Symplegades*.—The *Colchians* importune *Alcinous*, king of the island, to deliver up *Medea* to them, that they may restore her to

her father.—The monarch consents to send her back to her father, provided she is yet unmarried; declaring, at the same time, that, if she is already united to *Jason*, he will not part man and wife: by the contrivance of *Arete*, wife to *Alcinous*, the nuptials of *Medea* and *Jason* are immediately celebrated; and *Alcinous* protects the lovers.—The *Argonauts* again put to sea; and are driven, on the quicksands of *Africa*; where they are in danger of perishing.—They are extricated from the present distress, by the tutelary deities of the country.—The *Minyæ* bear the vessel on their shoulders to the lake *Tritonis*.—The *Hesperides*, whom they find bewailing the loss of their dragon, slain the preceding day by *Hercules*, give them some tidings of that hero.—Fruitless attempt to overtake him.—Death of *Canthus*, and of *Mopsus*.—*Triton* appears.—His figure particularly described.—He gives the heroes information and directions respecting the remainder of their voyage.—The *Argonauts* pass near *Crete*.—Marvellous adventure and death of *Talus*.—At *Hippuris*, the adventurers sacrifice to *Phebus*, who, standing on the top of a hill, enlightens their way.—A clod of earth, which had been given to *Euphemus* by *Triton*, is thrown into the sea, and becomes an island, named *Calliste*.—The *Minyæ* anchor at the island of *Ægina*, where they water, and, loosing from thence, arrive, without further interruption, on the coast of *Thessaly*.

—◆—

YET once again I court the muses' aid.—
 The toils, the counsels, of the *Colchian* maid
 Demand the song.—O virgin child of *Jove*,
 Doubt and confusion from my soul remove.—
 Decide the theme—what ills from fate she bore—
 Her flight immodest from the native shore—

And kindred people.—'Mid the gloom of night,
 With thirst of vengeance fill'd, and stern despite,
 The king convok'd the chieftains of his land,
 Within the palace, an afflicted band. 10
 His meditations on the conflicts dwell,
 And black suspicions on his daughters fell.
 Then, *Juno* struck the royal maid with fear;
 She trembled, like the young and timid deer,
 Which opening hounds with loud alarm o'ertake,
 In deep recesses of the tangled brake.—
 She deems the secret to her father known;
 And every shape of misery her own.—
 Her conscious maidens wake foreboding fears.
 Fire fill'd her eyes, and tingling sounds her ears. 20
 Dire were the shrieks of anguish and despair.
 She smote her breast, she rent her flowing hair.
 In poison had she sought relief from pain,
 And render'd the designs of *Juno* vain.
 But pow'r divine her changeful purpose bore,
 With *Phryxus*' offspring to forsake the shore.
 A dawning hope her rapid thoughts embrac'd.—
 Drawn from the casket, in her breast she plac'd
 The magic hoard of drugs.—She kist her bed,
 And parting tears with eager passion shed.— 30
 Her fond embraces both the door-posts clasp'd;
 And all around th' accustom'd walls she grasp'd;—
 A token, then, to the maternal fair,
 Tore from her beauteous head a tress of hair,
 Sad, sad memorial of her virgin hours,
 Offering to duty's violated pow'rs.—
 She calls her mother's name, with heartfelt sighs.
 "And oh farewell, my parent dear, (she cries)
 "Far, when I fly, may health and peace be thine,
 "This lock alone remain, of what was mine.— 40
 "Farewell, my sister; farewell household train;
 "Farewell the parent walls, the native plain.—

“ Had billows circled o'er that stranger's head,
 “ Ere to these shores in evil hour he sped!
 “ Bane of my virtue!”——Thus, her grief she
 told,

While bursting tears in ceaseless torrents roll'd.

When cruel fate bids some fair captive roam,
 Reluctant slow she leaves her splendid home;
 To grief unbroken, new to pain and toil,
 She goes to meet them, on a distant soil; 50
 In soft indulgence nurst, the darling child,
 Of pride parental, and affection mild;
 Sad change, to prove on some ungenial land,
 The task degrading, and the stern command;
 Thus, driven by tyrant love, and fortune's hate,
 The royal virgin goes to meet her fate.

The bolts and bars obey the magic song;
 And ope spontaneous, as she past along.
 Th' expanded barriers own'd enchanted sway.
 Thro' narrow paths she took her stealthy way. 60
 Her feet are naked; on her gracious brows,
 And blooming cheek, the veil her left hand throws.
 The border of her robe the right sustains,
 With darkling pace the city wall she gains.
 Thro' the vast city borne in wild affright,
 No warder from the turrets mark'd her flight.
 To seek the fane her eager thoughts were bent,
 By paths frequented oft with dire intent.
 Where slept the dead within the heaving ground,
 And noxious herbs, and potent drugs, were found. 70
 Here had she sought materials for her charms,
 And torn the lingering roots replete with harms.
 As now she wander'd, thro' the confines drear,
 Her conscious bosom throb'd, with guilty fear.
 The Goddess of the silver crescent rose;
 And look'd complacent on her frantic woes,

An object meet, to justify her love.—

“ What tho’ (she said) to *Latmian** caves I rove.

“ Not unexampled in my wild desire,

“ I seek *Endymion*, with incessant fire. 80

“ Thou too, enchantress, of undaunted breast,

“ Thou bold intruder on *Diana’s* rest,

“ Whose guilty tongue renew’d th’ insidious strain,

“ To wake the feelings of my am’rous pain,

“ That *Cynthia* might withdraw her sacred light,

“ And free to magic leave the murky night,

“ That mutter’d spells might uncontrouled prevail,

“ And curses rise beneath the glimpses pale,

“ Wretch, thou hast prov’d th’ inevitable hour;

“ Thy harden’d nature bows to *Cupid’s* power; 90

“ The god, the god, has wing’d his burning dart,

“ And *Jason’s* image revels in thy heart.—

“ Go—dext’rous, as thou art, in spells and charms,

“ Redeem thy soul, from these delicious harms.

“ Go—if thou canst the fatal pangs avoid,

“ That gods torment, and mortals have destroy’d.”—

Each nerve in flight, meantime, the virgin strain’d.

Oh, with what joy the river’s bank she gain’d!

Led, by the fires, that, thro’ the festive night,

Gleam’d clear, in honour of the prosp’rous fight. 100

As round the flame the gallant train rejoice,

Roll’d thro’ the gloom, they hear a plaintive voice.

For, as *Medea* climb’d the rising ground,

On *Pbrontis’* name she call’d, with shrilly sound,

Of *Pbryxus* youngest born; thro’ darkness drear,

The well-known accents vibrate on his ear.—

His brothers knew the voice; and *Jason* knew;

Then, silent wonder seis’d the youthful crew,

* The caves of mount *Latmus*, where she was fabled to have met *Endymion*.

Thrice call'd the princess.—Urg'd by all the crowd,
 The son of *Phryxus* answer'd thrice aloud. 110
 Nor yet their halsers on the bank were laid;
 With eager oars they press to reach the maid.
 From the high deck the youthful leader darts;
 With all the fire, that sanguine hope imparts.
 With *Argus*, *Phrontis*, springing to the shore,
 The kindred mourner thro' the gloom explore.

The brothers stood th' afflicted maid beside.
 She clasp'd their knees; and supplicating cried.—
 “ Save me, lov'd youths; preserve yourselves and me,
 “ From stern *Æetes*, and perdition free.— 120
 “ All is betray'd.—No hope for us remains,
 “ Save in some vessel, and the wat'ry plains.—
 “ Swift let us fly, ere he ascends his car,
 “ With rapid steeds to chace us from afar.—
 “ The golden fleece, fruit of my bounty, take.
 “ My philtres shall subdue that watchful snake.—
 “ But, stranger, raise to Heav'n thy pious hand;
 “ And join the gods to this assembled band.—
 “ Call them, in witness of thy plighted word.—
 “ Bid them, thy oaths, thy promises record. 130
 “ Should I for thee forsake my friends and home,
 “ For thee to distant climes an exile roam.
 “ Swear, thou wilt not such confidence betray;
 “ Thou wilt not leave me, to contempt a prey.—
 “ Swear, that of kindred, home, and friends bereft,
 “ I shall not be a wretched outcast left.”——

Plaintive she spoke, while piteous tears distill'd;
 But secret joy the soul of *Jason* fill'd.—
 He gently rais'd her, as his knees she grasp'd;
 And, soothing mild, in fond embraces clasp'd.— 140
 “ Hear me, my fairest.—In this awful hour,
 “ I call on *Jove*, and every heav'nly pow'r;
 “ On *Juno* chief, the spouse of ruling *Jove*,
 “ The sacred arbitress of wedded love.—

“ Within my native home thou shalt preside.

“ Queen of my heart, my darling, and my bride.”—

Then, for assurance of the mutual breast,

The virgin's hand, with plighted hand, he prest.

Now, were the train admonish'd by the maid,
To ply their oars, and gain the sacred shade; 150

And thence by nightly stealth the fleece convey,

Ere stern *Æetes* should their course delay.

The train obey, by hopes and fears impell'd.

Their ship they enter'd, and their oars they held.

They push'd from land, incumbent on their oars.

Their clamours echoed, thro' the winding shores.

Then, turning towards the plain, th' afflicted fair
Stretch'd forth her beauteous hands, in mute despair.

—Now, had she rush'd, a wat'ry death to find,

But *Jason* sooth'd her agonizing mind; 160

And gentle force her frantic will restrain'd.

And now the ship th' appointed station gain'd.

What time the wakeful hunters ope their eyes;

And call their dogs; and to the chace arise;

Whose early sports anticipate the morn;

And rouse the covert with the hound and horn;

Ere from the dewy ground the solar ray

Drinks the light traces, and the scent away;

The youthful leader, with his virgin guide,

Debark'd upon the river's grassy side. 170

There, where the fabled ram with toil opprest,

First reach'd the strand, and bending sunk to rest;

When o'er the sounding waves, from shore to shore,

The wandering son of *Aibamas* he bore.—

And near, with smoky base, an altar stood,

That *Phryxus* rear'd, retiring from the flood,

To *Jove*, the stranger's friend, whose guardian might

Protects the suffering exile, in his flight;

And there, obedient to what *Hermes* told,

He offer'd up the ram, with fleece of gold. 180

By *Argus* warn'd, the social band withdrew.
 Th' adventurous path the chief and maid pursue,
 Along that path the sacred grove they sought,
 Where tow'r'd the beech, with fleecy treasure fraught.
 —They see the plant it's giant arms unfold;
 And bright between appears the pendent gold,
 Like flaming clouds, with curling radiance bright,
 That blush, illumin'd by the dawning light.
 The watchful dragon that the fleece defends,
 A length immense his waving neck extends. 190
 Onward the lovers move; his eyeballs flame;
 And direful hissings their advance proclaim.
 Baleful and shrill was that ill-omen'd sound;
 Th' extended shores re-echoed all around. —
 They heard, who, far from the *Titanian* strand,
 Plough the wide limits of the *Colchian* land;
 Where *Lycus* from *Araxes* loud divides,
 And joys, with *Phasis* mix'd, to roll his sacred tides.
 Scar'd by the noise, the mothers start from rest;
 And press their new-born infants to the breast. 200
 From burning woods, ascending to the pole,
 As globes of smoke in fiery volumes roll;
 Cloud urges cloud; th' incessant vapours rise,
 Enormous wreaths, and whirl along the skies;
 The monster huge impell'd his countless spires,
 O'erlaid with scales, that shone like distant fires.
 Onward he labour'd, with tremendous sway. —
 The maid advanc'd, and stood athwart his way.
 With softest sweetest notes she call'd a pow'r,
 Bland, but sufficient in that dangerous hour. 210
 With warbled strain she call'd the God of sleep,
 In *Lethe's* dew those watchful eyes to steep. —
 Yet more she summons, from beneath the ground,
 The queen rever'd in shades of night profound. —
 “ Rise, awful *Hecate*, propitious pow'r.
 “ Aid the bold purpose of this fatal hour! ” —

Brave as he was, and oft in perils tried,
With faltering steps the youth pursued his guide.

Now, wrought the mystic charm, with potent sway,
Entranc'd, dissolv'd the dreadful monster lay, 220
With spine relax'd, extended o'er the plain,
In orbs diffuse uncoil'd his scaly train.—

When breezes fill th' expansive sail no more,
And not a wave is heard to lash the shore,
In placid silence, thus the billows sleep;
And languid curls are spread along the deep.
Yet, still aloft his horrid head he rear'd;
And still in act to close his jaws appear'd;
With dreadful menace.—But the nymph display'd

A mystic bough, cut from the sacred shade, 230
A branch of juniper in drugs bedew'd,
With potency by magic spell imbued.—

Melodious charm her tuneful voice applies;
She waves her opiate o'er the monster's eyes.

Diffus'd around narcotic vapour flows;
The dragon sinks subdued, in deep repose,
Unmoving, harmless, as the silent dead;
His gaping jaws were fix'd; he hung his head;
And spreading, like some vast meand'ring flood,
His powerless volumes stretch'd along the wood. 240

Exhorted by the maid, without delay,
The youth approach'd the tree, to seize the prey;
While, near the dragon fix'd, th' intrepid maid
O'er his dire head the flattering unction laid.—

She waited thus, unmov'd, and unappall'd,
Till to the ship the youth her steps recall'd,
When now departing from the sacred grove,
He gave the sign, of safety, and of love.—

As when, exulting in reflected light,
The full-orb'd moon displays the torch of night; 250
Some maid delighted sees the splendour fall,
On the high cieling, or the chamber wall;

Around she sees the circling lustre dance,
 And spreads her veil to catch th' illusive glance;
 So joy'd the youthful hero, to behold
 The light, reflected from the fleece of gold;
 While, as he bore the glorious prize on high,
 The ruddy splendors lighten'd to the sky.
 O'er his fresh cheek the fiery lustre beams,
 The radiance on his front of ivory streams. 260
 That fleece was ample, as an heifer's hide,
 Or skin of hinds, that in *Achaia* bide;
 So large it spread, with the metallic freight,
 Of golden locks that curl'd, enormous weight.
 The rays were darted round, so bright and strong;
 The path seem'd gilded, as he strode along.
 O'er his broad shoulders now the treasure flung,
 Descending ponderous to his footsteps hung;
 Now, in his hands the precious fleece he holds;
 And turns with anxious care the shining folds; 270
 While round his eyes are glanc'd with jealous fear,
 Lest god or mortal should the conquest bear.—

Now, rose *Aurora*, blushing from the main.

The youthful lovers join'd the social train.
 In mute amaze, that gallant band survey
 The fleece, refulgent with a fiery ray;
 As bright, as flaming, as the bolt of *Jove*;
 And all to touch the sacred burden strove.
 The youth forbade; and from their sight withdrew.
 A new-wrought mantle o'er the fleece he threw. 280
 Then, near the helm he plac'd the royal maid;
 And, turning to his brave companions said.—

“ No more, despondence shall afflict this band.—

“ Despair no longer of your native land.—

“ The vast emprize, that most allur'd and griev'd,

“ Hope of our toil and perils, is atchiev'd.—

“ Behold this lovely maid, with grateful hearts.

“ Ascribe your safety to her prosperous arts.

" Her, to my home, a virgin bride I bear,
 " Alike from gratitude and beauty dear. 290
 " If charms, if benefits may claim your aid,
 " My friends will guard our tutelary maid,
 " Whose hand beneficent bestows the fleece,
 " And home conducts you, to your loves in *Greece*.
 " But think not yet our labours at an end;
 " What art obtain'd your valour must defend.
 " — *Æetes* soon, with savage throngs, will sweep,
 " To bar our exit, to the friendly deep.—
 " Some, urge the vessel from these dangerous shores,
 " Set, man to man, alternate at your oars.— 300
 " Half grasp the shield compact of many a hide;
 " And be the foes in open fight defied.
 " Each, in that hour, will feel upon his hand,
 " Loves, children, parents, friends, his native land,
 " All, that possess delights the human heart;
 " All, all, that lost affliction can impart.
 " This moment calls us, to renown or shame."—
 He ceas'd.—His arms around the hero flame.

Loud shouts of ardour burst from all the crew.
 Their leader from the sheath his falchion drew. 310
 Nor weak nor erring hand the halser smote;
 And free from land he sees the vessel float.—
 Then, near *Ancaus*, while the helm he sway'd,
 In arms he stood, beside the plighted maid.
 Urg'd by th' exertions of that vigorous throng,
 To pass the flood, the vessel shot along.

Now, from the meanest *Colchian* to the throne,
Medea's love and deeds by all were known.—
 In armour clad the crowds to council haste,
 Numerous, as billows, with the wint'ry blast; 320
 Numerous, as leaves in forests strew the ground;
 When chiding autumn bids her gale resound;
 Thus, countless they, in many a crowded rank,
 With noise and fury fill'd the river's bank.

With steeds illustrious, and his polish'd car,
 Amid the crowd *Æetes* shone from far.
 The steeds, donation of his sire the sun,
 Were swift, as winds or flying sounds, to run.
 While in the left his circling shield he took,
 A branch of flaming pine his right hand shook. 330
 Beside him lay his spear's enormous length,
 Of weight prodigious, and resistless strength.
 With dext'rous hand *Absyrtus* held the reins.
 Meantime, the welcome deep the vessel gains,
 Driv'n by the force combin'd, of youthful arms,
 And prosperous currents from that land of harms.

Æetes view'd, with anguish and dismay.—
 To *Jove* appealing and the solar ray,
 With hands uprais'd.—“Ye Gods, to whom belongs,
 “All-seeing pow'rs, the punishment of wrongs, 340
 “Receive my vows; my direful curses hear!—
 “And you my subjects, if my wrath ye fear;
 “O'ertake these traitors, if the land they keep;
 “O'ertake their vessel, if she ploughs the deep;
 “Regain that wanton, from the miscreant band;
 “Bring her, to feel a wrathful father's hand.
 “Let vengeance swiftly seize the caitiff crew;
 “In combat quell them; or in flight pursue.”—

He ceas'd.—That very day, with active care,
 Their ships and stores the *Colchian* band prepare. 350
 That very day, their vessels plough'd the wave;
 And sails unnumber'd to the breezes gave.
 Not ships, but feather'd flocks, the vessels seem,
 That urge their flight, with many a shrilly scream.—

Meantime, the *Grecian* vessel wing'd her path,
 Charg'd with the messenger* of heav'nly wrath.
 The breezes, that with *Juno's* will conspire,
 To *Pelias* waft the creature of her ire.—

* *Medea*.—See notes, vol. 2. and the text ante.

When the third morning came, the Grecian band
 Their vessel moor'd, on *Paphlagonia's* strand. 360
 Where sounding *Halys* rushes to the deep;
 They land, the rites of *Hecate* to keep;
 So bids the maid.—No conscious heart shall know
 Those mystic rites; no rhimes irreverent show;
 Be far, from such attempt, my pious song;
 To night and awful silence they belong.—
 Yet, still the structure crowns the sounding shore,
 Rais'd by those heroes in the times of yore.

Now *Jason* calls to mind the prescient strain,
 Alike remembered by the social train: 370
 How *Phineus* sung, that, having won the fleece,
 A different course should lead them home to *Greece*.
 —But what the destin'd course, in doubt remain'd;
 Till *Argus* thus the latent truth explain'd.—

“ To reach *Orchomenus*, we trace the way,
 “ Describ'd by *Phineus*, in prophetic lay.—
 “ That mariners a varying track may hold
 “ The sacred ministers of Heav'n unfold;
 “ They who the worship of the Gods attend,
 “ Where *Thebes** beholds *Tritonian* tow'rs ascend.
 “ Oldest of mortals they, who peopled earth; 381
 “ Ere yet in Heav'n the radiant signs had birth.
 “ The *Danai*, sacred race, were they unknown;
 “ Th' *Arcadians* held the plains of *Greece* alone,
 “ On acorns wont, in silvan wilds, to feed;
 “ Ere men the lunar wand'rings learn'd to read;
 “ Ere yet the heroes, of *Deucalion's* blood,
 “ *Pelasgia* peopled, with a glorious brood.
 “ The fertile plains of *Egypt* flourish'd then,
 “ Productive cradle of the first of men. 390
 “ There *Triton*, beauteous stream, irriguous flows,
 “ And o'er th' expanse fertility bestows.

* In *Egypt*.

" No rains from Heav'n bedew the farmer's toil;
 " But inundations bathe the pregnant soil.
 " From thence, 'tis said, o'er many a distant land,
 " A valiant chieftain led his hardy band.—
 " Heroic guide of heroes to the fight,
 " With *Europe*, *Asia* bow'd beneath his might.
 " Yet not to ravage o'er the land he spread,
 " For walls he rais'd and colonies he led.
 " A thousand states his conquering arms assail'd.
 " A favour'd few o'er war and time prevail'd. 400
 " Of most, nor trace nor memory appears,
 " For ever swallow'd, in th' abyss of years;
 " But, firm thro' ages, *Æa's* walls remain,
 " Firm the descendants, of that martial train,
 " Whom to that station first the warrior drew;
 " When o'er the land his conquering myriads flew.
 " Still they preserve, with reverential awe,
 " Sacred memorials of their ancient law;
 " And tablets sculptur'd, in the times of old,
 " The paths and bounds of earth and seas unfold; 410
 " What course the deeps to mariners expand;
 " And what the plains, to those who traverse land.
 " —Of spreading ocean the remotest horn,
 " Ample and deep a mighty stream is borne.
 " From springs remote his sounding waters glide,
 " And loaded ships, may on his bosom ride,
 " Majestic *Ister*.—From *Ripbean* hills,
 " Fill'd, with the tribute of a thousand rills,
 " Swoln, with the melting of perpetual snow,
 " Beyond the seats, where *Boreas* 'gins to blow, 420
 " O'er many a region, from his mountain source,
 " He rolls, at first, with undivided force.
 " When *Scythian* realms, and *Thracia's* bound he gains,
 " In sever'd streams he rushes o'er the plains.
 " One arm to meet th' *Ionian* wave he guides,
 " And one he sends, to swell *Trinacria's* tides,

“ Thro’ the deep bay, that joins my native coast ;*
 “ If I may knowledge of tradition boast.” —

He ceas’d. — The Queen of Heav’n a sign display’d,

Auspicious omen of celestial aid. 430

The heroes shout, exulting at the view,

And urge their chief his voyage to pursue.

To mark the course, where leading meteors fly,

And lambent lightnings flash along the sky.

Here *Lycus*’ offspring † separates from the band,

And seeks his father’s court, and native land. —

They plough the waves, the wind their canvas fills,

They hold in view the *Paphlagonian* hills.

Not round *Carambis* do they wind their way;

But breathing gales, and heav’nly fires obey; 440

For still the breeze prevail’d, and splendour glow’d,

Until they came, where swelling *Ister* flow’d.

Their frustrate hours, meantime, the *Colchians* waste,
 Thro’ the *Cyanean* rocks, a squadron past.

Led by their youthful prince, a different train,

Explor’d the seats, where *Ister* seeks the main.

To cut of all retreat his course he sped,

Across a branch, where parted *Ister* spread.

Thence onward, round the narrow point of land,

His ships anticipate the *Grecian* band: 450

And, while they sail the jutting headland round,

By route compendious gain the bay profound.

Their limits where th’ *Ionian* deeps have trac’d,

In form triangular an isle is plac’d;

Peuce it’s name, that, dark with stately pines,

The spreading outlet of the stream confines.

* See the notes on this very difficult passage, in the second volume.

† *Dascylus*.

The vertex meets the current, and divides;
 Th' extended base resists the roaring tides.
 The flood becomes another, and the same;
 Each parted branch assumes a diff'rent name.— 460
 Above, the turbid *Arax* seeks the waves;
 That isle below the smoother *Calon* laves.
 Thro' this the prince his *Colchian* followers drew;
 The branch superior while the *Greeks* pursue.
 There, wide the verdant pastures were display'd;
 And flocks deserted by their keepers stray'd.—
 The rude and timorous natives of the plain
 Seem'd to behold, emergent from the main,
 Devouring monsters, vast in bulk, arise;
 For ships were strangers to their simple eyes; 470
 And never yet the neighbouring tribes of *Thrace*
 Had mix'd in commerce with the *Scythian* race,
 The wild *Sigynian*, the *Graucenian* bands,
 The *Sindians*, who possess the *Laurian* lands,
 Wide-stretch'd and waste.— At such stupendous sight,
 The savage tribes their safety plac'd in flight.
 Near tall *Angurus* now the *Minyæ* steer'd;
 And distant now the *Cauliac* rocks appear'd;
 Where bellowing *Ister* breaks his ample horn,
 To meet the waves, in parted channels borne. 480
 Now, had they coasted the *Talaurian* land;
 By shorter progress, while the *Colchian* band,
 Had reach'd already to the *Chronian* deep,
 And all the outlets of the river keep,
 Where, as they deem'd, the *Greeks* their course must
 shape;
 That none the vengeance of their king might 'scape.—
 Not so the wary *Minyæ*.—Far behind
 A safer passage up the stream they find.
 Two isles they reach, to virgin *Dian* dear,
 To *Dian* whom th' *Illyrian* tribes revere. 490

One, sacred structure, boasts her awful fane,
 One from their ship receives th' adventurous train,
 Safe from the myriads, that, athirst for war,
 With young *Absyrtus* guard the coast afar,
 Those isles they shunn'd; for reverence of the place,
 Restrain'd the fury of that savage race.—

But, these except, beset with arms they found
 Each isle and shore, that clos'd the channel round.

In every station adverse myriads stood;

To *Nestis'* plain and to *Salanco's* flood.

500

Now, crouds, prevailing o'er undaunted might,
 Had crush'd the *Minyæ* in unequal fight;

But treaty interrupts the rude alarms,

And sober compact stays the clang of arms.—

The *Minyæ*, by concession, bear the fleece,

Hope of their voyage, to the shores of *Greece*,

The prize their chief by bold exertion gain'd,

In dreadful trials by the king ordain'd.

Tho' force or stratagem possession gave

Let them retain, and waft it o'er the wave.

510

But, for the maid, chief subject of debate,

In *Dian's* fane let her the future wait;

Till sceptred wisdom shall her fate decide;

Or, home returning, with her sire to bide,

Or, with the sons of *Phryxus*, to explore

Unknown *Orchomenus* and *Pthia's* shore;

Or, yet more welcome to th' enamour'd fair,

To *Hellas* with the *Grecian* chiefs repair.

In such alternatives for peace they sought.—

But various passions on the virgin wrought.—

520

She mark'd their views, with agonizing mind;

For who the wakeful eyes of love may blind.

Apart their leader from the chiefs she drew,

Alike remote from hearing and from view.

Then, streaming tears and mournful sounds exprest

The painful thoughts, that labour'd in her breast.

- “ Oh say, what blow thy secret counsel aims,
 “ Against the wretch, who thy protection claims.—
 “ I know thy purpose; cruel and unjust,
 “ To love injurious, faithless to thy trust.— 530
 “ Think of the splendours, I have left for thee.
 “ Think of the dangers, whence I set thee free.
 “ Oh think, what vows, what promises were made,
 “ In hours of peril, when I lent my aid.—
 “ Oh fatal promises!—of shame bereft,
 “ Thro’ them, ingrate, my natal soil I left.
 “ Thro’ them, with frantic hand, I cast away
 “ Imperial pomp, beneath my parent’s sway.
 “ The dearest pledges have I left, to weep
 “ With plaintive halcyon, while I roam the deep. 540
 “ And why?—Alas, this dreadful price I give,
 “ That thou may’st triumph; nay, that thou may’st
 live.—
 “ In fatal labours hence hast thou prevail’d;
 “ And bulls infuriate fire in vain exhal’d.
 “ And hence, ungrateful, did that earth-born band,
 “ Like feeble infants, sink beneath thine hand.—
 “ Hope of thy voyage o’er the distant wave,
 “ The precious fleece, my happy rashness gave;
 “ Happy to thee, but fatal to my fame;
 “ To female honesty an endless shame.— 550
 “ What bond with thee a modest maid should send?—
 “ Am I thy bride—thy sister—or thy friend?—
 “ A time there was, the flatterer would bestow
 “ Each tender name, that may from passion flow.
 “ —Afflicting change! I feel thy love decline
 “ With cold neglect, the wanton’s name is mine.
 “ On different terms, I left my regal home.
 “ On different terms, with thee I deign’d to roam.
 “ Yet—be it so—th’ eternal lot is cast.—
 “ The dire irrevocable doom is past.— 560

" Alone and friendless in thy train I go,
 " Heiress of shame,—a monument of woe,
 " Incumbrance, now, no partner of thy flight.
 " Yet drive me not, dishonour'd from thy sight.—
 " Leave me not now to sate my father's rage.
 " My blood alone his fury can assuage.—
 " If any pity in thy breast remains:
 " If justice in thy soul her sway retains;
 " If yet remembrance can attention draw,
 " To the soft compact, and the mutual law, 570
 " Past in the moment, when I thought we lov'd,
 " Vow'd by the tongue, and by the heart approv'd.
 " —Is this too great a boon—my worthless breath?—
 " Then—draw thy sword, and end my woes in death.
 " Strike here—transfix this heart—'tis meet I prove,
 " From thee, the punishment of foolish love.—
 " Say—should that king, to whom, on deep debate,
 " Inhuman, thou wilt trust a wretch's fate,
 " Sad office, to pronounce my fatal doom,
 " To hurl a mourner, to th' untimely tomb, 580
 " A miserable thrall, in that sad hour,
 " Should he consign me, to my brother's pow'r;
 " Say, with what glory should I then appear?
 " Or how sustain my father's brow severe?
 " My frantic love what punishments await?
 " In what dire form, must I encounter fate?
 " Yet, hope not thou thy feelings to controul,
 " To lull to rest the self-accusing soul.—
 " For thee no breezes shall propitious blow;
 " Nor glad return thy guilty sails shall know. 590
 " Hope not a blessing from the pow'rs above,
 " Not even from her th' imperial wife of *Jove*,
 " Nor aid, nor joy, from *Juno* be supplied,
 " Friend of thy labours, motive of thy pride.
 " Avenging furies shall my grief attend;
 " And late remorse thy perjur'd bosom rend;

" And may that precious prize, the fleece of gold,
 " Fade, like a vision, from thy vacant hold.—
 " Driv'n from thy native soil, to shame and woe,
 " *Medea's* anguish thou shalt learn to know.— 600
 " Thou, who shalt cause this doating heart to bleed,
 " Learn thou, what demons haunt the faithless deed;
 " In what deep character the Gods record
 " Each violated oath, and impious word."——

She ceas'd, at once, with grief and rage opprest;
 And horrors roll'd tumultuous in her breast.
 And now she thought, with mad vindictive aims,
 To hurl the brand, and wrap the ship in flames.
 The son of *Æson* trembles, at her rage;
 And soothing words her stormy grief assuage.— 610

" My fairest, my espous'd, thy terrors cease;
 " To that afflicted bosom whisper peace.—
 " Think not so meanly of thy lover's heart,
 " Where no deceit or treachery has part.—
 " Deem not so lightly of these heav'nly charms.—
 " Think—could I thus resign thee, from my arms?—
 " Those terms, so justly hateful in thy sight,
 " Were proffer'd, to suspend the dangerous fight.
 " —For fierce and numerous is the hostile band,
 " Assembled round, thy beauties to demand. 620
 " With vengeful fury young *Absyrtus* leads
 " The crouding natives from the shores and meads.
 " They think to bear thee, a defenceless prey,
 " And yield thee captive, to thy father's sway.
 " What hopes, from combat with that hostile train?
 " Their numbers render skill and valour vain.
 " What doom is thine, in battle should we fall,
 " Expos'd to vengeance, a deserted thrall?—
 " Hence, 'tis the pow'r of artifice we try.—
 " Counsel may give, what prowess would deny. 630
 " This treaty shall confound the mighty host;
 " And all their schemes of vengeance shall be lost.

" The natives, that around, by myriads, arm,
 " No more shall strike our bosoms with alarm.
 " But, home dispersing, cease their aid to lend,
 " While ev'n *Absyrtus* shall appear our friend.
 " Abandon'd thus the *Colchians* shall remain.
 " Nor fear I, then, to meet th' embattled train;
 " Should they presume, to thwart my homeward way;
 " Or think, by force to bear thee, for their prey."

Soothing he spake; and her suspicions heal'd.— 641

Her fatal thoughts *Medea* thus reveal'd.—

" Bethink thee, *Jason*, what the time demands.
 " Guilt is no stranger to these dangerous hands.
 " Such dire connexion links unhallow'd aims,
 " Crime builds on crime, and shame engenders shames.
 " Since Heav'n in errors plung'd my wand'ring mind,
 " From guilt to guilt my desperate path I find.
 " Meet not the *Colchian* bands, in open field.
 " My arts their leader to thy pow'r shall yield. 650
 " But thou, with splendid gifts, the way prepare,
 " That draws th' incautious victim to my snare.
 " If won by me, in conference apart,
 " The heralds lend assistance to my art;
 " What then remains?—*Absyrtus* is our thrall.
 " He comes, defenceless, by thine hand to fall.
 " 'Reft of their leader, should the *Colchian* band,
 " Provoke the fight; no longer stay thine hand."

Thus, they their thoughts in direful aims employ,
 Of mortal mischief to the princely boy.— 660

Dissembled fondness, and perfidious smiles,
 And hospitable pledges mask'd their wiles.—
 Among the gifts was first and fairest seen
 A veil, that grac'd that beauteous *Lemnian** queen,
 A radiant purple web, with hands of love,
 Which heav'nly charities for *Bacchus* wove.

* *Hypsipile.*

Where sounding ocean beats on *Dia's* shore,
Thoas, his son, receiv'd the gift, of yore.
 Among the treasures that her father own'd,
Hypsipile the beauteous texture found. 670
 That gift, at parting, ere he plough'd the wave,
 With toys and gems, her love to *Jason* gave.
 A work more form'd the senses to delight,
 Ne'er sooth'd the touch; or glitter'd on the sight.—
 From all the web ambrosial odours flow'd;
 That perfume the *Nysean* god* bestow'd,
 In hours of bliss; when, with his ivory arms,
 "He held entranc'd his *Ariadne's* charms.
 From *Knossus* her the perjur'd *Theseus* bore,
 And weeping left on *Dia's* lonely shore. 680

In converse with the heralds, had the maid
 In order due her fraudulent counsels laid.
 Well were they school'd, with soothing speech to gain
 The youth, and lead him to *Diana's* fane.—
 She mark'd the time. When night her veil extends,
 And stealth inspires, and fallacy befriends.—
 Fictitious aims her artful words unfold.—
 From *Jason* to withdraw the fleece of gold,
 And with the treasure to her father haste,
 Peaceful oblation, for misconduct past, 690
 No willing exile, so she feign'd, from home,
 But, forc'd by *Phryxus'* guilty sons, to roam.—
 Th' instructions ended, the delusive fair
 Hurl'd spells and philtres, thro' the spongy air,
 Of pow'r, to stay the wildest mountain flock,
 And draw the savage, from his cavern'd rock.

Pernicious love, thou scourge of human kind,
 Thou bane envenom'd of the reas'ning mind,
 What fell contentions, what distress, and woe,
 What pangs unnumber'd from thine influence flow!

* *Bacchus*.

Sovereign of torments, for our foes alone,
Reserve the furies, by that virgin known.—
O muse, relate what snares *Medea* spread,
To join her brother, with the silent dead.

The maiden, as by compact was ordain'd,
Within the fane of *Artemis* remain'd.—
The *Colchian* veesels part. The *Greeks* display
Their sails; and homeward seem to shape their way.
Deceitful seeming! *Jason* and his band,
With mortal purpose, took their ambush'd stand; 710
In arms relentless, working to destroy,
With all his train, that unsuspecting boy:
The fatal promises the boy misled;
In evil hour, th' incautious sail he spread.

His vessel skimm'd the waves, with rapid flight;
And reach'd the sacred isle, in shades of night.
Medea waits alone, with mischief fraught,
Balm on her tongue, but murder in her thought.—
Poor simple youth! He thinks, with childish art,
To wield her dark impracticable heart! 720

Vain thought! as soon, with feeble hand, the swain
The raging wint'ry torrent might restrain.—
It scorns its banks, it deluges the ground;
It roars, it foams, and spreads destruction round.
Her airy fabric fancy joy'd to build;
And idle hope his witless bosom fill'd.
He dreams of aid his sister may afford;
And sees the *Minyæ* fall beneath his sword.
The wily sister these delusions fed;
In fraudulent speech, the stealthy moments fled. 730
While bland compliance smooth'd her oily tongue,
And present kindness pander'd future wrong.

Now, *Jason* from his ambuscade advanc'd.
Rear'd o'er his head the shining falchion glanc'd.—
Terrific form! abhorrent turn'd the maid,
And o'er her eyes her ample veil display'd,

With heart presageful of th' impending deed,
 Nor fully steel'd, to see a brother bleed.—
 As, in the precincts of some awful fane,
 The victim ox, by sudden stroke, is slain; 740
 Th' insidious *Grecian* aim'd a rapid blow,
 And, gazing round him, fell'd th' unguarded foe.
 Ev'n at the threshold of the sacred door,
 He falls expiring on the marble floor,
 Ev'n at the fane, the natives of his land,
 Had rais'd for *Artemis*, with pious hand,
 Sunk on his knees.—As forth the life-blood gush'd,
 O'er both his hands the purple torrent rush'd;
 As, in the mortal agonies he prest
 The ghastly wound, that gap'd upon his breast.— 750
 Ev'n as his sister turn'd her head away,
 Her head attire was dash'd with purple spray.
 The darted rills, that smok'd along the ground,
 Bedew'd her snowy veil that floated round.—
 Power all-subduing, ever unsubdued,
 With piercing glance, oblique the fury view'd.
 Of terrors queen, of ills and crimes the cause,
 Ev'n she with horror mingled her applause.

The slayer took the first-fruits of the slain,
 For mystic rites, that conscious fears ordain, 760
 Atonements, that, in ancient days decreed,
 Absolv'd the man of blood's atrocious deed.—
 Then, from the wound the reeking skin he tore,
 And suck'd, with quivering lips, the streaming gore.
 Thrice, from the panting breast he draws the blood;
 Thrice, from his teeth ejects the horrid flood.
 Then, bath'd in streams yet welling from the wound,
 He gave the lifeless body to the ground.
 There, still entomb'd, his bones for ever sleep;
 And still the stripling's name the natives keep. 770

Soon as the *Greeks* the glaring torch survey'd,
 Appointed signal of the treacherous maid,

The reins to joy and martial thoughts they give,
 And full against the *Colchian* vessel drive.
 Then, fall impetuous on th' astonish'd crew,
 As pouncing hawks the timid doves subdue;
 Or ravening lions, that in midnight hour,
 To thin the fold with savage fury pour.
 Fierce and destructive, the relentless train
 Nor art eludes, nor courage can sustain. 780
 Now here, now there they dart, with lightning's force,
 And all existence withers, in their course.—
 Now, *Jason* flies to share the warlike deed,
 And yield that aid, his comrades scarcely need.
 One care alone the social band possest;
 Doubts of his safety fill'd each thoughtful breast.

And now, th' assembled chiefs in council sate,
 The future voyage wakes the deep debate,
 The princess on their consultations broke,
 As *Peleus* thus among the leaders spoke. 790
 " My counsel is, ere morn resumes the sky,
 " To man the vessel, and our oars to ply.—
 " Mark, where the foes attend in dread array;
 " And opposite direct your cautious way.
 " When morn shall come, the past events to show,
 " Doubt and confusion will possess the foe;
 " 'Reft of their leader 'mid the shades of night,
 " Nor scheme nor head combines them in the fight.
 " Dissension thro' their myriads shall prevail;
 " And unmolested leave our flying sail."—— 800

His counsel pleas'd.—The warriors spring from land,
 The benches line, and row with vigorous hand.
 Their toil with nerves unfailing they sustain'd,
 And now *Electris*, hallow'd seat, they gain'd,
 East in their progress of that island train,
 Where *Po* descends, to meet the briny main.
 Emotions mingled of dismay and grief,
 Possest the *Colchians*, for their ravish'd chief.

Yet, o'er the *Chronian* deep, with vengeful thought,
 The *Grecian* vessel and her crew they sought.— 810
 In vain.—The *Argonauts* were *Juno's* care;
 To thwart their foes, terrific lightnings glare.—
 Final discomfiture, disperst they roam,
 Imprest with horror, from their native home.
Æetes' cruelty such terror bred,
 That wand'ring far to distant climes they fled.
Absyrtus' name some bid those isles retain,
 That yielded refuge to the *Grecian* train;
 Some raise the distant tow'rs, with exil'd hand,
 Where *Panyasis* bathes th' *Illyrian* land; 820
 And where a monument of ancient fame,
 With *Cadmus* * joins his lov'd *Harmonia's* name,
 As denisons augment th' *Enchelian* race,
 And lose the memory of their native place.
 Scar'd by the thunders of almighty *Jove*,
 Some to the high *Ceraunian* snmmits rove;
 And still the name records the dread event,
 Deriv'd from glancing fires thro' æther sent.

When now the voyage seem'd from perils freed,
 The heroes thro' the wat'ry vast proceed. 830
Hyllean seats th' adventurous band explore;
 And bind their cables from the rocky shore.
 Along the coast, where clustering islets rise,
 Dangerous and difficult the channel lies.
 No more the *Minyæ* from the natives find
 Repulsive welcome, and unfriendly mind.
 Bland they receive them, in their counsels share,
 And means to prosecute their course prepare.
 A fair donation their affections won,
 An hallow'd tripod of *Latona's* son. 830

* For the story of *Cadmus* and *Harmonia*, see notes, vol. 2.

Erewhile, to *Jason* had the God of light
 Two polish'd tripods given, of fabric bright;
 When *Pythos'* shrine oracular he sought,
 And the long voyage fill'd his anxious thought.
 A mighty privilege the gifts endow'd,
 By fate, in that auspicious hour, bestow'd,
 To guard the land, where treasur'd they remain,
 From wasting inroad of the hostile train.
 Deep in the bosom of the peaceful ground,
 Where fair *Hylleis* lifts her tow'rs renown'd, 850
 The treasure lies conceal'd, within the soil,
 A depth inscrutable to human toil.

No longer flourishing, in youthful bloom,
 The king they found; he slept, within the tomb,
 Young *Hyllus*.—Him, on the *Pheeacian* shore,
 Fair *Melita* to strong *Alcides* bore.

For, there a refuge in his youth he found,
 When good *Nausithous* the sceptre own'd.
 Prest with a weight of guiltless blood he rang'd,
 And soon for *Matris* this asylum chang'd. 860

Some expiation there he hop'd to find,
 For conscious guilt lay heavy on his mind,
 Since by their father's hand his infants bled,
 In frantic mood, of melancholy fed.—

Thee, nursing mother of the roseat god,
 Thy viny plains th' illustrious wanderer trod.
 There, beauteous daughter of the *Ægean* main,
 Fair *Melita* renew'd his amorous pain;

She crown'd his love, and to the hero bore
 The gallant *Hyllus*, on that lonely shore. 870

High-minded youth, when manhood he attain'd,
 The state subordinate his soul disdain'd.—
 He scorn'd the region, where *Nausithous* sway'd,
 And all his nod implicitly obey'd.

The native train he led, and wander'd wide,
 O'er *Chronian* waves with freedom for his guide.

Phœacia's king his aid and counsel gave;
 And here he ceas'd his wanderings o'er the wave.—
 Not long he rested, in the seats he chose;
 With fierce *Mentorians* deadly war arose, 880
 To guard the numerous herds, and rustic band,
 And *Hyllus* sunk, beneath the spoiler's hand.—

But sing, ye muses, how th' adventurous train,
 Past from that sea, to reach th' *Ausonian* plain.
 Say, how to those *Ligustic* isles they came,
 The *Stechades*, so call their modern name.
 Still do these regions true memorials hold,
 Of wanderings wide, and navigation bold.—
 What ruling winds the destination gave,
 On shores unknown to bid their ensigns wave? 890
 Say, Goddess, why that devious course they held;
 What good allur'd, or what distress compell'd?—

Father of justice, sire of gods and men,
 Who marks our actions with all-seeing ken,
Jove, from on high, beheld *Absyrtus* bleed,
 And doom'd to punishment, that impious deed.
 Peace or remission none for them remain'd.
 Eternal wisdom this decree ordain'd,
 That guiltless blood should agitate the band;
 And vengeful furies hunt, from land to land, 900
 Till rites, which *Circe* might perform alone,
 Should chace those horrors, and for guilt atone.

The doom mysterious not a chief could read,
 For darkness veil'd what righteous Heav'n decreed.
 And now they pass from that *Hyllæan* plain,
 Where countless isles lay clust'ring in the main,
 And those *Liburnian* seats in order trace,
 Of old the mansions of a *Colchian* race,
 Resounding *Issa*, with her rocky steep,
 Fair *Pityæa*, smiling on the deep. 910
 Still forward borne, they to *Corcyra* came,
 Where amorous *Neptune* plac'd the beauteous dame,

Sprung from *Asopus*, nymph with golden hair;
From *Phlius* far he led *Corcyra* fair.

With forests clad the gloomy hills arise,

At distance blackening on the sailor's eyes.

And hence, that isle is black *Corcyra* nam'd,

An epithet to mark th' appearance fram'd.

The winds propitious to their course prevail,

And *Melita* they pass, with swelling sail, 920

The tall *Cerossus*, and with head more high,

Nymphaea proudly towering to the sky.

Daughter of *Atlas*, here amid the deeps

Her magic court the fair *Calypso* keeps.

Distant, half veil'd in clouds and vapours blue,

Ceraunia's doubtful hills they seem to view.

Then, *Juno* read her consort's secret mind,

And schemes of vengeance 'gainst the *Greeks* design'd.

Hence, that the train lustrations might perform,

To thwart their course, she sent the friendly storm;

They hurried retrograde, with rapid flight; 931

Electris, rocky island, rose in sight.

Here, as the vessel plough'd the salt profound,

Sudden, they heard a deep and awful sound.

With human speech endow'd, the groaning oak,

In hollow tones amid the timbers spoke,

Where plac'd by *Pallas*, from *Dodona's* wood,

With vocal pow'rs, oracular it stood.—

Amaze and horror fill'd the *Greeks*, to hear

So strange a voice announcing words of fear.— 940

“What dreadful tempests on your course await!

“What endless wanderings by the doom of fate!

“How long thro' pains and perils must ye rove!

“Such the decree, and such the wrath of *Jove*!

“Unless fair *Circe* shall remove the stain

“Of blood, contracted from *Absyrtus* slain.—

“Yet more, the twins of *Leda* must repair,

“To win the favour of the Gods, by pray'r;

" With gales propitious, that the ship may keep
 " Her steady course, along th' *Ausonian* deep, 950
 " Till *Circe's* island cheer the longing sight,
 " Daughter of *Perseus*, and the God of light."

Thus *Argo* spake, as day began to close.—
 The sons of *Tyndarus* obedient rose.
 The wishes of the *Greeks* their voice exprest,
 Their lifted hands the heav'nly pow'rs address.
 With downcast eyes the *Minyæ* stood around;
 Their humbled spirits sunk in awe profound.
 Their flying bark with swelling sails convey'd,
 Within *Eridanus* was deep embay'd. 960
 Where, blasted by the lightning's darted ray,
 And rushing headlong from the car of day,
 Young *Phæton*, unfortunate, as fair,
 Expiring fell, and quench'd his flaming hair,
 Deep in the channel of the spreading stream;
 The waters still emit a fiery steam,
 As boiling from their lowest depth they swell,
 Where pierc'd with fiery wounds the stripling fell.—
 There, birds in vain their sounding pinions urge,
 O'erpower'd they sink, in that sulphureous surge. 970
 The daughters of the sun, a mournful band,
 Along the bank, enclos'd in poplars stand.
 Still from their leaves resounds the voice of woe,
 And still, for *Phæton*, their sorrows flow;
 Still sensible of grief their loss recal,
 While drops of amber from their eyelids fall,
 That bright and liquid scatter'd o'er the land,
 Consistence from the chymic sun demand.—
 When loud and shrill the wint'ry storms arise,
 And bid the swelling stream his bank despise; 980
 Gloomy and deep the *Po* inundates round,
 His waters sweep the treasure from the ground,
 In giddy whirlpools.—But the *Celtic* race
 To nobler origin that substance trace;

Ev'n to the tears, by weeping *Phebus* shed,
 In fond remembrance of his offspring dead.
 For much he wept, with grief and anger fraught,
 What time the *Hyperborean* race he sought;
 Stung by reproaches from the sire of gods;
 For earth he left the starry-pav'd abodes. 990
 Sorrowing for him, in *Lacerea* fair;
 Whom to the god divine *Coronis** bare.
 Where to the main bright *Amyrus* descends,
 The pow'r that health to wretched mortals sends.—
 Such the tradition of the *Celtic* throng,
 Preserv'd in fable, and rehears'd in song.—

No gleam of pleasure cheer'd the conscious crew.
 No sense of thirst, no care of food they knew.
 All day they mourn'd, and languish'd; where prevail'd
 Mephitic vapours, from the stream exhal'd, 1000
 That, o'er the *Po* incessant, baneful rise,
 Since *Phaeton* fell flaming from the skies.
 While gloom prevail'd, in accents sad and clear,
 The mourning daughters of the sun they hear.
 They wept their brother lost. The tears at morn,
 Like drops of oil, were on the current borne.

Then, the deep courses of the *Rhone* they gain,
 Who, mix'd with *Po*, fraternal seeks the main.
 Where steepy banks the narrow channel bound,
 With bellowing voice the confluent waters sound, 1010
 From central depths, within the hollow ground,
 The gates, and resting place of night profound.
 The *Rhone*, impetuous bursting, fiercely roars,
 And hurls his raging stream on ocean's shores.
 While, here he hurries to th' *Ionian* main,
 And there descends, *Sardinian* waves to gain.
 Diffusive there seven ample mouths convey,
 His parted waters thro' the spacious bay.

* *Æsculapius*.

Onward they pass, where spreading lakes* expand
 Their squally shoals, along the *Celtic* land.— 1020
 Here dangers unforeseen th' adventurers wait,
 A sunken rock lies fraught with sudden fate.†
 The *Greeks* unconscious near perdition drew,
 And never had return'd that gallant crew;
 Here *Argo*, tho' by hands divine compos'd,
 Her course disastrous had for ever clos'd.—
 But *Juno* provident, from fields of air,
 Survey'd their peril, with parental care.
 Descending on th' *Hercynian* mount she stood;
 And loud recall'd them from the fatal flood. 1030
 Aghast they stood, with fear and wonder fill'd;
 Thro' air around the warning accents thrill'd.
 Obedient then a backward course they trace,
 Thro' the known channels of that dangerous place.
 Before the voice precursive lightnings broke,
 The sacred presence pealing thunders spoke.
 Yet still those straits the lab'ring bark detain'd;
 And ocean's sea-beat shore full late they gain'd.
 While, by imperial *Juno's* counsel sway'd,
 'Mid various nations of the *Celts* they stray'd. 1040
 Thus, many a tribe of the *Ligurian* shore
 Unheeding and unheeded they explore.
 Still, as they pass, the guardian goddess shrouds
 Their daring progress, in a night of clouds.
 The bark secure the midway channel keeps,
 Incumbent on the noon while darkness sleeps;
 And gains the *Stæchades*, while from above,
 Divine protection guards the twins of *Jove*.
 And altars still preserve their ancient praise;
 Where sacred rites are paid in these our days. 1050
 And, first in that eventful voyage, shown
 Their saving aid to mariners is known.

* *Aliter*, marshes wide. † See note on this passage.

To Heav'n exalted, by the will divine,
Propitious still to mariners they shine.

The *Minyæ* reach'd *Æthalia's* sea-girt soil,
And bath'd their limbs subdued with ceaseless toil.
With pebbles on the shore that ready lay,
They chaf'd the skin, and cleans'd the sweat away.
And still the spotted stones, along the shore,
Confess the labours, that the heroes bore. 1066

And many a famous monument remains;
For still that isle their disks and arms retains;
And still a port, preserving *Argus'* name,
Records the memory of their ancient fame.—
Borne on the swelling of th' *Ausonian* deep,
Full in their view the *Tuscan* shore they keep.
With rapid flight they reach the famous port,
Where skill'd in magic *Circe* held her court.



Beside the waves they found the heav'nly fair,
The braids adjusting of her radiant hair. 1076
Appalling forms, in visions of the night,
Had fill'd her soul with wonder and affright.—
Thro' all her chambers, and the courts below,
Redounding streams of blood appear'd to flow.
The treasures of her art, the mystic arms,
The hoarded armoury of drugs, and charms,
The stranger guests subdued beneath her sway,
On these, the flames devouring seem'd to prey.
Then, o'er the fire she cast th' empurpled stream,
With hurried hands, and quench'd the trembling gleam:
Then seem'd her fears to cease.—With early dawn,
Her steps were to the sea-beat margin drawn, 1082
With pious rites, averting ill, to lave
Her hair and garments, in the briny wave.
A train of beasts, not fierce, like those of chace,
Nor yet in form of godlike human race,
But, something mingled between brute and man,
With action mild, beside th' enchantress ran;

As gentle sheep, in myriads, where he leads,
 Attend the shepherd, thro' the flowery meads. 1090
 Their forms were doubtful, as when teeming earth
 On living things bestow'd primæval birth;
 While, she, great parent, moist and pliant lay,
 As yet unhardened by the stroke of day;
 From vital principles of every kind,
 Her first rude work, she various limbs combin'd;
 Ere nature's hand, from time, experience gain'd,
 Decided figures, genders ascertain'd.

In mute attention thus, around their queen,
 Discordant shapes, ambiguous kinds were seen. 1100
 Stupendous scene! the heroes stood amaz'd;
 And speechless wonder on th' enchantress gaz'd.
 Soon as her port and features struck their view,
 The sister of the *Colchian* king they knew.

The nightly terror of her dream dispell'd,
 Home from the beech her course th' enchantress held.
 With soothing action and demeanour bland,
 The train she beckon'd with deceitful hand.
 But *Jason* at the shore his comrades stay'd,
 Alone proceeding with the *Colchian* maid. 1110
 They follow'd *Circe*; and together trod
 The path, that tended to her proud abode.
 On splendid seats, th' enchantress bade them rest;
 But doubt and anxious thoughts her soul possest.
 Their steps unsounding thro' the palace past,
 The vestal hearth they sought, with silent haste;
 Then, motionless, with downcast eyes they sate,
 As suits the humble suppliant's piteous state.—
 Stung with reproaches of the conscious mind,
 Between her hands the maid her face inclin'd; 1120
 While leaning on the hilt with grief profound,
 The youth infix'd his falchion on the ground;
 Nor lifts to vengeful Heav'n his drooping eyes;
 While gloomy thoughts for slain *Absyrtus* rise.—

Fair *Circe* mark'd their deep desponding mood;
 She recogniz'd the fugitives from blood;
 Rever'd the suppliant's right with pious awe;
 And bow'd submit to *Jove's* imperial law,
 Who makes the suppliant his peculiar care,
 And, ev'n in punishment, inclines to spare.— 1130
 Th' atoning sacrifices she began,
 That stains of blood remove, from wretched man;
 For refuge when he flies to *Vesta's* shrine,
 And seeks remission from the pow'rs divine.—
 High o'er their heads the little swine she held,
 New, from the dam, and paps with nurture swell'd.
 She pierc'd his throat, and, cleansing blood with blood,
 Her suppliants tinctur'd, in the purple flood.
 Then ceremonies fill'd the solemn hour,
 To calm the wrath of every vengeful pow'r; 1140
 And lustral *Jove* was called, at whose command,
 Oblations pure absolve the slayer's hand.
 This done, her train, full many a naiad maid,
 Th' ablutions from the splendid dome convey'd.
 Within, to sober vows, and whisper'd pray'r,
 That bid the furies drop the scourge, and spare,
 The flame with salted cakes th' enchantress fed;
 And sweet libations o'er that offering shed }
 Of mighty pow'r, to soothe the gliding dead;
 Whether a stranger's death their hands embrued,
 Or the dire stain from kindred blood accru'd. 1151

The solemn expiations were complete.
 She call'd each suppliant to the polish'd seat,
 Full in her view, and near.—The speech began,
 —“ What climes they visited, what seas o'erran.—
 “ Say, graceful strangers, from what part of earth,
 “ Ye claim protection at the sacred hearth?”—
 Still, with the memory of her dream possest,
 Doubt and disquiet fill'd her anxious breast.

Fondly she listen'd, with attentive ear, 1160
 The native accents of that maid to hear.—
 Soon as *Medea* lifted from the ground
 Those eyes, that beam'd celestial glory round,
 That liquid golden fire, effulgence bright,
 Which marks the beauteous progeny of light.—
 The daughter of that tyrant stern and bold,
 In *Colchian* speech, a tale of sorrow told.—
 In tuneful sounds, her soothing words explain'd
 The toils, the travels by the band sustain'd;
 And how she fled her cruel father's wrath, 1170
 With *Phryxus*' offspring, thro' the wat'ry path;
 But some events her cautious tongue forbore;
 Nor spoke *Absyrtus* welt'ring in his gore.—

In vain.—Her inmost bosom *Circé* read;
 Yet, tears of pity for her sufferings shed.
 And thus she spake.—“ Ah wretch, in evil hour,
 “ Thy steps adventurous left the princely bow'r!
 “ What saving hand thine anguish shall delay?
 “ What force protect thee, from a father's sway?
 “ His rage untir'd will hunt thee, o'er the flood; 1180
 “ And ev'n in *Greece* avenge thy brother's blood.
 “ Great is thy guilt.—Yet, since the suppliant's name,
 “ And ties of kindred, my compassion claim;
 “ From me, tho' merited, no mischief prove.
 “ But hence, I warn thee.—From these walls remove.
 “ Hence, with that stranger, 'mong whose followers
 borne,
 “ A father's curse and duty are thy scorn.—
 “ Hence, with the partner of thy guilty choice.
 “ No more assail me, with that plaintive voice.
 “ Thy presence here the sacred hearth profanes; 1190
 “ I shrink abhorrent from thy guilty stains.
 “ I shun thy counsels; nor assist thy flight,
 “ From fame, and every form of fair and right.

She ceas'd.—And, fill'd with grief, the royal maid
 Before her eyes the shining veil display'd,
 To hide her tears.—Her frame with terror shook.—
 Her hand with gentle action *Jason* took;
 And led her thro' the portal.—Mighty woes,
 In briny torrents, found a brief repose.
 Trembling she went.—Thus, from the doors they move.
 Nor heedless was th' imperial wife of *Jove*. 1201

Already, by her faithful envoy shown,
 Each circumstance was to the Goddess known.
 Erewhile, observant of the *Grecian* train,
 Fair *Iris* left the starry-pav'd domain.
 For *Juno* sought to learn, with anxious care,
 When to their bark the *Minyæ* should repair.—
 This trusty instrument of her desires
 Again she calls; again her aid requires.
 “Haste, nymph belov'd, my wishes to fulfil.— 1210
 “Toil is thy pleasure, when it works my will.—
 “With rapid course, on varied pinions sweep,
 “And summon *Thetis*, from the briny deep.—
 “Say, *Juno* seeks her aid. From thence repair,
 “Where *Vulcan's* forges cast a ruddy glare,
 “Along the strand, and deaf'ning hammers sound,
 “On massive anvils to the vast profound.—
 “From labour let him cease, and still the blast,
 “Parent of fire, till *Argo* shall have past.—
 “Thence, to the caves of *Æolus* repair, 1220
 “Supreme o'er winds, the progeny of air.
 “My wishes to the stormy pow'r explain.
 “Let peace and stillness thro' his empire reign,
 “No truant tempest issue from his caves;
 “Nor angry surges curl the sounding waves.
 “Let gentlest zephyrs o'er the billows smile;
 “And waft the heroes to *Phœacia's* isle.”

She ceas'd—the nymph her pinions light extends;
 And swiftly thro' the fields of air descends.

Deep, deep she plung'd, beneath th' *Ægean* tides,
 In regal state, where hoary *Nereus* bides.— 1241
 To *Thetis* first was *Juno's* mandate giv'n;
 And, urg'd by *Iris*, she repair'd to Heav'n.
 Next, the fair messenger to *Vulcan* came;
 The bellows ceas'd to swell the roaring flame;
 Attentive to his parent's high behest,
 Thro' all his caves he bade the hammers rest.
 Last, the fam'd son of *Hippotas** she finds,
 Immortal ruler of the stormy winds.
 To him her message, while the nymph address, 1250
 And, pausing bade her weary pinions rest;
 Fair *Thetis* left her sisters of the waves,
 And ancient sire, within the coral caves;
 And hasting to the blissful seats above,
 Obedient sought th' imperial wife of *Jove*.
 Her, sov'ran *Juno* at her right hand plac'd;
 And thus address, with fair reception grac'd.—

“ Now, lovely *Thetis*, with attention hear
 “ The words, I destine for thy private ear. 1259
 “ Thou know'st how much my cares for *Jason* wake,
 “ And those brave spirits, who his toils partake.—
 “ Their vessel thro' the wandering isles I bore,
 “ Where, charg'd with fire tremendous tempests roar;
 “ Where pointed rocks the savage shore defend;
 “ And thundering waves the mortal barriers rend.
 “ But, if aright I read the page of fate,
 “ Th' adventurous train yet greater dangers wait.—
 “ Full in their path the rocks of *Scylla* lie,
 “ With dire *Charybdis* whirling to the sky.—
 “ Thee, from a child, I nurst with partial hand, 1270
 “ More priz'd, more lov'd, than all the sea-born band,
 “ Since thy proud virtue scorn'd the vows of *Jove*,
 “ That wanderer, ever prone to lawless love.—

* *Æolus*.

" Mortals—immortals—in promiscuous throngs.—
 " With all alike, the nuptial couch he wrongs.
 " Thy pious mind rever'd the wedded law;
 " And *Juno's* rights inspir'd a virtuous awe.
 " Hence, as thou know'st, his wrathful doom he bound,
 " By that dire oath, the *Stygian* waves profound,
 " That never god, of all th' immortal train, 1280
 " Shouldauteous *Thetis* for his bride obtain.
 " Yet still, resistance seem'd to fan the fire,
 " And still his glance betray'd unchaste desire.
 " Till *Themis*, venerable pow'r, reveal'd
 " The high decree, from eldest time conceal'd.
 " —Perdition seek—let *Thetis* crown thy love—
 " Produce a son, the conqueror of *Jove*.—
 " His passion, then, he curb'd with prudent fear,
 " Lest in his son he should a rival bear.
 " While I, to recompense thy prudent mind, 1290
 " The first of mortals for thy spouse assign'd.
 " To meet thy chaste desires, with mutual flame,
 " And glad thee, with a mother's tender name.
 " The gods I summon'd to the nuptial rite,
 " And I myself sustain'd the nuptial light,
 " Rejoic'd, to give, in that auspicious hour,
 " Each mark of honour, that my love could show'r.—
 " Yet more—without disguise, I shall unfold
 " The destinies, by mystic fate enroll'd.—
 " When thy lov'd son shall seek th' *Elysian* plains;
 " Whom *Chiron* now, within his cave detains, 1301
 " With gentle naiads, who indulgent share
 " The wakeful duties, of parental care.
 " There is he doom'd to wed the *Colchian* maid;
 " Thy future child demands thy present aid.
 " And *Peleus* too—I see thine anger flame.—
 " But what existence is exempt from blame?
 " He may have erred—but powerful *Até* flies,
 " Ev'n thro' the blissful mansions of the skies.—

“ *Vulcan*, I trust, will yield to my desires; 1310
 “ And hush thro’ all his caves the raging fires.
 “ While *Æolus* forbids the storm to sweep,
 “ And only zephyrs wander o’er the deep.
 “ Each element shall with propitious smile
 “ Conspiring waft them to *Phœacia’s* isle.—
 “ Thence, I confide them, to thy guardian care.
 “ Their safe return thy counsels shall prepare.—
 “ Tremendous rocks the boding fears excite;
 “ And mountain billows teem with wild affright.
 “ Yet, from these perils, with benignant hand, 1320
 “ Thou and thy sisters may protect the band.—
 “ Let them not drive incautious thro’ the waves,
 “ In greedy whirls, where dire *Charybdis* raves,
 “ Wheel’d by devouring eddies round and round,
 “ Absorpt to perish in the salt profound.
 “ Nor let them *Scylla’s* dire recess attain,
 “ The monstrous terror of th’ *Ausonian* main.
 “ Appalling offspring, she from *Phorcys* came,
 “ And *Hecate*, whom men *Crataïs* name,
 “ Night-wandering power. Around her, dogs of hell
 “ The billows vex, with never-ceasing yell. 1331
 “ The choice of heroes be it thine to save,
 “ From ravening jaws, that gape amid the wave.
 “ Safe let their bark the course of peril run;
 “ However near, destruction let them shun.”——
 Then, *Thetis* answer’d.—“ Let the tempests sleep,
 “ And raging fires within their caverns keep;
 “ No danger from devouring billows fear,
 “ Thro’ them the vessel I profess to bear.
 “ Let gentle zephyrs o’er the deeps prevail; 1340
 “ And safe to *Greece* I speed their flying sail.
 “ But distant seats th’ occasion bids me trace;
 “ To meet my sisters of the *Nereid* race,
 “ And gain concurrence of their friendly pow’r,
 “ No mean support, in that laborious hour.—

“ From thence, with rapid flight, I seek the land,
 “ Where *Jason's* bark is anchor'd near the strand;
 “ And urge the crew, when morn shall glad the sky,
 “ To spread their sails, and o'er the billows fly.”—

These accents ended, downward she repairs, 1350
 Thro' curling vapours, and thro' eddying airs.
 Her native realm, thro' azure waves profound,
 She sought, and call'd the sister *Nereids* round.
 When, crouding at the well-known voice, they came;
 She spake the will of Heav'n's imperial dame.—
 Prompt, at her bidding, from their parent caves,
 They throng'd obedient, thro' th' *Ausonian* waves.
 But, *Thetis*, swifter than the lightning's gleam,
 Or rapid progress of the solar beam,
 That, parting, from the morning's orient birth, 1360
 To western limits, traverses the earth,
 Full soon appear'd, upon *Æëa's* strand,
 Near the wide limits of th' *Etrurian* land.

The *Grecian* youths beside their bark she finds,
 With disk and javelin they relax'd their minds.
Peleus, her spouse, was with the gallant crew.
 She seis'd his hand, and from the crowd withdrew.
 To him alone his consort shone reveal'd;
 A mist her beauties from the rest conceal'd.—

“ No more inactive on the shore remain. 1370
 “ With dawn returning, plough the wat'ry plain.
 “ So *Juno* wills, whose kind protecting pow'r
 “ Wakes for your safety, in the dang'rous hour.
 “ She bids th' assembled *Nereids* of the tide,
 “ Your vessel thro' the wand'ring islets guide.—
 “ There lies the future voyage.—But beware,
 “ Lest thou my presence to thy friends declare;
 “ When, to thine aid, emergent from the main,
 “ I join my sisters of the *Nereid* train.—
 “ Deep in thy bosom let this caution stay; 1380
 “ Nor wake my wrath, as on a former day;

" Lest unextinguish'd hate my spirit keep;
 " And woes inflict, thy latest hours shall weep."——
 She ceas'd; and vanishing, with rapid flight,
 The caves of ocean snatch'd her from his sight.—
 The hero gaz'd, with anguish, and surprise.—
 Long had her charms been strangers to his eyes;
 Enrag'd, for young *Achilles*, since she fled;
 Forsook his mansion; and disclaim'd his bed.—
 O'er flaming lamps, amid the nightly gloom, 1390
 Her infant's mortal flesh she would consume.
 Immortal being to the babe to give,
 And bid him free from age and sickness live.
 She pour'd upon his little limbs, by day,
 Ambrosial streams preventive of decay.—
 As, starting from his couch, th' indignant sire
 Beheld his darling panting in the fire;
 Untaught to read the dictates of the sky,
 Forward he rush'd, with a tremendous cry.—
 The Goddess heard, with rage and grief profound;
 And cast her infant screaming to the ground. 1401
 Like fading airy visions, forth she past,
 With motion swifter than the northern blast;
 And wrathful plung'd beneath the briny foam,
 Divorc'd from *Peleus*, and estrang'd from home.
 His soul with anguish fond remembrance fill'd;
 Yet to the train he told what *Thetis* will'd.
 Their sportive combats instant they forsook;
 And o'er the grass an hasty banquet took,
 Along the turf, they rested thro' the night, 1410
 To Heav'n's high vault till morning shot her light.—
 Now rush the zephyrs forth, with influence bland.—
 They man their bark; and hasten from the strand.
 Their anchors from the briny deep they heave;
 And fit their ship, the wat'ry path to cleave.
 They strain the rigging; from the mast on high,
 And spreading yards, to bid the canvas fly.

As gales propitious bade the vessel glide;
 They soon a fair and florid isle descried.—
 There, tuneful *sirens*, with mellifluous strain, 1420
 Allure th' unwary sailors to their bane.—
 Them the bright muse *Terpsichorè* of yore,
 Seducers sweet, to *Achelous* bore.
 Their charming songs thy daughter, *Ceres*, lov'd,
 Ere *Pluto* from *Ennæan* fields remov'd.
 When, wreathing chaplets with the virgin throng,
 She join'd the dance, and shar'd the choral song.
 Mix'd was their form; part, shone with female grace;
 And part bespoke them of the plummy race.—
 Their station on the lofty rock they keep, 1430
 Where cliffs projecting shade the glassy deep.
 Far distant heard their songs insidious flow,
 And bid the mariner his home forego.
 Deceiv'd—enchanted—day succeeding day,
 He pines, and wastes his idle life away.—
 And now, with soft and never-ceasing sound,
 The sweet deluders pour'd their notes around.
 Delighted and entranc'd, the *Grecian* band,
 Had cast their anchors, on the fatal strand;
 But soon the poet, of celestial race,* 1440
 Son of *Æagrus*, tuneful pride of *Thrace*,
 Preventive melody, with heav'nly fire,
 And flying fingers, touch'd the native lyre.
 He swept, with mastery, the hurried sound;
 And notes of manly music floated round.
 Loud, o'er the soft voluptuous strain, it thrill'd;
 And every ear the martial descant fill'd.
 Before the zephyrs, as they shoot along,
 Thro' gurgling waves, they lose the siren throng;
 Less heard, and less their voices melt away; 1450
 And, lost in undulating air, decay.

* *Orpheus*.

Yet, *Butes*, son of *Teleon*, heard the strain,
 With sweet seduction wafted o'er the main.
 He only, leaning from the polish'd stern,
 The words of smooth enchantment could discern.—
 Instant, he plung'd amid the wat'ry roar,
 Possess'd with hopes to gain the fatal shore.
 There had he perish'd; but the queen of love
 Beheld the youth, with pity, from above;
 And safe to land restor'd him from the deep; 1460
 Where *Lilybaeum* rears th' aerial steep.—
 Sorrowing the *Grecian* band their course pursue,
 While in their path yet greater perils grew.
 Here, *Scylla* rose with dark and fearful head.
 Loud bellowing there, *Charybdis* terror spread.
 And while the *Planctæ* wander thro' the waves,
 Against their sides the gushing billow raves.
 There, from the burning rocks the flames arise,
 With smoke in columns tow'ring to the skies;
 And, raging from the subterranean cells, 1470
 The boiling deep the flame of *Vulcan* swells.—
 His anvils rested; but the furnace glow'd;
 And, mix'd with sparks, redounding vapour flow'd.
 The struggling sun diffus'd a feeble ray,
 And pitchy clouds prevail'd upon the day.
 Around the vessel, now, the *Nereids* throng;
 And *Thetis*, following urg'd the bark along.
 The dangerous course thro' floating rocks to guide,
 She grasp'd the rudder, and her force applied,
 While winds propitious lent their airy wing.— 1480
 Thus, from the deep, exulting dolphins spring;
 Now, in the van their beauteous forms appear;
 And now they bend resplendent in the rear;
 Now, parallel on either hand, they dart;
 A prospect grateful to the sailor's heart;
 Thus crouded round the ship the graceful band;
 While *Thetis* steer'd her, with unerring hand.

When to those wandering isles the vessel came,
 Above her snowy knees each sea-born dame
 With eager haste her floating garments drew, 1490
 Then, wide disperst, to share the labour flew.
 On the sharp rocks, at intervals, they stood;
 Where billows broke incessant from the flood;
 And as they rush'd infuriate on the shore,
 The foamy swell aloft the vessel bore.—

Now, airy light the nymphs to Heav'n ascend.
 Now, with the wave to blackest depths descend.
 As when, upon the hard and yellow sands,
 With garb succinct, the sportive virgin bands
 From hand to hand the gay contention ply, 1500
 And urge the ball quick circling thro' the sky.
 Alternate caught amid the sportive crowd,
 Alternate lost amid the fleeting cloud,
 Earth still it shuns; the *Nereids* thus sustain
 The flying ship alternate thro' the main,
 High on the billow's back; while dashing round,
 Thro' pointed breakers roar'd the salt profound.
 Their labours *Vulcan*, sov'ran of the fires,
 From the smooth promontory's top admires.
 His hammer propt his shoulder as he stood, 1510
 And wondering gaz'd that animated flood.

From starry seats, th' imperial bride of *Jove*,
 Mark'd how the vessel with the billows strove.
 Possess and palpitating with alarms,
 She clasp'd *Minerva* in her trembling arms.
 Around that vessel such was the delay,
 As fill'd the compass of a summer's day;
 Ere freed from rocks the nymphs a passage gave,
 To feel the favouring breeze, and skim the wave.
 With gladden'd hearts, the sailors forward run, 1520
 And pass *Trinacria* favour'd by the sun.
 Her flowery meads that happy land displays;
 Untroubled there the flocks of *Phebus* graze.

The task of *Juno* done, the flitting train,
 Like birds aquatic div'd beneath the main.
 The *Greeks* the bleat of sheep unnumber'd hear,
 And low of oxen vibrates on their ear.
 The sheep, on grass with spangled dew bespread,
Sol's youngest daughter *Phaethusa* fed.
 With mildest rule her subject flock she sway'd; 1530
 A silver crook her lovely hand display'd.
 A staff of shining brass *Lampetia* held,
 And o'er the meads the lowing herd impell'd.
 The flocks and herds were white as drifted snow;
 And fed, where springs the pastures moist o'erflow.
 No dusky stain was thro' the number found;
 And horns of gold their heads resplendent crown'd.—
 These meads they coasted, with diurnal light;
 Then past a deep and spacious bay by night.
 Thro' shades rejoicing they pursued their way, 1540
 Till morning hail'd them, with returning bay.

Beyond th' *Ionian* bay an island lies,
 In wealth abounding, and of ample size.
 With ample harbours blest, *Ceraunia* nam'd,
 From elder time in storied legend fam'd.
 And here 'tis fabled (heav'nly muse forgive;
 I bid the tale, with voice reluctant live).—
 Beneath the sickle lies, with horrid deed,
 Distain'd, when *Saturn* doom'd his sire to bleed.—
 As others sing, this implement, of yore, 1550
 The bounteous *Ceres* to the harvest bore.
 For well the Goddess lov'd th' exuberant soil,
 And taught the *Titans* there the reaper's toil.
 Such love she bore to *Macris*, after stil'd
 Fair *Drepané*, nurse of *Phæacians* mild.

Hither, thro' perils of the wave and land,
 The *Minyæ* past, from fair *Trinacria's* strand.
 With fair reception, and a bounteous heart,
 The king and people social rites impart.

With joy *Alcinous* and the city came, 1560
 That seem'd a tribute to the kindred claim.—
 The jocund train while festive rites employ,
 The brave adventurers share the common joy.
 An inborn transport fill'd th' exulting train,
 As tho' ev'n now they trod *Thessalia's* plain.
 Delusive joy!—ordain'd by hostile fate,
 Them fierce alarms from *Colchian* myriads wait.
 With thirst of vengeance from the *Pontus* fraught.
 Along the shores the *Grecian* band they sought.—
 'Thro' the *Cyanean* rocks their squadrons came, 1570
 And every bosom rag'd with hostile flame.
 They claim, to bear away the *Colchian* maid,
 And no pretence may this demand evade.
 These terms rejected, to maintain their right
 They menace fierce interminable fight.
 Both there, on land, and after on the main,
 With proud *Æetes*, and his naval train.
 But king *Alcinous* stay'd the rising war,
 Pleas'd to remove the flames of strife afar.
 With apprehensions dire the virgin fraught, 1580
 By turns the valiant friends of *Jason* sought.
 Then, near *Phæacia's* queen *Arete* stands;
 And humbly clasps her knees, with suppliant hands.—
 “ With pity, queen, behold a wretched maid;
 “ With generous hand extend thy timely aid.
 “ Shall yon barbarians, sate their fell desire,
 “ To bear a victim, to her vengeful sire.
 “ By woman-hood I urge thee, royal fair.
 “ Nor let her failings mar the suppliant's pray'r.
 “ Let not my faults that gentle bosom steel. 1590
 “ Mortal thyself, for human errors feel.
 “ Most prone to faults is woman's wand'ring sense.
 “ True, I have erred; but venial my offence.
 “ This orb of day, with courage, I attest,
 “ No fires unchaste pollute my youthful breast.—

- " Be witness, *Hecaté*, tremendous pow'r,
 " Ador'd in orgies of the midnight hour.
 " No wish unhallow'd, no licentious thought
 " My desperate steps to follow strangers brought;
 " But, urgent fear, and conscience of a crime 1600
 " Drove me, a wanderer, from my native clime.
 " 'Tis with reluctance being we resign;
 " And flight to save it, sole resource, was mine.
 " Yet, still untouch'd, as in my native bow'r,
 " Still unpolluted to the present hour,
 " Such heav'nly pow'rs o'eraw'd the loose and bold,
 " The dearest treasure of our sex I hold.—
 " O queen rever'd, thy royal husband bend,
 " With generous hand, a maiden to defend.
 " So, may th' immortals grant thee length of days,
 " A numerous offspring, and unenvied praise! 1611
 " So, may thy states possess renown and health,
 " Peace unmolested, and increasing wealth!"
 The virgin thus *Phæacia's* queen address;
 And thus essay'd to melt each leader's breast.—
 " O noble chiefs, your labours cost me dear,
 " Since all these sorrows for your sake I bear.
 " O think, whose aid the fiery bulls subdued,
 " And taught by whom, ye quell'd that earth-born
 brood!
 " Think, who restores you, to your native skies, 1620
 " To glad *Hæmonia*, with the golden prize.—
 " A wretched outcast, for your sakes I roam,
 " Depriv'd of parents, friends, and native home.
 " For you, relinquish all, that life endears,
 " The mark of obloquy, the slave of fears.
 " I suffer, that to you I may restore
 " Friends, parents, homesteads, the paternal shore.
 " Oh, with what mingled pleasure and surprise,
 " Your welcome forms will glad the kindred eyes!

" While Heav'n has snatch'd away my crown of fame,
 " On strangers cast, a burthen, and a shame.—
 " And shall not, then, the solemn compact bind?
 " Shall awful oaths be scatter'd to the wind?—
 " Think on the furies to the suppliant giv'n,
 " And dread the future punishment from Heav'n.
 " With pity think, how dire shall be my fate,
 " Return'd the victim of parental hate.
 " What scorns, what tortures must the wretch sustain,
 " Whose only crime was kindness to your train!
 " To 'scape the doom, for me remains no path; 1640
 " No tow'r, no temple guards me from his wrath.—
 " To you alone, sole tow'r of hope, I fly;
 " And cruel you the promis'd aid deny.—
 " No soft compunctions a reception find;
 " No sense of shame can touch the harden'd mind.—
 " A princess, trusting to your vows, is seen
 " An abject suppliant, of a foreign queen.
 " When first the golden fleece appear'd in sight,
 " Proud were your spirits; dauntless was your might.
 " Ye were not slow, the battle then to wage; 1650
 " Nor fear'd *Æetes* dreadful in his rage.
 " But terrors now subdue the manly heart,
 " When of those *Colchians* you but find a part."—
 Each valiant chief as plaintive she essay'd,
 He turn'd, to comfort the desponding maid;
 The brandish'd javelin lighten'd in her view;
 And each the falchion from the scabbard drew.—
 " O virgin, with their lives this faithful throng
 " Shall ever guard thee, from disgrace and wrong."—
 Amidst the troubles of the weary crew, 1660
 The peaceful night diffus'd her balmy dew;
 Night, that her mantle spreads on every soil.
 And rest to mortals brings, and mortal toil.
 But far her blessings from that virgin's breast,
 And anxious sorrow robb'd her soul of rest.

As when, by night, the widow'd mother plies
Th' unceasing distaff, 'mid her children's cries,
Oft for their sire they call, and oft for bread,
Her grief redoubling for a husband dead.

As gloomy prospects agonize her soul, 1670
Down her pale cheek the silent sorrows roll;
Thus flow'd *Medea's* tears, like drops of rain,
Thus was her heart transfix'd with amorous pain.

Meantime, *Alcinous* and his consort fair
Revolv'd the virgin's fate, with anxious care.

The nightly couch together as they prest
The gentle queen her husband thus addrest.—

“ O spouse belov'd, wilt thou not lend thine aid,
“ And from the *Colchians* guard this wretched maid?—

“ That with the *Minyæ* favour we may find, 1680

“ And fill our neighbours with a grateful mind.

“ For near is *Argos* to *Pheacia's* strand,

“ And near the natives of *Hæmonia's* land.

“ No neighbourhood with us the *Colchians* claim;

“ Known but by rumour is their monarch's name.

“ A weight of sufferings has that virgin prov'd;

“ And much her fears my yielding soul have mov'd.—

“ Let not these strangers thy kind heart engage,

“ To give the mourner to her father's rage.

“ True she offended.—Her unfilial hand 1690

“ Imparted drugs, and charms, of influence bland.

“ She led the bulls, exhaling fire and smoke,

“ With passive necks, obedient to the yoke.

“ But one false step must from another spring;

“ And error in his train will error bring.—

“ From cruel outrage of a father's hand,

“ She fled incautious with the stranger band.—

“ But *Jason*, I am told, with solemn vows

“ Is bound, to make the maid his youthful spouse.

“ And would my love his virtuous aim controul? 1700

“ Or seek, with perjury to load his soul?

" Say, would thy gentle heart a maid return,
 " To furious parents, who for vengeance burn?
 " The fair *Antiope* recorded lives,
 " And warnings dire of rage paternal gives.—
 " 'Tis well remember'd, in the times of yore,
 " What sufferings *Danae* thro' the billows bore.—
 " From an injurious sire, in this our time,
 " What deeds of horror stain a neighb'ring clime!
 " How *Echetus*, the scourge of human kind, 1710
 " Pursued his daughter with infuriate mind.
 " He doom'd the maid to pine in chearless night;
 " And pierc'd with pointed brass the balls of sight.
 " Deep in a cell, to servile labour doom'd,
 " She pines, in darkness and despair consum'd."—
 Thus she.— Her husband felt the soft controul;
 And kind expressions spake the melting soul.—
 " To glad my guests, and guard the virgin's charms,
 " *Arete*, I would meet the *Colchian* arms;
 " But *Jove*, all-seeing *Jove*, my spirit awes; 1720
 " And much I fear, to violate his laws.—
 " Nor hold *Æetes* object of disdain—
 " His pow'r is great, and wide extends his reign.
 " Enrag'd, no monarch were a fiercer foe;
 " And *Greece*, tho' distant, might his vengeance know.
 " I will not veil my purpose from thy love;
 " And men, I trust, the sentence will approve.
 " If virgin yet remains the *Colchian* fair;
 " To yield her to her father I prepare.—
 " But, if already she is *Jason's* bride; 1730
 " The wife I tear not, from her husband's side;
 " Nor yield to foes, to cruelty, and scorn,
 " The tender progeny, as yet unborn."—
 He ceas'd; and sunk, to calm repose consign'd.
 His sayings deeply touch'd *Arete's* mind.—
 Her couch she leaves; and thro' the palace goes;—
 Attendant on the queen her women rose.—

The herald, at her secret call, appears,
 And crafty counsel to the *Minya* bears.
 "The maid let *Jason* wed, with urgent haste. 1740
 "No more intreaties on *Alcinous* waste.
 "For vain and idle are your tears and pray'rs,
 "To change the purpose that his voice declares.—
 "If virgin yet the *Colchian* fair remains;
 "Home he returns her to her native plains.
 "The nuptial yoke if now the princess bears,
 "His soul the laws of wedded love reveres."——
 Th' attentive herald past, without delay,
 To *Jason's* ear the mandate to convey,
 Both what his queen suggests, with warning kind;
 And what the purpose of *Alcinous'* mind.—— 1751
 The bay of *Hyllus* the fair city crown'd;
 Wakeful in arms the warriors there he found.
 Beside their vessel, as he greets the band,
 In words succinct, he speaks the queen's command.—
 The heroes all receiv'd, with pleasure fraught,
 Words thus according with each inward thought.
 All to th' immortal Gods their goblets crown'd;
 And pour'd the pure libation on the ground.
 They led the victims, for the hallow'd rite; 1760
 And spread the genial couch that very night.——
 Sacred recess, a fair and spacious cave
 Commodious chamber for the nuptials gave.
 Exulting, they prepare the bridal bed,
 Her days, of old, where beauteous *Macris* led.
 From gentle *Aristæus* sprang the fair,
 Who made th' industrious bee his fav'rite care,
 And first from olives, with laborious hand,
 In balmy rills exprest the sweetness bland.
 She, in *Abantis* first, *Euboic* soil, 1770
 For that fair child essay'd the nurse's toil,
Nyscian Bacchus, son of *Jove*; and prest
 The florid infant to her snowy breast.—

From flames when *Hermes* bore him to the maid,
 O'er his parch'd little lips she honey laid.—
 Her tender cares the queen of *Jove* beheld;
 And, fill'd with anger, from that isle expell'd.
 She sought far distant the *Phæacian* cave;
 And wealth exuberant to the natives gave.

'Twas here, the nuptial bed capacious plac'd, 1780
 Shone, with the fleece, resplendent covering, grac'd,
 Illustrious trophy, that renown supplied,
 To youthful *Jason*, and his royal bride.—
 In their white bosoms, from the fragrant bow'rs,
 The village maidens bore the fairest flow'rs;
 With bounteous hands they strew'd them o'er the
 ground;

While beamy splendours darted all around.
 So shone the precious fleece, like radiant fire,
 To light the lover to his fond desire;
 The lovely rustics gaz'd, with glad surprise, 1790
 And secret wishes lightened in their eyes;
 Yet, fear and modesty forbade the band,
 To touch the treasure, with enquiring hand.
 From various seats they came, of various line;
 Some, daughters of *Ægeus*, stream divine;
 In uplands some of *Meleteius* bide;
 Some cultivate the plains, and meadows wide.
 Impell'd by *Juno*, from each native bow'r,
 They throng'd to honour *Jason's* nuptial hour.
 Still, in memorial of that night, the cave 1800
 Retains the name *Medea's* nuptials gave.—

'Twas here entranc'd the youthful pair were laid;
 And fragrant veils around them were display'd.
 Without, the heroes shook the warlike spear,
 Lest foes, with sudden onset, should appear.
 With green and leafy boughs their heads were crown'd;
 While *Orpheus* bade the tuneful lyre resound.

Before the bridal bow'r, the festive throng
In cadence chaunted hymeneal song.—

Yet different far did this event proceed; 1810
From what the son of *Æson* had decreed.

His thoughts had destin'd, not *Phæacia's* reign,
Scene of his nuptials, but the native plain;
When, anchor'd in *Iolcos'*, welcome port,
His gladden'd eyes should hail his father's court.

There, too, in fancy, was *Medea* led,
To rest her hopes; and deck the bridal bed.—

In vain the feeble race of hapless man,
Their airy schemes of perfect bliss may plan.— 1820
Unknown, alas, is happiness sincere.—

When joy we taste; some anguish still is near.
Thus, love's delights were poison'd by dismay,
And doubts, what purpose might *Alcinous* sway.

The morn returning, with immortal light,
Thro' æther chas'd the gloomy shades of night.
Her radiance gilt the smiling shores around;
And gems of dawning twinkled o'er the ground.
A busy hum in every street was heard;

The face of labour thro' the town appear'd.
Meantime, the *Colchian* armament from far, 1830
Around the point of *Macris* mov'd to war.

The just *Alcinous*, by his compact sway'd,
Came forth, to judgment, on the royal maid.
Of purest gold the sceptre he sustain'd,
Symbol, that many a righteous doom ordain'd.
Behind, in armour, formidably gay,
Phæacian cohorts past in deep array.

The crouding consorts of the gallant band,
Without the gates, to view the pageant, stand.
A train of rustics from their labour came; 1840

For, *Juno* round diffus'd th' unerring fame.
A lamb, the fairest of the flock, they brought,
And heifer, yet to bear the yoke untaught;

For due libations at the sacred shrine,
 While others vases bore of sparkling wine.—
 The smoke arose, in wreaths, from sacred flames,
 And bridal gifts were giv'n by fairest dames;
 Such female works, as women wont to give,
 And fond of splendour gladly will receive;
 Embroider'd veils, and gems, and golden toys, 1850
 That friendship pours on recent nuptial joys.—

Th' assembled throng, with fond amazement, view
 The forms and features of the godlike crew.
 And oft, the *Thracian* bard, to charm the crowd,
 Swept from his lyre a descant, sweetly loud.
 And soft and light, with evanescent sound,
 His studded sandal nimbly beat the ground.
 Nor heedless were the jocund virgin train,
 Of love and love's delights.—They added strain
 Symphonious—hymeneal sweet—and sang— 1860
 That all the plain with charming carols rang.
 Now, sole they sang—now, circling they advance,
 And voice melodious join, with choral dance,
 As *Juno* taught.—She, too, the queen inclin'd,
 To publish what her virtuous lord design'd,
 Most upright doom.—Complete, to her desire,
 All rites were done, that nuptial laws require.
 Firm is the king, to guard the wedded pair;
 No selfish motives his resolves impair.

Threats of *Æetes* and the *Colchian* band 1870
 Nor move his spirits, nor unnerve his hand;
 Determin'd firm remains the pious mind;
 For sacred oaths and solemn compacts bind.

When, now, the leaders of the *Colchian* host
 Perceiv'd the purpose of their mission lost;
 And found him bent his honour to maintain;
 And chase their navy from his ports and reign.
 They fear'd the disappointed tyrant's wrath,
 And shrunk abhorrent from the homeward path.

Humbly they seek protection in that isle, 1880
 Where equal laws prevail, and peaceful blessings smile.
 The happiness of quiet rule they felt;
 And long the settlers in *Phœacia* dwelt.
 A race, that origin from *Bacchus* claim
 From *Ephyra* their native isthmus, came
 In after times—the peaceful mansions held,
 And from their seats the colonists expell'd.
 A neighbouring isle the banish'd *Colchians* gain'd,
 Ere on the continent they seats obtain'd.
 Their place of rest *Ceraunian* hills they chose, 1890
 Where ancient dwellings of th' *Abantes* rose.
 There, taking root and spreading o'er the ground,
Nestæan seats and *Oricos* they found.
 Time, in his progress, these events survey'd—
 And yearly still the solemn rites are paid,
 Still are the fates, and still the nymphs rever'd,
 Around an altar by *Medea* rear'd.
 Where *Nomian Phœbus* fills his awful shrine,
 Author of just decrees, and source of light divine.—
 And now, *Alcinous* to the parting band 1900
 The gifts of friendship gave, with liberal hand.
 And equal bounty mark'd the royal fair,
 Her husband's feelings ever wont to share.
 With soul compassionate, and thoughtful heed,
 Of what a female's tenderness may need;
 Twelve maids of her domestic train she gave,
 To wait *Medea* o'er the distant wave:
 Six days elaps'd—the morn succeeding bore
 The godlike heroes from *Corcyra's* shore.
 The wind propitious thro' their canvas sings, 1910
 And speeds the vessel with his airy wings.—
 Nor yet did fates allow that toil-worn train
 Thrice welcome *Greece* and native strands to gain.
 That first of blessings ere the wanderers boast;
 Much must be suffered, on the *Lybian* coast.—

With swelling sails *Ambracia's* gulf they fled,
 And hallow'd seats, where infant *Jove* was fed.—
 Then, thro' th' *Echinades* their course they found,
 The dangerous strait where rocky islets bound.
 Full in their view the land of *Pelops* lay; 1920
 When northern blasts arose, with furious sway.
 Nine dreadful nights the storm incessant roars;
 As many days it rends the *Lybian* shores.
 The driving winds the helm, the pilot scorn.—
 Near the fell *Syrtes* was the vessel borne.
 There shifting sands the lab'ring bark embay.
 Thence, never crew pursued the homeward way.
 An hideous tract, the slimy marshes spread;
 The putrid waves are motionless and dead.—
 A treacherous depth of seeming land is seen, 1930
 Devouring water cloth'd in fraudulent green.
 Along the brine a spume corrupted lies,
 And pestilential vapours load the skies.
 Inhospitable rise the sandy heaps.—
 No bird has dwelling there, no thing that creeps.
 The winds conspiring with the refluent surge,
 On these unhappy shoals the vessel urge;
 Where tides resistless, with alternate roar,
 Now, to the main return, now break upon the shore.
 Part of the keel within the wave remain'd, 1940
 The greater portion now the land sustain'd.
 The heroes sprang to shore; and grief profound
 Possess each heart, to view the prospect round.—
 Th' expansive skies, a cheerless blank and drear,
 And tracts of sand to meet the skies appear,
 Unvaried barrenness; no springs arise,
 No path, no haunt of shepherd glads their eyes.
 Nor tree nor herb was scatter'd o'er the plain,
 And mournful silence spoke it famine's reign.—
 Each turn'd, with sad surprise, and heartfelt groans,
 And ask'd his comrade, in desponding tones. 1951

" What land is this? oh, whither has the storm
 " Driven us, to perish, in some horrid form?
 " Better, the dangers known again to brave.
 " Thro' clashing rocks, that float amid the wave!
 " To thwart th' Almighty's will, to brave his hate—
 " Heroic daring would adorn our fate.—
 " But now what hope, or what resource remains?
 " Confin'd by storms on these deserted plains.
 " Soon shall our little span of life be past, 1960
 " Despair unmingled reigns along the waste.
 " No means of life the burning sand supplies.
 " All nature sickens; vegetation flies."—

Such sounds the phrensy of despair confest.—

The sad *Ancæus* thus the train address,
 Skilful to guide the helm.—" 'Tis true, my friends,
 " A dreadful doom o'er every head impends.
 " In solitudes accurst we must endure
 " Unutterable ills, without a cure;—
 " If from the land the changing winds should blow,
 " And bear the waters back with reflux flow. 1971
 " Far as these eyes the dismal view command,
 " Where turbid waves are mix'd with treacherous sand,
 " With dashing foam th' extended beach is hoar,
 " And billows break continuous on the shore.
 " The sacred ship, our hope, our chiefest pride,
 " To fragments torn ev'n now were scatter'd wide;
 " Did not the swellings of the salt profound
 " Forbid her keel, to strike the fatal ground.—
 " But, now, with rapid ebb returns the tide, 1980
 " The sinking shoals the bottom scarcely hide.
 " Then, pools innavigable round us spread;
 " And hopes of safety all are cold and dead.—
 " Assume the helm some more experienc'd hand,
 " Give—if thou canst, salvation to this band.—
 " Ah no—the day of our return is gone,
 " For ever fled.—Our hopes and fears are done.—

“ Soon shall we reap the fruit of perils past.

“ By *Jove* decreed to perish in this waste.”

With tears he ceas'd.—A like despondence fill'd
All who were best in guiding vessels skill'd. 1991

Then, every heart a mortal terror froze;
On every cheek a death-like pale arose.

As, when some tidings strange, and dire prevail,

Men croud the streets like sheeted spectres pale;

When tales of war and pestilence they hear,

Or future famine wakes presageful fear,

As inundation, deluging the plain,

Devours the labours of th' industrious swain;

When from the statue bloody dews distil; 2000

Or sacred shrines tremendous bellowings fill;

When dim eclipse o'erpow'rs the noontide glare,

And glancing meteors fill the troubled air;

With pensive steps, a wan desponding train,

The heroes stalk'd beside th' extended main;

And now came on the sombrous ev'ning's close,

Clad in a colour suited to their woes.

With bursting tears they clasp'd each other's hand,

Tears, sole indulgence of the wretched band,

Then, parting, each pursues the sad relief, 2010

And broods insatiate o'er the lonely grief.

Each far from other took his gloomy way;

And stretch'd unsocial on the sands they lay,

As chance or choice the couch of sorrow found;

And mantles wrapt their drooping heads around.

They mourn'd, of food regardless, thro' the night;

No care of food return'd, with morning light.

Such forms of horrid death were round display'd,

Such dire forebodings every heart dismay'd.

Apart, the maids, that from *Phæacia* came, 2020

With cries assembled round the *Colchian* dame.

As when the parent bird, in quest of food,

Compell'd by hunger, leaves the callow brood,

Unfit to tempt the sky, an hapless flock,
 Within the cleft of some aspiring rock,
 Abandon'd thus, if from the nest they fall,
 In vain for help the piteous nurselings call;
 As, where the swelling bank with verdant brow,
 Sees the rich streams of bright *Pactolus* flow;
 The plaintive cygnets raise the doleful strain, 2030
 The borders fair resound, the dewy plain,
 The silver currents;—mourn'd these virgins fair,
 And mingled with the dust their golden hair.
 All night their wailings rose most sadly sweet,
 And lonely echo lov'd their voices to repeat.

Unknown, unhonour'd by the race of man.
 Their names extinguished, with their glorious plan,
 The first, the noblest of the *Grecian* host
 In deserts wild their gallant lives had lost.
 But, thoughts of pity to the suffering band 2040
 The heroines felt, who sway'd the *Libyan* land.—
 When, from her father's head, in shining arms,
 Severely bright, mature in virgin charms,
Minerva rose;—their early cares they gave,
 Her beauteous frame in *Triton's* lake to lave.
 Thus had the nymphs the love of *Pallas* gain'd;
 And sacred honours o'er that realm obtain'd.—

'Twas noon.—The sun his keenest arrows cast,
 Reflected fierce from all the burning waste.
 Their steps divine the nymphs to *Jason* guide, 2050
 From his fair head they gently drew aside
 The shading veil.—Awe-struck the youth declin'd,
 From glories that bespake the heav'nly kind,
 His reverent eyes.—The mourner they address;
 And sooth'd, with kindness, the desponding breast.

“ Why sink, sad youth, abandon'd to despair?—
 “ Know, that immortals make thy fate their care.
 “ Thy fortunes past are not to us untold, 2058
 “ Thy toils, thy wanderings, for the fleece of gold.—

“ We know thy sufferings o’er the wave and land.
 “ We know th’ atchievements of thy daring band.
 “ Nymphs of the fleecy care, and rustic train,
 “ We hold an humble, and a local reign,
 “ Pleas’d with the worship of our native soil,
 “ The simple guardians of the shepherd’s toil.—
 “ Rouse, like a man, from this despair profound;
 “ And raise thy friends, that languish on the ground.—
 “ When *Amphitrité* shall unyoke the car,
 “ That whirls her *Neptune* o’er the deeps afar,
 “ Their tender parent let the train repay, 2070
 “ With due returns, for many an anxious day;
 “ For painful throes and agonizing care,
 “ Since first their manly forms her womb parental bare;
 “ Then, safely to the lov’d *Achæan* shore
 “ Bear the rich fleece, that shines with golden ore.”—
 The nymphs evanish’d, like an airy dream;
 Yet still their accents sound, and near they seem.—
 As on that barren plain he sate half-rais’d,
 Around in wonderment the hero gaz’d.—
 “ Nymphs, honour’d nymphs, ye guardians of this wild,
 “ Oh hear your suppliant, with indulgence mild! 2081
 “ Sustain his spirit, in this hour of fear,
 “ And safe thro’ perils of these regions bear.—
 “ But dark the words, that speak of our return.
 “ Perplex’d with doubts my veering thoughts are borne.
 “ —United minds th’ abyss of fate may sound—
 “ Wherefore delay, to call my friends around?”—
 He rose impetuous, from the sandy bed,
 Parch’d with the sun, with squalid dust o’erspread.—
 Forward he rush’d; and loudly call’d the train. 2090
 His voice resounded to the distant plain.
 Thus, in the wilds, that long have nurst his race,
 The tawny lion, dusty from the chace,
 Stalks thro’ the forest, with a fiery glare,
 And roaring seeks the partner of his lair,

Tremendous call—among the mountains, shake,
 At his dire voice, the glens and tangled brake.
 His roar the startling herds with terror fills,
 His roar the guardian swains with horror thrills;
 So loud were *Jason's* shouts. But, to the heart 2100
 Congenial, no dismay the sounds impart.—

The heroes all assembled, at his cries.

With sadden'd minds they came; and downcast eyes.
 Where, stationed, 'mid the shoals and dangerous sand,
 Their vessel lay, they stood a gloomy band.
 At *Jason's* mandate, with the female train
 Promiscuous join'd, they sate beside the main.—

“ Hear, lov'd companions, while my words unfold
 “ The tidings, heavenly messengers have told.
 “ Late as I lay, the victim of despair, 2110
 “ Three nymphs beside me stood, divinely fair.
 “ No mortals they, in skins of goats array'd,
 “ With rustic cinctures of the shepherd maid,
 “ Their simple vests from necks of ivory hung,
 “ And graceful round their slender middles clung —
 “ Awhile they stood, above my drooping head,
 “ And drew the veil, that o'er my face lay spread.
 “ With cheering words they rous'd me from the ground.
 “ They bade me summon you, my comrades, round;
 “ And to your mother gratefully restore 2120
 “ Due recompense, for all the pangs she bore;
 “ For wakeful cares, and many an anxious day,
 “ While yet unconscious in her womb we lay;
 “ When *Amphithrite* shall unyoke the car,
 “ That whirls her *Neptune* o'er the deeps afar.—
 “ With thoughts perplex'd, in vain my troubled mind
 “ The purport of their accents toils to find.
 “ Celestial heroines, so they spake their strain,
 “ Daughters of *Lybia*, guardians of the plain,
 “ Our wanderings past, our various toils they knew,
 “ By means superior open'd to their view. 2131

" They ended; and, in mist or cloud conceal'd,
 " No more the heav'nly vision shone reveal'd."
 His words the crowd with silent wonder hear,
 While motives mix'd of joy and grief appear.—
 What tongue can paint th' amazement of the band!
 A mighty courser sprang from sea to land!
 He sought the plain.—The locks redoubled deck,
 On either side, his proud and arching neck.—
 Golden his mane; he tost his head on high, 2140
 And flakes of splendour lighten'd to the sky.
 From his sleek sides he dash'd the briny foam;
 Then, stretch'd with zephyrs in his limbs to roam.

This *Peleus* marking with elated breast,
 And words of hope, th' assembled train address.—
 " Now, now, my friends, has *Neptune's* lovely bride
 " Unyok'd the car, that whirls him o'er the tide.
 " Now is the time.—Nor can my thoughtful mind,
 " In those dark sayings, other parent find,
 " Than the fair vessel, in whose womb we past, 2150
 " With safety borne, thro' many a wat'ry waste.
 " For, toils and perils she for us endur'd.
 " Our lives and safety have her groans procur'd.
 " Let pious shoulders, then, sustain the weight.
 " With nerves untir'd, of this maternal freight.
 " And with the burthen o'er the sands proceed,
 " Where the swift courser shall direct his speed.
 " Observe his track along this arid ground;
 " For sure he will not plunge in earth profound.
 " If hope mislead not, we shall thus explore 2160
 " Some welcome harbour, some propitious shore."—

He ceas'd.—The comment pleas'd the gen'ral
 throng,

So has the muse recorded in her song.
 And I but follow, with submissive tread,
 An humble votary, where the muses lead;

Their breath alone awakes poetic fire;
 Their words alone are suited to my lyre.—
 And thus they sang.

“ O first of regal line,

“ Endow'd with virtues, and with strength divine,
 “ Whose vast exertions could the ship sustain, 2171
 “ With all her loading o'er the desert plain.—
 “ Twelve times did *Phebus* measure day and night;
 “ While thus ye bare her, with unwearied might.—
 “ What pangs, what miseries those heroes wrung.
 “ The tale of sufferance mocks the pow'r of tongue.
 “ O truly glorious was that godlike breed!
 “ Their acts declare them of immortal seed.”—

Thus, by the dire necessity compell'd,
 Their painful march the band of heroes held. 2180
 Onward they mov'd; till, source of glad surprise,
 The lake of *Pallas* open'd to their eyes.
 Here first they paus'd, with toil and heat opprest;
 Here first they bade their burden'd shoulders rest.
 Like famish'd dogs, that prowl abroad for food,
 Disperst they flew, to seek some spring or flood.
 For burning thirst the fainting train assail'd;
 And pain and misery o'er the mind prevail'd;
 Nor vainly sought. They found, in flowery prime,
 A sacred plain; where, to that instant time, 2190
 The serpent *Ladon*, with unwearied care,
 Was wont to guard the golden apples fair.—
 The parent stem, where fruits immortal crown'd,
 The soil, the garden mighty *Atlas* own'd;
 And there *Hesperian* maids, with sweetest song,
 The gentle monster fed, the fruits and flow'rs among.
 Beside that tree, the region's boast and pride,
 Slain by *Alcides*, late the guardian died.—
 The tail yet seem'd some feeling to betray;
 The trunk above all cold and lifeless lay. 2200

The shafts unerring by the hero sent,
 In many a wound the gaping skin had rent,
 With active venom ting'd of *Lerna's* brood;
 The bane return'd, commix'd with putrid blood.
 In swarms the greedy flies assembled round;
 And drain'd the bile, and gore from every wound.
 Near him, those tuneful nymphs, with streaming
 eyes,
 Their servant mourn'd, with loud and piercing cries,
 High o'er their heads they raise the taper hand,
 And o'er their faces snowy veils expand, 2210
 And o'er their golden locks.—The youths drew
 near,
 Precipitate.—Possess with sudden fear,
 The bashful nymphs, dissolving from the view,
 In dust and earth from mortal sense withdrew.—
 The bard of *Thrace* that prodigy explor'd;
 And thus, with prayer, the deities ador'd.
 “ Nymphs, gentle nymphs, benevolent, as fair,
 “ With influence high, who make these fields your
 care;
 “ Whether ye join the radiant throngs above,
 “ Or pow'rs terrestrial, here delight to rove, 2220
 “ Or guardian maids of lawn and meadow wide,
 “ O'er artless shepherds, and their flocks preside,
 “ With forms benignant glad our longing eyes;
 “ Nymphs, sacred nymphs, old *Ocean's* daughters
 rise.
 “ Some rock disclose, where gushing springs have
 birth,
 “ Some sacred fountain bubbling cool from earth,
 “ That, temper'd with the sun's translucent ray,
 “ May feverish pangs of ardent thirst allay!—
 “ And, if our bark may gain *Achaia's* coast,
 “ The richest gifts that deities can boast, 2230

“ The sweetest perfumes, that to Heav’n ascend,
 “ To crown your rites, and glad your shrine at-
 tend.”—

Fervent he pray’d—and unperceiv’d, tho’ near,
 His fervent pray’r th’ *Hesperian* virgins hear.
 The suffering band they view’d, and felt their grief;
 And soon compassion sent the wish’d relief.
 They bade the teeming soil it’s wealth disclose;
 And first a spring of tender grass arose;
 Then, the long shoots of various herbs appear’d;
 And quickly trees their taper forms uprear’d; 2240
 A shady elm fair *Erytheis* spread;
 And *Hespera* sustain’d a poplar’s head;
 A sacred osier beauteous *Æglè* stood,
 With branches ever bent to taste the flood.
 Emergent, then, from trees, a portent strange,
 The nymphs their forms assum’d, with sudden
 change.

The fairest *Æglè*, then, in gentlest words,
 Replied; and with their pray’r her speech accords.—
 “ Great is th’ advantage, that your weary band
 “ Derives from him, who first with impious hand,
 “ Presumptuous daring, and irreverent toil, 2251
 “ Depriv’d of life the guardian of this soil;
 “ Then, from the boughs the golden apples tore;
 “ From weeping goddesses their treasure bore.—
 “ Scarce day preceding his career began,
 “ Ere he appear’d—this rude oppressive man.—
 “ Well fitted he, to wreak the mental storm,
 “ Vast in his strength, and dreadful in his form.—
 “ His eyes dart fierce intolerable flame;
 “ A lion’s spoils enwrap his giant frame.— 2260
 “ His hand a ponderous trunk of olive bore;
 “ Free from the workman’s art, and stain’d with
 gore;

“ And mighty bow, from whence those arrows fled,
 “ Too fatal shafts, that laid yon serpent dead!
 “ His steps had trac’d a weary length of way;
 “ And, thirsty from the parching glare of day,
 “ He search’d for water, thro’ the plains around;
 “ But none to cheer his eager eyes he found.
 “ As rageful and despairing thus he stray’d,
 “ Or he discover’d, or some god display’d 2270
 “ Yon rock; near *Pallas’* lake it stands alone,
 “ And with his heel he smote the solid stone.—
 “ Freed by the stroke abundant waters sprung;
 “ With eager transport, to the ground he clung,
 “ With ample chest outspread, and nervous hands;
 “ Incessant draughts his furious thirst demands;
 “ The fountain from its rocky bed he drains,
 “ Prone, like an ox, that grazes on the plains.”—

She ceas’d.—And to the fount that *Æglè* told,
 Most sought, most wish’d, their joyful course they
 hold,

Full soon discover’d; with contention loud, 2281
 And frantic eagerness around they croud;
 As swarming ants, an active, busy band,
 Throng round a fissure, in the thirsty land,
 The granary, where prudent toil has stor’d,
 The plunder of the barn, their winter’s hoard;
 Heap’d on each other, as the clust’ring flies
 A formless mass compose, where honey lies,
 With restless murmur urge their greedy flight,
 Pursue the sweets, and on each other light.— 2290
 When the first draught some thirsty wretch had
 cheer’d,

How was *Alcides* to his heart endear’d!—
 With moisten’d lips, and with expanding breast,
 The soften’d soul these grateful words confest.—
 “ Ev’n absent, godlike chief, the social band
 “ Feel the protection of that peerless hand!

" Ev'n absent thou hast sav'd the toil-worn train,
 " From burning death, upon a thirsty plain!
 " Oh might our search, along the distant soil,
 " Regain the partner of our glorious toil!"— 2300

Nor vain the word—the crowd to council went.

The general voice selected heroes sent,
 By various paths; if tidings might be gain'd,
 Where yet *Alcides* in those wilds remain'd.—

Perplexing task! for, on that sandy ground,
 No lasting prints of human step were found.

The nightly breezes, with incessant sway,
 Eras'd the vagrant traces of the day.

The sons of *Boreas* that hard task desir'd,
 (Their airy pinions confidence inspir'd), 2310

Euphemus, trusting in his footsteps light,
 And *Lynceus* boasting of unequal'd sight;

A fifth, to friendship true, bold *Canthus* came,
 By ruling fates impell'd, and virtue's flame.—

Still, still his heart recall'd the parted friend,
 And social feelings bade him thus attend;

That, finding *Hercules*, he might demand
 His *Polyphemus*, at the hero's hand.—

No fear of rousing that impatient ire,
 No face of toil abates the strong desire, 2320

Resolv'd to learn what chances they had prov'd,
 And where *Alcides* left the man he lov'd.—

Ev'n then, his friend had rear'd, in *Mysia's* soil.

A town, that spake the founder's patriot toil;

Then, rang'd enamour'd of his native plain,

To seek the vessel, and the social train,

Till, in his course, o'er many a region wide,

He reach'd the *Chalybes*, and ocean's side.

But, there the fates ordain'd his resting place;

He fell, in combat with that hardy race.— 2330

Where the tall poplar waves, and billow flows,

Sacred to him the monument arose.—

But now, the chosen missionaries past,
 With eager footsteps, o'er the trackless waste.
 Their painful search the godlike man pursues.
 Him *Lynceus* far remote and lonely views,
 Or seems to view; as o'er the spreading lawn,
 Thro' gray beginnings of the doubtful dawn,
 And floating mists, the gazer darts his eyes,
 And sees, or thinks he sees the moon arise.— 2340
 Return'd with speedy step he warn'd the train,
 That search prolong'd, and anxious cares were vain.
 “ Hope not the subject of our wish to see,
 “ Remote, and evanescent, ev'n to me.—
 “ Hope not, that others shall his wanderings trace;
 “ When *Lynceus* turns despairing from the chace.—
 The swift *Euphemus*, and the plum'd pair,
 Alike to find the godlike chief despair.

But mortal destinies on *Canthus* call.

Forward he prest, in *Lybian* wilds to fall. 2350
 Encountering there the huts, and fleecy fold,
 The wants of his companions made him bold;
 He strove to bear away the bleating prize;
 The guardian of the flock indignant flies;
 Th' ill-fated spoiler with a stone he fell'd;
 No feeble arm the ponderous mass impell'd;
 For bold *Caphareus*, such the shepherd's name,
 From Heav'n possess'd a spark of daring flame,
 And with th' opponent match'd, in vigour strode,
 Deriv'd from him, the *Lycorean* god,* 2360
 His grandsire.—When resplendent beauty's boast,
 Fair *Acacallis* sought the *Lybian* coast,
 Sent by her sire, stern *Minos*, to that shore;
 Her womb the progeny of *Phebus* bore;
 And gave to him, that guides the car of day,
 An infant, lovely as the father's ray,

* *Apollo* so called.

Amphithemis, or *Garamas*, for stil'd
 By various titles, was the graceful child.—
 When rising youth bade amorous feelings wake,
 He woo'd a nymph of the *Tritonian* lake. 2370
 The beauteous nymph a mutual passion own'd;
 Their loves with *Nasamon Caphareus* crown'd.—
 To guard his flocks the careful shepherd bent
 To shades below the gentle *Canthus* sent,
 Not long to triumph; for the *Grecian* band
 Aveng'd their comrade, on the slayer's hand.
 With patient steps they sought him, o'er the plains;
 And mourning bore away his bold remains.
 O'er *Canthus* the sepulchral earth they spread,
 While pious tears embalm'd the virtuous dead; 2380
 And seised the flocks, unhappy cause of strife,
 Lamented price, of their companion's life.—
 To thee too, *Mopsus*, fatal was that day.
 A doom relentless summon'd thee away.
 Not all his skill in augury could save
 The son of prescience, from th' untimely grave.
 For who may death elude?—Immense in length,
 A serpent shunn'd the day's meridian strength.
 Stretch'd in the sand, o'erpow'r'd with sultry heats,
 Tardy to follow, where the prey retreats, 2390
 He shunn'd th' attack, relax'd in every spire,
 Languid to strike, nor active in his ire;
 But, once provok'd, his fangs such mischief fill'd,
 Such deadly venom from his jaws distill'd,
 Might never living thing it's influence bear;
 The bane receiv'd, the mortal hour was near;
 Where his fell tooth the slightest print applied,
 The rankling wound ev'n aid from Heaven defied;
 Not *Pæan*, (author of the healing art,
 As legends tell) could ease the mortal smart.— 2400
 When godlike *Perseus*, whom his mother stil'd
Eurymedon, high o'er the *Lybian* wild

The sever'd head of direful *Gorgon* bore,
 Warm from the falchion, and distilling gore;
 In sable drops, where'er the blood was shed,
 The teeming soil a race of serpents bred.
 Such lay the serpent.—With unboding breast,
 As *Mopsus* past, the monster's spine he prest.
 Rous'd by the pain, the monster wreath'd around
 His ancle, and infix'd the burning wound. 2410
 Deep, deep with vengeful tooth the flesh he tore;
 And mix'd his poison with the spouting gore.—
Medea shriek'd—and shriek'd her female train.
 The generous hero, unsubdued by pain,
 The gory wound, with hand intrepid prest;
 The poison thence, but slowly reach'd his breast.
 Ah wretch! he feels the stroke of fate advance,
 From vein to vein inducing mortal trance.
 O'er every sense a dire oblivion steals.
 His swimming eyes a waving blackness seals. 2420
 On earth reclin'd, with powerless limbs, he lay,
 And cold and rigid breath'd his soul away.—
 Collected round aghast his comrades gaze.
 Aghast their leader stood, in dire amaze.
 A spectacle so sudden and so dread!
 Their friend so quickly number'd with the dead!
 Smote every heart. Nor could the dead remain,
 Expos'd a moment, welt'ring on the plain,
 Beneath the sun; for now, thro' all the corse,
 The subtle poison spread putrescent force. 2430
 From limb to limb the dissolution flew;
 From every pore exuded clammy dew.—
 The brazen mattocks his companions wield;
 And soon a trench is open'd in the field.
 Deep in it's womb the putrid mass they lay;
 And heap, with needful haste, th' incumbent
 clay.—

The mourning warriors and the softer kind
 The shining honours of their heads resign'd.
 With trembling hands o'er all the grave they spread
 Their parted locks, in honour of the dead; 2440
 And thrice, with pious hand, they heap'd the ground;
 And compass'd thrice, in arms, the rising mound.

Now, to the ship return'd, as o'er the deep
 The southern winds, with humid pinions, sweep,
 Long time they hover'd; and, with doubting mind,
 Some passage sought from *Triton's* lake to find.
 No fix'd resolves the veering purpose stay;
 Now here, now there, they shape th' uncertain
 way.

As, smote by noontide shafts, the writhing snake
 The path oblique with sinuous toil may make, 2450
 From side to side the hissing head he turns,
 His flaming eye with fire malignant burns,
 Nor ceases, till he spies, with piercing ken,
 The secret passage to his murky den;
 Thus *Argo* long her course uncertain winds,
 Ere yet an outlet from the lake she finds.
 Till *Orpheus* bade them, from the ship display
 A tripod, hallow'd to the God of day,
 And consecrate, the gift, with pious hand,
 To native deities, that guard the land. 2460

When, disembarking, on the shore they laid
 The sacred offering, first for *Phebus* made;
 Then, *Triton*, ruler of the lake, appear'd;
 A seeming youth his graceful form he rear'd.
 A verdant sod he lifted from the plain,
 As pledge of friendship; and address the train.—
 “ Hail, gallant youths, from *Triton's* hand receive
 “ A friendly pledge, that never shall deceive,
 “ Assurance of protection, ere ye go;
 “ No greater can a deity bestow.— 2470

“ If haply ye desire, with anxious mind,
 “ To learn, (what mariners would seek to find);
 “ What outlets of this lake, as yet untried,
 “ May lead embarrass’d barks to reach the tide;
 “ All this with truth unerring I can speak.
 “ Ordain’d by *Neptune* guardian of each creek,
 “ Harbour, and station of the *Libyan* main,
 “ O’er all the coast, a wide extent, I reign.—
 “ From distant climes ye come; yet haply fame
 “ Has made your ears familiar with my name, 2480
 “ *Eurypylus*; this monster-teeming earth,
 “ Subject of fable, is my place of birth.”

Euphemus answer’d; with expressions bland,
 The pledge* receiving with a grateful hand.—
 “ Where *Apis* lies, and where the seas of *Crete*,
 “ If such thy knowledge, noble chief, repeat.—
 “ No vain enquirers we, from shore to shore,
 “ That, idly curious, distant realms explore.
 “ But dire necessity controuls our course;
 “ These realms we visit through the whirlwind’s force.
 “ Long tempest-tost, our labouring vessel found 2491
 “ This continent, on earth’s remotest bound.
 “ And long, with force combin’d, and weary toil,
 “ We bore the ponderous vessel, o’er the soil.
 “ To shun the terrors, that the *Syrtes* wake,
 “ And float her safely, in this ample lake.
 “ In pity, then, to strangers led astray,
 “ To *Pelops’* land reveal the nearest way.”—

The *Libyan* answers, as *Euphemus* ends,
 And, while he speaks, his levell’d arm extends. 2500
 Remote the sea, in prospect wide, he shows,
 Near a deep outlet from the lake that flows.—
 “ This passage to the main a vessel bears,
 “ Where, in the blackness, central depth appears.

* The sod.

“ White, on each side, the sandy banks arise,
 “ And shallow there pellucid water lies.
 “ The dangerous banks a narrow strait unfold;
 “ Most needful ’tis the middle course to hold.
 “ Yon sea, which scarce the dazzled sight explores,
 “ Leads you, past *Crete*, to *Pelopæian* shores. 2510
 “ When steering from the lake the right ye keep,
 “ And now the bark is wafted to the deep;
 “ With steady hand your vessel, then restrain;
 “ Pursue the shore; nor rashly seek the main;
 “ Till boldly swelling, as your course you shape,
 “ The land throws forward a projecting cape.—
 “ Then, spread your canvas, onward plough the
 way,

“ Your youthful vigour let no toil dismay.”——

He spake benevolent.—The bark they fill;
 And thro’ the lake exert the rower’s skill.— 2520
 With cries of joy proceed th’ exulting band.—
 Meanwhile, the tripod shone in *Triton’s* hand.
 Full soon he vanish’d with the sacred prize,
 Beneath the lake conceal’d from mortal eyes.
 Inly rejoic’d th’ heroic band, to find
 Their late instructor of celestial kind.
 Then, *Jason* bids for sacrifice prepare
 The first and fairest of the fleecy care,
 So lately won; and pious vows to raise;
 To call protection on their future ways. 2530

The chosen victim at the prow was slain;
 And pray’rs accompanied from all the train.—
 “ Oh thou divine, that here, to mortals shown,
 “ Thy form reveal’d, thy title yet unknown,
 “ Whoe’er thou art, assign’d these bounds to keep,
 “ Or *Triton*, wonder of the vasty deep,
 “ *Phorcys*, or *Nereus*, ruler of the wave,
 “ Offspring of nymphs, that in the billows lave:

“ Indulgent hear.—Thy favour may we boast.—
 “ Propitious guide us, to the native coast.”— 2540

Thus pray'd the chief, the victim as he slew,
 And bleeding warm amid the billows threw.—
 Then, *Triton*, awful from the depths arose.—
 His genuine form in majesty he shows.—
 As when some youth, in active vigour bold,
 The fiery courser by the mane will hold;
 And nimbly wheel him round, with active force,
 Thro' the large space, where rival chariots course;
 The steed pursues his leader's rapid pace; 2549
 His graceful neck curv'd high with haughty grace;
 With champing teeth he makes the curb resound;
 And white as snow the foam is dash'd around;
 With mighty hand thus *Triton* grasp'd the keel,
 And bade the ship resistless impulse feel.

His form above such majesty and grace
 Combin'd, as prov'd him of celestial race,
 Fair to the middle; but the parts below
 A fishy form, with strange discordance show;
 A tail enormous lengthens out his spine;
 With forky fins he ploughs the foamy brine; 2560
 Turn'd in a shining curve, such shape they wear,
 As when fair *Luna's* crescent horns appear.—
 On to the sea the vessel he impell'd.—
 And more secure the forward course she held.
 That service render'd from their sight he fled;
 And plunging sought old ocean's cavern'd bed.—

The portent fill'd the heroes with surprise.
 From all the deck the shouts of wonder rise.
 There, *Argo's* name the harbour yet retains;
 Still of that ship some monument remains; 2570
 For altars yet are seen, with grateful hand,
 To *Neptune* rais'd, and *Triton* by the band.—
 There, for a day, their voyage they delay'd.
 The morrow's sun their spreading sails survey'd;

And swiftly gliding, as the zephyr swept,
 A desert land upon their right they kept.
 When the next morn renew'd her rosy light,
 Projecting far a headland rose in sight;
 Retir'd behind a deep indented bay,
 A safe recess, beneath it's shelter lay.— 2580
 Now *Zephyr* ceas'd; and southern blasts prevail'd.
 With joyful shouts, the favouring breeze they
 hail'd.—

Then, *Phebus* sunk, and *Hesper* rais'd his head,
 To summon labour to his homely bed,
 Sweet star of love, that brings, with solace fair,
 Rest and oblivion of the peasant's care.—
 As night's still empire lull'd the falling wind,
 They furl'd their canvas; and the mast inclin'd.
 Incumbent, then, the polish'd oars they ply'd,
 And smote, with vigorous arms, the foamy tide.—
 All night, all day they combated the wave; 2591
 Nor rest from toil the night succeeding gave.
 From far the rocks of *Carpathus* appear.—
 Thence, onward to the shores of *Crete* they steer.
 For, chief of islands, *Crete* attracts their course.
 But, there oppos'd they meet portentous force.

High on a cliff the brazen *Talus* stands;
 With brandish'd rocks he interdicts the lands:
 No stranger may th' unfriendly port explore;
 No vessel moor along the guarded shore.— 2600
 Son of that brazen race, in elder time,
 Deriv'd from trees, robust for every crime,
 Him, sole remaining branch, the thunderer grac'd,
 And him with demi-gods his favour plac'd,
 Ordain'd to guard his lov'd *Europa's* charms,
 And keep her favourite isle from rude alarms.—
 For annual thrice he compass'd all around,
 With brazen feet, the precincts of that ground.

His giant frame he rear'd, untaught to feel
 The trenchant brass, or sharply pointed steel, 2610
 Save, where a vein, that from his head extends,
 Pursues the chine, then in his ankle ends.—
 Red, thro' this duct, where vital currents bound,
 The magic form was pervious to the wound.
 The skin alone confined the purple tide,
 And slightest barriers life from death divide.—
 The form terrific aw'd th' adventurous band;
 Tho' present wants some friendly port demand,
 They push, from those inhospitable shores;
 And urge the labouring bark, with bending oars. 2620
 Now, far from *Crete* their course they had pursued;
 Tho' thirst and anguish every soul subdued;
 But fair *Medea* thus the crowd address,
 And comfort cheer'd each agitated breast.—

“Hear, warriors—brazen tho' this monster
 tow'r,

“Let not a visage with despondence low'r.
 “If mortal he the breath of Heav'n inhale,
 “Beneath my hand his boasted strength shall fail.
 “Your vessel station; and avoid the shock,
 “Secure in distance, from the vollied rock. 2630
 “There, patient wait, until, with art profound,
 “I lay this monster prostrate on the ground.”—
 They row'd obedient past the range of harms,
 The direful vollies, from those brazen arms;
 And waited, to behold *Medea's* skill,
 The promis'd wonders of her art fulfil.

Before her face the *Colchian* fair extends
 Her purple robe, and thus the deck ascends.
 The son of *Æson* by the hand she drew,
 From bank to bank, where sate the gallant crew.—
 With sweetest witchery she chaunted strain, 2641
 Of soothing melody, and lull'd the train

Of destinies, that harrow up the mind,
 And fill with terrors, feeble human kind.
 The messengers of Hell, that wing the air,
 And mortals fill with anguish and despair,
 These were invok'd; and thrice her magic song,
 And thrice her pray'rs address the direful throng.—

The potent charms the giant's soul subdued;
 Th' enchantress, then, her victory pursued. 2650
 Her flashing eyes she fill'd with noxious ire;
 His glances sunk beneath the deadly fire.
 In rage she grew, her grinding teeth she gnash'd;
 Infernal vapours on the foe she dash'd.
 Goblins she call'd, and hateful spectres round;
 And bade the forms of Hell his soul confound.—

“ Oh father *Jove* (he cried) what gloom o'er shades,
 “ What torpid influence every sense invades?
 “ Must we not fear alone disease and wound?
 “ Shall distant foes, with magic art confound?”—
 Tho' firm in solid brass the giant tow'rs, 2661
 He feels the weight of magic's fearful pow'rs.—
 Yet, still his hands the task of warfare ply;
 Still rocky fragments fill the darken'd sky.—

While massive volley, thus, and menace rude
 The labouring vessel from the port exclude;
 His vulnerable part, with mighty shock,
 His ancle dash'd against the pointed rock;
 Then, *Ichor* gush'd from the metallic frame,
 Like boiling lead dissolv'd before the flame; 2670
 Nor long his station on that rock he fills,
 Like some enormous pine, on airy hills,
 Which biting axes, urg'd by rustic might,
 Half-fell'd abandon, at th' approach of night;
 Full soon nocturnal blasts the foliage rend,
 Shake the tall stem, and on the rocks extend.
 The limbs awhile the giant form sustain;
 Then, faint it sinks, and thundering loads the plain.

The harbour, now, receives the joyful band.—
 That night they pass, upon the *Cretan* land. 2680
 A fane they rais'd, when early morn appear'd,
 To *Pallas*, by the sons of *Crete* rever'd.—
 With store of water from the spring supplied,
 Again they man the bark, and plough the tide.
 Eager to pass *Salmonium's* point around,
 With bending oars they vex the salt profound.
 As o'er the swell of *Cretan* seas they flew,
 Unwonted terrors night around them threw.
 Shrouded they were in blackness of the tomb;
 No beamy star dispers'd the solid gloom; 2690
 The struggling glimpses of the moonlight fail'd;
 And shades infernal o'er the world prevail'd.
 The sailors know not, darkling as they rove,
 Whether in *Orcus* or the deep they move;
 And to the wind, and to the wave confide
 The random course, they can no longer guide.—
 Then *Jason*, fill'd with anguish and dismay,
 Fervent and loud invok'd the source of day;
 He call'd on *Phebus*, to protect the train,
 While copious tears distill'd like briny rain. 2700
 He vow'd oblations to the *Pythian* shrine,
 To crown with offerings *Amyclæ* divine.
 He vow'd to *Delos* gifts immense to bear,
 For aid imparted in that hour of fear.—
 Thou heardst, propitious pow'r, from realms of
 light.—
 With succour prompt, *Apollo* wing'd his flight.—
Melantian rocks amid the waves arise;
 And one receives him bending from the skies.
 His right hand bare aloft the golden bow; 2709
 Thence, wide in air the streaming splendours flow.
 Where, thick the deep is sown with many an isle,
 The clustering *Sporades* in prospect smile.

An islet of the groupe arises near,
 Tho' small in compass, to the wishes dear.
 Full opposite the small *Hippuris* rose;
 And anchor'd here, the train respire from woes.

The rising morn was fled; with pious care,
 A goodly shrine for *Phebus* they prepare;
 And place his altar in the sacred shade,
 Where stately groves religious gloom display'd. 2720
 They call'd *Ægletes*,* bounteous source of light,
 With appellation new and solemn rite.
 They gave that craggy island's small extent
 A name, expressive of the glad event,
 Propitious *Anaphe*,† reveal'd to sight,
 With chearing radiance, by the God of light.

Such vows were paid, as poverty could find;
 For scanty means the liberal heart confin'd;
 Where, neither lowing herds, nor flocks were found,
 Nor vines nor olives clad the sterile ground. 2730
 But, when the maids, that from *Phæacia* came,
 Beheld the warriors, by the torches' flame,
 Along the margin of the rocky bay,
 Unmix'd libations from the fountain pay;
 Loud bursts of laughter, from the heedless breast,
 Their foolish scorn of indigence exprest;
 And much they turn'd to transitory sport,
 A scene, so different from *Phæacia's* court;
 For, there the blood of countless victims stream'd,
 And altars there with wine and incense steam'd.
 With taunts their levity the youths assail'd; 2740
 While secret pleasure at their mirth prevail'd.
 Nor end they thus; the maidens quick replied;
 And gay contention rose, from side to side.

* *Ægletes*, an epithet or appellation of *Apollo*.

† From a *Greek* verb, that signifies to show.

From their glad warfare, in alternate strain,
Still does that isle the war of wit retain.

Ægletes bright, in *Anaphe* rever'd,
By mirthful sallies, are thy rites endear'd.—

Their placid mirror the calm waves expand;
The heroes loose their halsers, from the land.—

Mindful of visions, in the night survey'd,
His vows to *Maia's* son *Euphemus* paid. 2750

What Heav'n design'd, as yet untaught to know,
But thus his words described the mystic show.—

“ That sod, methought, the pledge of heav'nly
aid,

“ Giv'n to my hand, upon my breast I laid.

“ There, the small mass, with milky currents fed,

“ Extending, warm with life a female spread,

“ A beauteous maid.—I gaz'd upon her face;

“ And fondly strain'd her, in a dear embrace;

“ For sov'ran beauty fill'd me with desire,

“ And shot from every pore resistless fire.— 2760

“ My passion sated, calmer thoughts succeed;

“ And keen remorse pursues th' incautious deed.—

“ I mourn'd, with horror, that I had possest

“ My child, that infant, nurtur'd at my breast.—

“ But she, to cheer me, with soft soothing grace;

“ No daughter I, but born of *Triton's* race.—

“ I come from *Lybia*, my paternal land,

“ Nurse of thy progeny, a gracious band,

“ Oh youth belov'd.—My father bade me share

“ A portion in the deep, with *Nereids* fair, 2770

“ Near *Anaphè*, surrounded by the main.—

“ That mansion for thy children I retain.

“ Soon shall I bid the dimpling waves display

“ The surface fair, to drink the solar ray.”—

Euphemus thus recall'd to *Jason's* thought
The forms of wonder, that his vision wrought.—

The chief revolv'd the prophecies divine,
 In times preceding, giv'n from *Phebus'* shrine;
 And thus replies.—“ No doubt the gods intend,
 “ That fame immortal shall adorn my friend.— 2780
 “ Their pow'r shall bid the pledge that *Triton* gave,
 “ Become an isle, when trusted to the wave.
 “ Thy children's children shall possess that land;
 “ Since *Triton* gave possession to thine hand;
 “ *Triton*, for he, of all th' immortal train
 “ Bestow'd this portion of the *Libyan* plain.”——

His answer with *Euphemus'* thought accords.
 He hastes completion, of th' auspicious words.
 The hallow'd sod into the deep he threw,
 And, where it plung'd, *Callisté* rose to view, 2790
 An isle, where nature wore her happiest face,
 The sacred nurse, *Euphemus*, of thy race.—
 That race, in after ages, *Lemnos* held;
 By *Tuscan* inroad from those seats expell'd,
 The wandering exiles reach'd *Laconia's* soil;
 Where generous *Sparta* own'd their thriving toil.
 The gallant *Theras*, from *Autesion* sprung,
 From *Sparta* led th' adventurous, and the young.
 At sweet *Callisté* they their wand'rings clos'd.
 And, fix'd content, their leader's name impos'd. 2800

But, these events succeeding time display'd;
 When swift *Euphemus* was an airy shade.—
 From thence th' adventurers urg'd their rapid way;
 Till fair *Ægina* claim'd a short delay.
 Tho' bent on speed, they seek the friendly shores;
 And eager thirst the cooling fount explores.
 Then, rose an harmless strife, among the train;
 Who first with water should the vessel gain;
 While double cause of prompt dispatch they find,
 In pressing want, and in th' impetuous wind.——
 And hence, deriv'd, as ancient story runs, 2811
 A custom lives, among *Thessalia's* sons;

And youthful racers urns of water bear,
As to the goal with active limbs they steer.

Hail, gallant youths! hail, blest immortal breed!
Propitious to your poet now proceed!
More sweet, more tuneable, from day to day,
From year to year, resound the votive lay.—
Exulting labour sees the goal appear;
That aspiration of my soul is near.—

2820

Great heirs of glory, ever famous throng,
O may your names immortalise my song!
Now, let the poet with his heroes rest;
From weary vigils spare the harass'd breast.
By land, no perils wait the gallant train.
No future tempests menace o'er the main.
Cecropian hills behold the vessel glide,
With prosperous gale, and gently-swelling tide.
Near *Aulis*, then, they trace the level brine,
And *Locrian* cities, of *Opuntian* line.
The bay of *Pagasæ* receives them last;
With shouts exulting o'er the labours past.

2830

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.



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