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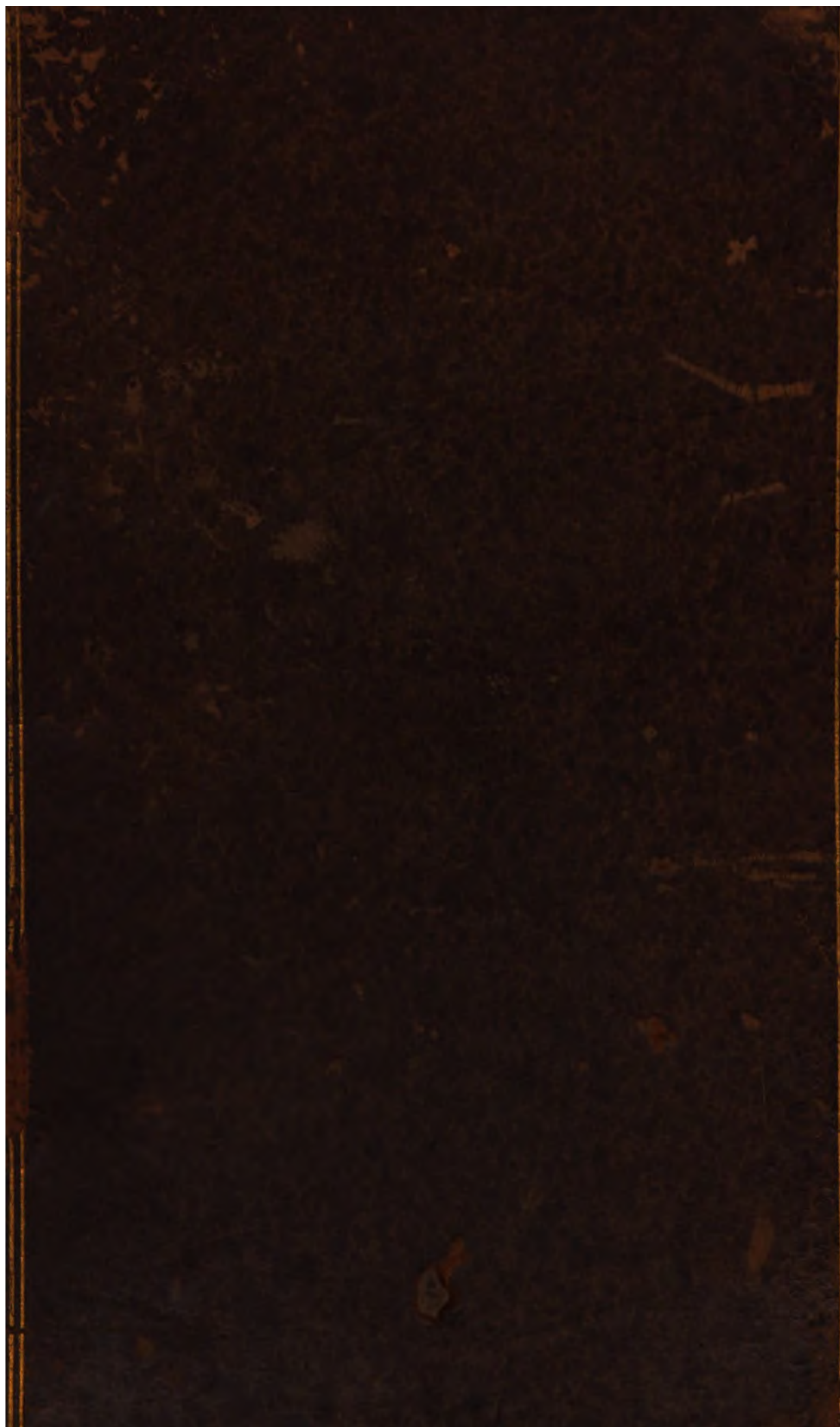
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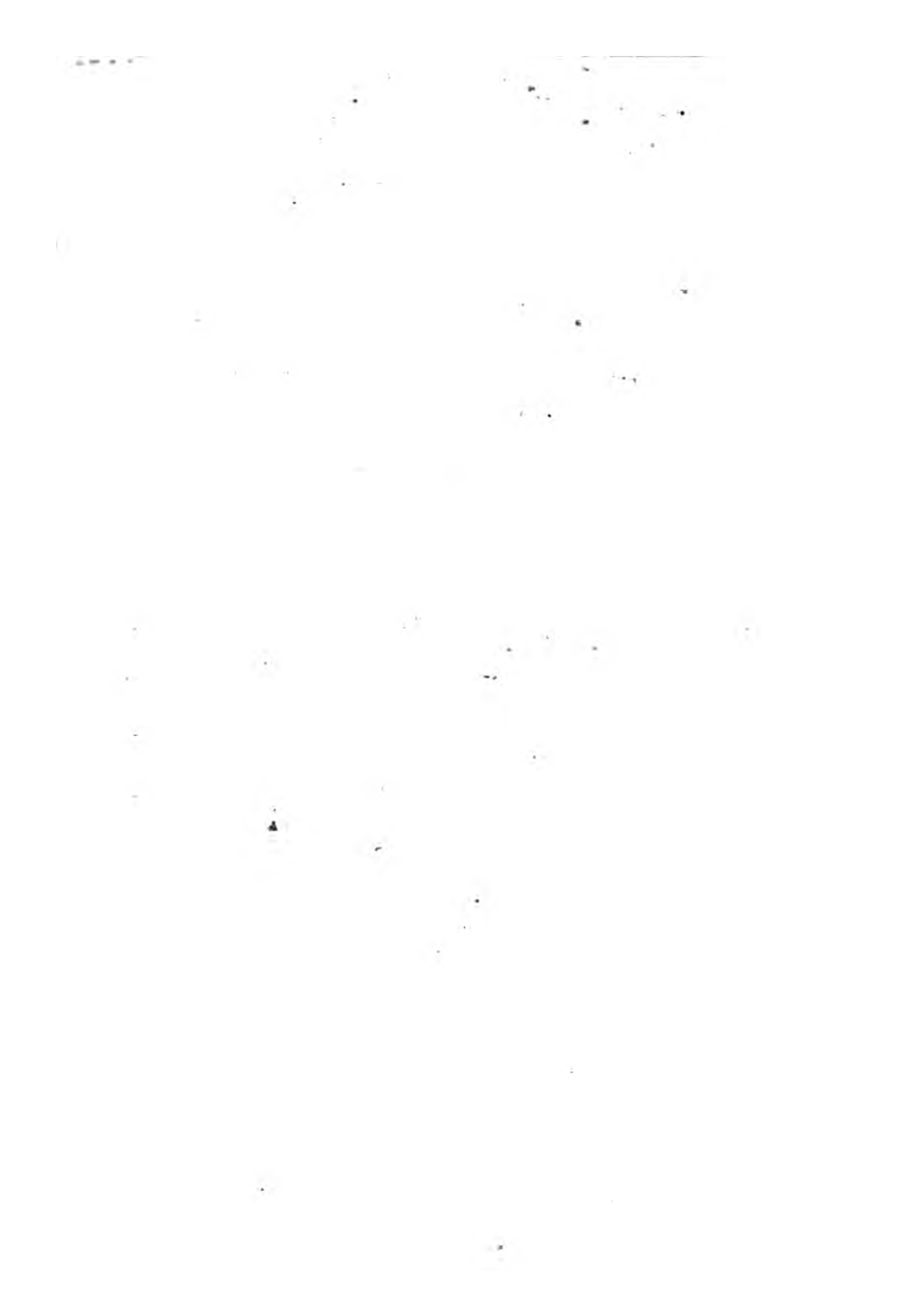
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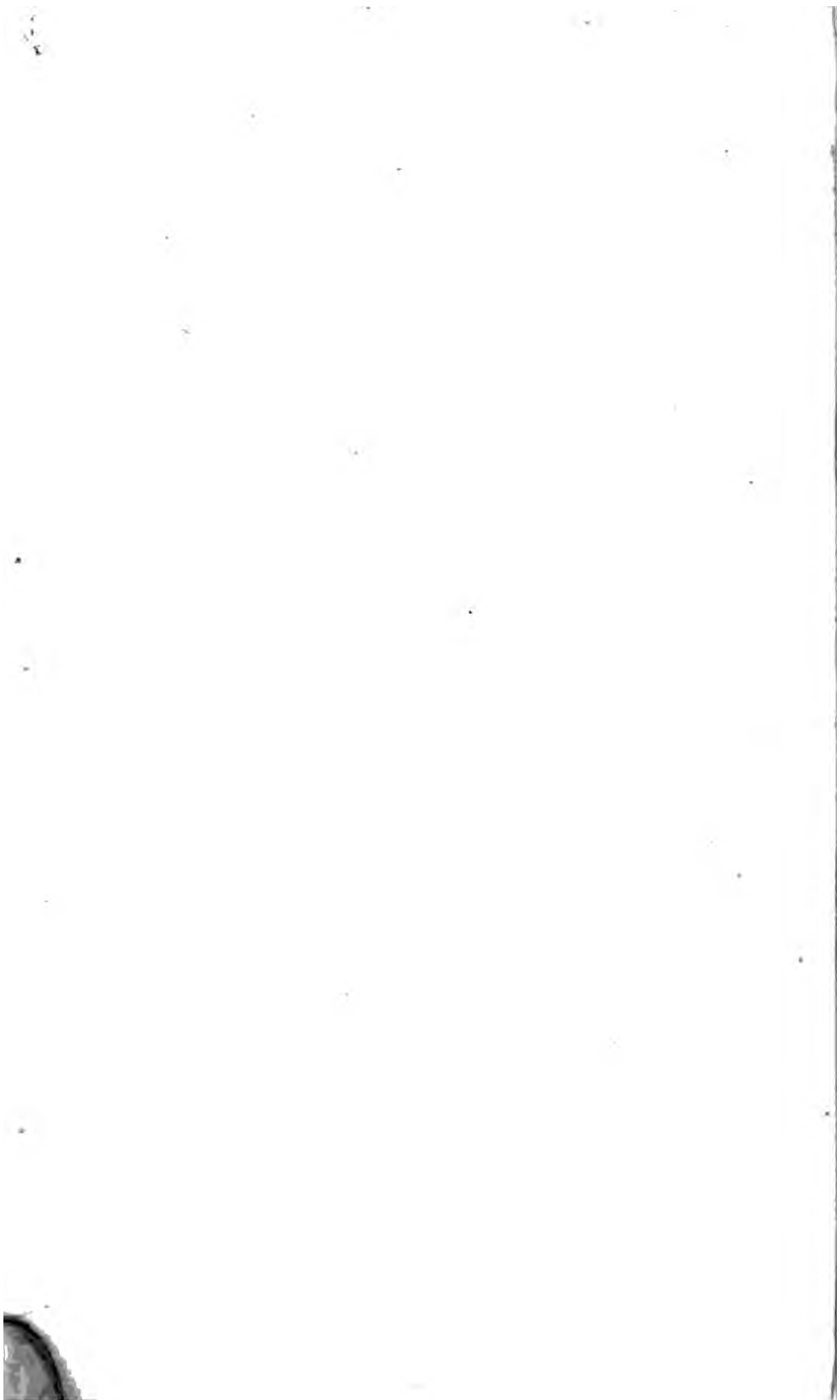


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L U C A N ' s

P H A R S A L I A.

Translated into *English Verse*

By *NICHOLAS ROWE*, Esq;

Servant to His MAJESTY.

VOLUME the SECOND.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

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THE
SIXTH BOOK
OF
LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

The ARGUMENT.

Cæsar and Pompey lying now near Dyrrhachium, after several Marches and Counter-Marches, the former with incredible Diligence runs a vast Line, or Work, round the Camp of the latter. This, Pompey, after suffering for want of Provisions, and a very gallant Resistance of Scæva, a Centurion of Cæsar's, at length breaks thro'. After this, Cæsar makes another unsuccessful Attempt upon a Part of Pompey's Army, and then marches away into Thessaly: And Pompey, against the Persuasion and Counsel of his Friends, follows him. After a Description of the ancient Inhabitants, the Boundaries, the Mountains, and Rivers of Thessaly; the Poet takes Occasion from this Country, being famous for Witchcraft, to introduce Sextus Pompeius, inquiring the Event of the Civil War from the Sorceress Eri&ho.



L U C A N's
P H A R S A L I A.

B O O K VI.



OW, near encamp'd, each on a neighb'ring
Height,

The *Latian* Chiefs prepare for sudden Fight.

The rival Pair seem hitherbrought by
Fate,

As if the Gods wou'd end the dire Debate,

And here determine of the *Roman* State,

Caesar, intent upon his hostile Son,

Demands a Conquest here, and here alone;

Neglects what Laurels Captive Towns might yield,

And scorns the Harvest of the *Gracian* Field.

Impatient he provokes the fatal Day,
 Ordain'd to give *Rome's* Liberties away,
 And leave the World the greedy Victor's Prey.
 Eager, that last, great Chance of War he waits,
 Where either's Fall determines both their Fates.
 Thrice, on the Hills, all drawn in dread Array,
 His threat'ning Eagles wide their Wings display;
 Thrice, but in vain, his hostile Arms he shew'd,
 His ready Rage, and Thirst of *Latian* Blood.
 But when he saw, how cautious *Pompey's* Care,
 Safe in his Camp, declin'd the proffer'd War;
 Thro' woody Paths he bent his secret Way,
 And meant to make *Dyrrhachium's* Tow'rs his Prey.
 This *Pompey* saw; and swiftly shot before,
 With speedy Marches on the sandy Shore:
 'Till on *Taulantian Petra's* Top he stay'd,
 Shelt'ring the City with his timely Aid.
 This Place, nor Walls, nor Trenches deep can boast,
 The Works of Labour, and expensive Cost.
 Vain Prodigality! and Labour vain!
 Lost is the lavish'd Wealth, and lost the fruitless Pain!
 What Walls, what Tow'rs foe'er they rear sublime,
 Must yield to Wars, or more destructive Time;

Ver. 25. *Taulantian Petra.*] The *Taulantii* were a People of *Macedonia*, possessing the Country between *Apollonia* and *Dyrrhachium*; and *Petra* was a Mountain, or Ridge of Rising-Grounds, near the latter of these Places.

Ver. 27. *This Place.*] *Dyrrhachium*.

While

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While Fences like *Dyrrhachium's* Fortrefs, made,
Where Nature's Hand the fure Foundation laid,
And with her Strength the naked Town array'd,
Shall ftand fecure againft the Warrior's Rage,
Nor fear the ruinous Decays of Age.

}
}
} 36

Guarded, around, by fteepy Rocks it lies,
And all Access from Land, but one, denies.
No vent'rous Veffel there in Safety rides,
But foaming Surges break, and fwelling Tides
Roll roaring on, and wash the craggy Sides:
Or when contentious Winds more rudely blow,
Then mounting o'er the topmoft Cliff they flow,
Burst on the lofty Domes, and dafh the Town below.

}
}
} 46

Here *Cafar's* daring Heart vaft Hopes conceives,
And high with War's vindictive Pleafures heaves;
Much he revolves within his thoughtful Mind,
How, in this Camp, the Foe may be confin'd,
With ample Lines from Hill to Hill design'd.
Secret and fwift he means the Task to try,
And runs each Distance over with his Eye.

}
}
} 52

Vaft Heaps of Sod and verdant Turf are brought,
And Stones in deep laborious Quarries wrought;
Each *Grecian* Dwelling round the Work fupplies,
And fudden Ramparts from their Ruins rife.

} 59

Ver. 55. *Each Grecian Dwelling.*] *Macedonia*, where the
Two Armies then lay, was always reckon'd a Part of *Greece*.

With wond'rous Strength the stable Mound they rear,
 Such as th' impetuous Ram can never fear,
 Nor hostile Might o'erturn, nor forceful Engine tear.
 Thro' Hills, resistless, *Cæsar* plains his Way,
 And makes the rough unequal Rocks obey.
 Here deep, beneath, the gaping Trenches lie,
 There Forts advance their airy Turrets high.
 Around vast Tracts of Land the Labours wind,
 Wide Fields and Forests in the Circle bind,
 And hold as in a Toil the salvage Kind.
 Nor even the Foe too strictly pent remains,
 At large he forages upon the Plains;
 The vast Enclosure gives free Leave around,
 Off to decamp, and shift the various Ground.
 Here, from far Fountains, Streams their Channels trace,
 And while they wander thro' the tedious Space,
 Run many a Mile their long extended Race:
 While some, quite worn and weary of the Way,
 Sink, and are lost, before they reach the Sea:
 Ev'n *Cæsar's* self, when thro' the Works he goes,
 Tires in the midst, and stops to take Repose.
 Let Fame no more record the Walls of *Troy*,
 Which Gods alone cou'd build, and Gods destroy;

Ver. 64. *Around vast Tracts.*] This vast Line, which *Cæsar* drew to enclose *Pompey*, was Fifteen Miles in Compass; so that it was impossible for him to man every Part of it; and indeed it was so large, that it was some time before *Pompey* felt the Want of Forrage.

Nor

Book VI. *P H A R S A L I A.*

9

Nor let the *Parthian* wonder, to have seen 80
 The Labours of the *Babylonian* Queen:
 Behold this large, this spacious Tract of Ground!
 Like that, which *Tigris*, or *Orontes* bound;
 Behold this Land! that Majesty might bring,
 And form a Kingdom for an Eastern King; 85
 Behold a *Latian* Chief this Land enclose,
 Amidst the Tumult of impending Foes:
 He had the Walls arise, and as he had they rose. }
 But ah! vain Pride of Pow'r! ah! fruitless Boast!
 Ev'n these, these mighty Labours are all lost! 90
 A Force like this what Barriers cou'd withstand?
 Seas must have fled, and yielded to the Land;
 The Lovers Shores united might have stood,
 Spight of the *Hellespont's* opposing Flood; 94
 While the *Ægean* and *Ionian* Tide, }
 Might meeting o'er the vanquish'd *Isthmus* ride,
 And *Argive* Realms from *Corinth's* Walls divide;
 This Pow'r might change unwilling Nature's Face,
 Unfix each Order, and remove each Place.

Ver. 81. *The Labours of.*] He means the famous Walls of *Babylon*, built by *Semiramis*.

Ver. 91. *A Force like this.*] Or rather a Diligence, Labour, and Work like this of *Caesar's*.

Ver. 93. *The Lovers Shores.*] *Sestos* and *Abydos*, where *Leander* and *Hero* liv'd. The *Ægean* and *Ionian* are the two Seas on each Side the *Isthmus* of *Corinth*.

Here, as if clos'd within a List, the War 100
 Does all its valiant Combatants prepare ;
 Here ardent glows the Blood, which Fate ordains
 To dye the *Libyan* and *Emathian* Plains;
 Here the whole Rage of civil Discord join'd,
 Struggles for room, and scorns to be confin'd. 105
 Nor yet, while *Cesar* his first Labours try'd,
 The warlike Toil by *Pompey* was descry'd.
 So, in mid *Sicily's* delightful Plain,
 Safe from the horrid Sound, the happy Swain }
 Dreads not loud *Scylla* barking o'er the Main. }
 So, Northern *Britains* never hear the Roar 111
 Of Seas, that break on the far *Cantian* Shore.
 Soon as the rising Ramparts hostile Height,
 And Tow'rs advancing, struck his anxious Sight,
 Sudden from *Petra's* safer Camp he led, 115
 And wide his Legions 'on the Hills dispread;
 So, *Cesar*, forc'd his Numbers to extend,
 More feebly might each various Strength defend.
 His Camp far o'er the large Enclosure reach'd,
 And guarded Lines along the Front were stretch'd; 120

Ver. 103. *The Libyan.*] Alluding to the War in *Africa*, supported after *Pompey's* Death by *Cato* and *Juba*.

Ver. 112. *The Cantian Shore.*] The Original is *Rutupina Littora*; the ancient *Rutupium*, or *Rutupia*, is *Richborew* near *Sandwich* in *Kent*.

Ver. 119. *His Camp.*] *Pompey's*.

Book VI. *P H A R S A L I A.* 11

Far as *Rome's* distance from *Aricia's* Groves,
(*Aricia* which the chaste *Diana* loves)
Far as from *Rome* old *Tyber* seeks the Sea,
Did he not wander in his winding way. 124
While yet no Signals for the Fight prepare,
Unbidden, some the Jav'lin dart from far,
And skirmishing, provoke the ling'ring War. }
But deeper Cares the thoughtful Chiefs distress,
And move, the Soldiers Ardour to repress.
Pompey, with secret anxious Thought, beheld, 130
How trampling Hoofs the rising Grass repell'd;
Waste lie the ruffet Fields, the gen'rous Steed
Seeks on the naked Soil, in vain, to feed:
Loathing from Racks of husky Straw he turns,
And, pining, for the verdant Pasture mourns. 135
No more his Limbs their dying Load sustain,
Aiming a Stride; he falters in the Strain,
And sinks a Ruin on the with'ring Plain:
Dire Maladies upon his Vitals prey,
Dissolve his Frame, and melt the Mass away. 140
Thence deadly Plagues invade the lazy Air,
Reck to the Clouds, and hang malignant there.

Ver. 121. *Far as Rome's Distance.*] About Fifteen Miles from *Aricia*. See the Notes upon the former Part of the Third Book.

From

From *Nefis*, such, the *Strygian* Vapours rise,
 And with Contagion taint the purer Skies ;
 Such do *Typhaeus*' steamy Caves convey, 145
 And breath blue Poisons on the golden Day.
 Thence liqu'd Streams the mingling Plague receive,
 And deadly Potions to the Thirsty give :
 To Man the Mischief spreads, the fell Disease
 In fatal Draughts does on his Entrails seize. 150
 A rugged Scurf, all loathsome to be seen,
 Spreads, like a Bark, upon his silken Skin ;
 Malignant Flames his swelling Eye-balls dart,
 And seem with Anguish from their Seats to start ;
 Fires o'er his glowing Cheeks and Visage stray, 155
 And mark, in crimson Streaks, their burning way ;
 Low droops his Head, declining from its height,
 And nods, and totters with the fatal Weight.
 With winged haste the swift Destruction flies,
 And scarce the Soldier sickens e'er he dies : 160
 Now falling Crouds at once resign their Breath,
 And doubly taint the noxious Air with Death.
 Careless their putrid Carcasses are spread ;
 And on the Earth, their dank unwholesom Bed,
 The Living rest in common with the Dead. }

Ver. 143. *From Nefis.*] *Nefis* is a little Island in the Gulph of *Naples*, now called *Nesita*.

Ver. 145. *Typhaeus' steamy Caves,*] In the Island of *Inarime*,

Here

Book VI. PHARSALIA. 13

Here none the last Funereal Rites receive; 166

To be cast forth the Camp, is all their Friends can give.

At length kind Heav'n their Sorrows bid to cease,

And staid the Pestilential Foe's increase;

Fresh Breezes from the Sea begin to rise,

While *Boreas* thro' the lazy Vapour flies,

And sweeps, with healthy Wings, the rank polluted Skies.

Arriving Vessels now their Freight unload,

And furnish plenteous Harvests from abroad:

Now sprightly Strength, now chearful Health returns, 175

And Life's fair Lamp, rekindled, brightly burns.

But *Cæsar*, unconfin'd, and camp'd on high,

Feels not the Mischief of the sluggish Sky:

On Hills sublime he breaths the purer Air,

And drinks no Damps, nor pois'nous Vapours, there. 180

Yet Hunger keen, an equal Plague is found;

Famine, and meagre Want besiege him round:

The Fields, as yet, no hopes of Harvest wear,

Nor yellow Stems disclose the bearded Ear.

The scatter'd Vulgar search around the Fields, 185

And pluck whate'er the doubtful Herbage yields;

Some strip the Trees in ev'ry neighb'ring Wood,

And with the Cattle share their grassy Food.

Whate'er the soft'ning Flame can pliant make,

Whate'er the Teeth, or lab'ring Jaws can break; 190

What

What Flesh, what Roots, what Herbs foe'er they get,
 Tho' new, and strange to human Taste as yet,
 At once the greedy Soldiers seize and eat.
 What Want, what Pain foe'er they undergo,
 Still they persist in Arms, and close beset the Foe. 195

At length, impatient longer to be held
 Within the Bounds of one appointed Field,
 O'er ev'ry Bar which might his Passage stay,
Pompey resolves to force his warlike Way;
 Wide o'er the World the ranging War to lead, 200
 And give his loosen'd Legions room to spread.
 Nor takes he mean Advantage from the Night,
 Nor steals a Passage, nor declines the Fight;
 But bravely dares, disdainful of the Foe,
 Thro' the proud Tow'rs and Ramparts Breach to go. 205
 Where shining Spears, and crested Helms are seen,
 Embattel'd thick to guard the Walls within;
 Where all things Death, where Ruin all afford,
 There *Pompey* marks a Passage for his Sword.

Near to the Camp a woody Thicket lay,
 Close was the Shade, nor did the Greensword Way,
 With smoky Clouds of Dust, the March betray.
 Hence, sudden they appear in dread Array,
 Sudden their wide extended Ranks display;
 At once the Foe beholds with wond'ring Eyes,
 Where on broad Wings *Pompeian* Eagles rise; [surprize.
 At once the Warriors Shouts and Trumpet-sounds

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15

Scarce was the Sword's Destruction needful here,

So swiftly ran before preventing Fear;

Some fled amaz'd, while vainly valiant some

220

Stood, but to meet in Arms a nobler Doom.

Where-e'er they stood, now scatter'd lie the Slain,

Scarce yet a few for coming Deaths remain,

And Clouds of flying Javelins fall in vain.

Here swift consuming Flames the Victors throw,

225

And here the Ram impetuous aims a Blow;

Aloft, the nodding Turrets feel the Stroke,

And the vast Rampart groans beneath the Shock.

And now propitious Fortune seem'd to doom

Freedom and Peace, to *Pompey*, and to *Rome*;

230

High o'er the vanquish'd Works his Eagles tow'r,

And vindicate the World from *Caesar's* Pow'r.

But, (what nor *Caesar*, nor his Fortune cou'd)

What not ten Thousand warlike Hands withstood,

Scæva resists alone; repels the Force,

235

And stops the rapid Victor in his Course.

Scæva! a Name e'erwhile to Fame unknown,

And first distinguish'd on the *Gallick Rhone*;

There seen in hardy Deeds of Arms to shine,

He reach'd the Honours of the *Latian Vine*.

240

Ver. 240. *The Latian Vine.*] The *Vitis*, or Rod made of a Vine, was the Badge of the Centurion's Office, which they bore in their Hands, and with which the Soldiers used to be corrected for lesser Offences.

Daring



Daring and Bold, and ever prone to Ill,
 Inur'd to Blood, and active to fulfil
 The Dictates of a lawless Tyrant's Will;
 Nor Virtue's Love, nor Reason's Laws he knew,
 But careless of the Right, for Hire his Sword he drew. 245
 Thus Courage by an impious Cause is curst,
 And he that is the bravest, is the worst.
 Soon as he saw his Fellows shun the Fight,
 And seek their Safety in ignoble Flight,
 Whence does, he said, this Coward's Terror grow, 250
 This Shame, unknown to *Caesar's* Arms 'till now?
 Can you, ye slavish Herd, thus tamely yield?
 Thus fly, unwounded, from this bloody Field?
 Behold, where pil'd in slaughter'd Heaps on high,
 Firm to the last, your brave Companions lie; 255
 Then blush to think what wretched Lives you save,
 From what Renown you fly, from what a glorious Grave.
 Tho' sacred Fame, tho' Virtue yield to Fear,
 Let Rage, let Indignation keep you here.
 We! we the weakest, from the rest are chose, 260
 To yield a Passage to our scornful Foes!
 Yet, *Pompey*, yet, thou shalt be yet withstood,
 And stain thy Victor's Laurel deep in Blood.
 With Pride, 'tis true, with Joy I shou'd have dy'd,
 If haply I had fall'n by *Caesar's* Side;
 But Fortune has the noble Death deny'd.

Then

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87

Then Pompey, thou, thou on my Fame shalt wait,

Do thou be Witness, and applaud my Fate.

Now push we on, disdain we now to fear,

A thousand Wounds let ev'ry Bosom bear,

'Till the keen Sword be blunt, be broke the pointed Spear.

And see, the Clouds of dusty Battel rise!

Hark how the Shout runs ratt'ling thro' the Skies!

The distant Legions catch the Sounds from far,

And *Cesar* listens to the thund'ring War.

275

He comes, he comes, yet e'er his Soldier dies,

Like Light'ning swift the winged Warrior flies:

Haste then to Death, to Conquest, haste away;

Well do we fall, for *Cesar* wins the Day.

He spoke, and strait, as at the Trumper's Sound,

280

Rekindled Warmth in ev'ry Breast was found;

Recall'd from Flight, the Youth admiring wait,

To mark their daring Fellow-Soldier's Fate,

To see if haply Virtue might prevail,

And ev'n, beyond their Hopes, do more than greatly fail.

High on the tott'ring Wall he rears his Head,

286

With slaughter'd Carcasses around him spread;

With nervous Arms uplifting these he throws,

These rolls oppressive, on ascending Foes.

Each where Materials for his Fury lie,

290

And all the ready Ruins Arms supply:

Ev'n his fierce Self he seems to aim below,

Headlong to shoot, and dying dart a Blow.

Now

Now his tough Staff repels the fierce Attack,
 And tumbling, drives the bold Assailants back: 295
 Now Heads, now Hands he lops, the Carcass falls,
 While the clench'd Fingers gripe the topmost Walls:
 Here Stones he heaves; the Mass descending full,
 Crushes the Brain, and shivers the frail Scull. 299
 Here burning pitchy Brands he whirls around;
 Infix'd, the Flames hiss in the liquid Wound,
 Deep drench'd in Death, in flowing Crimson drown'd.
 And now the swelling Heaps of slaughter'd Foes,
 Sublime and equal to the Fortress rose;
 Whence, forward, with a leap, at once he sprung, 305
 And shot himself amidst the hostile Throng.
 So daring, fierce with Rage, so void of Fear,
 Bounds forth the spotted Pard, and scorns the Hunter's
 The closing Ranks the Warrior strait enfold, [Spear.
 And, compass'd in their steely Circle, hold. 310
 Undaunted still, around the Ring he roams,
 Fights here and there, and ev'ry where o'ercomes;
 'Till clog'd with Blood, his Sword obeys but ill
 The Dictates of its vengeful Master's Will;
 Edgeless it falls, and tho' it pierce no more, 315
 Still breaks the batter'd Bones, and bruises sore.
 Mean time, on him, the crouding War is bent,
 And Darts from ev'ry Hand, to him are sent:
 It look'd, as Fortune did in Odds delight,
 And had in cruel Sport ordain'd the Fight; 320

A wond'rous Match of War she seem'd to make,
 Her Thousands here, and there her One to stake;
 As if on knightly Terms in Lifts they ran,
 And Armies were but equal to the Man.

A thousand Darts upon his Buckler ring, 325

A thousand Jav'lins round his Temples ring;

Hard bearing on his Head, with many a Blow,

His steely Helm is inward taught to bow.

The missive Arms, fix'd all around he wears,

And ev'n his Safety in his Wounds he bears,

Fenc'd with a fatal Wood, a deadly Grove of Spears. }

Cease, ye *Pompeian* Warriors! cease the Strife,

Nor, vainly, thus attempt this single Life;

Your Darts, your idle Jav'lins cast aside,

And other Arms for *Scava's* Death provide: 335

The forceful Ram's resistless Horns prepare,

With all the pond'rous vast Machines of War;

Let dreadful Flames, let massy Rocks be thrown,

With Engines thunder on, and break him down, }

And win this *Cesar's* Soldier, like a Town.

At length, his Fate disdaining to delay, 340

He hurls his Shield's neglected Aid away,

Resolves no Part what'er from Death to hide,

But stands unguarded now on ev'ry Side.

Encumber'd fore with many a painful Wound, 345

Tardy, and stiff he treads the hostile Round;

Gloomy

Gloomy and fierce his Eyes the Croud survey,
 Mark where to fix, and single out the Prey.
 Such, by *Getulian* Hunters compass'd in,
 The vast unwieldy Elephant is seen: 350
 All cover'd with a steely Show'r from far,
 Rousing he shakes, and sheds the scatter'd War;
 In vain the distant Troop the Fight renew,
 And with fresh Rage the stubborn Foe pursue;
 Unconquer'd still the mighty Salvage stands, 355
 And scorns the Malice of a thousand Hands,
 Not all the Wounds a thousand Darts can make,
 Tho' all find Place, a single Life can take.
 When lo! address't with some successful Vow,
 A Shaft, sure flying from a *Cretan* Bow, 360
 Beneath the Warrior's Brow was seen to light,
 And sunk, deep piercing the left Orb of Sight,
 But he (so Rage inspir'd, and mad Disdain)
 Remorseless fell, and senseless of the Pain, 364
 Tore forth the bearded Arrow from the Wound,
 With stringy Nerves besmear'd and wrapp'd around,
 And stamp'd the gory Jelly on the Ground. }
 So in *Pannonian* Woods the growling Bear
 Transfix'd, grows fiercer for the Hunter's Spear,
 Turns on her Wound, runs madding round with Pain,
 And catches at the flying Shaft in vain. 370
 Down from his eyeless Hollow ran the Blood,
 And hideous o'er his mangled Visage flow'd;

Deform'd

Deform'd each awful, each severer Grace,
And veil'd the manly Terrors of his Face. 375

The Victors raise their joyful Voices high,
And with loud Triumph strike the vaulted Sky:
Not *Cæsar* thus a general Joy had spread,
Tho' *Cæsar's* Self like *Scæva* thus had bled. 379

Anxious, the wounded Soldier, in his Breast,
The rising Indignation deep repress,
And thus, in humble Vein, his haughty Foes address:
Here let your Rage, ye *Romans*, cease, he said,
And lend your Fellow-Citizen your Aid; 384

No more your Darts nor useless Jav'lins try,
These, which I bear, will Deaths enow supply,
Draw forth your Weapons, and behold I die.
Or rather bear me hence, and let me meet
My Doom beneath the mighty *Pompey's* Feet:
'Twere great, 'twere brave, to fall in Arms, 'tis true,
But I renounce that glorious Fate for you. 391

Fain wou'd I yet prolong this vital Breath,
And quit ev'n *Cæsar*, so I fly from Death.

The wretched *Aulus* listen'd to the Wile,
Intent and greedy of the future Spoil; 395
Advancing fondly on, with heedless Ease,
He thought the Captive and his Arms to seize,
When, e'er he was aware, his thund'ring Sword
Deep in his Throat, the ready *Scæva* gor'd.

Warm'd

Warm'd with the Slaughter, with fresh Rage he burns,
And Vigour with the new Success returns. 401

So may they fall (he said) by just Deceit,
Such be their Fate, such as this Fool has met,
Who dare believe that I am vanquish'd yet. 402

If you would stop the Vengeance of my Sword,
From *Caesar's* Mercy be your Peace implor'd,
There let your Leader kneel, and humbly own his Lord. 403

Me! could you meanly dare to fancy, Me
Base, like your selves, and fond of Life to be!
But know, not all the Names which grace your Cause,

Your reverend Senate, and your boasted Laws, 411
Not *Pompey's* Self, not all for which you fear,
Were e'er to you, like Death to *Scava*, dear.

Thus while he spoke, a rising Dust betray'd
Casarian Legions marching to his Aid. 415

Now *Pompey's* Troops with Prudence seem to yield,
And to encreasing Numbers quit the Field;
Dissembling Shame, they hide their foul Defeat,
Nor vanquish'd by a single Arm, retreat.

Then fell the Warrior, for 'till then he stood; 420
His manly Mind supply'd the want of Blood.

It seem'd as Rage had kindled Life anew,
And Courage to oppose, from Opposition grew.

But now, when none were left him to repel,
Fainting for want of Foes, the Victor fell. 425

Strait

Strait with officious haste his Friends draw near,
 And raising, joy the noble Load to bear:
 To Reverence, and religious Awe inclin'd,
 Admiring, they adore his mighty Mind,
 That God within his mangled Breast enshrin'd.
 The wounding Weapons, stain'd with *Scæva's* Blood, 431
 Like sacred Relicks to the Gods are vow'd:
 Forth are they drawn from ev'ry Part with Care,
 And kept to dress the naked God of War.
 Oh! happy Soldier, had thy Worth been try'd, 435
 In pious Daring, on thy Country's Side!
 Oh! had thy Sword *Iberian* Battles known,
 Or purple with *Cantabrian* Slaughter grown;
 How had thy Name in deathless Annals shone!
 But now no *Roman Paan* shalt thou sing, 440
 Nor peaceful Triumphs to thy Country bring,
 Nor loudly blest in solemn Pomp shalt move,
 Thro' crouding Streets, to *Capitalian Fove*,
 The Laws Defender, and the Peoples Love:
 Oh hapless Victor thou! oh vainly Brave! 445
 How hast thou fought, to make thy self a Slave!
 Nor *Pompey*, thus repuls'd, the Fight declines,
 Nor rests encompass'd round by *Cæsar's* Lines;

Ver. 440. *Roman Paan.*] *Paan* was properly the Name
 of *Apollo*, which the *Roman* Soldiers used frequently to
 repeat in their Songs of Victory, which they sung as they
 accompanied the Triumphs of their Generals.

Once

Once more he means to force his warlike Way,
 And, yet retrieve the Fortune of the Day. 450
 So when fierce Winds with angry Ocean drive,
 Full on the Beach the beating Billows drive;
 Stable awhile the lofty Mounds abide,
 Check the proud Surge, and stay the swelling Tide:
 Yet restless still the Waves unwear'd roll, 455
 Work underneath at length, and sap the sinking Mole.
 With Force renew'd the baffled Warrior bends,
 Where to the Shore the jutting Wall extends:
 There proves, by Land and Sea, his various Might,
 And wins his Passage by the double Fight. 460
 Wide o'er the Plains diffus'd his Legions range,
 And their close Camp for freer Fields exchange.
 So, rais'd by melting Streams of *Alpine Snow*,
 Beyond his utmost Margin swells the Pa. }
 And loofely lets the spreading Deluge flow: }
 Where-e'er the weaker Banks oppress retreat,
 And sink beneath the heapy Waters weight,
 Forth gushing at the Breach they burst their Way,
 And wasteful o'er the drowned Country stray:
 Far distant Fields and Meads they wander o'er, 470
 And visit Lands they never knew before;
 Here, from its Seat the mould'ring Earth is torn,
 And by the Flood to other Masters born;

While

While gath'ring, there, it heaps the growing Soil,
 And loads the Peasant with his Neighbour's Spoil. 475

Soon as ascending high, a rising Flame,
 To *Caesar's* Sight, the Combate's Signal, came,
 Swift to the Place approaching near, he found
 The Ruin scatter'd by the Victor, round,
 And his proud Labours humbled to the Ground.
 Thence to the hostile Camp his Eyes he turns,
 Where for their Peace, and Sleep secure, he mourns,
 With rancorous Despight, and envious Anguish, burns. 485

At length resolv'd (so Rage inspir'd his Breast)
 He means to break the happy Victor's Rest;
 Once more to kindle up the fatal Strife,
 And dash their Joys, with Hazard of his Life.
 Streight to *Torquatus* fierce he bends his Way,
 (*Torquatus* near a neighb'ring Castle lay)
 But he, by prudent Caution taught to yield, 490
 Trusts to his Walls, and quits the open Field;

Ver. 488. *Streight to Torquatus.*] When *Pompey* had forc'd his Passage thro' *Caesar's* Lines, *Caesar*, to repair the Loss and Disgrace of that Action, attack'd with 33 Cohorts a Castle of the Enemy's, commanded by *Torquatus*. He had now beat the Besieged out of the Ditch, when *Pompey*, hearing of their Distress, came himself with the Fifth Legion to their Assistance. *Caesar's* Horse, fearing to be enclosed, gave way first; which the Foot seeing, and that *Pompey* was there in Person, fled likewise. If *Pompey* had made as much Advantage of his Success here, as *Lucan* insinuates a more cruel Conqueror would have done, this Action might have decided the War at once.

There, safe within himself, he stands his Ground,
 And lines the guarded Rampart strongly round.
 So when the Seamen from afar descry
 The Clouds grow black upon the low'ring Sky,
 Hear the Winds roar, and mark the Seas run high,
 They furl the flutt'ring Sheet with timely Care,
 And wisely for the coming Storm prepare.
 But now the Victor, with resistless haste,
 Proud o'er the Ramparts of the Fort had past; 500
 When swift descending from the rising Grounds,
 Pompey with length'ning Files the Foe surrounds.
 As when in *Ætna's* hollow Caves below,
 Round the vast Furnace kindling Whirlwinds blow,
 Rous'd in his baleful Bow'r the Giant roars, 505
 And with a Burst the burning Deluge pours;
 Then pale with Horror shrieks the shudd'ring Swain,
 To see the fiery Ruin spread the Plain.
 Nor with less Horror *Cæsar's* Bands behold
 Huge hostile dusty Clouds their Rear infold; 510
 Unknowing whom to meet, or whom to shun,
 Blind with their Fear, full on their Fates they run.
 Well, on that Day, the World Repose had gain'd,
 And bold Rebellion's Blood had all been drain'd,
 Had not the pious Chief the Rage of War restrain'd.

Ver. 505. *The Giant roars.*] *Enceladus*, who was struck with Lightning, and laid there by *Jupiter*.

Oh Rome! how free, how happy hadst thou been?

Thy own great Mistress, and the Nations Queen!

Had Sylla, then, thy great Avenger stood,

And dy'd his thirsty Sword in Traitors Blood.

519

But oh! for ever shalt thou now bemoan

The two Extremes, by which thou wert undone,

The ruthless Father, and too tender Son.

With fatal Pity, Pompey, hast thou spar'd,

And giv'n the blackest Crime the best Reward:

How had that one, one happy Day, with-held

525

The Blood of *Urica*, and *Munda's* Field!

The *Pharian Nile* had known no Crime more great

Than some vile *Ptolemy's* untimely Fate;

Nor *Africk*, then, her *Juba* had bemoan'd,

Nor *Scipio's* Blood the *Punick* Ghosts aton'd;

530

Cato had, for his Country's Good, surviv'd,

And long in Peace a hoary Patriot liv'd;

Rome had not worn a Tyrant's hated Chain,

And Fate had undecreed *Pharsalia's* Plain.

Ver. 518. *Had Sylla then.*] Tho' *Lucan* was rather a Favourer of *Sylla*, yet see how even he paints the Cruelty of his Victories in the Second Book.

Ver. 527. *No Crime more great.*] That is, *Pompey* had not been murder'd in *Egypt*. *Juba* and *Petreius* were vanquish'd by *Cesar* in *Africa*, and kill'd each other.

The *Scipia* meant here, is *Corn. Scipio*, Father of *Pompey's* Wife *Cornelia*, who likewise kill'd himself on the same Occasion in *Africk*.

Cato's Story is made common, as well as immortal, by *Mr. Addison*.

But *Caesar*, weary of th' unlucky Land, 535
 Swift to *Æmathia* leads his shatter'd Band;
 While *Pompey's* wary Friends, with Caution wise,
 To quit the baffled Foe's Pursuit advise.
 To *Italy* they point his open Way,
 And bid him make the willing Land his Prey. 540
 Oh! never, (he replies) shall *Pompey* come,
 Like *Caesar* arm'd, and terrible to *Rome*;
 Nor need I from those sacred Walls have fled,
 Cou'd I have born our Streets with Slaughter red, }
 And seen the *Forum* pil'd with Heaps of Dead. }
 Much rather let me pine in *Scythia's* Frost, 546
 Or burn on swarthy *Libya's* sultry Coast;
 No Clime, no distant Region is too far,
 Where I can banish, with me, fatal War.
 I fled, to bid my Country's Sorrows cease; 550
 And shall my Victories invade her Peace?
 Let her but safe and free from Arms remain,
 And *Caesar* still shall think she wears his Chain.
 He spoke, and Eastward sought the Forest wide,
 That rising cloaths *Candavia's* shady Side; 555
 Thence to *Æmathia* took his destin'd Way,
 Reserv'd by Fate for the deciding Day.

Ver. 539. To Italy.] Which he might easily have recover'd.

Ver. 555. *Candavia*.] A wild mountainous Country full of Woods, upon the Borders of *Macedonia* and *Illyricum*.

Where

Where *Eurus* blows, and wint'ry Suns arise,
Theffalia's Boundary proud *Ossa* lies;
 But when the God protracts the longer Day, 560
Pelion's broad Back receives the dawning Ray:
 Where thro' the Lion's fir'y Sign he flies,
Othrys his leafy Groves for Shades supplies.
 On *Pindus* strikes the fady Western Light,
 When glitt'ring *Vesper* leads the starry Night. 565
 Northward, *Olympus* hides the Lamps, that roll
 Their paler Fires around the frozen Pole.
 The middle Space, a Valley low depreff'd,
 Once a wide, lazy, standing Lake possess'd;
 While growing still the heapy Waters stood, 570
 Nor down thro' *Tempe* ran the rushing Flood:

Ver. 558. *Where Eurus blows.*] This Chorographical Description of *Theffaly* is mostly taken from *Herodotus*, and agrees, tho' not altogether, with the Accounts and Maps of the Learned *Cellarius*. *Ossa* lyes to the East.

Ver. 561. *Pelion's broad Back.*] This is a literal Translation of my Author, tho' according to *Cellarius* he must be out in his Geography, as well as Astronomy; for as the Days lengthen the Sun rises to the Northward of the East; whereas *Cellarius* places *Pelion* to the Southward. For the rest, *Othrys* lyes to the South, *Pindus* to W. S. W. and *Olympus* to the North.

Ver. 568. *The middle Space.*] He does not seem to mean here all that Region which the ancient Geographers call *Theffaly*, but the Fields of *Tempe* and *Pharsalia*, and the neighbouring Country, where the principal Scene of Action in this War lay.

But when *Alcides* to the Task apply'd,
 And cleft a Passage thro' the Mountains wide;
 Gushing at once the thund'ring Torrent flow'd,
 While *Nereus* groan'd beneath th' increasing Load, 575
 Then rose (oh that it still a Lake had lain!)
 Above the Waves *Pharsalia's* fatal Plain,
 Once subject to the great *Achilles'* Reign.
 Then *Phylace* was built, whose Warriors boast
 Their Chief first landed on the *Trojan* Coast; 580
 Then *Pteleos* ran her circling Wall around,
 And *Dorion*, for the Muses Wrath renown'd;
 Then *Trachin* high, and *Melibœa* stood,
 Where *Hercules* his fatal Shafts bestow'd;

Ver. 572. *But when Alcides.*] 'Tis said *Hercules* made a Passage between *Ossa* and *Olympus*, for the River *Penens* to run into the Sea.

Ver. 579. *Phylace.*] A City in *Phthiotis*, a Province of *Thessaly*; where *Protesilaus* reign'd, who was the first that landed on the Shore of *Troy* in the famous Expedition of the *Greeks* against that Place; and was kill'd, according to the Prediction of the Oracle. Concerning him see *Ovid's Epistles*, and *Metam.* Lib. 12.

Ver. 581. *Pteleos.*] Or rather *Pteleum*, a Town upon the Sea-Coast in the same Country.

Ver. 582. *Dorion.*] Or *Dotion*, as *Ascensius* will have it. There is some Dispute whether this Place be in *Magnesia* in *Thessaly*, or *Messenia* in the *Peloponesus*. *Lucan* is plainly of the first Opinion: However that be, near this Place *Thamyras*, a *Thracian* Poet, was punish'd with Blindness by the Muses for daring to contend with them.

Ver. 583. *Melibœa.*] A City of *Phthiotis*.
Trachin.] Or *Heracleas*, in the same Country: Here

Larissa strong arose, and Argos, now 585

A Plain, submitted to the lab'ring Plow.

Here stood the Town, if there be Truth in Fame,

That from *Bœotian Thebes* receiv'd its Name.

Here sad *Agave's* wand'ring Sense return'd,

Here for her murder'd Son the Mother mourn'd; 590

With streaming Tears she wash'd his ghastly Head,

And on the Fun'ral Pile the precious Relick laid.

The gushing Waters various soon divide,

And ev'ry River rules a sep'rate Tide;

The narrow *Æas* runs a limpid Flood, 595

Evenos blushes with the *Centaur's* Blood;

liv'd *Philoctetes*, to whom *Hercules* at his Death gave his fatal Arrows, without which *Troy* could not be taken. *Larissa* and *Argos* were Cities in the same Country. For the first, see afterwards in *Book 8*.

Ver. 588. *Bœotian Thebes*] The ancient Geographers place a City called *Thebes* in *Phthiotis*. When *Agave*, Queen of *Thebes* in *Bœotia*, had in her Madness kill'd her Son *Pentheus*, and cut off his Head, at length recovering her Senses, she fled into this Country, and bury'd her Son's Head here, and probably gave the Name of *Thebes* to the Place where she settled.

Ver. 593. *The gushing Waters.*] From the Cities that were built by the first Inhabitants, the Poet goes on to enumerate the famous Rivers of *Thessaly*, which were left in their proper Channels, after the great Lake was empty'd.

Ver. 595. *The narrow Æas.*] I find no River of this Name among the ancient Geographers, except one in *Macedonia*, which falls into the *Ionian* Sea by *Apollonia*. *Ovid* indeed makes the River *Æas* meet the *Penens*, and I suppose *Lucan* follows him.

Ver. 596. *Evenos.*] This was a River in *Calydonia*, Part of *Ætolia*, where *Nessus* the Centaur attempting to ravish

That gently mingles with th' *Ionian* Sea,
 While This, thro' *Calydonia*, cuts his Way.
 Slowly fair *Io's* aged Father falls,
 And in hoarse Murmurs his lost Daughter calls. 600
 Thick *Acheloiis* rolls his troubled Waves,
 And heavily the Neighbour Isles he laves;
 While pure *Amphrysus* winds along the Mead,
 Where *Phœbus* once was wont his Flocks to feed:
 Oft on the Banks he sat a Shepherd Swain, 605
 And watch'd his Charge upon the grassy Plain.
 Swift to the Main his Course *Sperchios* bends,
 And, founding, to the *Malian* Gulph descends.

ravish *Deianira* the Wife of *Hercules*, was kill'd by that Hero.

This River, as likewise *Achelous*, (in the same Country) are oddly introduc'd among the Rivers of *Thessaly*. But the next,

Ver. 599. *Io's aged Father*] *Inachus* is yet more remote, being a River of the *Peloponnesus*, unless we may suppose some River of less Note in *Thessaly*, which took its Name from that famous one of the *Argives*.

For the Story of *Jupiter* ravishing his Daughter *Io*, see *Ovid. Metam. Lib. 1.*

Ver. 602. *The Neighbour Isles.*] The *Echinades*, now *Curzolari*.

Ver. 603. *Amphrysus,*] A River of *Thessaly*, near which *Apollo*, when he lay under *Jupiter's* Displeasure for killing the *Cyclops*, kept Sheep for *Admetus*, King of the Country.

Ver. 607. *Sperchios,*] Now called *Agriomela*, a River of *Phthiotis*. It falls into the *Simus Maliacus*, at the End of the *Euripus* or Gulph of *Negropont*.

No breezy Air near calm *Anaurus* flies,
 No dewy Mists, nor fleecy Clouds arise. 610
 Here *Phoenix*, *Melas*, and *Asopus* run,
 And strong *Apidanus* drives slow *Enipeus* on.
 A thousand little Brooks, unknown to Fame,
 Are mix'd, and lost in *Peneus*' nobler Name:
 Bold *Titaresus* scorns his Rule, alone, 615
 And, join'd to *Peneus*, still himself is known:
 As o'er the Land, his haughty Waters glide,
 And roll unmingling, a superior Tide.
 'Tis said, thro' secret Channels winding forth,
 Deep as from *Stryx* he takes his hallow'd Birth; 620
 Thence, proud to be rever'd by Gods on high,
 He scorns to mingle with a mean Ally.

Ver. 609. *Anaurus*.] This and the following Rivers were all of *Thessaly*, but of no great Name.

Ver. 612. *Apidanus*.] The River *Apidanus* falls into *Enipeus*.

Ver. 614. — *Peneus*.] Was a River of Note. He was the Father of *Daphne*, *Apollo*'s Mistress.

This Passage of *Titaresus*, or *Titaresius*, according to *Homer*, falling into the *Peneus*, and not mingling with its Waters, is taken from that Poet, *Iliad*. B. 2.

Ἄου δ' ὕψι Πηνειῶ συμμίσγεται, &c.

Or where the pleasing *Titaresius* glides,
 And into *Peneus* rolls his easy Tides;
 Yet o'er the Silver Surface pure they flow,
 The sacred Stream, unmix'd with Streams below,
 Sacred and awful! From the dark Abodes
Stryx pours them forth the dreadful Oath of Gods.

Mr. Pope.

When rising Grounds uprear'd at length their Heads,
 And Rivers shrunk within their oozy Beds;
Bebrycians first are said, with early Care, 625
 In Furrows deep to sink the shining Share.
 The *Lelegians* next, with equal Toil,
 And *Dolopes*, invade the mellow Soil.
 To these the bold *Eolida* succeed,
Magnetes, taught to rein the fiery Steed,
 And *Minya*, to explore the Deep, decreed. }
 Here pregnant by *Ixion's* bold Embrace,
 The Mother Cloud disclos'd the *Centaur's* Race:
 In *Pelethronian* Caves she brought 'em forth,
 And fill'd the Land with many a monstrous Birth. 635

Ver. 625. *Bebrycians*.] I have follow'd the Correction of *Grotius* in this Place, but upon second Thoughts must confess I think it wrong, and that it ought rather to be, as most Editions have it, *Bæbrycians*, from the Lake *Bæbe* and Town of the same Name in *Phthiotis*. The *Bebryces* were a People in *Gallia Narbonensis*. Of the other Names which follow there is nothing particular to be remark'd, but that they were the first Inhabitants of several Parts of *Thessaly*. Of the *Minya* only it may be observ'd, that they were the Companions of *Jason* in his famous Expedition to *Colchos* in quest of the Golden Fleece.

Ver. 632. *Ixion's bold Embrace*.] *Ixion* being in Love with *Juno*, embracing a Cloud for her, and begetting the *Centaur's* upon that Cloud, is a known Fable.

Ver. 634. *Pelethronian Caves*.] *Pelethronium* was a Mountain in *Thessaly*. *Momychus* is the Name of a Centaur, as likewise are *Rhoecus*, *Pholus*, and *Nessus*. For the latter see the Note on Ver. 596. of this Book.

Here

Here dreadful *Momychus* first saw the Light,
 And prov'd on *Pholoe's* rending Rocks his Might;
 Here tallest Trees uprooting *Rhaecus* bore,
 Which baffled Storms had try'd in vain before.

Here *Pholus*, of a gentler human Breast, 640
 Receiv'd the great *Alcides* for his Guest.

Here, with Brute-fury, lustful *Nessus* try'd }
 To violate the Heroe's beauteous Bride,
 'Till justly by the fatal Shaft he dy'd.

This Parent Land the pious Leach confest, 645
Chiron, of all the double Race the best:

'Midst golden Stars he stands refulgent now,
 And threats the Scorpion with his bended Bow.

'Here Love of Arms and Battle reign'd of Old,
 And form'd the first *Thessalians* fierce and bold: 650

Here, from rude Rocks, at *Neptune's* potent Stroke,
 Omen of War, the neighing Courser broke;

Ver. 646. *Chiron.*] This Centaur had many good Qualities: He understood Musick and Physick, was the Tutor of *Achilles*, and afterwards translated into Heaven, made that Sign in the *Zodiack* which we call *Sagittarius*, or the Archer, next to *Scorpio*.

Ver. 651. *From Neptune's potent Stroke.*] *Lucan* seems to allude in this Place to the famous Controversy between *Neptune* and *Pallas*, when to shew their Power He produced the first Horse out of a Rock, and She the first Olive-tree out of the Earth: But the Commentators will have this to have happen'd in *Attica*, and not in *Thessaly*. The Truth seems to have been, that the ancient *Thessalians* were a bold and hardy People, and that the *Centauri* and

Here, taught by skilful Riders to submit,
 He champ'd indignant on the foamy Bit. 654
 From fair *Theffalia's Pegasean Shore*,
 The first bold Pine the daring Warriors bore,
 And taught the Sons of Earth wide Oceans to explore. }
 Here, when *Itonus* held the Regal Seat,
 The stubborn Steel he first subdu'd with Heat, }
 And the tough Barrs on founding Anvils beat: }
 In Furnaces he ran the liquid Brass, 658
 And cast in curious Works the molten Mass.
 He taught the ruder Artift to refine,
 Explor'd the Silver and the Golden Mine, }
 And stamp'd the costly Metal into Coin. }
 From that old *Æra* Avarice was known, 666
 Then all the deadly Seeds of War were sown;
 Wide o'er the World, by Tale, the Mischief ran,
 And those curst Pieces were the Bane of Man.
 Huge *Python*, here, in many a scaly Fold, 670
 To *Cyrrha's Cave* a Length enormous roll'd:

and *Lapitha*, Inhabitants of that Country, were the first who understood the Manage of Horses, and made use of 'em in Battel.

Ver. 658. *Itonus*,] According to some the Son of *Apollo*, to others of *Deucalion*: He was King of *Theffaly*. *Lucan* gives him the Honour of finding out the Use and Working of Metals, and Coining Money; but this is disputed by other Authors.

Ver 671. *Cyrrha's Cave*,] In or near the Mountain *Parnassus*.

Hence,

Hence, *Pythian* Games the hardy *Greeks* Renown,
 And Laurel Wreaths the joyful Victor crown.
 Here proud *Aleus* durst the Gods defie,
 And taught his impious Brood to scale the Sky: 675
 While Mountains pil'd on Mountains interfere
 With Heav'n's bright Orbs, and stop the circling Sphere.

To this curst Land, by Fate's appointed Doom,
 With one Consent the warring Leaders come;
 Their Camps are fix'd, and now the Vulgar fear, 680
 To see the terrible Event so near.

A few, and but a few, with Souls serene,
 Wait the disclosing of the dubious Scene.
 But *Sextus*, mix'd among the vulgar Herd,
 Like them was anxious, and unmanly fear'd: 685
 A Youth unworthy of the Hero's Race,
 And born to be his nobler Sire's Disgrace.

Ver. 672. *Pythian Games.*] These were instituted to the Honour of *Apollo* upon his killing the Serpent *Python*. See the Notes upon Book 5.

Ver. 674. *Aleus*] Was the Father-in-Law or reputed Father of *Otus* and *Ephialtes*, two of the Giants that made War upon *Jupiter*, his Wife *Iphimedia* being impregnated with these chopping Twins by *Neptune*. These are those call'd by *Virgil Aloida Gemini* in the 6th Book. The *Sibyl* says,

*Hic & Aloidas geminos, immania vidi
 Corpora.*

*Here lye th' Alæan Twins (I saw 'em both)
 Enormous Bodies of Gigantick Growth;
 Who dar'd in Fight the Thund'rer to defy,
 Affect his Heav'n, and force him from the Sky.
 Mr. Dryden.*

A Day shall come, when this inglorious Son
 Shall stain the Trophies all by *Pompey* won:
 A Thief, and Spoiler, shall he live confess'd, 690
 And act those Wrongs his Father's Arms redress'd.
 Vex'd with a Coward's fond Impatience now,
 He pries into that Fate he fears to know;
 Nor seeks he, with religious Vows, to move
 The *Delphick* Tripod, or *Dodonian* *Jove*; 695
 No priestly Augur's Art employs his Cares,
 Nor *Babylonian* Seers, who read the Stars;
 He nor by Fibres, Birds, or Lightning's Fires,
 Nor any just, tho' secret Rites enquires; 699
 But horrid Altars, and Infernal Pow'rs,
 Dire Mysteries of Magick he explores,
 Such as high Heav'n and gracious *Jove* abhors.
 He thinks, 'tis little those above can know,
 And seeks accurst Assistance from below.
 The Place it self the impious Means supplies, 705
 While near *Hæmonian* Hags incamp'd he lies:
 All dreadful Deeds, all monstrous Forms of old,
 By Fear invented, and by Falshood told,

Ver. 688. *A Day shall come.*] In relation to the Pyracies suppress'd with great Glory to himself by *Pompey*, and after his Death renew'd and exercised with great Rapine by his Son *Sextus* in the *Sicilian* Seas, after he had lost the Battle of *Munda* in *Spain*.

Ver. 697. *Nor Babylonian Seers.*] The *Chaldeans*, famous for their Skill in Astrology.

Ver. 706. *Hæmonian Hags.*] *Thessaly*, call'd likewise *Hæmonia*, was famous for Witches.

What

Book VI. PHARSALIA. 39

Whate'er transcends Belief, and Reason's View,
Their Art can furnish, and their Pow'r makes true. 710

The pregnant Fields a horrid Crop produce,
Noxious, and fit for Witchcraft's deadly Use:
With baleful Weeds each Mountain's Brow is hung,
And lift'ning Rocks attend the Charmer's Song.

There, potent and mysterious Plants arise, 715
Plants that compel the Gods, and awe the Skies;
There, Leaves unfolded to *Medea's* View,
Such as her native *Colchos* never knew.

Soen as the dread *Hamonian* Voice ascends,
Thro' the whole vast Expanse, each Pow'r attends; 720

Ev'n all those sullen Deities, who know
No Care of Heav'n above, or Earth below,
Hear and obey. Th' *Affyrian* then, in vain,
And *Memphian* Priests, their local Gods detain;

From ev'ry Altar loose at once they fly, 725
And with the stronger Foreign Call comply.

The coldest Hearts *Thessalian* Numbers warm,
And ruthless Bosoms own the potent Charm;
With monstrous Pow'r they rouse perverse Desire,
And kindle into Lust the wint'ry Sire: 730

Ver. 724. *Their local Gods.*] Gods who were particularly worshipp'd in particular Places by Votaries of their own, who yet durst not refuse to forsake those Places when they were call'd by the *Thessalian* Inchantments.

Where

Where noxious Cups, and pois'nous Philters fail,
 More potent Spells and mystick Verse prevail.
 No Draughts so strong the Knots of Love prepare,
 Cropt from her Younglings by the Parent Mare.
 Off', sullen Bridegrooms, who unkindly fled
 From blooming Beauty, and the genial Bed,
 Melt, as the Thread runs on, and sighing, feel
 The giddy whirling of the Magick Wheel.
 Whene'er the proud Enchantress gives Command,
 Eternal Motion stops her active Hand;
 No more Heav'n's rapid Circles journey on,
 But universal Nature stands foredone:
 The lazy God of Day forgets to rise,
 And everlasting Night pollutes the Skies.

735

740

Ver. 733. *The Knots of Love.*] These are little Excrecencies of Flesh upon the Forehead of Foals, which the Mares bite off as soon as they are foal'd; and if they are prevented, and those Knots cut off, 'tis said they will not suffer their Foals to suck, but hate 'em, and drive 'em away. This is mention'd as an Ingredient for Love-Potions in *Virgil's* 4th *Æneid*.

———— *Nascentis equi de fronte revulsus,
 Et matri præreptus amor.*

———— *And cuts the Forehead of a new-born Foal,
 Robbing the Mother's Love.* Mr. Dryden

Ver. 737. *Melt, as the Thread.*] This magical Prevalence, over hard-hearted Men in Love-Matters, was, by winding or unwinding Threads off or upon Wheels, and probably muttering some Spell over them as they wound or unwound. See *Virg.* in the 8th Eclogue.

Fove

Book VI. *P H A R S A L I A.* 41

Jove wonders, to behold her shake the Pole, 745

And, unconsenting, hears his Thunders roll.

Now, with a Word, she hides the Sun's bright Face,

And blots the wide *Ætherial Azure Space*:

Loosely, anon, she shakes her flowing Hair,

And strait the stormy low'ring Heav'ns are fair: 750

At once, she calls the golden Light again,

The Clouds fly swift away, and stops the drizly Rain.

In stillest Calms, she bids the Waves run high,

And smooths the Deep, tho' *Boreas* shakes the Sky;

When Winds are hush'd, her potent Breath prevails, 755

Wafts on the Bark, and fills the flagging Sails.

Streams have run back at Murmurs of her Tongue,

And Torrents from the Rock suspended hung.

No more the *Nile* his wonted Seasons knows,

And in a Line the strait *Maander* flows. 760

Arar has rush'd with headlong Waters down,

And driv'n unwillingly the sluggish *Rhone*.

Huge Mountains have been levell'd with the Plain,

And far from Heav'n has tall *Olympus* lain.

Riphaan Crystal has been known to melt, 765

And *Scythian* Snows a sudden Summer felt.

Ver. 759. *No more the Nile.*] This River encreases and decreases always at the same Times of the Year. See afterwards in the 10th Book. The *Maander* is famous for its crooked Turnings and Windings.

The *Arar* is naturally slow; and the *Rhone* rapid.

Ver. 765. *Riphaean Crystal.*] Ice upon the *Riphaean* Mountains in the extream Northern Parts both of *Europe* and *Asia*. No

No longer prest by *Cynthia's* moister Beam,
 Alternate *Tethys* heaves her swelling Stream;
 By Charms forbid, her Tides revolve no more,
 But shun the Margin of the guarded Shore. 770

The pond'rous Earth, by Magick Numbers strook,
 Down to her inmost Centre deep has shook;
 Then rending with a Yawn, at once made way,
 To join the upper, and the nether Day;
 While wond'ring Eyes, the dreadful Cleft between, 775
 Another starry Firmament have seen.

Each deadly Kind, by Nature form'd to kill,
 Fear the dire Hags, and execute their Will.

Lions, to them, their nobler Rage submit,
 And fawning Tigers couch beneath their Feet; 780
 For them, the Snake foregoes her wint'ry Hold,
 And on the hoary Frost untwines her Fold:

The pois'nous Race they strike with stronger Death,
 And blasted Vipers die by human Breath.

What Law the heav'nly Natures thus constrains, 785
 And binds ev'n Godheads in resistless Chains?

What wond'rous Pow'r do Charms and Herbs imply,
 And force 'em thus to follow, and to fly?

What is it can command 'em to obey?
 Do's Choice incline, or awful Terror sway? 790

Do secret Rites their Deities atone,
 Or Mystick Piety to Man unknown?

Book VI. *P H A R S A L I A.* 45

Do strong Inchantments all Immortals brave?
 Or is there one determin'd God their Slave? 794
 One, whose Command obedient Nature awes,
 Who, subject still himself to Magick Laws,
 Acts only as a Servile second Cause?
 Magick the starry Lamps from Heav'n can tear,
 And shoot 'em gleaming thro' the dusky Air;
 Can blot fair *Cynthia's* Countenance serene, 800
 And poison with foul Spells the Silver Queen:
 Now pale the ghastly Goddess shrinks with Dread,
 And now black smoaky Fires involve her Head;
 As when Earth's envious interposing Shade,
 Cuts off her beamy Brother from her Aid: 805
 Held by the charming Song, she strives in vain,
 And labours with the long pursuing Pain;
 Till down, and downward still, compell'd to come,
 On hallow'd Herbs she sheds her fatal Foam. 809

Ver. 794. *One determin'd God.*] The Poet seems to allude here to that God whom they call'd *Demogorgon*, who was the Father and Creator of all the other Gods: who, tho' himself was bound in Chains in the lowest Hell, was yet so terrible to all the others, that they could not bear the very Mention of his Name; as appears towards the End of this Book. Him *Lucan* supposes to be subject to the Power of Magick, as all the other Deities of what kind soever were to him.

Ver. 809. *Her fatal Foam.*] The Ancients fancy'd the Moon to be drawn down from Heav'n by Witchcraft, when she was eclipsed: and that at those Times she shed

But these, as Arts too gentle, and too good,
 Nor yet with Death, or Guilt enough embrew'd,
 With haughty Scorn the fierce *Ericho* view'd.
 New Mischief she, new Monsters durst explore,
 And dealt in Horrors never known before.
 From Towns, and Hospitable Roofs she flies, 815
 And ev'ry Dwelling of Mankind defies;
 Thro' unfrequented Desarts lonely roams,
 Drives out the Dead, and dwells within their Tombs.
 Spight of all Laws, which Heav'n, or Nature know,
 The Rule of Gods above, and Man below; 820
 Grateful to Hell the living Hag descends,
 And sits in black Assemblies of the Fiends.
 Dark matted Elf-locks dangling on her Brow,
 Filthy, and foul, a loathsome Burthen grow:
 Ghastly, and frightful-pale her Face is seen, 825
 Unknown to chearful Day, and Skies serene:
 But when the Stars are veil'd, when Storms arise,
 And the blue forky Flame at Midnight flies,
 Then, forth from Graves, she takes her wicked Way,
 And thwarts the glancing Light'nings as they play. 830

a sort of venomous Juice upon some particular Plants, which was of great Use in Magick.

Ver. 822. *And sits in black Assemblies,*] Which no living Creature, besides herself, could do.

Where-

Book VI. *PHARSALIA*. 45

Where-e'er she breaths, blue Poisons round her spread,
The with'ring Grass avows her fatal Tread,
And drooping *Ceres* hangs her blasted Head.

Nor holy Rites, nor suppliant Pray'r she knows,
Nor seeks the Gods with Sacrifice, or Vows: 835

Whate'er she offers is the Spoil of Urns,
And Funeral Fire upon her Altars burns;
Nor need she send a second Voice on high,
Scar'd at the first, the trembling Gods comply.

 Oft' in the Grave the Living has she laid, 840
And bid reviving Bodies leave the Dead:

Oft' at the Fun'ral Pile she seeks her Prey,
And bears the smoaking Ashes warm away;
Snatches some burning Bone, or flaming Brand,
And tears the Torch from the sad Father's Hand; 845

Seizes the Shroud's loose Fragments as they fly,
And picks the Coal where clammy Juices fry.
But when the Dead in Marble Tombs are plac'd,
Where the moist Carcase by Degrees shall waste,
There, greedily on ev'ry Part she flies, 850

Strips the dry Nails, and digs the goary Eyes.
Her Teeth from Gibbets gnaw the strangling Noose,
And from the Cro's dead Murderers unloose:

Ver. 833. *Ceres*.] The Goddess of Husbandry, Corn, &c.
Ver. 845. *From the sad Father's Hand*.] The nearest of
Kin to the Deceased always set Fire to the Funeral Pile.
These Actions of *Ericho* were reckon'd as the greatest
Impieties among the Ancients.

Her Charms the Use of Sun-dry'd Marrow find,
 And husky Entrails wither'd in the Wind; 855
 Oft' drops the rosy Gore upon her Tongue,
 With cordy Sinews oft' her Jaws are strung,
 And thus suspended oft' the filthy Hag has hung,
 Where-e'er the Battle bleeds, and Slaughter lies,
 Thither, preventing Birds and Beasts, she hies; 860
 Nor then content to seize the ready Prey,
 From their fell Jaws she tears their Food away:
 She marks the hungry Wolf's pernicious Tooth,
 And joys to rend the Morsel from his Mouth.
 Nor ever yet Remorse cou'd stop her Hand, 865
 When human Gore her cursed Rites demand.
 Whether some tender Infant, yet unborn,
 From the lamenting Mother's Side is torn;
 Whether her Purpose asks some bolder Shade,
 And by her Knife, the Ghost she wants, is made; 870
 Or whether, curious in the choice of Blood,
 She catches the first gushing of the Flood;
 All Mischief is of use, and ev'ry Murder good.
 When blooming Youths in early Manhood die,
 She stands a terrible Attendant by; 875
 The downy Growth from off their Cheeks she tears,
 Or cuts left-handed some selected Hairs.
 Oft' when in Death her gasping Kindred lay,
 Some pious Office wou'd she feign to pay;

Ver. 879. *Some pious Office,*] As receiving the last Breath of the dying Person.

Book VI. PHARSALIA. 47

And while close hov'ring o'er the Bed she hung, 880
Bit the pale Lips, and cropt the quiv'ring Tongues;
Then, in hoarse Murmurs, e're the Ghost cou'd go,
Mutter'd some Message to the Shades below.

A Fame like this around the Region spread,
To prove her Pow'r, the younger Pompey led. 885
Now half her fable Course the Night had run,
And low beneath us roll'd the beamy Sun;
When the vile Youth in Silence cross'd the Plain,
Attended by his wonted worthless Train.
Thro' Ruins waste and old, long wand'ring round, 890
Lonely upon a Rock, the Hag they found.
There, as it chanc'd, in sullen Mood she sat,
Pond'ring upon the War's approaching Fate:
At that same Hour, she ran new Numbers o'er,
And Spells, unheard by Hell it self before; 895
Fearful, leaft wav'ring Destiny might change,
And bid the War in distant Regions range,
She charm'd *Pharsalia's* Field with early Care,
To keep the Warriors and the Slaughter there.
So may her impious Arts in Triumph reign, 900
And riot in the Plenty of the Slain:
So, many a Royal Ghost she may command,
Mangle dead Hero's with a ruthless Hand,
And rob of many an Urn *Hesperia's* mourning Land.

Already

Already she enjoys the dreadful Field, 905
 And thinks what Spoils the rival Chiefs shall yield;
 With what fell Rage each Coarse she shall invade,
 And fly rapacious on the prostrate Dead.

To her a lowly Suppliant, thus begun
 The noble *Pompey's* much unworthy Son. 910

Hail! mighty Mistress of *Hæmonian* Arts,
 To whom stern Fate her dark Decrees imparts;
 At thy Approving, bids her Purpose stand,
 Or alters it at thy rever'd Command.

From thee, my humbler awful Hopes presume 915

To learn my Father's, and my Country's Doom:
 Nor think this Grace to one Unworthy done,
 When thou shalt know me for great *Pompey's* Son;
 With him, all Fortunes am I born to share,
 His Ruin's Partner, or his Empire's Heir. 920

Let not blind Chance for ever wav'ring stand,
 And awe us with her unresolving Hand:
 I own my Mind unequal to the Weight,
 Nor can I bear the Pangs of doubtful Fate:
 Let it be certain what we have to fear, 925
 And then——no matter——Let the Time draw near.

Ver. 906. *The Rival Chiefs.*] *Cæsar* and *Pompey*.

Ver. 920. *His Empire's Heir.*] I don't know whether the Word *Empire* is not a little too strong; it is intended to mean no more than that legal Power *Pompey* was possess'd of.

Oh let thy Charms this Truth from Heav'n compel,
Or force the dreadful *Stygian* Gods to tell.

Call Death, all pale and meagre, from below,
And from her self her fatal Purpose know; 930

Constrain'd by thee, the Phantom shall declare
Whom she decrees to strike, and whom to spare.

Nor ever can thy Skill divine foresee,
Thro' the blind Maze of long Futurity, 935
Events more worthy of thy Arts, and thee.

Pleas'd that her magick Fame diffusely flies, 936
Thus, with a horrid Smile, the Hag replies.

Hadst thou, oh noble Youth, my Aid implor'd,
For any less Decision of the Sword;

The Gods, unwilling, shou'd my Pow'r confess, 940
And crown thy Wishes with a full Success.

Hadst thou desir'd some single Friend to save,
Long had my Charms with-held him from the Grave;

Or wou'd thy Hate some Foe this instant doom,
He dies, tho' Heav'n decrees him Years to come. 945

But when Effects are to their Causes chain'd,
From Everlasting, mightily, ordain'd;

Ver. 938. *Oh noble Youth!*] Tho' *Lucan* gives *Sextus Pompeius* a vile Character, it is not improper, for the Mouth that speaks here, to call him *Noble*; nor for the dead Soldier, whom she raises to Life afterwards, to do the same.

Ver. 947. *From Everlasting.*] I have observ'd in the Life of *Lucan*, that he was a Disciple of *Cornutus* the Stoick

When all things labour for one certain End,
 And on one Action center and depend :
 Then far behind, we own, our Arts are cast, 950
 And Magick is by Fortune's Pow'r surpass'd.
 Howe'er, if, yet, thy Soul can be content,
 Only to know that undisclos'd Event;
 My potent Charms o'er Nature shall prevail,
 And from a thousand Mouths extort the Tale: 955
 This Truth the Fields, the Floods, the Rocks shall tell,
 The Thunder of high Heav'n, or Groans of Hell.
 Tho', still, more kindly Oracles remain,
 Among the recent Deaths of yonder Plain.
 Of these a Corse our mystick Rites shall raise, 960
 As yet unshrunk by *Titan's* parching Blaze;
 So shall no Maim the vocal Pipes confound,
 But the sad Shade shall breathe, distinct in human Sound.
 While yet she spoke, a double Darkness spread,
 Black Clouds and murky Fogs involve her Head,
 While o'er th' unbury'd Heaps her Footsteps tread. }

Stoick Philosopher, of which this, and many other Passages in this Poem, are Proofs. It is true he talks in many Places of the wanton and unaccountable Disposals of Things below by Fortune and the Gods: Yet that does not hinder us from supposing all those Disposals necessarily pre-ordain'd. Nay, I have heard it affirm'd by a Critick, who I think understands this Author very well, that wherever he names Fortune he means Fate. How far that may be made good I don't know.

Ver. 959. *The recent Deaths,*] Occasion'd by some Skirmishes of Parties from the two Armies.

Wolves

Book VI. *P H A R S A L I A.* 51

Wolves howl'd, and fled where-e'er she took her Way,
And hungry Vulturs left the mangled Prey;
The Salvage Race, abash'd, before her yield,
And while she culls her Prophet, quit the Field. 970

To various Carcasses by turns she flies,
And, griping with her gory Fingers, tries;
'Till one of perfect Organs can be found,
And fibrous Lungs uninjur'd by a Wound.
Of all the flitting Shadows of the Slain, 975
Fate doubts which Ghost shall turn to Life again.

At her strong Bidding (such is her Command)
Armies at once had left the *Stygian* Strand;
Hell's Multitudes had waited on her Charms,
And Legions of the Dead had ris'n to Arms. 980

Among the dreadful Carnage strew'd around,
One, for her Purpose fit, at length she found;
In his pale Jaws a rusty Hook she hung,
And dragg'd the wretched lifeless Load along:

Anon, beneath a craggy Cliff she stay'd, 985
And in a dreary Delve her Burthen laid;
There evermore the wicked Witch delights
To do her Deeds accurs'd, and practise hellish Rites.

Low as the Realm where *Stygian Fove* is crown'd,
Subsides the gloomy Vale within the Ground; 990

Ver. 989. *Stygian Fove.*] *Pluto.* So *Virgil* calls *Proserpine* Infernal *Juno.*

A downward Grove, that never knew to rise,
 Or shoot its leafy Honours to the Skies,
 From hanging Rocks declines its drooping Head,
 And covers in the Cave with dreadful Shade;
 Within, Dismay, and Fear, and Darknefs dwell, 995
 And Filth obscene befmears the baleful Cell.
 There, laſting Night no beamy dawning knows,
 No Light but ſuch as magick Flames diſcloſe;
 Heavy, as in *Tænarian* Caverns, there
 In dull Stagnation ſleeps the lazy Air. 1000
 There meet the Boundaries of Life and Death,
 The Borders of our World, and that beneath;
 Thither the Rulers of th' Infernal Court
 Permit their airy Vaſſals to reſort;
 Thence with like Eaſe the Sorcerers cou'd tell, 1005
 As if deſcending down, the Deeds of Hell.
 And now ſhe for the ſolemn Task prepares,
 A Mantle patch'd with various Shreds ſhe wears,
 And binds, with twining Snakes, her wilder Hairs. }
 All pale, for dread, the daſtard Youth ſhe ſpy'd, 1010
 Heartleſs his Mates ſtood quiv'ring by his Side.

Ver. 999. *Tænarian Caverns.*] *Tanarus*, *Tanarum*, or *Tenarium* (for it is written all theſe ſeveral Ways) was a Promontory of *Laconia* in *Peloponeſus*, and near it a Town of the ſame Name. The Promontory is now call'd Cape *Metapan* in the *Morea*. Here was a Cave or deep Hole very famous among the Ancients, as being ſuppos'd to be one of the Mouths of Hell, thro' which *Hercules* drag'd *Cerberus* up to the Light.

Be bold! (she cries) dismiss this abject Fear;
 Living, and Human, shall the Form appear,
 And breath no Sounds but what ev'n you may hear.

}
 }

How had your vile, your coward Souls been quell'd,
 Had you the livid *Stygian* Lakes beheld; 1016

Heard the loud Floods of rolling Sulphur roar,
 And burst in Thunder on the burning Shore?

Had you survey'd yon' Prison-house of Woe,
 And Giants bound in Adamant below? 1020

Seen the vast Dog with curling Vipers swell,
 Heard screaming Furies, at my coming, Yell,
 Double their Rage, and add new Pains to Hell?

}
 }

This said; She runs the mangled Carcass o'er,
 And wipes from ev'ry Wound the crusty Gore; 1025

Now with hot Blood the frozen Breast she warms,
 And with strong Lunar Dew's confirms her Charms.

Anon, she mingles ev'ry monstrous Birth,
 Which Nature, wayward and perverse, brings forth.

Nor Entrails of the spotted *Lynx* she lacks, 1030
 Nor bony Joints from fell *Hyæna's* Backs;

Nor Deer's hot Marrow rich with snaky Food;
 Nor Foam of raging Dogs that fly the Flood.

Ver. 1027. *Lunar Dew's.*] See above Note on Ver. 809.

Ver. 1032. *Snaky Food.*] It was an ancient Tradition,
 that Deer, when they were grown old, had a Power of
 drawing Serpents out of their Holes with their Breath;
 which they afterwards kill'd and eat, and thereby renew'd
 their Youth.

Ver. 1033. *Fly the Flood.*] This Symptom not
 only

Her Store the tardy *Remora* supplies,
 With Stones from Eagles warm, and Dragons Eyes;
 Snakes that on Pinions cut their airy way, 1036
 And nimbly o'er *Arabian* Deserts prey;
 The Viper bred in *Erythraean* Streams,
 To guard in costly Shells the growing Gems;
 The Slough by *Libya's* horned Serpent cast,
 With Ashes, by the dying *Phœnix* plac'd
 On od'rous Altars in the fragrant East. }
 To these she joins dire Drugs without a Name,
 A thousand Poisons never known to Fame;
 Herbs o'er whose Leaves the Hag her Spells had fung,
 And wet with curfed Spittle as they sprung; 1046
 With ev'ry other Mischief most abhorr'd,
 Which Hell, or worse *Erethos*, cou'd afford.

At length, in Murmurs hoarse her Voice was heard, }
 Her Voice, beyond all Plants, all Magick fear'd,
 And by the lowest *Stygian* Gods rever'd. }

only attends upon mad Dogs, but those that are bitten by 'em.

Ver. 1034. *Remora*,] A Fish that sticks to the Bottom of Ships, and hinders their Way.

Ver. 1035. *With Stones*.] What we call Eagle-Stones, said to be found in the Nests of Eagles. The Eyes of Dragons, pulveriz'd and mix'd with Hony, were said to be used for anointing the Eyes, in order to fortify 'em for beholding Spectres or Ghosts.

Ver. 1038. *The Viper*.] It was reported among the Ancients, that in the *Red* or *Erythraean* Sea, a Viper breeds in the same Shell where the Pearls grow; but I don't remember

Book VI. PHARSALIA. 59

Her gabbling Tongue a mutt'ring Tone confounds,
Discordant, and unlike to human Sounds :
It seem'd, of Dogs the Bark, of Wolves the Howl,
The doleful skreeching of the Midnight Owl ; 1055
The Hiss of Snakes, the hungry Lion's Roar,
The Bound of Billows beating on the Shore ;
The Groan of Winds amongst the leafy Wood,
And Burst of Thunder from the rending Cloud: 1059
'Twas these, all these in one. At length she breaks
Thus into Magick Verse, and thus the Gods bespeaks.

Ye Furies ! and thou black accursed Hell !
Ye Woes ! in which the Damn'd for ever dwell ;
Chaos, the World, and Form's eternal Foe !
And thou sole Arbitrer of All below, 1065
Pluto ! whom ruthless Fa'es a God ordain,
And doom to Immortality of Pain ;
Ye fair *Elysian* Mansions of the Blest,
Where no *Theffalian* Charmer hopes to rest ;
Styx ! and *Persephone*, compell'd to fly 1070
Thy fruitful Mother, and the chearful Sky !
Third *Hecate* ! by whom my Whispers breathe
My secret Purpose, to the Shades beneath ;

member to have met any modern Confirmation of this Piece of Natural History.

Ver. 1064. *Chaos*,] Or Confusion.

Ver. 1072. *Third Hecate*.] This Goddess was call'd *Luna* in Heaven, *Diana* upon Earth, and *Persephone* or

Thou greedy Dog, who at th' infernal Gate,
 In everlasting Hunger, still dost wait! 1075
 And thou old *Charon*, horrible and hoar!
 For ever lab'ring back from Shore to Shore;
 Who murm'ring dost in Weariness complain,
 That I so oft demand thy Dead again;
 Hear, all ye Pow'rs! If e'er your Hell rejoice, 1080
 In the lov'd Horrors of this impious Voice;
 If still with human Flesh I have been fed,
 If pregnant Mothers have, to please you, bled;
 If from the Womb these ruthless Hands have torn
 Infants, mature, and struggling to be born; 1085
 Hear and obey! Nor do I ask a Ghost,
 Long since receiv'd upon your *Stygian* Coast;
 But one that, new to Death, for Entrance waits,
 And loiters yet before your gloomy Gates.
 Let the pale Shade these Herbs, these Numbers hear,
 And in his well-known warlike Form appear. 1091

Proserpina in Hell. In the Pagan Theology it was very usual for their Gods to have many Names, as well as many Offices. This Piece of Superstition is exactly copy'd from 'em, by the Papists, in the several Employments which are assign'd to their Saints.

Ver. 1074. *Greedy Dog,*] *Cerberus.*

Ver. 1082. *With human Flesh I have been fed,*] To make my self more agreeable to you.

Ver. 1090. *These Herbs, these Numbers hear.*] The Original is,

Licet has exaudiat herbas.

Here

Here let him stand, before his Leader's Son,
 And say what dire Events are drawing on:
 If Blood be your Delight, let this be done.

}

Foaming she spoke: Then rear'd her hateful Head, 1095
 And hard at hand beheld th' attending Shade.

Too well the trembling Sprite the Carcass knew,
 And fear'd to enter into Life anew;

Fain from those mangled Limbs it wou'd have run,
 And, loathing, strove that House of Pain to shun. 1100

Ah! Wretch! to whom the cruel Fates deny
 That Privilege of human Kind, to die!

Wroth was the Hag at lingring Death's Delay,
 And wonder'd Hell could dare to disobey;

With curling Snakes the senseless Trunk she beats, 1105
 And Curses dire, at ev'ry Lash, repeats;

With Magick Numbers cleaves the groaning Ground,
 And, thus, barks downwards to th' Abyss profound.

Ye Fiends Hell-born, ye Sisters of Despair!

Thus? is it thus my Will becomes your Care? 1110

Still sleep those Whips within your idle Hands,

Nor drive the loit'ring Ghost this Voice demands?

But mark we well! my Charms, in Fate's despight,

Shall drag you forth, ye *Stygian* Dogs, to Light;

Ver. 1114. *Ye Stygian Dogs.*] The Furies. As if she would say, I will call you by your most detested Name.

Thro' Vaults, and Tombs, where now secure you roam,
 My Vengeance shall pursue, and chace you Home.
 And thou, oh! *Hecate*, that dar'st to rise,
 Various and alter'd to immortal Eyes,
 No more shalt veil thy Horrors in disguise;
 Still in thy Form accursed shalt thou dwell,
 Nor change the Face that Nature made for Hell.
 Each Mystery beneath I will display,
 And *Stygian* Loves shall stand confess'd to Day.
 Thee, *Proserpine*? thy fatal Feast I'll show,
 What Leagues detain thee in the Realms below,
 And why thy once fond Mother loaths thee now.
 At my Command Earth's Barrier shall remove,
 And piercing *Titan* vex infernal *Jove*;
 Full on his Throne the blazing Beams shall beat,
 And Light abhorr'd afflict the gloomy Seat.
 Yet, am I yet, ye sullen Fiends, obey'd?
 Or must I call your Master to my Aid?

1120

1130

Ver. 1124. *Thy Fatal Feast.*] The Fable of *Proserpine*'s eating the Kernel of a Pomgranate, and by virtue of that being confin'd to Hell, is a known Story in *Ovid*. *Ascensius* in his Notes upon this Place will have it to mean her immodest and incestuous Commerce with her Uncle *Pluto*. He says, the Word *Mala*, Apples, has often an obscene Sense, and to prove it quotes that Verse in *Virgil*'s *Elogues*,

Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.

Ver. 1132. *Your Master.*] *Demogorion*. See above the Note on Ver. 794.

At

At whose dread Name the trembling Furies quake,
 Hell stands abash'd, and Earth's Foundations shake?
 Who views the *Gorgons* with intrepid Eyes, 1135
 And your unviolable Flood defies?

She said; and, at the Word, the frozen Blood
 Slowly began to roll its creeping Flood;
 Thro' the known Channels stole the purple Tide,
 And Warmth, and Motion thro' the Members glide; 1140
 The Nerves are stretch'd, the turgid Muscles swell,
 And the Heart moves within its secret Cell;
 The Haggard Eyes their stupid Lights disclose,
 And heavy by degrees the Corpse arose.
 Doubtful and faint th' uncertain Life appears, 1145
 And Death, all-o'er, the livid Visage wears,

Ver. 1136. *Unviolable Flood.*] *Styx*, by which when the Gods swore, they were bound to observe what they promis'd.

Ver. 1144. *And heavy by degrees.*] In the Translation of this Passage I have taken the Liberty to vary so far from my Author's Sense as to make the *English* quite contrary to the *Latin*. *Lucan* says, the Corps did not rise leisurely, but started up at once. I must own, I could not but think the slow heavy manner of rising by Degrees, as in the Translation, much more solemn and proper for the Occasion. I have taken so few Liberties of this kind, in Comparison of what *Mons. Brebeuf* the *French* Translator has done, that I hope my Readers, if they don't approve of it, will however be the more inclinable to pardon what I have alter'd from the Original here.

Pale, stiff, and mute, the ghastly Figure stands,
 Nor knows to speak, but at her dread Commands.
 When thus the Hag. Speak what I wish to know,
 And endless Rest attends thy Shade below; 1150

Reveal the Truth, and, to reward thy Pain,
 No Charms shall drag thee back to Life again;
 Such hallow'd Wood shall feed thy Fun'ral Fire,
 Such Numbers to thy last Repose conspire,
 No Sister of our Art thy Ghost shall wrong, 1155
 Or force thee listen to her potent Song.

Since the dark Gods in mystick Tripods dwell,
 Since doubtful Truths ambiguous Prophets tell;
 While each Event aright and plain is read,
 To ev'ry bold Inquirer of the Dead: 1160

Do thou unfold what End these Wars shall wait,
 Persons, and Things, and Time, and Place relate,
 And be the just Interpreter of Fate. }

She spoke, and, as she spoke, a Spell she made,
 That gave new Prescience to th' unknowing Shade. 1165

When thus the Spectre, weeping all for Woe;
 Seek not from me the *Parca's* Will to know.
 I saw not what their dreadful Looms ordain,
 Too soon recall'd to hated Life again;

Ver. 1157. *Since the dark Gods.*] Since Oracles and Prophets are silent or unintelligible, do thou for the Honour of Necromancy (the Art of enquiring by the Dead) speak plainly and truly.

Ver. 1168. *Dreadful Looms.*] In which the *Parca* (or *Destinies*) spun, or rather wove, the Fates of Mankind.

Recall'd

Book VI. *P H A R S A L I A.* 61

Recall'd, e'er yet my waiting Ghost had pass'd 1170
The silent Stream, that wafts us all to Rest.
All I cou'd learn, was from the loose Report
Of wand'ring Shades, that to the Banks resort.
Uproar, and Discord, never known 'till now,
Distract the peaceful Realms of Death below; 1175
From blisful Plains of sweet *Elysium* some,
Others from doleful Dens, and Torments, come;
While in the face of ev'ry various Shade,
The Woes of *Rome* too plainly might be read.
In Tears lamenting, Ghosts of Patriots stood, 1180
And mourn'd their Country in a falling Flood;
Sad were the *Decii*, and the *Curii* seen,
And heavy was the great *Camillus*' Mien:
On Fortune loud indignant *Sylla* rail'd,
And *Scipio* his unhappy Race bewail'd; 1185
The Censor sad foresaw his *Cato*'s Doom,
Resolv'd to die for Liberty, and *Rome*.
Of all the Shades that haunt the happy Field,
Thee only, *Brutus*! smiling I beheld;

Ver. 1180. *Lamenting Ghosts of Patriots.*] For the *Decii*, *Curii*, and *Camilli*, see the Notes on Book 1st and 2d. Their Sadness upon this Occasion foretold *Cesar*'s Success; whom they look'd upon as an Enemy to and Subverter of the Commonwealth they had so gloriously defended. The *Scipio* mention'd here is probably *Scipio Africanus*, who foresees the Death of *Corn. Scipio*, *Pompey*'s Father-in-Law, as *Cato* the Censor is concern'd for his Great Grandson *Cato* of *Utica*.

Ver. 1189. *Thee only, Brutus!*] *L. Junius Brutus*, who drove

Thee, thou first Consul, haughty *Tarquin's* Dread,
 From whose just Wrath the conscious Tyrant fled,
 When Freedom first uprear'd her infant Head.

}

Meanwhile the Damn'd exult amidst their Pains,
 And *Catiline* audacious breaks his Chains.

There the *Cethegan* naked Race I view'd,

1195

The *Marii* fierce, with human Gore embrew'd,

The *Gracchi*, fond of Mischief-making Laws,

And *Drusi*, popular in Faction's Cause,

}

All clap'd their Hands in horrible Applause.

The Crash of brazen Fetters rung around,

1200

And Hell's wide Caverns trembled with the Sound.

No more the Bounds of Fate their Guilt constrain,

But proudly they demand th' *Elysian* Plain.

drove out the *Tarquins*. The Poet represents him as pleas'd with the Hopes that one of his Family was to revenge the Cause of *Rome* by the Death of *Cesar*.

Thee only.] That is, thee only amongst the Just and Virtuous, and those who were Lovers of their Country.

Ver. 1194. *Catiline audacious.*] *Catiline* and *Cethegus* were concern'd in a famous Conspiracy for the Destruction of *Rome*: For these and the *Marii* see *Book 2*. The *Drusi* and the *Gracchi* were Tribunes of the People, who had been great Sticklers for the *Agrarian* and *Frumentarian* Laws, by which they would have reduced every Man's Estate and the Provisions for his Family to an Equality. They were somewhat like the Levellers in *Oliver Cromwell's* Time, and were the Authors of very dangerous Seditions and Confusion in the State. See *Book 1*. Ver. 485.

Thus

Book VI. PHARSALIA. 63

Thus they, while dreadful *Dis*, with busie Cares,
New Torments for the Conquerors prepares; 1205
New Chains of Adamant he forms below,
And opens all his deep Reserves of Woe:
Sharp are the Pains for Tyrants kept in Store,
And Flames yet ten times hotter than before.
But thou, oh noble Youth! in Peace depart, 1210
And sooth, with better Hopes, thy doubtful Heart:
Sweet is the Rest, and blissful is the Place,
That wait thy Sire, and his illustrious Race.
Nor fondly seek to lengthen out thy Date,
Nor envy the surviving Victor's Fate; 1215
The Hour draws near when all alike must yield,
And Death shall mix the Fame of ev'ry Field.
Haste then, with Glory, to your destin'd End,
And proudly from your humbler Urns descend;
Bold in superior Virtue shall you come, 1220
And trample on the Demigods of Rome.
Ah! what shall it import the mighty Dead,
Or by the *Nile*, or *Tyber* to be laid?
'Tis only for a Grave your Wars are made.

Ver. 1204. *Dis*.] *Pluto*.

Ver. 1205. *For the Conquerors*.] For *Cesar* and those of his Party.

Ver. 1219. *From your humbler Urns*.] You of *Pompey's* Race shall not be bury'd with Magnificence, and afterwards Deify'd, as *Cesar* and his Descendants may be; but in the next Life you will be infinitely superior to 'em, more glorious, and more happy.

Ver. 1223. *The Nile or Tyber*.] *Pompey* was kill'd in *Ægypt*, and *Cesar* in *Rome*.

Seek

Seek not to know what for thy self remains, 1225

That shall be told in fair *Sicilia's* Plains ;

Prophetick there, thy Father's Shade shall rise,

In awful Vision to thy wond'ring Eyes :

He shall thy Fate reveal; tho' doubting yet,

Where he may best advise thee to retreat. 1230

In vain to various Climates shall you run,

In vain pursuing Fortune strive to shun,

In *Europe, Africk, Asia*, still undone. }
}

Wide as your Triumphs shall your Ruins lie,

And all in distant Regions shall you die. 1235

Ah wretched Race! to whom the World can yield

No safer Refuge, than *Emathia's* Field.

He said, and with a silent, mournful Look,

A last Dismission from the Hag bespoke.

Nor can the Sprite, discharg'd by Death's cold Hand, 1240

Again be subject to the same Command;

But Charms and Magick Herbs must lend their Aid,

And render back to Rest the troubled Shade.

A Pile of hollow'd Wood *Erietho* builds,

The Soul with Joy its mangled Carcass yields; 1245

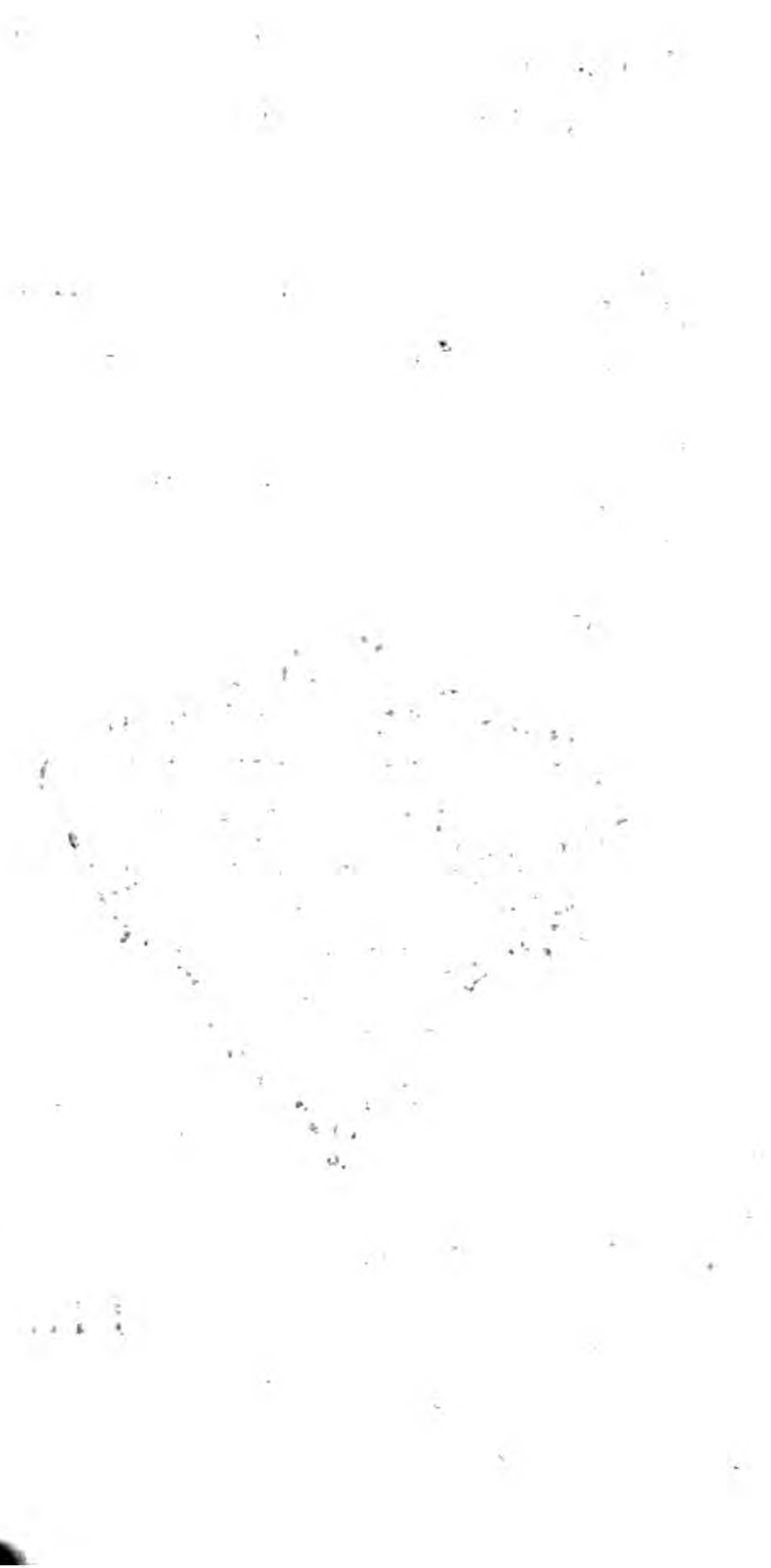
Ver. 1226. *That shall be told.*] This Passage is a plain Proof that *Lucan* intended to carry on his Poem much farther than the Period at which he left it; since he alludes here to an Appearance of *Pompey's* Ghost to his Son, which was undoubtedly to be introduced in the subsequent Part of his Story.

She

She bids the kindling Flames ascend on high,
 And leaves the weary Wretch at length to die.
 Then, while the secret Dark their Footsteps hides,
 Homeward the Youth, all pale for fear, she guides;
 And, for the Light began to streak the East, 1250
 With potent Spells the Dawning she repress'd;
 Commanded Night's obedient Queen to stay,
 And, 'till they reach'd the Camp, with-held the rising Day.



THE



THE
SEVENTH BOOK
OF
LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

The ARGUMENT.

In the Seventh Book is told, first, Pompey's Dream the Night before the Battle of Pharsalia; after that, the impatient Desire of his Army to engage, which is reinforc'd by Tully. Pompey, tho' against his own Opinion and Inclination, agrees to a Battle. Then follows the Speech of each General to his Army, and the Battle it self: The Flight of Pompey; Cæsar's Behaviour after his Victory; and an Invective against him, and the very Country of Thessaly, for being the Scene (according to this and other Authors) of so many Misfortunes to the People of Rome.

It seem'd, as if, in all his former State,

In his own Theater secure he sat :

10

About his Side unnumber'd *Romans* croud,

And, joyful, shout his much-lov'd Name aloud ;

The echoing Benches seem to ring around,

And his charm'd Ears devour the pleasing Sound.

Such both himself, and such the People seem,

15

In the false Prospect of the feigning Dream ;

As when in early Manhood's beardless Bloom,

He stood the darling Hope and Joy of *Rome*.

When fierce *Sertorius* by his Arms suppress,

And *Spain* subdu'd, the Conqueror confess ;

20

When rais'd with Honours never known before,

The Consuls Purple, yet a Youth, he wore :

When the pleas'd Senate sat with new Delight,

To view the Triumph of a *Roman* Knight.

Perhaps, when our good Days no longer last,

25

The Mind runs backward, and enjoys the past :

Perhaps, the riddling Visions of the Night

With Contrarities delude our Sight ;

plause ; and that he himself adorn'd the Temple of *Venus* the *Victorious* with many Spoils. This Vision partly encouraged and partly dishearten'd him, fearing lest that adorning a Place consecrated to *Venus* should be perform'd with Spoils taken from himself by *Cesar*, who deriv'd his Family from that Goddess.

Ver. 22. *Yet a Youth.*] See the NOTES upon *Cesar's* Speech to his Soldiers in the First Book.

And

Book VII. *P H A R S A L I A.* 71

And when fair Scenes of Pleasure they disclose,
Pain they foretell, and sure ensuing Woes. 30

Or was it not, that, since the Fates ordain
Pompey shou'd never see his *Rome* again,
One last good Office yet they meant to do,
And gave him in a Dream this parting View?

Oh may no Trumpet bid the Leader wake! 35
Long, let him long the blissful Slumber take!
Too soon the Morrow's sleepless Night will come,
Full fraught with Slaughter, Misery, and *Rome*;
With Horror, and Dismay, those Shades shall rise,
And the lost Battle live before his Eyes. 40

How blest his Fellow-Citizens had been,
Tho' but in Dreams, their *Pompey* to have seen?
Oh! that the Gods, in pity, would allow,
Such long try'd Friends their Destiny to know ;
So each, to each, might their sad Thoughts convey. 45
And make the most of their last mournful Day.

But now, unconscious of the Ruin nigh,
Within his native Land he thinks to die:
While her fond Hopes with Confidence presume, 50
Nothing so terrible from Fate can come,
As to be robb'd of her lov'd *Pompey's* Tomb. 55

Ver. 48. *He thinks to die.*] *Pompey.*

Ver. 49. *Her fond Hopes,*] *Pompey's* Country, *Rome.*

Had the sad City Fate's Decree foreknown,
 What Floods, fast falling, shou'd her Loss bemoan;
 Then shou'd the lusty Youth, and Fathers hoar,
 With mingling Tears, their Chief renown'd deplore; 55
 Maids, Matrons, Wives, and Babes, a helpless Train,
 As once for god-like *Brutus*, shou'd complain;
 Their Tresses shou'd they tear, their Bosomes beat,
 And cry loud-wailing in the doleful Street.

Nor shalt thou, *Rome*, thy gushing Sorrows keep, 60
 Tho' aw'd by *Cesar*, and forbid to weep;
 Tho', while he tells thee of thy *Pompey* dead,
 He shakes his threat'ning Fauchion o'er thy Head.
 Lamenting Crouds the Conqueror shall meet,
 And with a peal of Groans his Triumph greet; 65
 In sad Procession fighting shall they go,
 And stain his Laurels with the Streams of Woe.

But now, the fainting Stars at length gave way,
 And hid their vanquish'd Fires in beamy Day;
 When round the Leader's Tent the Legions croud, 70
 And, urg'd by Fate, demand the Fight aloud.
 Wretches! that long their little Life to waste,
 And hurry on those Hours that fly too fast!

Ver. 57. *As once for Brutus.*] The People of *Rome* made a solemn Mourning of a Year for *L. Jun. Brutus*, who expell'd the *Tarquins*, as for a publick and common Father.

Ver. 70. *The Leader's Tent.*] *Pompey's*.

Book VII. *P H A R S A L I A.* 73

Too soon, for thousands, shall the Day be done,
Whose Eyes no more shall see the setting Sun.

Tumultuous Speech, th' impulsive Rage confess, 75
And *Rome's* bad Genius rose in ev'ry Breast.

With vile Disgrace they blot their Leader's Name,
Pronounce ev'n *Pompey* fearful, slow, and tame,
And cry, He sinks beneath his Father's Fame. }

Some charge him with Ambition's guilty Views, 81
And think 'tis Pow'r, and Empire, he pursues;
That, fearing Peace, he practises Delay,

And wou'd, for ever, make the World obey.

While Eastern Kings of ling'ring Wars complain, 85
And wish to view their native Realms again.

Thus when the Gods are pleas'd to plague Mankind,

Our own rash Hands are to the Task assign'd;

By them ordain'd the Tools of Fate to be,

We blindly act the Mischiefs they decree; 90

We call the Battle, we the Sword prepare,

And *Rome's* Destruction is the *Roman* Pray'r.

The gen'ral Voice, united, *Tully* takes,

And for the rest the sweet Persuader speaks;

Tully, for happy Eloquence renown'd, 195

With ev'ry *Roman* Grace of Language crown'd;

Beneath whose Rule and Government rever'd,

Fierce *Catiline* the peaceful Axes fear'd:

Ver. 80. *His Father.*] *Caesar.*

Ver. 98. *Fierce Catiline.*] *M. Tullius Cicero,* the famous

VOL. II.

D

Orator,

But now, detain'd amidst an armed Throng,
 Where lost his Arts, and useles was his Tongue,
 The Orator had born the Camp too long.
 He to the vulgar Side his Pleading draws,
 And thus enforces much their feeble Cause.

}

For all, that Fortune for thy Arms has done,
 For all thy Fame acquir'd, thy Battles won; 105
 This only Boon her suppliant Vows implore,
 That thou wou'dst deign to use her Aid once more:
 In this, O *Pompey*! Kings and Chiefs unite,
 And, to chastise proud *Cesar*, ask the Fight.
 Shall he, one Man against the World combin'd, 110
 Protract Destruction, and embroil Mankind?
 What will the vanquish'd Nations murm'ring say,
 Where once thy Conquests cut their winged Way;
 When they behold thy Virtue lazy now,
 And see thee move thus languishing and slow? 115
 Where are those Fires that warm'd thee to be Great?
 That stable Soul, and Confidence in Fate?
 Canst thou the Gods ungratefully mistrust?
 Or think the Senate's sacred Cause unjust?
 Scarce are th' impatient Ensigns yet with-held: 120
 Why art thou, thus, to Victory compell'd?

Orator, was Consul at the Time of *Catiline's* Conspiracy;
 and it was by his Prudence principally that it was sup-
 press'd.

Dost

Book VII. *P H A R S A L I A.* 75

Dost thou *Rome's* Chief, and in her Cause, appear?
'Tis hers to chuse the Field, and she appoints it here.

Why is this Ardor of the World withstood,
'The injur'd World, that thirsts for *Cesar's* Blood? 115

See! where the Troops with Indignation stand,
Each Javelin trembling in an eager Hand,
And wait, unwillingly, the last Command. 120

Resolve the Senate then, and let 'em know,
Are they thy Servants, or their Servant thou? 130

Sore sigh'd the list'ning Chief, who well cou'd read
Some dire Delusion by the Gods decreed;

He saw the Fates malignantly inclin'd,
To thwart his Purpose, and perplex his Mind. 134

Since thus (he cry'd) it is by all decreed,
Since my impatient Friends and Country need
My Hand to fight, and not my Head to lead;

Pompey no longer shall your Fate delay,
But let pernicious Fortune take her Way,
And waste the World on one devoted Day. 140

But oh! be witness thou my native *Rome*,
With what a sad fore-boding Heart I come;
To thy hard Fate unwillingly I yield,

While thy rash Sons compel me to the Field.
How easily had *Cesar* been subdu'd, 145
And the blest Victory been free from Blood!

But the fond *Romans* cheap Renown disdain,
 They wish for Deaths to purple o'er the Plain,
 And reeking Gore their guilty Swords to stain.
 Driv'n by my Fleets, behold, the flying Foe, 150
 At once the Empire of the Deep forego;
 Here by Necessity they seem to stand;
 Coop'd up within a Corner of the Land.
 By Famine to the last Extrems compell'd,
 They snatch green Harvests from th' unripen'd Field; 155
 And wish we may this only Grace afford,
 To let 'em die like Soldiers, by the Sword.
 'Tis true, it seems an Earnest of Success,
 That thus our bolder Youth for Action prefs:
 But let 'em try their inmost Hearts with Care, 160
 And judge betwixt true Valour, and rash Fear;
 Let 'em be sure this Eagerness is right,
 And certain Fortitude demands the Fight.
 In War, in Dangers oft' it has been known,
 That Fear has driv'n the headlong Coward on. 165
 Give me the Man, whose cooler Soul can wait,
 With Patience, for the proper Hour of Fate.
 See what a prosp'rous Face our Fortunes bear!
 Why shou'd we trust 'em to the Chance of War?
 Why must we risque the World's uncertain Doom, 170
 And rather chuse to fight, than overcome?

Thou

Book VII. *P H A R S A L I A.* 77

Thou Goddess Chance! who to my careful Hand,
 Hast giv'n this wearisome supreme Command;
 If I have, to the Task of Empire just,
 Enlarg'd the Bounds committed to my Trust; 175
 Be kind, and to thy self the Rule resume,
 And, in the Fight, defend the Cause of *Rome*:
 To thy own Crowns, the Wreath of Conquest join;
 Nor let the Glory, nor the Crime be mine.
 But see! thy Hopes, unhappy *Pompey*! fail: 180
 We fight; and *Cesar's* stronger Vows prevail.
 Oh what a Scene of Guilt this Day shall show!
 What Crouds shall fall, what Nations be laid low!
 Red shall *Enipeus* run with *Roman* Blood,
 And to the Margin swell his foamy Flood. 185
 Oh! if our Cause my Aid no longer need,
 Oh! may my Bosome be the first to bleed:
 Me let the thrilling Jav'lin foremost strike,
 Since Death and Victory are now alike.
 To Day, with Ruin shall my Name be join'd, 190
 Or stand the common Curse of all Mankind;
 By ev'ry Woe the Vanquish'd shall be known,
 And ev'ry Infamy the Victor crown.

Ver. 190. *To Day.*] If I conquer, it must be by the Slaughter of my Fellow-Citizens, and consequently I become the Object of their Hate: If I am conquer'd, I must be ruin'd my self.

He spokè ; and, yielding to th' impetuous Croud,
 The Battle to his frantick Bands allow'd. 195
 So, when long vex'd by stormy *Corus*' Blast,
 The weary Pilot quits the Helm at last ;
 He leaves his Vessel to the Winds to guide,
 And drive unsteady with the tumbling Tide.

Loud thro' the Camp the rising Murmurs found, 200
 And one tumultuous Hurry runs around ;
 Sudden their busie Hearts began to beat,
 And each pale Visage wore the Marks of Fate.
 Anxious, they see the dreadful Day is come,
 That must decide the Destiny of *Rome*. 205

This single vast Concern employs the Host,
 And private Fears are in the publick lost.
 Shou'd Earth be rent, shou'd Darknes quench the Sun,
 Shou'd swelling Seas above the Mountains run,
 Shou'd universal Nature's End draw near, 210
 Who cou'd have leisure for himself to fear ?
 With such Consent his Safety each forgot,
 And *Rome*, and *Pompey*, took up ev'ry Thought.

Ver. 196. *Corus*.] Is, according to *Cellarius* his Scheme of Winds, N. W. and by W. but here it is taken for any Wind.

Ver. 202. *Sudden their busie*.] It is by no means an improper Thought, that tho' the Soldiers were very eager for the Battle, they might yet be in some Consternation when they perceiv'd it was resolv'd upon in earnest, especially when so much was to depend upon it.

And

And now the Warriors all, with busie Care,
 Whet the dull Sword, and point the blunted Spear; 215
 With tougher Nerves they string the bended Bow,
 And in full Quivers steely Shafts bestow;
 The Horseman fees his Furniture made fit,
 Sharpens the Spur, and burnishes the Bit;
 Fixes the Rein to check, or urge his Speed, 220
 And animates to Fight the snorting Steed.
 Such once the busie Gods Employments were,
 If mortal Men to Gods we may compare, }
 When Earths bold Sons began their itnpious War. }
 The Lemnian Pow'r, with many a Stroke, restor'd 225
 Blue Neptune's Trident, and stern Mars's Sword;
 In terrible Array the blue-ey'd Maid,
 The Horrors of her Gorgon Shield display'd;
 Phœbus his once victorious Shafts renew'd,
 Difus'd, and rusty with the Python's Blood; 230
 While, with unweary'd Toil, the Cyclops strove
 To forge new Thunders for Imperial Fove.

Nor wanted then dire Omens, to declare
 What curst Events *Theffalia's* Plains prepare.

Ver. 225. *The Lemnian Pow'r.*] *Vulcan*, who kept his Shop and Forge at *Lemnos*.

Ver. 233. *Nor wanted then dire Omens.*] Most of these Portents are related by *Valerius Maximus* to have happen'd to *Pompey* in his March from *Dyrrhachium* into *Theffaly*; and according to him they were so many Warnings to avoid a Battle with *Cæsar*.

Black Storms oppos'd against the Warriors lay, 235
 And Light'nings thwarted their forbidden Way;
 Full in their Eyes the dazling Flashes broke,
 And, with Amaze their troubled Senses stroke:
 Tall fiery Columns in the Skies were seen,
 With wat'ry *Typhons* interwove between. 240
 Glancing along the Bands swift Meteors shoot,
 And from the Helm the plummy Honours cut;
 Sudden the Flame dissolves the Jav'lin's Head,
 And liquid runs the shining steely Blade.
 Strange to behold! their Weapons disappear, 245
 While sulph'rous Odour taints the smoking Air.
 The Standard, as unwilling to be born,
 With Pain from the tenacious Earth is torn:
 Anon, black Swarms hang clust'ring on its height,
 And press the Bearer, with unwonted Weight. 250

Ver. 240. *Typhons*] were what our Seamen call Water-Spouts. Accounts of 'em are frequently to be met with in Voyages, especially in the *West-Indian* Seas. They appear like vast Pillars of Water moving upon the Surface of the Sea, and when they break are very dangerous to any Ships that are near. I never heard of any in an Inland Country, tho' they may possibly be drawn up upon Lakes or large Rivers by Hurricanes.

The Standards sticking too fast in the Ground, or having Bees swarm upon 'em, were Omens always reckon'd of the worst kind; of which *Livy* gives several Instances, particularly before the Battle of *Thrasymene* in the second *Punic* War.

Big Drops of Grief each sweating Marble wears,
 And *Parian* Gods, and Heroes stand in Tears.
 No more th' auspicious Victim tamely dies,
 But furious from the hallow'd Fane he flies;
 Breaks off the Rites with Prodigies profane, 255
 And bell'wing seeks *Emathia's* fatal Plain.

But who, O *Caesar!* who were then thy Gods?
 Whom didst thou summon from their dark Abodes?
 The Furies listen'd to thy grateful Vows,
 And dreadful to the Day the Pow'rs of Hell arose. 260

Did then the Monsters, Fame records, appear?
 Or were they only Fantoms form'd by Fear?
 Some saw the moving Mountains meet like Foes, ¶
 And rending Earth new-gaping Caves disclose.

Others beheld a sanguine Torrent take 265
 Its purple Course, thro' fair *Bœbeis'* Lake;
 Heard each returning Night, portentous, yield
 Loud Shouts of Battle on *Pharsalia's* Field.
 While others thought they saw the Light decay;
 And sudden Shades oppress the fainting Day; 270

Ver. 252. *Parian Gods,*] From the Island of *Paros* came the whitest and finest Marble, of which the Statues of Gods or great Men were usually made. This Island was one of the *Cyclades* in the *Ægean* Sea, and is now call'd *Paros*.

Ver. 253. *Tamely dies.*] This Repugnance in the Victim to submit to the Sacrifice was reckon'd very unlucky.

Ver. 266. *Bœbeis' Lake,*] Not far from *Pharsalia*, in that Part of *Thessaly* call'd *Magnetia*.

Fancy'd wild Horrors in each other's Face,
 And saw the Ghosts of all their bury'd Race;
 Beheld 'em rise and glare with pale Affright,
 And stalk around 'em, in the new-made Night. 274
 Whate'er the Cause, the Croud, by Fate decreed,
 To make their Brothers, Sons, and Fathers bleed,
 Consenting, to the Prodigies agreed;
 And while they thirst impatient for that Blood,
 Bless these nefarious Omens all as good.

But wherefore shou'd we wonder, to behold 280
 That Death's Approach by Madness was foretold?
 Wild are the wand'ring Thoughts which last survive;
 And these had not another Day to live.
 These shook for what they saw; while distant Climes,
 Unknowing, trembled* for *Emathia's* Crimes. 285
 Where *Tyrian Gades* sees the setting Sun,
 And where *Araxes'* rapid Waters run,
 From the bright Orient to the glowing West,
 In ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Roman Breast
 The Terrors of that dreadful Day confess.
 Where *Aponus* first springs in smoaky Steam, 290
 And full *Timavus* rolls his nobler Stream;

Ver. 275. *Whate'er the Cause.*] These Prodigies (the Poet says) were agreeable to that horrible Disposition of Mind which at that time had possess'd both Parties, and prepar'd 'em for embrewing their Hands in the Blood of their nearest Relations and Fellow-Citizens.

Ver. 291. *Where Aponus.*] *Aponus* is a Fountain famous for

Upon a Hill that Day, if Fame be true,

A learned Augur sat the Skies to view:

'Tis come, the great Event is come (he cry'd) 295

Our impious Chiefs their wicked War decide.

Whether the Seer observ'd *Jove's* forky Flame,

And mark'd the Firmament's discordant Frame;

Or whether, in that Gloom of sudden Night,

The struggling Sun declar'd the dreadful Fight: 300

From the first Birth of Morning in the Skies,

Sure never Day like this was known to rise;

In the blue Vault, as in a Volume spread,

Plain might the *Latian* Destiny be read.

Oh *Rome!* oh People, by the Gods assign'd 305

To be the worthy Masters of Mankind!

On thee, the Heav'ns with all their Signals wait.

And suffering Nature labours with thy Fate.

for Medicinal Waters near *Padua* in *Italy*. *Suetonius* mentions it, *Cap. 14.* of the *Life of Tiberius*, upon a remarkable Occasion.

Timavus is a River in the same Country, once a large and very famous one. It is now call'd *Friuli*, but is almost dry'd up and shrunk to nothing.

Vet. 294. A Learned Augur.] Upon the Day when the famous Battle of *Pharsalia* was fought, *C. Cornelius*, an Augur, was then at *Padua*, and observing his Rules of Augury, told them that stood by him the very Instant when the Battle began; and going again to his Art, return'd as it were inspir'd, and cry'd out aloud, *Caesar, thou hast conquer'd.*

When:

When thy great Names to latest Times convey'd,
 By Fame, or by my Verse Immortal made, 310
 In free-born Nations justly shall prevail,
 And rouse their Passions with this noblest Tale;
 How shall they fear for thy approaching Doom,
 As if each past Event were yet to come!
 How shall their Bosomes swell with vast Concern, 315
 And long the doubtful Chance of War to learn!
 Ev'n then the fav'ring World with thee shall join,
 And ev'ry honest Heart to *Pompey's* Cause incline.

Descending, now, the Bands in just Array,
 From burnish'd Arms reflect the beamy Day; 320
 In an ill Hour they spread the fatal Field,
 And with portentous Blaze the neighb'ring Mountains gild.
 On the Left Wing, bold *Lentulus*, their Head,
 The First and Fourth selected Legions led;
 Luckless *Domitius*, vainly brave in War, 325
 Drew forth the Right with unauspicious Care.
 In the mid Battle daring *Scipio* fought,
 With Eight full Legions from *Cilicia* brought.

Ver. 324. *Selected Legions.*] Some say the First and the Third. However, they were two of the best Legions. Concerning this Disposition of the Army there is some Dispute, which is not of very great Consequence to us. The several Commanders here mention'd have been all mention'd before.

Submissive

Submissive here to *Pompey's* high Command,
 The Warrior undistinguish'd took his Stand,
 Reserv'd to be the Chief on *Libya's* burning Sand.
 Near the low Marshes and *Enipeus's* Flood,
 The *Pontick* Horse, and *Cappadocian* stood. 332
 While Kings and Tetrarchs proud, a purple Train,
 Liegemen and Vassals to the *Latian* Reign,
 Possess'd the rising Grounds and drier Plain. }
 Here Troops of black *Numidians* scour the Field,
 And bold *Iberians* narrow Bucklers wield;
 Here twang the *Syrian*, and the *Cretan* Bow,
 And the fierce *Gauls* provoke their well-known Foe. 340.
 Go, *Pompey*, lead to Death th' unnumber'd Host,
 Let the whole human Race at once be lost;

Ver. 340. *Well-known Foe.*] The Commentators suppose, that the *Gauls* here mention'd to be in *Pompey's* Army were certain *Allobroges* [*Savoyards*] who deserted from *Caesar's* Army with *Ægus* and *Roscillus* at the last Engagement near *Dyrhachium*, mention'd in the Sixth Book just after the Story of *Scæva*.

Ver. 341. *Go, Pompey!*] *Lucan* in this, as in many other Places, mentions the Army of *Pompey* as very numerous, a vast Multitude: Whereas the Historians hardly give him 50000 Men, and not above 30000 to *Caesar*: And perhaps the Poet's Imagination was swell'd with the Thought of that great Number of Nations, either subject to the *Romans*, or confederated with them, of which *Pompey's* Army was compos'd. *Plutarch*, in *Pompey's* Life, says, *Caesar's* Army consisted of 22000 Men, and *Pompey's* of twice that Number. He is likewise very particular in the Order of the Battle.

Let

Let Nations, upon Nations, heap the Plain,
And Tyranny want Subjects for its Reign.

Cæsar, as Chance ordain'd, that Morn decreed 345
The spoiling Bands of Forragers to lead;
When with a sudden, but a glad Surprize,
The Foe descending strook his wond'ring Eyes.
Eager, and burning for unbounded Sway,
Long had he born the tedious War's Delay; 350
Long had he struggled with protracting Time,
That sav'd his Country, and deferr'd his Crime:
At length he sees the wish'd-for Day is come,
To end the Strife for Liberty, and Rome;
Fate's dark mysterious Threat'nings to explain, 355
And ease th' Impatience of Ambition's Pain.
But when he saw the vast Event so nigh,
Unusual Horror damp'd his impious Joy;
For one cold Moment sunk his Heart suppress'd,
And Doubt hung heavy on his anxious Breast. 360
Tho' his past Fortunes promise now Success,
Yet *Pompey*, from his own, expects no less.
His changing Thoughts revolve with various Cheer,
While these forbid to Hope, and those to Fear.
At length his wonted Confidence returns, 365
With his first Fires his daring Bosome burns;
As if secure of Victory, he stands,
And fearless thus bespeaks the list'ning Bands.

Book VII. PHARSALIA. 87

Ye Warriors! who have made your *Cæsar* great,
On whom the World, on whom my Fortunes wait, 370
To Day, the Gods, whate'er you wish, afford,
And Fate attends on the deciding Sword.
By your firm Aid alone your Leader stands,
And trusts his All to your long-faithful Hands.
This Day shall make our promis'd Glories good, 375
The Hopes of *Rubicon's* distinguish'd Flood.
For this blest Morn we trusted long to Fate,
Deferr'd our Fame, and bad the Triumph wait.
This Day, my gallant Friends, this happy Day,
Shall the long Labours of your Arms repay; 380
Shall give you back to ev'ry Joy of Life,
To the lov'd Off-spring, and the tender Wife;
Shall find my Vet'ran out a safe Retreat,
And lodge his Age within a peaceful Seat.
The long Dispute of Guilt shall now be clear'd, 385
And Conquest shall the juster Cause reward.
Have you, for me, with Sword and Fire laid waste
Your Country's bleeding Bosome, as you past?
Let the same Swords as boldly strike to Day,
And the last Wounds shall wipe the first away. 390
Whatever Faction's partial Notions are,
No Hand is wholly innocent in War.
Yours is the Cause to which my Vows are join'd,
I seek to make you free, and Masters of Mankind.

I have no Hopes, no Wishes of my own, 395
 But well cou'd hide me in a private Gown:
 At my Expence of Fame exalt your Pow'rs,
 Let me be nothing, so the World be yours.
 Nor think the Task too bloody shall be found,
 With easie Glory shall our Arms be crown'd: 400
 Yon Host come learn'd in Academick Rules,
 A Band of Disputants from *Grecian* Schools.
 To these, luxurious Eastern Crouds are join'd,
 Of many a Tongue, and many a diff'ring Kind:
 Their own first Shouts shall fill each Soul with Fears,
 And their own Trumpets shock their tender Ears. 405
 Unjustly this, a Civil War, we call,
 Where none but Foes of *Rome*, Barbarians, fall.
 On then my Friends! and end it at a Blow;
 Lay these soft lazy worthless Nations low. 410
 Shew *Pompey*, that subdu'd 'em, with what Ease
 Your Valour gains such Victories as these:

Ver. 401. *Yon Host come learn'd.*] Meaning those Supplies that *Pompey* had drawn out of *Greece*.

Ver. 408. *Foes of Rome, Barbarians.*] The Nations which *Pompey* had vanquish'd in *Asia*, whom he now drew to his Assistance. Nor is it ill reason'd to imagine, that these People shou'd have very little Concern for the Preservation of the *Roman* State, but rather be glad to contribute to its Ruin: But more particularly it is improbable they should engage, heartily, on that very Man's Side who had conquer'd and enslav'd 'em.

Book VII. *PHARSALIA.* 89

Shew him, if Justice still the Palm conferrs,
One Triumph was too much for all his Wars.
From distant *Tigris* shall *Armenians* come, 415
To judge between the Citizens of *Rome*?
Will fierce Barbarian Aliens waste their Blood,
To make the Cause of *Latian Pompey* good?
Believe me, No. To them we're all the same,
They hate alike the whole *Ausonian* Name; 420
But most those haughty Masters whom they know,
Who taught their servile vanquish'd Necks to bow.
Meanwhile, as, round, my joyful Eyes are roll'd,
None but my try'd Companions I behold;
For Years in *Gaul* we made our hard Abode, 425
And many a March in Partnership have trod.
Is there a Soldier to your Chief unknown?
A Sword, to whom I trust not, like my own?
Cou'd I not mark each Jav'lin in the Sky,
And say from whom the fatal Weapons fly? 430
Ev'n now I view auspicious Furies rise,
And Rage redoubled flashes in your Eyes.
With Joy those Omens of Success I read,
And see the certain Victory decreed;
I see the purple Deluge float the Plain, 435
Huge Piles of Carnage, Nations of the Slain;
Dead Chiefs, with mangled Monarchs, I survey,
And the pale Senate crowns the glorious Day.

But,



But, oh! forgive my tedious lavish Tongue,
 Your eager Virtue I with-hold too long; 440
 My Soul exults with Hopes too fierce to bear,
 I feel good Fortune and the Gods draw near.
 All we can ask, with full Consent they yield,
 And nothing bars us but this narrow Field.
 The Battle o'er, what Boon can I deny? 445
 The Treasures of the World before you lie.
 Oh *Thessaly!* what Stars, what Pow'rs Divine,
 To thy distinguish'd Land this great Event assign?
 Between Extreams, to Day, our Fortune lies,
 The vilest Punishment, and noblest Prize. 450
 Consider well the Captive's lost Estate,
 Chains, Racks, and Crosses for the vanquish'd wait.
 My Limbs are each allotted to its Place,
 And my pale Head the *Rostrum's* Height shall grace:
 But that's a Thought unworthy *Cesar's* Care. 455
 More for my Friends than for my self I fear.
 On my good Sword securely I rely,
 And, if I conquer not, am sure to die,
 But oh! for you, my anxious Soul foresees,
Pompey shall copy *Sylla's* curst Decrees; 460

Ver. 454. *The Rostrum's Height.*] The publick Pleading-place. *Cicero's* Head and Hands were afterwards put up there by *M. Antony*.

The *Martian* Field shall blush with Gore again,
 And Massacres once more the peaceful *Septa* stain.
 Hear, oh! ye Gods, who in *Rome's* Strugglings share,
 Who leave your Heav'n, to make our Earth your Care;
 Hear, and let him, the happy Victor, live, 465
 Who shall with Mercy use the Pow'r you give;
 Whose Rage for Slaughter with the War shall cease,
 And spare his vanquish'd Enemies in Peace.
 Nor is *Dyrrhachium's* fatal Field forgot,
 Nor what was then our brave Companions Lot; 470
 When by Advantage of the straiter Ground,
 Successful *Pompey* compass'd us around;
 When quite disarm'd your useless Valour stood,
 'Till his fell Sword was satiated with Blood. 474
 But gentler Hands, but nobler Hearts you bear,
 And, oh! remember 'tis your Leader's Pray'r,
 Whatever *Roman* flies before you, spare. }
 But while oppos'd, and menacing they stand,
 Let no Regard with-hold the lifted Hand:
 Let Friendship, Kindred, all Remorse give place, 480
 And mangling Wounds deform the reverend Face:
 Still let Resistance be repaid with Blood,
 And hostile Force, by hostile Force subdu'd;

Ver. 462. *Septa.*] See the Note on this Word, *Book 2.*
 Ver. 307.

Ver. 469. *Dyrrhachium's fatal Field.*] He means the Engagement mention'd in the Sixth Book,

Stranger.

Stranger, or Friend, whatever be the Name,
Your Merit still, to *Cæsar*, is the same. 485

Fill then the Trenches, break the Ramparts round,
And let our Works lie level with the Ground;
So shall no Obstacles our March delay,
Nor stop, one Moment, our victorious Way.

Nor spare your Camp; this Night we mean to lie, 490
In that from whence the vanquish'd Foe shall fly.

Scarce had he spoke, when sudden at the Word,
They seize the Lance, and draw the shining Sword:
At once the turfy Fences all lye waste,
And thro' the Breach the crouding Legions haste; 495
Regardless all of Order, and Array
They stand, and trust to Fate alone the Day.

Had each propos'd an Empire to be won,
Had each once known a *Pompey* for his Son;
Had *Cæsar's* Soul inform'd each private Breast, 500
A fiercer Fury cou'd not be express'd.

With sad Presages, *Pompey*, now, beheld
His Foes advancing o'er the neighb'ring Field:
He saw the Gods had fix'd the Day of Fate,
And felt his Heart hang heavy with new Weight. 505
Dire is the Omen when the Valiant fear,
Which yet he strove to hide, with well-disssembled Cheer.
High on his Warrior Steed, the Chief o'er-ran
The wide Array, and thus at length began.

The

Book VII. *P H A R S A L I A.* 93

The Time to ease your groaning Country's Pain, 510
Which long your eager Valour fought in vain;
The great deciding Hour at length is come,
To end the Strivings of distracted *Rome*:
For this one last Effort exert your Pow'r,
Strike home to Day, and all your Toils are o'er. 515
If the dear Pledges of connubial Love,
Your Household-gods, and *Rome*, your Souls can move;
Hither by Fate they seem together brought,
And for that Prize, to Day, the Battle shall be fought.
Let none the fav'ring Gods Assistance fear; 520
They always make the juster Cause their Care.
The flying Dart to *Caesar* shall they guide,
And point the Sword at his devoted Side:
Our injur'd Laws shall be on him made good,
And Liberty establish'd in his Blood. 525
Cou'd Heav'n, in Violence of Wrath, ordain
The World to groan beneath a Tyrant's Reign,
It had not spar'd your *Pompey's* Head so long,
Nor lengthen'd out my Age to see the Wrong.
All we can wish for, to secure Success, 530
With large Advantage, here, our Arms possess:
See, in the Ranks of ev'ry common Band,
Where *Rome's* illustrious Names for Soldiers stand.
Cou'd the great Dead revisit Life again,
For us, once more, the *Decii* wou'd be slain; 535
The

The *Curii*, and *Camilli*, might we boast,
 Proud to be mingled in this noblest Host.
 If Men, if Multitudes can make us strong,
 Behold what Tribes unnumber'd march along!
 Where-e'er the *Zodiack* turns its radiant Round, 540
 Where-ever Earth, or People, can be found;
 To us the Nations issue forth in Swarms,
 And in *Rome's* Cause all human Nature arms.
 What then remains, but that our Wings enclose,
 Within their ample Fold, our shrinking Foes? 545
 Thousands, and Thousands, useless may we spare;
 Yon' Handful will not half employ our War.
 Think, from the Summit of the *Roman* Wall,
 You hear our loud-lamenting Matrons call;
 Think with what Tears, what lifted Hands they sue, 550
 And place their last, their only Hopes in you.
 Imagine kneeling Age before you spread,
 Each hoary Reverend Majestick Head;
 Imagine, *Rome* her self your Aid implor'd,
 To save her from a proud imperious Lord. 555
 Think how the present Age, how that to come,
 What Multitudes from you expect their Doom:
 On your Success dependant all rely;
 These to be born in Freedom, those to Die.
 Think (if there be a Thought can move you more, 560
 A Pledge more dear than those I nam'd before)

Think

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Think you behold (were such a Posture meet)
Ev'n me, your *Pompey*, prostrate at your Feet.
My self, my Wife, my Sons, a suppliant Band,
From you our Lives, and Liberties demand; 565
Or Conquer you, or I to Exile born,
My last dishonourable Years shall mourn,
Your long Reproach, and my proud Father's Scorn. }
From Bonds, from Infamy, your Gen'ral save,
Nor let this hoary Head descend to Earth a Slave. 570

Thus while he spoke, the faithful Legions round,
With Indignation caught the mournful Sound;
Falsly, they think, his Fears those Dangers view,
But vow to die, e'er *Cæsar* proves 'em true.

What diff'ring Thoughts the various Hosts incite, 575
And urge their deadly Ardor for the Fight!
Those bold Ambition kindles into Rage,
And these their Fears for Liberty engage.

How shall this Day the peopled Earth deface,
Prevent Mankind, and rob the growing Race! 580

Tho' all the Years to come shou'd roll in Peace,
And future Ages bring their whole Increase;
Tho' Nature all her genial Pow'rs employ,
All sha' not yield what these curst Hands destroy.

Soon shall the Greatness of the *Roman* Name, 585
To unbelieving Ears, be told by Fame;

Low shall the mighty *Latian* Tow'rs be laid,
And Ruins crown our *Alban* Mountain's Head;

While

While yearly Magistrates, in turns compell'd
 To lodge by Night upon th' uncover'd Field, 590
 Shall at old doting *Numa's* Laws repine,
 Who cou'd to such bleak Wilds his *Latine* Rites assign.
 Ev'n now behold! where waste *Hesperia* lies,
 Where empty Cities shock our mournful Eyes;
 Untouch'd by Time, our Infamy they stand, 595
 The Marks of civil Discord's murd'rous Hand.
 How is the Stock of Humankind brought low!
 Walls want Inhabitants, and Hands the Plow.
 Our Fathers fertile Fields by Slaves are till'd,
 And *Rome* with Dregs of foreign Lands is fill'd: 600
 Such were the Heaps, the Millions of the Slain,
 As 'twere the Purpose of *Emathia's* Plain,
 That none for future Mischiefs shou'd remain. }
 Well may our Annals less Misfortunes yield,
 Mark *Allia's* Flood, and *Canna's* fatal Field; 605
 But let *Pharsalia's* Day be still forgot,
 Be ras'd at once from ev'ry *Roman* Thought.

Ver. 589. *While yearly Magistrates.*] Of these *Feria Latina*, or Latin Festivals, Mention has been made before. They were celebrated at Night by the new Consuls on the *Alban* Mountain to *Jupiter Latialis*; they were instituted by *Numa*, and Portions of Meat were then distributed to the People, in Memory of a League made between the ancient *Romans* and the *Latins*.

Ver. 599. *By Slaves are till'd.*] See Book 1. Ver. 320.

Ver. 605. *Allia's Flood,*] Where the *Gauls* cut off the *Roman* Army, and afterwards sack'd the City. This happen'd on XVI. KAL. SEXTIL. or our 17th of *July*.

'Twas

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'Twas there, that Fortune, in her Pride, display'd
The Greatness her own mighty Hands had made;
Forth in Array the Pow'rs of Rome she drew, 600
And set her Subject Nations all to view;
As if she meant to shew the haughty Queen,
Ev'n by her Ruins, what her Height had been.

Oh countless Loss! that well might have supply'd
The Desolation of all Deaths beside. 615

Tho' Famine with blue Pestilence conspire,
And dreadful Earthquakes with destroying Fire;
Pharsalia's Blood the gaping Wounds had join'd,
And built again the Ruins of Mankind.

Immortal Gods! with what resistless Force, 620
Our growing Empire ran its rapid Course!

Still ev'ry Year with new Success was crown'd,
And conqu'ring Chiefs enlarg'd the *Latian* Bound;

'Till Rome stood Mistress of the World confess'd,
From the grey Orient, to the ruddy West; 625

From Pole, to Pole, her wide Dominions run,
Where-e'er the Stars, or brighter *Phæbus* shone;

As Heav'n and Earth were made for her alone. }
But now, behold, How Fortune tears away

The Gift of Ages in one fatal Day! 630
One Day shakes off the vanquish'd *Indians* Chain,

And turns the wand'ring *Dæa* loose again:

Ver. 632. *The wand'ring Dæa,*] A People of *Scythia*
near the *Caspian* Sea, part of the present *Asiatick Tartars*.
VOL. II. E These

No longer shall the Victor Consul now,
 Trace out *Sarmatian* Cities with the Plow:
 Exulting *Parthia* shall her Slaughters boast, 635
 Nor feel the Vengeance due to *Crassus*' Ghost.
 While Liberty, long weary'd by our Crimes,
 Forfakes us for some better barb'rous Climes;
 Beyond the *Rhine*, and *Tanais* she flies,
 To snowy Mountains, and to frozen Skies; 640
 While *Rome*, who long pursu'd that chiefest Good,
 O'er Fields of Slaughter, and thro' Seas of Blood,
 In Slavery, her abject State shall mourn,
 Nor dare to hope the Goddesses will return.
 Why were we ever Free? Oh why has Heav'n 645
 A short-liv'd transitory Blessing giv'n?
 Of thee, first *Brutus*, justly we complain!
 Why didst thou break thy groaning Country's Chain,
 And end the proud Lascivious Tyrant's Reign? }
 Why did thy Patriot Hand on *Rome* bestow, 650
 Laws, and her Consuls righteous Rule to know?
 In Servitude more happy had we been,
 Since *Romulus* first wall'd his *Refuge* in,

These wild People, when they were subdued by the *Roman* Consuls, were, in order to their being civiliz'd, appointed to live (contrary to their native Custom) in Cities, the Circuit or Bounds of which the Consuls themselves mark'd out with a Plough drawn by a Bull and a Cow yolk'd together.

Ver. 653. *His Refuge.*] *Romulus* at first call'd his City *Afylum*,

Ev'n since the twice six Vulturs bad him build,
 To this curst Period of *Pharsalia's* Field. 655

Medes and *Arabians* of the slavish East,
 Beneath eternal Bondage may be blest;
 While, of a diff'ring Mold and Nature, We,
 From Sire to Son, accustom'd to be free,
 Feel Indignation rising in our Blood, 660

And blush to wear the Chains that make them proud.
 Can there be Gods, who rule yon' azure Sky?
 Can they behold *Emathia* from on high,
 And yet forbear to bid their Lightnings fly?
 Is it the Bus'ness of a thundring *Jove*, 665

To rive the Rocks, and blast the guiltless Grove?
 While *Cassius* holds the Ballance in his stead,
 And wreaks due Vengeance on the Tyrant's Head.
 The Sun ran back from *Atreus'* monstrous Feast,
 And his fair Beams in murky Clouds suppress'd; 670

Why shines he now? why lends his golden Light
 To these worse Parricides, this more accursed Sight?

Asylum, or a Refuge; and so indeed it was; for all the Vagabonds, Out-laws, and such sort of People, to resort to. The Augury, taken from the appearing of the Vultures, was rather relating to the naming than building the City: The two Brothers *Romulus* and *Remus* contending for that Honour, agreed to refer it to the best Augury which should appear; accordingly *Remus* saw Six Vultures, and *Romulus* Twelve.

Ver. 667. *While Cassius,*] Who was one of those that kill'd *Caesar*.

But Chance guides all; the Gods their Task forego,
And Providence no longer reigns below. 674

Yet are they Just, and some Revenge afford,
While their own Heav'ns are humbled by the Sword,
And the proud Victors, like themselves, ador'd: }

With Rays adorn'd, with Thunders arm'd they stand,
And Incense, Pray'rs, and Sacrifice demand ;
While trembling, slavish, superstitious Rome, 680
Swears by a mortal Wretch, that moulders in a Tomb.

Now either Host the middle Plain had pass'd,
And Front to Front in threaten'g Ranks were plac'd;
Then ev'ry well known Feature stood to view,
Brothers their Brothers, Sons their Fathers knew. 685

Then first they feel the Curse of Civil Hate,
Mark where their Mischiefs are assign'd by Fate,
And see from whom themselves Destruction wait, }

Stupid awhile, and at a Gaze they stood,
While creeping Horror froze the lazy Blood: 690
Some small Remains of Piety withstand,

And stop the Javelin in the lifted Hand ;
Remorse for one short Moment step'd between,
And motionless, as Statues, all were seen.

Ver. 677. *And the proud Victors.*] The succeeding Emperors: Who were not only Deify'd after they were dead, but had even Altars, Temples, Priests, and Sacrifices appointed for 'em while they were alive.

And

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And oh! what savage Fury could engage, 695

While lingring *Caesar* yet suspends his Rage?

For him; ye Gods! for *Crastinus*, whose Spear,

With impious Eagerness, began the War,

Some more than common Punishment prepare;

Beyond the Grave long lasting Plagues ordain, 700

Surviving Sense, and never-ceasing Pain.

Strait, at the fatal Signal, all around

A thousand Fifes, a thousand Clarions found;

Beyond where Clouds, or glancing Lightnings fly,

The piercing Clangors strike the vaulted Sky. 705

The joining Battels shout, and the loud Peal

Bounds from the Hill, and thunders down the Vale;

Old *Pelion's* Caves the doubling Roar return,

And *Oeta's* Rocks, and groaning *Pindus* mourn;

From Pole to Pole the Tumult spreads afar, 710

And the World trembles at the distant War.

Now flit the thrilling Darts thro' liquid Air,

And various Vows from various Masters bear:

Ver. 697. *For Crastinus.*] This *Crastinus*, or *Crassinius*, (for so he is likewise call'd) was an old Soldier of *Caesar's*; and tho' he was now *Emeritus*, or discharged from the Service, he engaged voluntarily in this War, and began this famous Battle. It is said of him, that before he went on he told his General, that *he wou'd that Day deserve his Praise dead or alive.* Breaking thro' the Enemy's Ranks, he was kill'd by a Spear that ran him in at the Mouth and out at the Neck behind.

Some seek the noblest *Roman* Hearts to wound,
 And some to err upon the guiltless Ground; 715
 While Chance decrees the Blood that shall be spilt,
 And blindly scatters Innocence and Guilt.

But random Shafts too scanty Death afford,
 A Civil War is bus'ness for the Sword:
 Where Face to Face the Parricides may meet, 720
 Know whom they kill, and make the Crime complet.

Firm in the Front, with joining Bucklers clos'd,
 Stood the *Pompeian* Infantry dispos'd;
 So crouded was the Space, it scarce affords
 The Pow'r to tofs their Piles, or wield their Swords. 725
 Forward, thus thick embattled tho' they stand,
 With headlong Wrath rush furious *Cesar's* Band;
 In vain the lifted Shield their Rage retards,
 Or plaited Mail devoted Bosomes guards;
 Thro' Shields, thro' Mail, the wounding Weapons go, 730
 And to the Heart drive home each deadly Blow;
 Oh Rage ill match'd! Oh much unequal War,
 Which those wage proudly, and these tamely bear!
 These, by cold, stupid Piety disarm'd;
 Those, by hot Blood, and smoaking Slaughter warm'd. 735
 Nor in Suspense uncertain Fortune hung,
 But yields, o'er-master'd by a Pow'r too strong,
 And born by Fate's impetuous Stream along.

From

From *Pompey's* ample Wings, at length, the Horse
 Wide o'er the Plain extending take their Course; 743
 Wheeling around the hostile Line they wind,
 While lightly arm'd the Shot succeed behind.
 In various Ways, the various Bands engage,
 And hurl upon the Foe the missile Rage;
 There fiery Darts, and rocky Fragments fly, 745
 And heating Bullets whistle thro' the Sky:
 Of feather'd Shafts, a Cloud thick shading goes,
 From *Arab, Mede, and Ituraan* Bows:
 But driv'n by random Aim they seldom wound;
 At first they hide the Heav'n, then strew the Ground; 750
 While *Roman* Hands unerring Mischief send,
 And certain Deaths on ev'ry Pile attend.
 But *Cesar*, timely careful, to support
 His wav'ring Front against the first Effort,
 Had plac'd his Bodies of Reserve behind, 755
 And the strong Rear with chosen Cohorts lin'd.
 There, as the careless Foe the Fight pursue,
 A sudden Band and stable forth he drew;
 When soon, Oh Shame! the loose Barbarians yield,
 Scatt'ring their broken Squadrons o'er the Field: 760

Ver. 743. *The various Bands*] Of Archers, Slingers, &c.

Ver. 748. *Ituraan.*] *Ituraa* was a Part of *Palestine*, said to contain the two Tribes of *Reuben* and *Dan*. *Cellarius* places it more North, between the Head of the River *Jordan* and Mount *Hermon*.

And shew, too late, that Slaves attempt in vain,
 The sacred Cause of Freedom to maintain.
 The fiery Steeds, impatient of a Wound,
 Hurl their neglected Riders to the Ground ;
 Or on their Friends with Rage un govern'd turn, 765
 And trampling o'er the helpless Foot are born.
 Hence foul Confusion, and Dismay succeed,
 The Victors murder, and the Vanquish'd bleed:
 Their weary Hands the tir'd Destroyers ply,
 Scarce can These kill, so fast as Those can die. 770
 Oh that *Emathia's* ruthless guilty Plain
 Had been contented with this only Stain ;
 With these rude Bones had strewn her Verdure o'er,
 And dy'd her Springs with none but *Asian* Gore!
 But if so keen her Thirst for *Roman* Blood, 775
 Let none but *Romans* make the Slaughter good
 Let not a *Mede* nor *Cappadocian* fall,
 No bold *Iberian*, nor rebellious *Gaul*:
 Let these alone survive for Times to come,
 And be the future Citizens of *Rome*. 780
 But Fear, on all alike, her Pow'rs employ'd,
 Did *Cesar's* Bus'ness, and like Fate destroy'd.
 Prevailing still, the Victors held their Course,
 'Till *Pompey's* main Reserve oppos'd their Force;

Ver. 761. *Slaves.*] Meaning the *Asiatics*, of whom chiefly *Pompey's* Cavalry was compos'd.

There

Book VII. *PHARSALIA*. 105

There, in his Strength, the Chief unshaken stood, 785

Repell'd the Foe, and made the Combat good;

There in Suspense th' uncertain Battel hung,

And *Cæsar's* fav'ring Goddess doubted long;

There no proud Monarchs led their Vassals on,

Nor Eastern Bands in gorgeous Purple shon; 790

There the last Force of Laws and Freedom lay,

And *Roman* Patriots struggled for the Day.

What Parricides the guilty Scene affords!

Sires, Sons and Brothers rush on mutual Swords!

There ev'ry sacred Bond of Nature bleeds; 795

There met the War's worst Rage, and *Cæsar's* blackest Deeds.

But oh! my Muse, the mournful Theme forbear,

And stay thy lamentable Numbers here;

Let not my Verse to future Times convey,

What *Rome* committed on this dreadful Day; 800

In Shades and Silence hide her Crimes from Fame,

And spare thy miserable Country's Shame.

But *Cæsar's* Rage shall with Oblivion strive,

And for eternal Infamy survive.

From Rank to Rank, unwear'd, still he flies, 805

And with new Fires their fainting Wrath supplies.

His greedy Eyes each sign of Guilt explore,

And mark whose Sword is deepest dy'd in Gore;

Observe where Pity and Remorse prevail,

What Arm strikes faintly, and what Cheek turns pale. 810

Or, while he rides the slaughter'd Heaps around,
 And views some Foe expiring on the Ground,
 His cruel Hands the gushing Blood restrain,
 And strive to keep the parting Soul in pain :
 As when *Bellona* drives the World to War, 815
 Or *Mars* comes thund'ring in his *Thracian* Car;
 Rage horrible darts from his *Gorgon* Shield,
 And gloomy Terror broods upon the Field;
 Hate, fell and fierce, the dreadful Gods impart,
 And urge the vengeful Warrior's heaving Heart: 820
 The Many shout, Arms clash, the Wounded cry,
 And one promiscuous Peal groans upwards to the Sky.
 Nor furious *Cæsar*, on *Emathia's* Plains,
 Less terribly the mortal Strife sustains;
 Each Hand unarm'd he fills with Means of Death, 825
 And cooling Wrath rekindles at his Breath :
 Now with his Voice, his Gesture now, he strives,
 Now with his Lance the lagging Soldier drives:
 The Weak he strengthens, and confirms the Strong,
 And hurries War's impetuous Stream along. 830
 Strike home, he cries, and let your Swords erase
 Each well-known Feature of the kindred Face:
 Nor waste your Fury on the vulgar Band;
 See! where the hoary doating Senate stand;
 There Laws and Right at once you may confound, 835
 And Liberty shall bleed at ev'ry Wound.

The

The curs'd Destroyer spoke; and, at the Word,
 The Purple Nobles sunk beneath the Sword:
 The dying Patriots groan upon the Ground,
 Illustrious Names, for Love of Laws renown'd. 840

The great *Metelli* and *Torquati* bleed,
 Chiefs worthy, if the State had so decreed,
 And *Pompey* were not there, Mankind to lead. }
 }

Say thou! thy sinking Country's only Prop,
 Glory of *Rome*, and Liberty's last Hope; 845

What helm, oh *Brutus*! cou'd, amidst the Croud,
 Thy sacred undistinguish'd Visage shroud?

Where fought thy Arm that Day? But Ah! forbear!

Nor rush unwary on the pointed Spear;
 Seek not to hasten on untimely Fate, 850

But patient for thy own *Emathia* wait:

Nor hunt fierce *Cesar* on this bloody Plain,

To Day thy Steel pursues his Life in vain.

Somewhat is wanting to the Tyrant yet,

To make the Measure of his Crimes compleat; 855

As yet he has not ev'ry Law defy'd,

Nor reach'd the utmost Heights of daring Pride.

Ver. 851. *Thy own Emathia.*] The Fields of *Philippi*, which, as I have observ'd before, not only *Lucan*, but even *Virgil* and *Ovid*, confound with *Pharsalia*. *M. Brutus*, who was kill'd at *Philippi*, fought here as a private Soldier.

E'erlong, thou shalt behold him *Rome's* proud Lord;
 And ripen'd by Ambition for thy Sword:
 Then, they griev'd. Country Vengeance shall demand, 860
 And ask the Victim at thy Righteous Hand.

Among huge Heaps of the *Patrician* Slain,
 And *Latian* Chiefs, who strew'd that purple Plain,
 Recording Story has distinguish'd well,
 How brave, unfortunate *Domitius* fell.
 In ev'ry Loss of *Pompey* still he shar'd,
 And dy'd in Liberty, the best Reward;
 Tho' vanquish'd oft by *Cesar*, ne'er enslav'd,
 Ev'n to the last, the Tyrant's Pow'r he brav'd:
 Mark'd o'er with many a glorious streaming Wound, 870
 In Pleasure sunk the Warrior to the Ground;
 No longer forc'd on vilest Terms to live,
 For Chance to doom, and *Cesar* to forgive.
 Him, as he pass'd insulting o'er the Field,
 Roll'd in his Blood, the Victor proud beheld: 875
 And, can, he cry'd, the fierce *Domitius* fall,
 Forsake his *Pompey*, and expecting *Gaul*?

Ver. 865. *Unfortunate Domitius.*] This is the same *Domitius* who was made a Prisoner at *Corfinium*, and set at Liberty by *Cesar*, (See the Second Book,) and afterwards vanquish'd at *Massilia* by *D. Brutus*, *Cesar's* Lieutenant. He was design'd, by the *Pompeian* Faction, *Cesar's* Successor in *Gaul*. This whole Passage seems to be the pure Effect of *Lucan's* Partiality against *Cesar*, and is of a Piece with the Cruelty he makes him guilty of both in the Battle and after it.

Must

Must the War lose that still successful Sword,
 And my neglected Province want a Lord?
 He spoke; when lifting slow his closing Eyes, 880
 Fearless the dying *Roman* thus replies:
 Since Wickedness stands unrewarded yet,
 Nor *Caesar's* Arms their wish'd Success have met;
 Free and rejoicing to the Shades I go,
 And leave my Chief still equal to his Foe; 885
 And if my Hopes divine thy Doom aright,
 Yet shalt thou bow thy vanquish'd Head e'er Night.
 Dire Punishments the righteous Gods decree,
 For injur'd *Rome*, for *Pompey*, and for me;
 In Hell's dark Realms thy Tortures I shall know, 890
 And hear thy Ghost lamenting loud below.
 He said; and soon the leaden Sleep prevail'd,
 And everlasting Night his Eyelids seal'd.
 But oh! what Grief the Ruin can deplore!
 What Verse can run the various Slaughter o'er! 895
 For lesser Woes our Sorrows may we keep;
 No Tears suffice, a dying World to weep.

Ver. 885. *My Chief.*] *Pompey.* The Fate of the Battle not being then determin'd.

Ver. 888. *Dire Punishments.*] I don't know whether this Passage is not a little too obscure in the *English*: The Meaning is, that *Domitius* did not doubt but the Gods would punish *Caesar* severely for the Injuries he had done to *Rome*, to *Pompey*, and ev'n to himself (*Domitius*).

In diff'ring Groups, ten thousand Deaths arise,
And Horrors manifold the Soul surprize.

Here the whole Man is open'd at a Wound, 903

And gushing Bowels pour upon the Ground:

Another thro' the gaping Jaws is gor'd,

And in his inmost Throat receives the Sword:

At once, a single Blow a third extends;

The fourth a living Trunk dismember'd stands. 905

Some in their Breasts erect the Jav'lin bear,

Some cling to Earth with the transfixing Spear.

Here, like a Fountain, springs a Purple Flood,

Spouts on the Foe, and stains his Arms with Blood.

There horrid Brethren, on their Brethren prey; 910

One starts, and hurls a well-known Head away.

While some detested Son, with impious Ire,

Lops by the Shoulders close his hoary Sire:

Ev'n his rude Fellows damn the curfed Deed,

And Bastard-born the Murderer aread. 915

No private House its Loss lamented then,

But count the Slain by Nations, not by Men.

Here *Grecian* Streams, and *Asiatick* run,

And *Roman* Torrents drive the Deluge on.

Ver. 915. *And Bastard-born.*] Concluding from so unnatural an Action, that the Person kill'd, could not be the real and true Son of the Man who kill'd him.

Ver. 919. *Roman Torrents drive.*] As being larger in Quantity, stronger than the others, and over-powering them.

More

More than the World at once was given away, 920

And late Posterity was lost that Day:

A Race of future Slaves receiv'd their Doom,

And Children yet unborn were overcome.

How shall our miserable Sons complain,

That they are born beneath a Tyrant's Reign? 925

Did our base Hands, with Justice shall they say,

The sacred Cause of Liberty betray?

Why have our Fathers giv'n us up a Prey?

Their Age, to ours, the Curse of Bondage leaves;

Themselves were Cowards, and begot us Slaves. 930

'Tis just; and Fortune, that impos'd a Lord,

One Struggle for their Freedom might afford;

Might leave their Hands their proper Cause to fight,

And let them keep, or lose themselves, their Right.

But Pompey, now, the Fate of Rome defery'd, 935

And saw the changing Gods forsake her Side.

Hard to believe, tho' from a rising Ground

He view'd the universal Ruin round,

In Crimson Streams he saw Destruction run,

And in the Fall of Thousands felt his own. 940

Nor wish'd he, like most Wretches in Despair,

The World one common Misery might share:

Ver. 931. 'Tis just.] This Complaint of our Posterity is just.

But

But with a gen'rous, great, exalted Mind,
 Besought the Gods to pity poor Mankind,
 To let him die, and leave the rest behind:
 This Hope came smiling to his anxious Breast,
 For this his earnest Vows were thus address'd.
 Spare Man, ye Gods! oh let the Nations live!
 Let me be wretched, but let *Rome* survive.
 Or if this Head suffices not alone,
 My Wife, my Sons, your Anger shall atone:
 If Blood the yet unfated War demand,
 Behold my Pledges left in Fortune's Hand!
 Ye cruel Pow'rs, who urge me with your Hate,
 At length behold me crush'd beneath the Weight:
 Give then your long-pursuing Vengeance o'er,
 And spare the World, since I can lose no more.
 So saying, the tumultuous Field he cross'd,
 And warn'd from Battle his despairing Host:
 Gladly the Pains of Death he had explor'd;
 And fall'n undaunted on his pointed Sword;
 Had he not fear'd th' Example might succeed,
 And faithful Nations by his Side wou'd bleed.
 Or did his swelling Soul disdain to die,
 While his insulting Father stood so nigh?
 Fly where he will, the Gods shall still pursue,
 Nor his pale Head shall scape the Victor's View.
 Or else, perhaps, and Fate the Thought approv'd,
 For her dear sake he fled, whom best he lov'd:

}

946

950

955

960

965

Malicious

Book VII. *P H A R S A L I A.* 113

Malicious Fortune to his Wish agreed, 970
And gave him in *Cornelia's* Sight to bleed.
Born by his winged Steed at length away,
He quits the Purple Plain, and yields the Day.
Fearless of Danger, still secure and great,
His daring Soul supports his lost Estate; 975
Nor groans his Breast, nor swell his Eyes with Tears,
But still the same majestick Form he wears.
An awful Grief sat decent in his Face,
Such as became his Loss, and *Rome's* Disgrace:
His Mind, unbroken, keeps her constant Frame, 980
In Greatness and Misfortune still the same;
While Fortune, who his Triumphs once beheld,
Unchanging sees him leave *Pharsalia's* Field.
Now, disentangled from unwieldy Pow'r,
O *Pompey!* run thy former Honours o'er: 985
At leisure now review the glorious Scene,
And call to Mind how Mighty thou hast been.
From anxious Toils of Empire turn thy Care,
And from thy Thoughts exclude the murd'rous War;
Let the just Gods bear Witnesses on thy Side, 990
Thy Cause no more shall by the Sword be try'd.
Whether sad *Africk* shall her Loss bemoan,
Or *Munda's* Plains beneath their Burthen groan,
The guilty Bloodshed shall be all their own. }
No more, the much-lov'd *Pompey's* Name shall charna
The peaceful World, with one Consent, to arm; 996
Nor

Nor for thy sake, nor aw'd by thy Command,
 But for themselves, the fighting Senate stand:
 The War but one Distinction shall afford,
 And Liberty, or *Cesar*, be the Word. 1000

Nor oh! do thou thy vanquish'd Lot deplore,
 But fly with Pleasure from those Seas of Gore:
 Look back upon the Horror, guiltless thou,
 And pity *Cesar*, for whose sake they flow,
 With what a Heart, what Triumph shall he come, 1005
 A Victor, red with *Roman* Blood, to *Rome*?
 Tho' Misery thy Banishment attends,
 Tho' thou shalt die, by thy false *Pharian* Friends;
 Yet trust securely to the Choice of Heav'n,
 And know thy Loss was for a Blessing giv'n: 1010
 Tho' Flight may seem the Warrior's Shame and Curse;
 To Conquer, in a Cause like this, is worse.
 And oh! Let ev'ry Mark of Grief be spar'd,
 May no Tear fall, no Groan, no Sigh be heard;
 Still let Mankind their *Pompey's* Fate adore, 1015
 And reverence thy Fall, ev'n as thy Height of Pow'r.
 Mean while survey th' attending World around,
 Cities by thee possess'd, and Monarchs crown'd:
 On *Africk*, or on *Asia* cast thy Eye,
 And mark the Land where thou shalt chuse to die. 1020

Ver. 1018. *Cities by thee possess'd.*] The *Latin* is, *Aspice possessas Urbes.* He means those Cities in which he plac'd the *Cilician* Pirates, after he had vanquish'd 'em at Sea.

Larissa first the constant Chief beheld,
 Still great, tho' flying from the fatal Field:
 With loud Acclaim her Crowds his Coming greet,
 And, sighing, pour their Presents at his Feet. 1024

She crowns her Altars, and proclaims a Feast;
 Wou'd put on Joy, to cheer her noble Guest;
 But weeps, and begs to share his Woes at least. }

So was he lov'd ev'n in his lost Estate,
 Such Faith, such Friendship on his Ruins wait;
 With ease *Pharsalia's* Loss might be supply'd, 1030

While eager Nations hasten to his Side:
 As if Misfortune meant to bless him more,
 Than all his long Prosperity before.

In vain, he cries, you bring the Vanquish'd Aid;
 Henceforth, to *Cesar* be your Homage paid, }

Cesar, who triumphs o'er yon Heaps of Dead,
 With that, his Courser urging on to Flight,
 He vanish'd from the mournful City's Sight.

With Cries, and loud Laments, they fill the Air,
 And curse the cruel Gods, in fierceness of Despair. 1040
 Now in huge Lakes *Hesperian* Crimson stood,
 And *Cesar's* self grew fatiated with Blood.

The great Patricians fall'n, his Pity spar'd
 The worthless, unresisting, vulgar Herd.

Ver. 1021. *Larissa* Now called *Larza*, a City of
Thessaly towards *Macedonia*, not far from *Pharsalus*, in
 whole Neighbourhood this Battle was fought.

Then,

Then, while his glowing Fortune yet was warm, 1045
 And scattering Terror spread the wild Alarm,
 Strait to the hostile Camp his Way he bent,
 Careful to seize the hasty Flyer's Tent,
 The leisure of a Night, and Thinking to prevent. }
 Nor reck'd he much the weary Soldiers Toil, 1050
 But led 'em prone, and greedy to the Spoil.
 Behold, he cries, our Victory compleat,
 The glorious Recompence attends ye yet:
 Much have you done to Day, for *Caesar's* sake;
 'Tis mine to shew the Prey, 'tis yours to take. 1055
 'Tis yours, whate'er the vanquish'd Foe has left;
 'Tis what your Valour gain'd, and not my Gift.
 Treasures immense you wealthy Tents enfold,
 The Gems of *Asia*, and *Hesperian* Gold;
 For you the once great *Pompey's* Store attends, 1060
 With regal Spoils of his Barbarian Friends:
 Hasten then, prevent the Foe, and seize that Good,
 For which you paid so well with *Roman* Blood.
 He said; and with the Rage of Rapine stung,
 The Multitude tumultuous rush along. 1065

Ver. 1049. *The Leisure of a Night, and Thinking.*] Tho' *Caesar*, a few Verses farther, tells his Soldiers their Victory was compleat, 'tis plain he did not think it so till he was Master of *Pompey's* Camp; apprehending that the Enemy might recollect themselves during the Night, and perhaps make a new Stand in their Camp next Morning...

On Swords and Spears, on Sires and Sons they tread,
And all remorseless spurn the gory Dead.

What Trench can intercept, what Fort withstand
The brutal Soldier's rude rapacious Hand ;

When eager to his Crime's Reward he flies, 1070
And bath'd in Blood, demands the horrid Prize?

There, Wealth collected from the World around,
The destin'd Recompence of War, they found.

But Oh! not golden *Arimaspus*' Store,
Nor all that *Tagus*, or rich *Iber* pour, 1075

Can fill the greedy Victor's griping Hands :

Rome, and the Capitol, their Pride demands;

All other Spoils they scorn, as worthless Prey,

And count their wicked Labours robb'd of Pay.

Here, in Patrician Tents, Plebeians rest, 1080

And regal Couches are by Ruffians press'd:

There, impious Parricides the Bed invade,

And sleep, where late their slaughter'd Sires were laid.

Meanwhile the Battle stands in Dreams renew'd,

And *Stygian* Horrors o'er their Slumbers brood. 1085

Ver. 1074. *Arimaspus*,] Or *Arimaspe*, was a River in that Part of *Scythia*, now called *Ingria*, out of which the Inhabitants (who were likewise nam'd *Arimaspians*) gather'd Gold-Dust.

The *Hesperian* Gold, mention'd before, Ver. 1059. was what had been collected in *Spain*, which was *Pompey's* Province. I don't know whether I have before observ'd, that *Spain*, as well as *Italy*, was call'd *Hesperia*.

Astonishment

Astonishment and Dread their Souls infect,
 And Guilt sits painful on each heaving Breast.
 Arms, Blood, and Death work in the lab'ring Brain;
 They sigh, they start, they strive, and fight it o'er again.
 Ascending Fiends infect the Air around, 1090
 And Hell breaths baleful thro' the groaning Ground:
 Hence dire Affright distracts the Warriors Souls,
 Vengeance Divine their daring Hearts controuls, }
 Snakes hiss, and Livid Flame tormenting rolls. }
 Each, as his Hands in Guilt have been embrew'd, 1095
 By some pale Spectre flies all Night pursu'd.
 In various Forms the Ghosts unnumber'd groan,
 The Brother, Friend, the Father, and the Son:
 To ev'ry Wretch his proper Phantom fell,
 While *Caesar* sleeps the gen'ral Care of Hell. 1100
 Such were his Pangs, as mad *Orestes* felt,
 E're yet the *Scythian* Altar purg'd his Guilt.

Ver. 1101. *Mad Orestes.*] When *Orestes* had, to re-
 venge his Father, kill'd his Mother *Clytemnestra*, he was
 haunted with Furies, till his Sister *Iphigenia* had purify'd
 him, and expiated his Crime at the Altar of *Diana Tau-*
ricia in *Scythia*, where she was Priestess.

The following Verse,

Cum fureret Pentheus; aut cum desisset Agave.

I take to mean, that *Pentheus* was not possess'd with
 more Horror when he affronted and deny'd the Divinity
 of *Bacchus*; nor his Mother *Agave*, when, recovering
 from her Madness, she found she had kill'd her Son for a
 wild Beast.

Such

Such Horrors *Pentheus*, such *Agave* knew;
 He when his Rage first came, and She when hers withdrew.
 Present and future Swords his Bosom bears, 1105
 And feels the Blow that *Brutus* now defers.
 Vengeance, in all her Pomp of Pain, attends;
 To Wheels she binds him, and with Vulturs rends,
 With Racks of Conscience, and with Whips of Fiends. }
 But soon the visionary Horrors pass, 1110
 And his first Rage with Day resumes its Place:
 Again his Eyes rejoice, to view the Slain,
 And run unwear'd o'er the dreadful Plain.
 He bids his Train prepare his impious Board,
 And feasts amidst the Heaps of Death abhorr'd. 1115
 There each pale Face at leisure he may know,
 And still behold the purple Current flow.
 He views the woful wide Horizon round,
 Then joys that Earth is no where to be found, }
 And owns, those Gods he serves, his utmost Wish have }
 crown'd.
 Still greedy to possess the curs'd Delight, 1120
 To glut his Soul, and gratifie his Sight,
 The last Funereal Honours he denies,
 And poisons with the Stench *Emathia's* Skies.

Ver. 1119. *Then joys that Earth.*] That is, was hid by the dead Bodies.

Not thus the sworn inveterate Foe of Rome, 1125
 Refus'd the vanquish'd Consul's Bones a Tomb:
 His Piety the Country round beheld,
 And bright with Fires shone *Canna's* fatal Field.
 But *Caesar's* Rage from fiercer Motives rose;
 These were his Countrymen, his worst of Foes. 1130
 But, oh! relent, forget thy Hatred past,
 And give the wandring Shades to rest at last.
 Nor seek we single Honours for the Dead,
 At once let Nations on the Pile be laid: 1134
 To feed the Flame, let heapy Forests rise,
 Far be it seen to fret the ruddy Skies,
 And grieve despairing *Pompey* where he lies. }
 Know too, proud Conqueror, thy Wrath, in vain,
 Strews with unbury'd Carcasses the Plain.
 What is it to thy Malice, if they burn, 1140
 Rot in the Field, or moulder in the Urn?
 The Forms of Matter all, dissolving, dye,
 And lost in Nature's blending Bosom lye.
 Tho' now thy Cruelty denies a Grave,
 These and the World, one common Lot shall have; 1145

Ver. 1125. *Foe of Rome.*] *Hannibal.*

Ver. 1126. *Vanquish'd Consul.*] *P. Æmilius* and *M. Marcellus* were both kill'd by *Hannibal*, and treated with all Honours due to their Character, tho' Enemies.

One last appointed Flame, by Fate's Decree,
 Shall waste yon Azure Heav'ns, this Earth, and Sea;
 Shall knead the Dead up in one mingled Mass,
 Where Stars and they shall undistinguish'd pass.
 And tho' thou scorn their Fellowship, yet know,
 High as thy own can soar, these Souls shall go;
 Or find, perhaps, a better Place below.

1149

}
 }
 }

Death is beyond thy Goddess Fortune's Pow'r,
 And Parent Earth receives whate'er she bore.
 Nor will we mourn those *Romans* Fate, who lye
 Beneath the glorious Cov'ring of the Sky;
 That starry Arch for ever round 'em turns,
 A nobler Shelter far than Tombs or Urns.

1155

But wherefore parts the loathing Victor hence?
 Does Slaughter strike too strongly on thy Sense?
 Yet stay, yet breathe the thick infectious Steam,
 Yet quaff with Joy the Blood-polluted Stream.
 But see, they fly! the daring Warriors yield!
 And the dead Heaps drive *Caesar* from the Field!

1160

Now to the Prey, gaunt Wolves, a howling Train,
 Speed hungry from the far *Bistonian* Plain;
 From *Pholoe* the tawny Lion comes,
 And growling Bears forsake their darksome Homes:
 With these, lean Dogs in Herds obscene repair,
 And ev'ry Kind that snuffs the tainted Air.

1170

For Food, the Cranes their wonted Flight delay,
 That erst to warmer Nile had wing'd their Way:
 With them the feather'd Race convene from far,
 Who gather to the Prey, and wait on War.
 Ne'er were such Flocks of Vulturs seen to fly, 1175
 And hide with spreading Plumes the crowded Sky:
 Gorging on Limbs in ev'ry Tree they fate,
 And drop'd raw Morfels down, and gory Fat:
 Oft' their tir'd Talons, loos'ning as they fled,
 Rain'd horrid Offals on the Victor's Head. 1180
 But while the Slain supply'd too full a Feast,
 The Plenty bred Satiety at last;
 The rav'nous Feeders riot at their Ease,
 And single out what Dainties best may please.
 Part born away, the rest neglected lye, 1185
 For Noon-day Suns, and parching Winds to dry;
 'Till length of Time shall wear 'em quite away,
 And mix 'em with *Emathia's* common Clay.
 Oh fatal *Theffaly*! Oh Land abhorr'd!
 How have thy Fields the Hate of Heav'n incurr'd; 1190
 That thus the Gods to thee Destruction doom,
 And load thee with the Curse of falling *Rome*!
 Still to new Crimes, new Horrors dost thou haste,
 When yet thy former Mischiefs scarce were past.

[Ver. 1193. *Still to new Crimes.*] Meaning the Battle of *Philippi*. But of this see before.

What

What rolling Years, what Ages, can repay 1195
 The Multitudes, thy Wars have swept away!
 Tho' Tombs and Urns their num'rous Store should spread,
 And long Antiquity yield all her Dead;
 Thy guilty Plains more slaughter'd *Romans* hold,
 Than all those Tombs, and all those Urns infold. [1200
 Hence bloody Spots shall stain thy grassy Green,
 And crimson Drops on bladed Corn be seen:
 Each Plowshare some dead Patriot shall molest,
 Disturb his Bones, and rob his Ghost of Rest.
 Oh! had the Guilt of War been all thy own, 1205
 Were Civil Rage confin'd to thee alone;
 No Mariner his lab'ring Bark shou'd moor,
 In Hopes of Safety, on thy dreadful Shore;
 No Swain thy Spectre-haunted Plain shou'd know,
 Nor turn thy Blood-stain'd Fallow with his Plow: 1210
 No Shepherd e'er should drive his Flock to feed,
 Where *Romans* slain enrich the verdant Mead:
 All Desolate shou'd lye thy Land, and waste,
 As in some scorch'd or frozen Region plac'd.
 But the great Gods forbid our partial Hate 1215
 On *Thessaly's* distinguish'd Land to wait;
 New Blood, and other Slaughters they decree,
 And others shall be Guilty too, like thee.

Ver. 1214. *As in some scorch'd.]* Some uninhabitable Part of the World.

Munda and *Mutina* shall boast their Slain,
Pachynus' Waters share the purple Stain,
And *Ægium* justify *Pharsalia*'s Plain.



THE

THE
EIGHTH BOOK
OF
LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

The ARGUMENT.

From Pharsalia, Pompey flies, first to Larissa, and after to the Sea-shore; where he embarks upon a small Vessel for Lesbos. There, after a melancholy Meeting with Cornelia, and his Refusal of the Mitylenians Invitations, he embarks with his Wife for the Coast of Asia. In the Way thither he is join'd by his Son Sextus, and several Persons of Distinction, who had fled likewise from the late Battle; and among the rest by Deiotarus, King of Gallo-Græcia. To him he recommends the Solliciting of Supplies from the King of Parthia, and the rest of his Allies in Asia. After coasting Cilicia for some time, he comes at length to a little Town call'd Syedra or Syedræ, where great Part of the Senate meet him. With these, he deliberates upon the present Circumstances of the Commonwealth, and proposes either Mauritania, Ægypt, or Parthia, as the proper Places where he may hope to be receiv'd, and from whose Kings he may expect Assistance. In his own Opinion he inclines to the Parthians; but this Lentulus, in a long Oration, opposes very warmly; and in Consideration of young Ptolemy's personal Obligations to Pompey, prefers Ægypt. This Advice is generally approv'd and follow'd, and Pompey sets Sail accordingly for Ægypt. Upon his Arrival on that Coast, the King calls a Council, where at the Instigation of Pothinus, a villainous Minister, it is resolv'd to take his Life; and the Execution of this Order is committed to the Care of Achilles, formerly the King's Governor, and then General of the Army. He, with Septimius, a Renegado Roman Soldier, who had formerly serv'd under Pompey, upon some frivolous Pretences, persuades him to quit his Ship, and come into their Boat; where, as they make towards the Shore, he treacherously Murders him, in the Sight of his Wife, his Son, and the rest of his Fleet. His Head is cut off, and his Body thrown into the Sea. The Head is fix'd upon a Spear, and carry'd to Ptolemy; who, after he had seen it, commands it to be Embalm'd. In the succeeding Night, one Cordus, who had been a Follower of Pompey, finds the Trunk floating near the Shore, brings it to Land with some difficulty; and with a few Planks that remain'd from a Shipwrack'd Vessel, burns it. The melancholy Description of this mean Funeral, with the Poet's Invektive against the Gods, and Fortune, for their unworthy Treatment of so great a Man, concludes this Book.



L U C A N's
P H A R S A L I A.

B O O K VIII.



OW thro' the Vale, by great *Alcides* made,
And the sweet Maze of *Tempe's* pleasing
Shade,
Chearless, the flying Chief renew'd his
Speed,

And urg'd, with gory Spurs, his fainting Steed.
Fall'n from the former Greatness of his Mind, 5
He turns where doubtful Paths obscurely wind.

Ver. 1. *Now thro' the Vale, by great Alcides made.*] See the Notes on the Sixth Book, Ver. 572. as likewise *Lucan* himself in that Place.

Ver. 5. *Fall'n from the former Greatness.*] This is one of the Passages which, if *Lucan* had liv'd to give the last Hand to this Work, I cannot but think he would have

The Fellows of his Flight increase his Dread,
 While hard behind the trampling Horsemen tread:
 He starts at ev'ry rustling of the Trees,
 And fears the Whispers of each murm'ring Breeze. 10
 He feels not yet, alas! his lost Estate;
 And tho' he flies, believes himself still great;
 Imagines Millions for his Life are bid,
 And rates his own, as he wou'd *Cæsar's* Head.
 Where-e'er his Fear explores untrodden Ways, 15
 His well-known Visage still his Flight betrays.
 Many he meets unknowing of his Chance,
 Whose gath'ring Forces to his Aid advance.
 With Gaze astonish'd, These their Chief behold,
 And scarce believe what by himself is told. 20
 In vain, to Covert, from the World he flies,
 Fortune still grieves him with pursuing Eyes:

alter'd. The Fear that he gives to *Pompey* on occasion of his Flight, is very unlike the Character he himself, or indeed any other Writer, has given him. It is something the more remarkable from a Passage in the latter end of the foregoing Book, where he is said to leave the Field of Battle with great Bravery and Constancy of Mind. Tho' it is very judiciously observ'd, on comparing that Passage and this together, by *Martin Lasso de Oropesa*, the *Spanish* Translator, that the Desire of seeing his Wife, which was the Occasion of his Resolution to leave the Field, and survive such a Loss as that Battle was, in the 7th Book, might in this Place likewise be the Reason for the Fear and Anxiety which he shew'd in his Flight.

Book VIII. PHARSALIA. 129

Still aggravates, still urges his Disgrace,
And galls him with the Thoughts of what he was. 24
His youthful Triumph sadly now returns,
His *Pontick* and *Pyratick* Wars he mourns,
While stung with secret Shame, and anxious Care he burns. }
Thus Age to Sorrows oft' the Great betrays,
When Loss of Empire comes with Length of Days.
Life and Enjoyment still one End should have, 30
Least early Misery prevent the Grave.
The Good, that lasts not, was in vain bestow'd,
And Ease once past, becomes the present Load:
Then let the Wise, in Fortune's kindest Hour,
Still keep one safe Retreat within his Pow'r; 35
Let Death be near, to guard him from Surprize,
And free him, when the fickle Goddess flies.

Now to those Shores the hapless *Pompey* came,
Where hoary *Penens* rolls his ancient Stream:
Red with *Emathian* Slaughter ran his Flood; 40
And dy'd the Ocean deep in *Roman* Blood:
There a poor Bark, whose Keel perhaps might glide
Safe down some River's smooth descending Tide,

Ver. 42. *There a poor Bark.*] *Lucan* mentions this very emphatically, because *Pompey* had even at that very Time a great Fleet lying at *Corcyra*, and in the Bay of *Ambracia*.

Plutarch and *Appian* relate, that *Pompey* in his Flight from *Larissa* came all along thro' *Tempe* to the Shore and lodg'd that Night in the Cottage of a Fisherman. About
F. 5 Morning

Receiv'd the mighty Master of the Main,
 Whose spreading Navies hide the liquid Plain. 45
 In This he braves the Winds and stormy Sea,
 And to the *Lesbian* Isle directs his Way.
 There the kind Partner of his ev'ry Care,
 His faithful, lov'd *Cornelia*, languish'd there:
 At that sad Distance more unhappy far, 50
 Than in the midst of Danger, Death and War.
 There on her Heart, ev'n all the live-long Day,
 Fore boding Thought a weary Burthen lay:
 Sad Visions haunt her Slumbers with Affright,
 And *Thessaly* returns with ev'ry Night. 55
 Soon as the ruddy Morning paints the Skies,
 Swift to the Shore the pensive Mourner flies;
 There, lonely sitting on the Cliff's bleak Brow,
 Her Sight she fixes on the Seas below;
 Attentive marks the wide Horizon's Bound, 60
 And kens each Sail that rises in the Round:
 Thick beats her Heart, as ev'ry Prow draws near,
 And dreads the Fortunes of her Lord to hear.
 At length, behold! the fatal Bark is come!
 See! the swoln Canvas lab'ring with her Doom. 65

Morning he went to Sea in a little Boat, and sailing along
 by the Shore, met with a Ship of greater Burthen, of
 which one *Petitius*, a Roman, was Captain, who knowing
Pompey, took him in, and transported him to *Lesbos*.

Book VIII. P H A R S A L I A. 131

Preventing Fame, Misfortune lends him Wings,
And *Pompey's* self his own sad Story brings.
Now bid thy Eyes, thou lost *Cornelia*, flow,
And change thy Fears to certain Sorrows, now.
Swift glides the woful Vessel on to Land; 70
Forth flies the headlong Matron to the Strand.
There soon she found what worst the Gods cou'd do,
There soon her Dear much-alter'd Lord she knew; }
Tho' fearful all, and ghastly was his Hue. }
Rude, o'er his Face, his hoary Locks were grown, 75
And Dust was cast upon his *Roman* Gown.
She saw, and fainting, sunk in sudden Night;
Grief stop'd her Breath, and shut out loathsome Light:
The loos'ning Nerves no more their Force exert,
And Motion ceas'd within the freezing Heart; 80
Death kindly seem'd her Wishes to obey,
And, stretch'd upon the Beach, a Coarse she lay.
But now the Mariners the Vessel moor,
And *Pompey*, landing, views the lonely Shore.
The faithful Maids their loud lamentings ceas'd, 85
And rev'rendly their ruder Grief suppress'd.
Strait, while with duteous Care they kneel around,
And raise their wretched Mistress from the Ground,
Her Lord infolds her with a strict Embrace,
And joins his Check close to her lifeless Face: 90
At

At the known Touch, her failing Sense returns,
 And vital Warmth in kindling Blushes burns.
 At length, from Virtue thus he seeks Relief,
 And kindly chides her Violence of Grief.

94

Canst thou then sink, thou Daughter of the Great,
 Sprung from the noblest Guardians of our State;
 Canst thou thus yield to the first Shock of Fate?
 Whatever deathless Monuments of Praise
 Thy Sex can merit, 'tis in thee to raise.

}

On Man alone Life's ruder Tryals wait,
 The Fields of Battle, and the Cares of State;
 While the Wife's Virtue then is only try'd,
 When faithless Fortune quits her Husband's Side.
 Arm then thy Soul, the glorious Task to prove,
 And learn, thy miserable Lord to love.

100

105

Behold me of my Pow'r and Pomp bereft,
 By all my Kings, and by Rome's Fathers left:
 Oh make that Loss thy Glory; and be thou
 The only Follower of Pompey now.

This Grief becomes thee not, while I survive;
 War wounds not thee, since I am still alive:

110

Ver. 95. *Daughter of the Great.*] Descended from the
Scipio's.

Ver. 98. *Whatever Deathless.*] Meaning that his Mis-
 fortunes gave her the noblest Occasion of exerting the
 Greatness of her Mind.

These

Book VIII. *P H A R S A L I A.* 133

These Tears a dying Husband shou'd deplore,
And only fall, when *Pompey* is no more.

'Tis true, my former Greatness all is lost;
Who weep for that, no Love for me can boast,
But mourn the Loss of what they valu'd most.

}
}

Mov'd at her Lord's Reproof, the Matron rose;
Yet still complaining, thus avow'd her Woes.

Ah! wherefore was I not much rather led,
A fatal Bride, to *Cæsar's* hated Bed? 120

To thee unlucky, and a Curse, I came,
Unblest by yellow *Hymen's* holy Flame:

My bleeding *Crassus*, and his Sire, stood by,
And fell *Erymis* shook her Torch on high.

My Fate on thee the *Parthian* Vengeance draws, 125
And urges Heav'n to hate the juster Cause.

Ah! my once greatest Lord! ah! cruel Hour!
Is thy victorious Head in Fortune's Pow'r?

Since Miseries my baneful Love pursue,
Why did I wed thee, only to undoe? 130

But see, to Death my willing Neck I bow;
Atone the angry Gods by one kind Blow.

Long since, for thee, my Life I wou'd have giv'n;
Yet, let me, yet, prevent the Wrath of Heav'n. 134

Ver. 125. *The Parthian Vengeance.*] A like Misfortune with that of my first Husband, who was kill'd by the *Parthians*.

Kill

Kill me, and scatter me upon the Sea,
 So shall propitious Tides thy Fleets convey,
 Thy Kings be faithful, and the World obey.
 And thou, where-e'er thy fallen Phantome flies,
 Oh! *Julia*! let thy Rival's Blood suffice;
 Let me the Rage of jealous Vengeance bear,
 But him, thy Lord, thy once lov'd *Pompey*, spare.



140

She said, and sunk within his Arms again;
 In Streams of Sorrow melt the mournful Train:
 Ev'n his, the Warrior's Eyes, were forc'd to yield,
 That saw, without a Tear, *Pharsalia's* Field.

145

Now to the Strand the *Mitylenians* press'd,
 And humbly thus bespoke their noble Guest.

If, to succeeding Times, our Isle shall boast
 The Pledge of *Pompey* left upon her Coast,
 Disdain not, if thy Presence now we claim,
 And fain wou'd consecrate our Walls to Fame.
 Make thou this Place in future Story great,
 Where pious *Romans* may direct their Feet,
 To view with Adoration thy Retreat.
 This may we plead, in Favour of the Town;
 That while Mankind the prosp'rous Victor own,
 Already, *Cesar's* Foes avow'd, are we,
 Nor add new Guilt, by Duty paid to thee.

150

155

Ver. 146. *The Mitylenians.*] *Mitylene* was the chief
 City of *Lesbos*.

Some

Book VIII. *P H A R S A L I A.* 135

Some Safety too our ambient Seas secure;
Caesar wants Ships, and we defie his Pow'r. 160

Here may *Rome's* scatter'd Fathers well unite,
And arm against a second happier Fight.

Our *Lesbian* Youth with ready Courage stands;

To man thy Navies, or recruit thy Bands.

For Gold, whate'er to Sacred Use is lent, 165

Take it, and the rapacious Foe prevent:

This only Mark of Friendship we intreat;

Seek not to shun us in thy low Estate;

But let our *Lesbos*, in thy Ruin, prove,

As in thy Greatness, worthy of thy Love. 170

Much was the Leader mov'd, and joy'd to find

Faith had not quite abandon'd Humankind.

To me (he cry'd,) for ever were you dear;

Witness the Pledge committed to your Care:

Here in Security I plac'd my Home, 175

My Household-Gods, my Heart, my Wife, my *Rome*.

I know what Ransom might your Pardon buy,

And yet I trust you, yet to you I fly.

But, oh! too long my Woes you singly bear;

I leave you, not for Lands which I prefer,

But that the World the common Load may share. }
}

Ver. 177. *What Ransom.*] You might deserve greatly of *Caesar*, by delivering me up to him.

Lesbos!

Lesbos! for ever sacred be thy Name!
 May late Posterity thy Truth proclaim!
 Whether thy fair Example spread around,
 Or whether, singly, faithful thou art found: 185
 For 'tis resolv'd, 'tis fix'd within my Mind,
 To try the doubtful World, and prove Mankind.
 Oh! grant, good Heav'n! if there be one alone,
 One gracious Pow'r so lost a Cause to own,
 Grant, like the *Lesbians*, I my Friends may find; 190
 Such who, tho' *Cæsar* threaten, dare be kind:
 Who, with the same just hospitable Heart,
 May leave me free to enter, or depart.

He ceas'd; and to the Ship his Part'ner bore,
 While loud Complaining fill the sounding Shore. 195
 It seem'd as if the Nation with her pass'd,
 And Banishment had laid their Island waste.
 Their second Sorrows they to *Pompey* give,
 For her, as for their Citizen, they grieve.
 Ev'n tho' glad Victory had call'd her thence, 200
 And her Lord's bidding been the just Pretence;
 The *Lesbian* Matrons had in Tears been drown'd,
 And brought her Weeping to their wat'ry Bound.
 So was she lov'd, so winning was her Grace,
 Such lowly Sweetness dwelt upon her Face; 205
 In such Humility her Life she led,
 Ev'n while her Lord was *Rome's* commanding Head,
 As if his Fortune were already fled.

Book VIII. PHARSALIA. 137

Half hid in Seas descending *Phœbus* lay,
And upwards half, half downwards shot the Day; 210
When wakeful Cares revolve in *Pompey's* Soul,
And run the wide World o'er, from Pole to Pole.
Each Realm, each City in his Mind are weigh'd,
Where he may fly, from whence depend on Aid.
Weary'd at length beneath that Load of Woes, 215
And those sad Scenes his future Views disclose,
In Conversation for relief he sought,
And exercis'd on various Themes his Thought.
Now sits he by the careful Pilot's Side,
And asks what Rules their watry Journey guide; 220
What Lights of Heav'n his Art attends to most,
Bound for the *Libyan* or the *Syrian* Coast.
To him, intent upon the rolling Skies,
The Heav'n-instructed Shipman thus replies.
Of all yon Multitude of golden Stars, 225
Which the wide rounding Sphere incessant bears,
The cautious Mariner relies on none,
But keeps him to the constant Pole alone.
When o'er the Yard the *lesser Bear* aspires,
And from the Topmast gleam its paly Fires, 230
Then *Bosphorus* near neighb'ring we explore,
And hear loud Billows beat the *Scythian* Shore:
But when *Calisto's* shining Son descends,
And the low *Cynosure* tow'rd's Ocean bends,

For *Syria* strait we know the Vessel bears, 235
 Where first *Canopus*' Southern Sign appears.
 If still upon the Left those Stars thou keep,
 And passing *Pharos*, plow the foamy Deep,
 Then right a'head thy luckless Bark shall reach
 The *Libyan* Shoals, and *Syrts* unfaithful Beach. 240
 But say, for lo! on thee attends my Hand,
 What Course do'st thou assign? what Seas, what Land?
 Speak, and the Helm shall turn at thy Command. }

To him the Chief, by Doubts uncertain tost;
 Oh fly the *Latian* and *Thessalian* Coast: 245
 Those only Lands avoid. For all beside,
 Yield to the driving Winds, and rolling Tide; }

Let Fortune, where she please, a Port provide.
 'Till *Lesbos* did my dearest Pledge restore,
 That Thought determin'd me to seek that Shore: 250
 All Ports, all Regions, but those fatal two,
 Are equal to unhappy *Pompey* now.

Scarce had he spoke, when strait the Master veer'd,
 And right for *Chios*, and for *Asia* steer'd.
 The working Waves the Course inverted feel, 255
 And dash and foam beneath the winding Keel,

Ver. 254. *Ghios*.] *Scio*, an Island in the *Archipelago*,
 not far from the Coast of *Asia*: It lies Southward from
Lesbos.

With

Book VIII. PHARSALIA. 139

With Art like this, on rapid Chariots born,
Around the Column skillful Racers turn:
The nether Wheels bear nicely on the Goal,
The farther, wide, in distant Circles roll. 260

Now Day's bright Beams the various Earth disclose,
And o'er the fading Stars the Sun arose;
When Pompey gath'ring to his Side beheld
The scatter'd Relicks of Pharsalia's Field.

First from the Lesbian Isle his Son drew near, 265

And soon a Troop of faithful Chiefs appear.

Nor Purple Princes, yet, disdain to wait

On vanquish'd Pompey's humbler low Estate.

Proud Monarchs, who in Eastern Kingdoms reign,

Mix in the great Illustrious Exile's Train, 270

From these, apart, Deiotarus he draws,

The long-approv'd Companion of his Cause:

Thou best (he cries), of all my Royal Friends!

Since with our Loss Rome's Pow'r and Empire ends;

What yet remains, but that we call from far 275

The Eastern Nations, to support the War?

Euphrates has not own'd proud Caesar's Side,

And Tigris rolls a yet unconquer'd Tide.

Ver. 258. *Around the Column.*] This was a Pillar of Marble placed at the End of the Course appointed for the Chariot-Races among the Ancients; and to turn nicely and closely round this, without touching, was reckon'd a Piece of great Skill and Dexterity in the Driver.

Let

Let it not grieve thee, then, to seek for Aid
 From the wild *Scythian*, and remotest *Mede*. 280
 To *Parthia's* Monarch my Distress declare,
 And at his Throne speak this my humble Pray'r.
 If Faith in ancient Leagues is to be found,
 Leagues by our Altars and your *Magi* bound,
 Now string the *Getick* and *Armenian* Bow, 285
 And in full Quivers feather'd Shafts bestow.
 If when o'er *Caspian* Hills my Troops I led,
 'Gainst *Alans*, in eternal Warfare bred,
 I fought not once to make your *Parthians* yield,
 But left 'em free to range the *Persian* Field. 290
 Beyond th' *Assyrian* Bounds my Eagles flew,
 And conquer'd Realms, that *Cyrus* never knew;
 Even to the utmost East I urg'd my Way,
 And, ere the *Persian*, saw the rising Day:
 Yet while beneath my Yoak the Nations bend, 295
 I fought the *Parthian*, only as my Friend.
 Yet more; When *Carra* blush'd with *Crassus's* Blood,
 And *Latium* her severest Vengeance vow'd;

Ver. 284. By our Altars and your Magi.] The Original says,

——— *Si fœdera nobis*
Prisca manent mihi per Latium jurata tonantem,
Per vestros astricta Magos.

These *Magi* were Priests or Philosophers of a peculiar Sect instituted by *Zoroaster*; of whom see at large *Dr. Prideaux* in his Learned Connection of, &c. Vol. I.

When

When War with *Parthia* was the common Cry,
Who stop'd the Fury of that Rage, but I? 300

If this be true, thro' *Zeugma* take your Way,
Nor let *Euphrates'* Stream the March delay;
In Gratitude, to my Assistance come;
Fight *Pompey's* Cause, and conquer willing *Rome*.

He said; the Monarch chearfully obey'd, 305
And strait aside his Royal Robes he laid;
Then bid his Slaves their humbler Vestments bring;
And in that servile Veil conceals the King.

Thus Majesty gives its proud Trappings o'er,
And humbly seeks for Safety from the Poor. 310

The Poor, who no Disguises need, nor wear;
Unblest with Greatness, and unvex'd with Fear.

His Princely Friend now safe convey'd to Land,
The Chief o'erpass'd the fam'd *Ephesian* Strand,
Icaria's Rocks, with *Colophon's* smooth Deep, 315
And foamy Cliffs which rugged *Samos* keep.

Ver. 299. *When War with Parthia.*] *Pompey* dissuaded the Senate from a War with *Parthia*, while there was one afoot with *Gaul*.

Ver. 301. *Zeugma*] Was a Town on the River *Euphrates*, built by *Alexander* the Great. Perhaps about the Time of this Civil War it might be the Boundary of the *Roman* and *Parthian* Dominions. For *Carra* see the Notes on the First Book about the Beginning.

Ver. 315. *Icaria*,] Now *Nicaria*, an Island of the *Archipelago*, North of *Patmos*, and West of *Samos*.

Colophon,] Formerly an ancient City on the Coast of *Ionia*, now *Altobosco*, a Village of *Natolia*.

From

From *Coan* Shores soft breathes the Western Wind,
 And *Rhodes* and *Gnidos* soon are left behind.
 Then crossing o'er *Telmessos*' ample Bay,
 Right to *Pamphilia*'s Coast he cuts his Way. 320
 Suspicious of the Land, he keeps the Main,
 'Till poor *Phaselis*, first, receives his wand'ring Train.
 There, free from Fears, with Ease he may command
 Her Citizens, scarce equal to his Band.
 Nor ling'ring there, his swelling Sails are spread, 325
 'Till he discerns proud *Taurus*' rising Head:
 A mighty Mass he stands, while down his Side
 Descending *Dipsas* rolls his headlong Tide.
 In a slight Bark he runs securely o'er
 The Pirates once-infested dreadful Shore. 330
 Ah! when he set the wat'ry Empire free,
 And swept the fierce *Cilician* from the Sea,
 Cou'd the successful Warrior have forethought
 'Twas for his future Safety, then, he fought!
 At length the gath'ring Fathers of the State 335
 In full Assembly, on their Leader wait:

Ver. 317. *Coan* Shores,] *Co*, or *Cos*, now *Stanchio*, an Island on the Coast of *Caria*.

Ver. 318. *Gnidos*,] Or rather *Cnidos*, a City on the Coast of *Caria*.

Ver. 319. *Telmessos*,] A City on the Coast of *Lycia*.

Ver. 322. *Phaselis*,] A little City on the Coast between *Lycia* and *Pamphylia*; in the latter of these Provinces is *Syedra*, where *Pompey* met and consulted with the Remains of the Senate.

Book VIII. *P H A R S A L I A*. 143

Within *Syedra's* Walls their Senate meets,
Whom, fighting, thus th' illustrious Exile greets.

My Friends! who with me fought, who with me fled,
And now are to me in my Country's stead; 340

Tho' quite defenceless and unarm'd we stand,
On this *Cilician*, naked, foreign, Strand;

Tho' ev'ry Mark of Fortune's Wrath we bear,
And seem to seek for Counsel in Despair;

Preserve your Souls undaunted, free and great, 345
And know I am not fall'n intirely, yet.

Spite of the Ruins of *Emathia's* Plain,
Yet can I rear my drooping Head again.

From *Africk's* Dust abandon'd; *Marius* rose,
To seize the *Fasces*, and insult his Foes. 350

My Loss is lighter, less is my Disgrace;
Shall I despair to reach my former Place?

Still on the *Grecian* Seas my Navies ride,
And many a valiant Leader owns my Side.

All that *Pharsalia's* luckless Field cou'd do, 355
Was to disperse my Forces, not subdue.

Still safe beneath my former Fame I stand,
Dear to the World, and lov'd in ev'ry Land.

'Tis yours to Counsel and Determine, whom
We shall apply to, in the Cause of *Rome*; 360

Ver. 349. *Marius rose.*] See before in the Second Book.

What

What faithful Friend may best Assistance bring ;
 The *Libyan*, *Parthian*, or *Ægyptian* King.
 For me, what Course my Thoughts incline to take,
 Here freely, and at large, I mean to speak.
 What most dislike me in the *Pharian* Prince, 365
 Are his raw Years, and yet unpractis'd Sense:
 Virtue, in Youth, no stable footing finds,
 And Constancy is built on manly Minds.
 Nor, with less Danger, may our Trust explore
 The Faith uncertain, of the crafty *Moor* : 370
 From *Carthaginian* Blood he draws his Race,
 Still mindful of the vanquish'd Town's Disgrace;
 From thence *Numidian* Mischiefs he derives,
 And *Hannibal* in his false Heart survives :
 With Pride he saw submissive *Varus* bow, 375
 And joys to hear the *Roman* Pow'r lyes low.
 To Warlike *Parthia* therefore let us turn,
 Where Stars unknown in distant Azure burn;
 Where *Caspian* Hills to part the World arise,
 And Night and Day succeed in other Skies; 380
 Where rich *Assyrian* Plains *Euphrates* laves,
 And Seas discolour'd roll their ruddy Waves.

Ver. 362. *The Libyan, Parthian, or Ægyptian King.*] These were, *Juba*, *Phraates*, and *Ptolemy*.

Ver. 375. *Submissive Varus.*] *Varus*, who had fought to *Juba* for Assistance, was routed by *Curio*. See the Fourth Book, towards the End.

Ambition,

Ambition, there, delights in Arms to reign,
 There rushing Squadrons thunder o'er the Plain;
 There young and old the Bow promiscuous bend, 385
 And fatal Shafts with Aim unerring fend.
 They first the *Macedonian* Phalanx broke,
 And Hand to Hand repell'd the *Grecian* Stroke;
 They drove the *Mede* and *Bactrian* from the Field,
 And taught aspiring *Babylon* to yield; 390
 Fearless against the *Roman* Pile they stood,
 And triumph'd in our vanquish'd *Crassus*' Blood.
 Nor trust they to the Points of piercing Darts,
 But furnish Death with new improving Arts;
 In mortal Juices dipt their Arrows fly, 395
 And if they taste the Blood, the Wounded die.
 Too well their Pow'rs, and fav'ring Gods we know,
 And wish our Fate much rather wou'd allow
 Some other Aid against the common Foe. }
 With un auspicious Succour shall they come, 400
 Nurs'd in the Hate and Rivalship of *Rome*.
 With these, the neighb'ring Nations round shall arm,
 And the whole East rouse at the dire Alarm.
 Shou'd the Barbarian Race their Aid deny,
 Yet wou'd I chuse in that strange Land to die:
 There let our shipwreck'd poor Remains be thrown,
 Our Loss forgotten, and our Names unknown:

Securely there Ill-Fortune wou'd I brave,
 Nor meanly sue to Kings, whose Crowns I gave:
 From *Cæsar* free, enjoy my latest Hour, 410
 And scorn his Anger's and his Mercy's Pow'r.
 Still, when my Thoughts my former Days restore,
 With Joy, methinks, I run those Regions o'er:
 There, much the better Parts of Life I prov'd,
 Rever'd by all, applauded, and belov'd; 415
 Wide o'er *Mæotis* spread my happy Name,
 And *Tanais* ran conscious of my Fame;
 My vanquish'd Enemies my Conquests mourn'd,
 And cover'd still with Laurels, I return'd.
 Approve then, *Rome*, my present Cares for thee; 420
 Thine is the Gain, whate'er th' Event shall be.
 What greater Boon can'st thou from Heav'n demand,
 Than, in thy Cause to arm the *Parthian's* Hand?
 Barbarians thus shall wage thy Civil War,
 And those that hate thee, in thy Ruin share. 425
 When *Cæsar* and *Phraates* Battle join,
 They must revenge, or *Crassus's* Wrongs, or mine.
 The Leader ceas'd; and strait a murmur'ing Sound
 Ran thro' the disapproving Fathers round.
 With these, in high Preheminence, there sat 430
 Distinguish'd *Lentulus*, the Consul late:

Ver. 409. *Kings, whose Crowns I gave.*] *Ptolemy, Ti-*
granes, &c. but more especially to *Ptolemy*.

None with more gen'rous Indignation stung,
 Or nobler Grief, beheld his Country's Wrong.
 Sudden he rose, rever'd, and thus began,
 In words that well became the Subject, and the Man.

Can then *Pharsalia's* Ruins thus control 436
 The former Greatness of thy *Roman* Soul?
 Must the whole World, our Laws and Country, yield
 To one unlucky Day, one ill-fought Field?
 Hast thou no Hopes of Succour, no Retreat, 440
 But mean Prostration at the *Parthian's* Feet?
 Art thou grown weary of our Earth and Sky,
 That thus thou seek'st a Fugitive to fly;
 New Stars to view, new Regions to explore,
 To learn new Manners, and new Gods adore? 445
 Wo't thou before *Chaldean* Altars bend,
 Worship their Fires, and on their Kings depend?
 Why didst thou draw the World to Arms around,
 Why cheat Mankind with Liberty's sweet Sound,
 Why on *Emathia's* Plain fierce *Cesar* brave, 450
 When thou canst yield thy self a Tyrant's Slave?
 Shall *Parthia*, who with Terror shook from far,
 To hear thee nam'd, to head the *Roman* War,

Ver. 447. *Worship their Fires.*] The Worship of Fire, or rather of the Supreme Being and Principle of all Things under that Symbol, was first taught among the Eastern Nations by *Zoroaster* and his Disciples the *Magi*.

Who saw thee lead proud Monarchs in thy Chain,
 From wild *Hyrkania* and the *Indian* Main; 455
 Shall she, that very *Parthia*, see thee now,
 A poor, dejected, humble Suppliant bow?
 Then haughtily with *Rome* her Greatness mate,
 And scorn thy Country, for thy groveling Fate?
 Thy Tongue, in Eastern Languages untaught, 460
 Shall want the Words that shou'd explain thy Thought:
 Tears, then, unmanly, must thy Suit declare;
 And suppliant Hands, uplifted, speak thy Pray'r.
 Shall *Parthia* (shall it to our Shame be known)
 Revenge *Rome's* Wrongs, e'er *Rome* revenge her own?
 Our War no interfering Kings demands, 466
 Nor shall be trusted to Barbarian Hands:
 Among our selves our Bonds we will deplore,
 And *Rome* shall serve the Rebel Son she bore.
 Why wou'dst thou bid our Foes transgress their Bound,
 And teach their Feet to tread *Hesperian* Ground? 471
 With Ensigns, torn from *Crassus*, shall they come,
 And, with his ravish'd Honours, threaten *Rome*;
 His Fate those Blood-stain'd Eagles shall recall,
 And hover dreadful o'er their Native Wall. 475
 Canst thou believe the Monarch, who with-held
 His only Forces from *Emathia's* Field,

Ver. 469. The Rebel Son.] *Caesar*.

Will

Book VIII. *P H A R S A L I A.* 149

Will bring his Succours to thy waining State,
And bravely now defie the Victor's Hate?

No Eastern Courage forms a Thought so great.
In cold laborious Climes the wintry North
481

Brings her undaunted hardy Warriors forth,
In Body and in Mind untaught to yield,
Stubborn of Soul, and steady in the Field;
While *Asia's* softer Climate, form'd to please,
485
Dissolves her Sons in Insolence and Ease.

Here filken Robes invest unmanly Limbs,
And in long Trains the flowing Purple streams.
Where no rude Hills *Sarmatia's* Wilds restrain,
Or rushing *Tigris* cuts the level Plain,
490

Swifter than Winds along the Champian born,
At Liberty they fly, or fight, or turn,
And distant still, the vain Pursuer scorn.

Not with like Ease they force their warlike Way,
Where rough unequal Grounds their Speed de'ay.
495

Whene'er the thicker Shades of Night arise,
Unaim'd the Shaft, and unavailing, flies.

Nor are they form'd with Constancy to meet
Those Toils, that make the panting Soldier sweat: 499

To climb the Heights, to stem the rapid Flood,
To make the dusty Noon-day Battle good,
Horrid with Wounds, and crufted o'er in Blood.

Nor War's Machines they know, nor have the Skill
To shake the Rampire, or the Trench to fill:

Each Fence that can their winged Shafts endure, 505
Stands, like a Fort impregnable, secure.

Light are their Skirmishes, their War is Flight,
And still to wheel their wav'ring Troops delight.
To taint their coward Darts is all their Care,
And then to trust 'em to the fitting Air. 510

Whene'er their Bows have spent the feather'd Store,
The mighty Bus'ness of their War is o'er:
No manly Strokes they try, nor Hand to Hand
With cleaving Swords in sturdy Combate stand.
With Swords the Valiant still their Foes invade, 515
These call in Drugs and Poison to their Aid.

Are these the Pow'rs to whom thou bidst us fly?
Is this the Land in which thy Bones wou'd lye?
Shall these Barbarian Hands for thee provide
The Grave, to thy unhappy Friend deny'd? 520
But be it so! that Death shall bring thee Peace,
That here thy Sorrows, and thy Toils shall cease.

Death is what Man shou'd wish. But oh! what Fate
Shall on thy Wife, thy sad Survivor, wait!
For her, where Lust with lawless Empire reigns, 525
Somewhat more terrible than Death remains.

Have we not heard, with what abhorr'd Desires
The *Parthian Venus* feeds her guilty Fires?

Ver, 520. To thy unhappy Friend.] To *Cynsus*.

How

Book VIII. *P H A R S A L I A.* 151

How their wild Monarch, like the Bestial Race,
Spreads the Pollution of his lewd Embrace? 530
Unaw'd by Rev'rence of Connubial Rites,
In Multitudes, luxurious, he delights:
When gorg'd with Feasting, and infam'd with Wine,
No Joys can fate him, and no Laws confine;
Forbidding Nature, then, commands in vain, 535
From Sisters and from Mothers to abstain.
The Greek and Roman, with a trembling Ear,
Th' unwilling Crime of *Oedipus* may hear;
While *Parthian* Kings like Deeds, with Glory, own,
And boast incestuous Titles to the Throne. 540
If Crimes like these they can securely brave,
What Laws, what Pow'r shall thy *Cornelia* save?
Think, how the helpless Matron may be led,
The thousandth Harlot, to the Royal Bed.
Tho' when the Tyrant clasps his noble Slave, 545
And hears to whom her plighted Hand she gave,
Her Beauties oft in Scorn he shall prefer,
And chuse t'insult the *Roman* Name in her.
These are the Pow'rs to whom thou wou'dst submit,
And *Rome's* Revenge and *Crassus'* quite forget. 550
Thy Cause, preferr'd to his, becomes thy Shame,
And blots, in common, thine and *Cesar's* Name.
With how much greater Glory might you join,
To drive the *Daci*, or to free the *Rhine*?

How well your conqu'ring Legions might you lead, 555

'Gainst the fierce *Bactrian*, and the haughty *Mede*?

Level proud *Babylon's* aspiring Domes,

And with their Spoils enrich our slaughter'd Leaders Tombs?

No longer, Fortune! let our Friendship last,

Our Peace, ill-omen'd, with the Barb'rous East; 560

If Civil Strife with *Cesar's* Conquest end,

To *Asia* let his prosp'rous Arms extend:

Eternal Wars there let the Victor wage,

And on proud *Parthia* pour the *Roman* Rage.

There I, there all, his Victories may blefs, 565

And *Rome* her self make Vows for his Success.

When-e'er thou pass the cold *Araxes* o'er,

An aged Shade shall greet thee on the Shore,

Transfix'd with Arrows, mournful, pale, and hoar. } 570

And art thou (shall he cry, complaining) come

In Peace and Friendship, to these Foes of *Rome*?

Thou! from whose Hand we hop'd Revenge in vain, }

Poor naked Ghosts, a thin unbury'd Train, }

That flit, lamenting, o'er this dreary Plain?

On ev'ry Side new Objects shall disclose 575

Some mournful Monument of *Roman* Woes;

On ev'ry Wall fresh Marks thou shalt descry,

Where pale *Hesperian* Heads were fix'd on high:

Ver. 568. *An aged Shade.*] The Ghost of *Crassus*.

Each



Book VIII. PHARSALIA. 153

Each River, as he rolls his Purple Tide,
Shall own his Waves in *Latian* Slaughter dy'd. 580

If Sights like these thou canst with Patience bear,
What are the Horrors which thy Soul wou'd fear?

Ev'n *Cæsar's* self with Joy may be beheld,
Enthron'd on Slaughter in *Emathia's* Field.

Say then, we grant, thy Cautions were not vain, 585
Of *Punick* Frauds and *Juba's* faithless Reign;

Abounding *Egypt* shall receive thee yet,
And yield, unquestion'd, a secure Retreat.

By Nature strengthen'd with a dang'rous Strand,
Her *Syrts* and untry'd Channels guard the Land. 590

Rich in the Fatness of her plenteous Soil,
She plants her only Confidence in *Nile*.

Her Monarch, bred beneath thy Guardian Cares,
His Crown, the Largest of thy Bounty, wears.

Nor let unjust Suspicions brand his Truth; 595
Candor and Innocence still dwell with Youth.

Trust not a Pow'r accusom'd to be great,
And vers'd in wicked Policies of State.

Old Kings, long harden'd in the regal Trade,
By Int'rest and by Craft alone are sway'd,

And violate with Ease the Leagues they made:

While new ones still make Conscience of the Trust,
True to their Friends, and to their Subjects just.

He spoke; the listning Fathers all were mov'd;
And with concurring Votes the Thought approv'd. 605

So much ev'n dying Liberty prevail'd,

When *Pompey's* Suffrage, and his Counsel fail'd.

And now *Cilicia's* Coast the Fleet forsake,

And o'er the wat'ry Plain for *Cyprus* make.

Cyprus, to Love's Ambrosial Goddess dear,

616

For ever grateful smok the Altars there:

Indulgent still she hears the *Paphian* Vows,

And loves the Fav'rite Seas from whence she rose.

So Fame reports, if we may credit Fame,

When her fond Tales the Birth of Gods proclaim,

Unborn, and from Eternity the same.

The craggy Cliffs of *Cyprus* quickly past,

617

The Chief runs Southward o'er the Ocean vast.

Nor views he, thro' the murky Vell of Night,

The *Casian* Mountains far distinguish'd Height,

The high-hung Lantern, or the beamy Light.

Haply at length the lab'ring Canvass bore

Full on the farthest Bounds of *Ægypt's* Shore,

Where near *Pelusium* parting *Nile* descends,

And in her utmost Eastern Channel ends.

625

Ver. 620. *The Casian Mountains far.*] *Casium*, or rather *Casius*, was a Promontory in the most Easterly Part of *Ægypt*. At the Foot of this Mountain, on the Sea-Shore, was *Pompey* bury'd. *Lucan* says, that *Pompey's* Fleet overshoot this Promontory, and did not see the Light that was always kept on the Top of it for the Direction of Sailers. *Pelusium*, mention'd just after this, was in *Pompey's* Time a great City. 'Tis now a poor Village, and call'd, if I am not mistaken, *Belbais* or *Bebais*.

'Twas

Book VIII. *P H A R S A L I A.* 155

'Twas now the Time, when equal *Jove* on high
 Had hung the golden Ballance of the Sky:
 But ah! not long such just Proportions last,
 The righteous Season soon was chang'd and pass'd;
 And Spring's Encroachment, on the short'ning Shade,
 Was fully to the wintry Nights repaid: 638
 When to the Chief from Shore they made Report,
 That, near high *Casium*, lay the *Pharian* Court.
 This known, he thither turns his ready Sail,
 The Light yet lasting with the fav'ring Gale. 639
 The Fleet arriv'd, the News flies swiftly round,
 And their new Guests the troubled Court confound.
 The Time was short; howe'er the Council met,
 Vile Ministers, a monstrous Motley Set.
 Of these, the Chief in Honour, and the Best, 640
 Was old *Achoris*, the *Memphian* Priest:
 In *Isis* and *Osiris* he believ'd,
 And rev'rend Tales, from Sire to Son receiv'd;

Ver. 626. 'Twas now the Time.] About the Middle of *September*.

Ver. 642. In *Isis* and *Osiris*.] Of these two *Ægyptian* Deities, see the Third Book of *Herodotus*, and other Authors, but above all the Learned *Selden's Syntagma de Diis Syris*. It will be sufficient to observe here, that they were Husband and Wife, and the two chief Gods among the *Ægyptians*.

Apis was a living Ox, worshipp'd likewise by the *Ægyptians*: He was only suffer'd to live such a certain time, and then his own Priests put him into the Fountain of
 the

Could mark the Swell of *Nile's* increasing Tide,
 And many an *Apis* in his Time had dy'd; 645
 Yet was his Age with gentlest Manners fraught,
 Humbly he spöke, and modestly he taught.

With good Intent the pious Seer arose,
 And told how much their State to *Pompey* owes:
 What large Amends their Monarch ought to make, 650
 Both for his own, and for his Father's Sake.

But Fate had plac'd a subtler Speaker there,
 A Tongue more fitted for a Tyrant's Ear,
Pothinus, deep in Arts of Mischief read,
 Who thus, with false Persuasion, blindly lead
 The easie King, to doom his Guardian dead.

To strictest Justice many Ills belong,
 And Honesty is often in the Wrong:
 Chiefly when stubborn Rules her Zealots push,
 To favour those whom Fortune means to crush. 660
 But thou, oh Royal *Ptolemy*! be wise;
 Change with the Gods, and fly whom Fortune flies.

the Sun, and kill'd him. Upon the Death of one, they immediately, with great Marks of Grief, look'd out for another, who was to be of the same Race, and mark'd after the same manner, especially he was to have a white Half-Moon on the Right Side.

Ver. 644. *Could mark the Swell.*] Of this see at large in the Tenth Book.

Ver. 657. *Many Ills.*] Many Inconveniencies and ill Consequences, as to what regards the Success of Things in this World.

Not

Book VIII. *P H A R S A L I A.* 157

Not Earth, from you' high Heav'ns which we admire,
Not from the watry Element the Fire,
Are sever'd by Distinctions half so wide, 665
As Int'rest and Integrity divide.

The mighty Pow'r of Kings no more prevails,
When Justice comes with her deciding Scales.
Freedom for all Things, and a lawless Sword,
Alone support an Arbitrary Lord. 670

He that is cruel must be bold in Ills,
And find his Safety from the Blood he spills.
For Piety, and Virtue's starving Rules,

To mean Retirements let 'em lead their Fools:
There, may they still ingloriously be good; 675
None can be safe in Courts, who blush at Blood.

Nor let this Fugitive despise thy Years,
Or think a Name, like his, can cause thy Fears:

Exert thy self, and let him feel thy Pow'r,
And know, that we dare drive him from our Shore. 680

But if thou wish to lay thy Greatness down,
To some more just Succession yield thy Crown;
Thy Rival Sister willingly shall reign,
And save our *Ægypt* from a Foreign Chain.

As now, at first, in Neutral Peace we lay, 685
Nor wou'd be *Pompey's* Friends, nor *Cæsar's* Prey.
Vanquish'd, where-e'er his Fortune has been try'd,
And driv'n, with Scorn, from all the World beside,

By

By *Cæsar* chas'd, and left by his Allies,
 To us a baff'd Vagabond he flies. 690
 The poor remaining Senate loath his Sight,
 And ruin'd Monarchs curse his fatal Flight:
 While thousand Fantomes from th' unbury'd Slain,
 Who feed the Vultures of *Emathia's* Plain,
 Disastrous still pursue him in the Rear, 695
 And urge his Soul with Horror and Despair.
 To us for Refuge now he seeks to run,
 And wou'd once more with *Ægypt* be undone.
 Rouse then, oh! *Ptolemy*, repress the Wrong;
 He thinks we have enjoy'd our Peace too long: 700
 And therefore kindly comes, that we may share
 The Crimes of Slaughter, and the Woes of War.
 His Friendship shewn to thee Suspicious draws,
 And makes us seem too guilty of his Cause:
 Thy Crown bestow'd, the Victor may impute; 705
 The Senate gave it, but at *Pompey's* Suit.
 Nor, *Pompey*! thou thy self shalt think it hard,
 If from thy Aid, by Fate, we are debarr'd.
 We follow where the Gods, constraining lead;
 We strike at thine, but wish 'twere *Cæsar's* Head. 710
 Our Weakness this, this Fate's Compulsion call;
 We only yield to him who conquers all.

Ver. 699. *Repress the Wrong.*] The Destruction and Ruin that *Pompey* would involve us in.

Then

Book VIII. PHARSALIA. 159

Then doubt not if thy Blood we mean to spill;
Pow'r awes us; if we can, we must, and will.
What Hopes thy fond mistaking Soul betray'd, 715
To put thy Trust in *Ægypt's* feeble Aid?
Our slothful Nation, long disus'd to Toil,
With Pain suffice to till their slimy Soil,
Our idle Force due Modesty shou'd teach,
Nor dare to aim beyond its humble Reach. 720
Shall we resist where *Rome* was forc'd to yield,
And make us Parties to *Pharsalia's* Field?
We mix'd not in the fatal Strife before;
And shall we, when the World has giv'n it o'er?
Now! when we know th' avenging Victor's Pow'r?
Nor do we turn, unpit'ing, from Distress; 726
We fly not *Pompey's* Woes, but seek Success.
The Prudent on the Prosp'rous still attends,
And none, but Fools, chuse Wretches for their Friends.
He said; the vile Assembly all assent, 730
And the Boy-king his glad Concurrence lent.
Fond of the Royalty his Slaves bestow'd,
And by new Pow'r of Wickedness made proud.

Ver. 732. *Fond of the Royalty.*] As if he was pleas'd that his Ministers, who govern'd and controll'd him on all other Occasions, wou'd give him Leave to exercise his Royal Power for the Commission of so base a Murder.

Where

Where *Caesum* high o'er-looks the shoaly Strand,
 A Bark with armed Ruffians strait is mann'd,
 And the Task trusted to *Achillas'* Hand.

2
3

Can then *Ægyptian* Souls thus proudly dare!
 Is *Rome*, ye Gods! thus fall'n by Civil War!
 Can you to *Nile* transfer the *Roman* Guilt,
 And let such Blood by Cowards Hands be spilt? 740
 Some kindred Murtherer at least afford,
 And let him fall by *Caesar's* worthy Sword.
 And thou, inglorious, feeble, beardless Boy!
 Dar'st thou thy Hand in such a Deed-employ?
 Does not thy trembling Heart, with Horror, dread 745
Jove's Thunder, grumbling o'er thy guilty Head?
 Had not his Arms with Triumphs oft been crown'd,
 And ev'n the vanquish'd World his Conquest own'd;
 Had not the rev'rend Senate call'd him Head,
 And *Caesar* giv'n fair *Julia* to his Bed; 750
 He was a *Roman* still: A Name shou'd be
 For ever sacred to a King, like thee.
 Ah Fool! thus blindly by thy self undone,
 Thou seek'st his Ruin, who upheld thy Throne:
 He only cou'd thy feeble Pow'r maintain, 755
 Who gave thee first o'er *Ægypt's* Realm to reign.

The Seamen, now, advancing near to Shore,
 Strike the wide Sail, and ply the plunging Oar;

When

Book VIII. *P H A R S A L I A.* 161

When the false Miscreants the Navy meet,
And with dissembled Chear the *Roman* greet. 760

They feign their hospitable Land address'd,
With ready Friendship, to receive her Guest;
Excusing much an inconvenient Shore,
Where Shoals lye thick, and meeting Currents roar:
From his tall Ship, unequal to the Place, 765
They beg him to their lighter Bark to pass.

Had not the Gods, unchangeably, decreed
Devoted *Pompey* in that Hour to bleed,
A thousand Signs the Danger near foretell,
Seen by his sad presaging Friends too well. 770

Had their low Fawning justly been design'd,
If Truth cou'd lodge in an *Ægyptian* Mind,
Their King himself with all his Fleet had come,
To lead, in Pomp, his Benefactor home.

But thus Fate will'd; and *Pompey* chose to bear 775
A certain Death, before uncertain Fear.

While, now, aboard the hostile Boat he goes,
To follow him the frantick Matron vows,
And claims her Partnership in all his Woes. }

But oh! forbear (he cries) my Love, forbear; 780
Thou and my Son remain in Safety here.

Let this old Head the Danger first explore,
And prove the Faith of you' suspected Shore.

He

He spoke; but she, unmov'd at his Commands,
 Thus loud exclaiming, stretch'd her eager Hands. 785
 Whither, Inhuman! whither art thou gone?
 Still must I weep our common Grievs alone?
 Joy still, with thee, forsakes my boding Heart;
 And fatal is the Hour whene'er we part.
 Why did thy Vessel to my *Lesbos* turn? 790
 Why was I from the faithful Island born?
 Must I all Lands, all Shores, alike, forbear,
 And only on the Seas thy Sorrows share?
 Thus, to the Winds, loud plain'd her fruitless Tongue,
 While eager from the Deck on high she hung; 795
 Trembling with wild Astonishment and Fear,
 She dares not, while her parting Lord they bear,
 Turn her Eyes from him once, or fix 'em there. }
 On him his anxious Navy all are bent,
 And wait, solicitous, the dire Event. See
 No Danger aim'd against his Life they doubt;
 Care for his Glory only, fills their Thought:
 They wish he may not stain his Name renown'd,
 By mean Submission to the Boy he crown'd.
 Just as he enter'd o'er the Vessel's Side, 800
 Hail General! the curs'd *Septimius* cry'd,
 A Roman once in gen'rous Warfare bred,
 And oft' in Arms by mighty *Pompey* led;

But

Book VIII. PHARSALIA. 163

But now (what vile Dishonour must it bring)

The Ruffian Slave of an *Ægyptian* King. 810

Fierce was he, horrible, inur'd to Blood,

And ruthless as the Savage of the Wood.

Oh Fortune! who but wou'd have call'd thee kind,

And thought thee mercifully now inclin'd,

When thy o'er-ruling Providence with-held 815

This Hand of Mischief from *Pharsalia's* Field?

But, thus, thou scatter'st thy destroying Swords,

And ev'ry Land thy Victims thus affords.

Shall *Pompey* at a Tyrant's Bidding bleed!

Can *Roman* Hands be to the Task decreed!

Ev'n *Cæsar*, and his Gods, abhor the Deed.

Say you! who with the Stain of Murder brand

Immortal *Brutus's* avenging Hand,

What monstrous Title, yet to Speech unknown,

To latest Times shall mark *Septimius* down! 825

Now in the Boat defenceless *Pompey* late,

Surrounded and abandon'd to his Fate:

Nor long they hold him, in their Pow'r, aboard,

Ere ev'ry Villain drew his ruthless Sword:

The Chief perceiv'd their Purpose soon, and spread 830

His *Roman* Gown, with Patience, o'er his Head:

Ver. 822. Say you!] If *Brutus* who kill'd *Cæsar* was a Murderer, what is *Septimius*?

And

And when the curs'd *Achillas* pierc'd his Breast,
 His rising Indignation close repress'd.
 No Sighs, no Groans, his Dignity profan'd,
 Nor Tears his still unsully'd Glory stain'd: 835
 Unmov'd and firm he fix'd him on his Seat,
 And dy'd, as when he liv'd and conquer'd, great.
 Meanwhile, within his equal parting Soul,
 These latest pleasing Thoughts revolving roll.
 In this my strongest Tryal, and my last, 840
 As in some Theatre I here am plac'd:
 The Faith of *Ægypt*, and my Fate, shall be
 A Theme for present Times, and late Posterity.
 Much of my former Life was crown'd with Praise,
 And Honours waited on my early Days: 845
 Then, fearless, let me this dread Period meet,
 And force the World to own the Scene compleat.
 Nor grieve, my Heart! by such base Hands to bleed;
 Who ever strikes the Blow, 'tis *Cæsar's* Deed.
 What, tho' this mangled Carcass shall be torn, 850
 These Limbs be tost about for publick Scorn;
 My long Prosperity has found its End,
 And Death comes opportunely, like a Friend:
 It comes, to set me free from Fortune's Pow'r,
 And gives, what she can rob me of no more. 855
 My Wife and Son behold me now, 'tis true;
 Oh! may no Tears, no Groans, my Fate pursue!

My

Book VIII. PHARSALIA. 165

My Virtue rather let their Praise approve,
Let 'em admire my Death, and my Remembrance love.

Such Constancy in that dread Hour remain'd, 860
And, to the last, the strugg'ling Soul sustain'd.

Not so the Matron's feebler Pow'rs repress'd
The wild Impatience of her frantick Breast:
With ev'ry Stab her bleeding Heart was torn,
With Wounds much harder to be seen, than born. 865

'Tis I, 'tis I have murder'd him! (she cries)
My Love the Sword and ruthless Hand supplies.
'Twas I allur'd him to my fatal Isle,
That cruel *Cesar* first might reach the *Nile*;
For *Cesar* sure is there; no Hand but his 870
Has Right to such a Parricide as this.

But whether *Cesar*, or whoe'er thou art,
Thou hast mistook the Way to *Pompey's* Heart:
That sacred Pledge in my sad Bosom lyes,
There plunge thy Dagger, and he more than dies. 875

Me too, most worthy of thy Fury know,
The Part'ner of his Arms, and sworn your Foe.
Of all our *Roman* Wives, I singly bore
The Camp's Fatigue, the Sea's tempestuous Roar:
No Dangers, not the Victor's Wrath, I fear'd; 880
What mighty Monarchs durst not do, I dar'd.
These guilty Arms did their glad Refuge yield,
And clasp'd him, flying from *Pharsalia's* Field.

Ah *Pompey*! dost thou thus my Faith reward?
 Shalt thou be doom'd to die, and I be spar'd? 885
 But Fate shall many Means of Death afford,
 Nor want th' Assistance of a Tyrant's Sword.
 And you, my Friends, in Pity, let me leap
 Hence headlong, down amidst the tumbling Deep: 889
 Or to my Neck the strangling Cordage tye;
 If there be any Friend of *Pompey* nigh,
 Transfix me, stab me, do but let me die.
 My Lord! my Husband!— Yet thou art not dead;
 And see! *Cornelia* is a Captive led:
 From thee their cruel Hands thy Wife detain, 895
 Reserv'd to wear th' insulting Victor's Chain.

She spoke; and stiff'ning sunk in cold Despair;
 Her weeping Maids the lifeless Burthen bear;
 While the pale Mariners the Bark unmoor,
 Spread ev'ry Sail, and fly the faithless Shore. 900

Nor Agonies, nor livid Death, disgrace
 The sacred Features of the Hero's Face;
 In the cold Visage, mournfully serene,
 The same Indignant Majesty was seen;
 There Virtue still unchangeable abode, 905
 And scorn'd the Spite of ev'ry partial God.

The bloody Business now compleat and done,
 New Furies urge the fierce *Septimius* on:

He

He rends the Robe that veil'd the Hero's Head,
 And to full View expos'd the recent Dead; 910
 Hard in his horrid Gripe the Face he prefs'd,
 While yet the quiv'ring Muscles Life confess'd:
 He drew the dragging Body down with haste,
 Then cross a Rower's Seat the Neck he plac'd;
 There, aukward, haggling, he divides the Bone, 915
 (The Headsman's Art was then but rudely known.)
 Strait on the Spoil his *Pharian* Partner flies,
 And robs the heartless Villain of his Prize.
 The Head, his Trophy, proud *Achillas* bears;
Septimius an inferior Drudge appears, 920
 And in the meaner Mischief poorly shares.
 Caught by the venerable Locks, which grow,
 In hoary Ringlets, on his gen'rous Brow,
 To *Ægypt's* impious King that Head they bear,
 That Laurels us'd to bind, and Monarchs fear. 925
 Those sacred Lips, and that commanding Tongue,
 On which the list'ning *Forum* oft' has hung;
 That Tongue which cou'd the World with Ease restrain,
 And ne'er commanded War, or Peace, in vain;
 That Face, in which Success came smiling home, 930
 And doubled ev'ry Joy it brought to *Rome*;
 Now pale and wan, is fix'd upon a Spear,
 And born, for publick View, aloft in Air.

The Tyrant, pleas'd, beheld it; and decreed
 To keep this Pledge of his detested Deed. 935
 His Slaves strait drain the serous Parts away,
 And arm the wasting Flesh against Decay;
 Then Drugs and Gums thro' the void Vessels pass,
 And for Duration fix the stiff'ning Mass.
 Inglorious Boy! Degenerate and Base! 940
 Thou last and worst of the *Lagaan* Race!
 Whose feeble Throne, ere long, shall be compell'd
 To thy lascivious Sister's Reign to yield:
 Canst thou, with Altars, and with Rites divine,
 The rash vain Youth of *Macedon* inshrine; 945
 Can *Ægypt* such stupendous Fabricks build;
 Can her wide Plains with Pyramids be fill'd;
 Canst thou, beneath such monumental Pride,
 Thy worthless *Ptolemaean* Fathers hide;
 While the great *Pompey's* headless Trunk is tofs'd 950
 In Scorn, unbury'd, on thy barb'rous Coast?
 Was it so much? could not thy Care suffice,
 To keep him whole, and glut his Father's Eyes?
 In this, his Fortune ever held the same,
 Still wholly Kind, or wholly Cross, she came.

Ver. 938. *Then Drugs and Gums.*] That is, *Ptolemy* order'd it to be embalm'd.

Ver. 942. *Whose feeble Throne.*] It was not long before *Ptolemy* was kill'd, and his Sister *Cleopatra* reign'd alone.

Patient

Patient, his long Prosperity she bore,
 But kept this Death, and this sad Day in store.
 No meddling God did e'er his Pow'r employ,
 To ease his Sorrows, or to damp his Joy;
 Unmingled came the Bitter, and the Sweet, 960
 And all his Good and Evil was compleat.
 No sooner was he struck by Fortune's Hand,
 But, see! he lyes unbury'd on the Sand;
 Rocks tear him, Billows tofs him up and down,
 And *Pompey* by a headless Trunk is known. 965

Yet, e'er proud *Cæsar* touch'd the *Pharian Nile*,
 Chance found his mangled Foe a fun'ral Pile:
 In Pity half, and half in Scorn, she gave,
 A wretched, to prevent a nobler Grave.
Cordus, a Foll'wer long of *Pompey's* Fate, 970
 (His *Questor* in *Idalian Cyprus* late)
 From a close Cave, in Covert where he lay,
 Swift to the neigh'ring Shore betook his Way:
 Safe in the Shelter of the gloomy Shade,
 And by strong Ties of pious Duty sway'd,
 The fearless Youth the watry Strand survey'd.

Ver. 970. *Cordus*.] *Plutarch* says this Man's Name was *Philip*.

Ver. 971. *Questor*.] A sort of Collector or publick Treasurer. *Cyprus* is call'd *Idalian* from a Town, Grove, or Mountain (perhaps there were all these) call'd *Idaliwm*, or *Idalia*, in that Island, sacred to *Venus*.

'Twas now the thickest Darknefs of the Night,
 And waining *Phæbe* lent a feeble Light;
 Yet soon the glimm'ring Goddefs plainly shew'd
 The paler Coarfe, amidst the dusky Flood. 980
 The plunging *Roman* flies to its Relief,
 And with strong Arms infolds the floating Chief.
 Long strove his Labour with the tumbling Main,
 And dragg'd the sacred Burthen on with Pain.
 Nigh weary now, the Waves instruct him well, 985
 To seize th' Advantage of th' alternate Swell:
 Born on the mounting Surge, to Shore he flies,
 And on the Beach in Safety lands his Prize.
 There o'er the Dead he hangs with tender Care,
 And drops in ev'ry gaping Wound a Tear: 990
 Then lifting to the gloomy Skies his Head,
 Thus to the Stars, and cruel Gods, he pray'd.
 See Fortune! where thy *Pompey* lyes! And, oh!
 In Pity, one, last, little Boon bestow.
 He asks no Heaps of Frankincense to rise, 995
 No Eastern Odours to perfume the Skies;

[At 995. *He asks no Heaps.*] In enumerating what was
 wanting to *Pompey's* Funeral, the Poet takes notice of the
 chief Pieces of Magnificence which were usual at the Fu-
 nerals of great Men among the *Romans*. See the Learned
 Dr. *Kennet* upon this Subject, in his *Roman Antiquities*, in
 his Chapter of the *Roman Funerals*.

Book VIII. *P H A R S A L I A.* 171

No *Roman* Necks his Patriot Coarse to bear,
No rev'rend Train of Statues to appear;
No Pageant Shows his Glories to record,
And tell the Triumphs of his conqu'ring Sword; 1000
No Instruments in plaintive Notes to sound,
No Legions sad to march in solemn Round;
A Bier, no better than the Vulgar need,
A little Wood the kindling Flame to feed,
With some poor Hand to tend the homely Fire, 1005
Is all, these wretched Relicks now require.
Your Wrath, ye Pow'rs! *Cornelia's* Hand denies;
Let that, for ev'ry other Loss, suffice:
She takes not her last Leave, she weeps not here,
And yet she is, ye Gods! she is too near. 1010

Thus while he spöke, he saw where thro' the Shade
A slender Flame its gleamy Light display'd;
There, as it chanc'd, abandon'd and unmourn'd,
A poor neglected Body lonely burn'd.
He seiz'd the kindled Brands; and oh! (he said) 1015
Whoe'er thou art, forgive me, friendless Shade;
And tho' unpity'd and forlorn thou lye,
Thy self a better Office shalt supply.

Ver. 1010. *She is too near.*] As having seen his Murder,
and now probably being in Sight of his mean Funeral.
Book 9. Ver. 95.

If there be sense in Souls departed, thine
 To my great Leader shall her Rites resign: 1020
 With humble Joy shall quit her meaner Claim,
 And blush to burn, when *Pompey* wants the Flame.

He said; and gath'ring in his Garment, bore
 The glowing Fragments to the neighb'ring Shore.
 There soon arriv'd, the noble Trunk he found, 1025
 Half wash'd into the Flood, half resting on the Ground.
 With Diligence his Hands a Trench prepare,
 Fit it around, and place the Body there .

No cloven Oaks in lofty Order lye,
 To lift the great Patrician to the Sky: 1030
 By Chance a few poor Planks were hard at hand,
 By some late Shipwreck cast upon the Strand;
 These pious *Cordus* gathers where they lay,
 And plants about the Chief, as best he may.

Now while the Blaze began to rise around, 1035
 The Youth sat mournful by, upon the Ground:
 And oh (he cry'd) if this unworthy Flame
 Disgrace thy great, majestick, *Roman* Name;
 If the rude Outrage of the stormy Seas
 Seem better to thy Ghost, than Rites like these; 1040
 Yet let thy injur'd Shade the Wrong forget,
 Which Duty, and officious Zeal commit.
 Fate seems, it self, in my Excuse to plead,
 And thy hard Fortune justifies my Deed.

Book VIII. *P H A R S A L I A.* 173

I only wish'd, nor is that Wish in vain, 1045
To save thee from the Monsters of the Main;
From Vulturs Claws, from Lions that devour,
From mortal Malice, and from *Cesar's* Pow'r.
No longer, then, this humbler Flame withstand;
'Tis lighted to thee by a *Roman* Hand. 1050

If e'er the Gods permit unhappy me,
Once more, thy lov'd *Hesperian* Land to see,
With me thy exil'd Ashes shall return,
And Chast *Cornelia* give thee to thy Urn.
Meanwhile, a Signal shall my Care provide, 1055
Some future *Roman* Votary to guide;
When with due Rites thy Fate he would deplore,
And thy pale Head to these thy Limbs restore:
Then shall he mark the Witness of my Stone,
And, taught by me, thy sacred Ghost atone. 1060

He spoke; and strait, with busie, pious Hands,
Heap'd on the smoaking Coarse the scatter'd Brands.
Slow sunk amidst the Fire the wasting Dead,
And the faint Flame with dropping Marrow fed.
Now 'gan the glittering Stars to fade away, 1065
Before the rosie Promise of the Day,
When the pale Youth th' unfinish'd Rites forsook,
And to the Covert of his Cave betook.

Ah! why thus rashly wou'd thy Fears disclaim
That only Deed, which must record thy Name? 1070

Ev'n *Cæsar's* self shall just Applause bestow,
 And praise the *Roman* that inters his Foe.
 Securely tell him where his Son is laid,
 And he shall give thee back his mangled Head.

But soon behold! the bolder Youth returns, 1075
 While, half consum'd, the smould'ring Carcass burns;
 Ere yet the cleansing Fire had melted down
 The fleshy Muscles, from the firmer Bone.
 He quench'd the Relicks in the briny Wave,
 And hid 'em, hasty, in a narrow Grave: 1080
 Then with a Stone the sacred Dust he binds,
 To guard it from the Breath of scatt'ring Winds:
 And lest some heedless Mariner shou'd come,
 And violate the Warrior's humble Tomb;
 Thus with a Line the Monument he keeps, 1085
Beneath this Stone the once great Pompey sleeps.

Ver. 1071. *Ev'n Cæsar's self.*] Insinuating that *Cæsar* would willingly reward the Man who should tell him he had bury'd *Pompey*, since he might from thence certainly conclude he was dead.

The Piety of the Person who took so much Care to perform these Rites of Funeral, tho' but mean ones, to *Pompey*, is the more insisted on by the Poet, because the Ancients had nothing in greater Horrour than to want 'em. *Virgil* says, that the Unbury'd on the Banks of *Styx*

Centum Annos errant, &c. 6 *Æn.*

*An Hundred Years they wander on the Shore;
 At length, the Penance done, are wafted o'er.*

Mr. Dryden.

Book VIII. *P H A R S A L I A.* 175

Oh Fortune! can thy Malice swell so high?
Canst thou with *Cæsar's* ev'ry Wish comply?
Must he, thy *Pompey* once, thus meanly lye?
But oh! forbear, mistaken Man, forbear!
Nor dare to fix the mighty *Pompey* there:
Where there are Seas or Air, or Earth, or Skies,
Where-e'er *Rome's* Empire stretches, *Pompey* lyes.
Far be the vile Memorial then convey'd!
Nor let this Stone the partial Gods upbraid.
Shall *Hercules* all *Oeta's* Heights demand,
And *Nysa's* Hill, for *Bacchus* only, stand;
While one poor Pebble is the Warrior's Doom,
That fought the Cause of Liberty and *Rome*?
If Fate decrees he must in *Ægypt* lye,
Let the whole fertile Realm his Grave supply:
Yield the wide Country to his awful Shade,
Nor let us bear on any Part to tread,
Fearful to violate the mighty Dead.
But if one Stone must bear the sacred Name,
Let it be fill'd with long Records of Fame.
There let the Passenger, with Wonder, read,
The Pyrates vanquish'd, and the Ocean freed;
Sertorius taught to yield; the *Alpine* War;
And the young *Roman* Knight's triumphal Car.
With these, the mighty *Pontick* King be plac'd,
And ev'ry Nation of the vanquish'd East:

Tell with what loud Applause of *Rome*, he drove
 Thrice his glad Wheels to *Capitolian Jove*: 1114
 Tell too, the Patriot's greatest, best Renown,
 Tell, how the Victor laid his Empire down,
 And chang'd his Armour for the peaceful Gown.
 But ah! what Marbles to the Task suffice!
 Instead of these, turn, *Roman*, turn thy Eyes;
 Seek the known Name our *Faſti* us'd to wear, 1120
 The noble Mark of many a glorious Year;
 The Name that went the trophy'd Arch to grace,
 And ev'n in Temples of the Gods found Place:
 Decline thee lowly, bending to the Ground,
 And there that Name, that *Pompey* may be found. 1125
 Oh fatal Land! what Curse can I bestow,
 Equal to those, we to thy Mischiefs owe?
 Well did the wise *Cithaen* Maid, of yore,
 Warn our *Hesperian* Chiefs to shun thy Shore.

Ver. 1122. *The Trophy'd Arch.*] The Triumphal Arches were erected in Honour of successful Generals and Emperors, and were properly adorn'd with Military Trophies. It may likewise be meant by the Original, that such Arches were built by the Spoils gain'd from the Enemies; but the former Sense seems the more obvious.

Ver. 1129. *Warn our Hesperian.*] *Cicero* mentions a Prophecy among the *Sibyls* Verses, that forbid *Roman* Soldiers, or rather the *Roman* Soldiery in general, to go to *Ægypt*. The *Quindcemviri*, or Fifteen Priests, who had the Custody of those Oraculous Pieces of Poetry, interpreted it to another Occasion; but *Lucan* applies it aptly enough in this Place to *Pompey*.

Forbid,

Book VIII. PHARSALIA. 177

Forbid, just Heav'ns! your Dews to bless the Soil, 1130
And thou with-hold thy Waters, fruitful Nile!
Let *Ægypt*, like the Land of *Æthiops*, burn,
And her fat Earth to sandy Desarts turn.
Have we, with Honours, dead *Osiris* crown'd,
And mourn'd him to the tinkling *Timbrel's* Sound;
Receiv'd her *Isis* to divine Aboads, 1136
And rank'd her Dogs deform'd with *Roman* Gods;
While, in despite to *Pompey's* injur'd Shade,
Low in her Dust his sacred Bones are laid?
And thou, oh *Rome!* by whose forgetful Hand 1140
Altars and Temples, rear'd to Tyrants, stand,
Canst thou neglect to call thy Heroe home,
And leave his Ghost in Banishment to roam?
What tho' the Victor's Frown, and thy base Fear,
Bad thee, at first, the pious Task forbear; 1145
Yet now, at least, oh let him now return,
And rest with Honour in a *Roman* Urn.

VER. 1135. *Timbrel's Sound.*] The *Sistrum* (which I have here translated *Timbrel*) was an odd sort of a Brazen Instrument of Musick, with loose Pieces of the same Metal that ran along upon little Bars or Wires. It was peculiarly dedicated to the Worship of *Isis* and *Osiris*.

VER. 1137. *Dogs deform'd.*] *Anubis* was an *Ægyptian* God, always represented with a Dog's Head. Little *Icon-cula*, or Images, of this kind are frequently to be met with in Collections of Antiquities.

Nor let mistaken Superstition dread,
 On such Occasions, to disturb the Dead:
 Oh! wou'd commanding *Rome* my Hand employ, 1150
 The impious Task should be perform'd with Joy:
 How wou'd I fly to tear him from that Tomb,
 And bear his Ashes in my Bosom home!
 Perhaps, when Flames their dreadful Ravage make,
 Or groaning Earth shall from the Center shake; 1155
 When blasting Dews the rising Harvest seize,
 Or Nations sicken with some dire Disease;
 The Gods, in Mercy to us, shall command
 To fetch our *Pompey* from th'accursed Land. 1159
 Then, when his venerable Bones draw near,
 In long Proceſſion shall the Priests appear,
 And their great Chief the sacred Relicks bear. }
 Or if thou still possels the *Pharian* Shore,
 What Traveller but shall thy Grave explore;
 Whether he tread *Syene's* burning Soil, 1165
 Or visit sultry *Thebes*, or fruitful *Nile*:
 Or if the Merchant, drawn by Hopes of Gain,
 Seek rich *Arabia*, and the ruddy Main;

Ver. 1162. *Their great Chief.*] The *Pontifex Maximus*.
 This was an Office of the greatest Dignity, and in the
 Time of the Emperors always born by themselves.

With holy Rites thy Shade he shall atone,
And bow before thy venerable Stone. 1170

For who but shall prefer thy Tomb, above
The meaner Fane of an *Ægyptian Jove*?
Nor envy thou, if abject *Romans* raise
Statues and Temples, to their Tyrant's Praise;
Tho' his proud Name on Altars may preside, 1175

And thine be wash'd by every rolling Tide;
Thy Grave shall the vain Pageantry despise,
Thy Grave, where that great God, thy Fortune, lyes.
Even those who kneel not to the Gods above,
Nor offer Sacrifice or Pray'r to *Jove*, 1180

To the *Bidental* bend their humble Eyes,
And worship where the bury'd Thunder lyes.

Perhaps Fate wills, in Honour to thy Fame,
No Marble shall record thy mighty Name.
So may thy Dust, e'er long, be worn away, 1185
And all Remembrance of thy Wrongs decay:
Perhaps a better Age shall come, when none
Shall think thee ever laid beneath this Stone;

Ver. 1179. *Ev'n those who kneel not.*] There has been much Disputation among the Commentators about this Passage. I have follow'd the Sense given by the Learned *Grotius*. Concerning the Religion of the *Bidental*, or covering in and consecrating Things and Places stricken by Thunder, see before the Note on *Ver.* 1038. of the First Book.

When

When *Ægypt's* Boast of *Pompey's* Tomb, shall prove
As unbeliev'd a Tale, as *Crete* relates of *Jove*. 1190

Ver. 1189. *When Ægypt's Boast of Pompey's Tomb.*] The *Cretans* pretended not only to be *Jupiter's* Countrymen, but they likewise shew'd his Tomb, for which *Calimachus* brands 'em as very distinguish'd and known Lyars. As for the Tomb of *Pompey*, it is generally said to have been at the Fount of Mount *Castus*, near *Pelusium* in *Ægypt*. The Emperor *Adrian* not only had a great Value for, and bought up many of the ancient Statues of this great Man, but likewise caus'd his Monument to be magnificently repair'd.

Plutarch says, that his Ashes were carry'd to his Wife *Cornelia*, who caus'd them to be bury'd at a Country-House he had near *Alba* in *Italy*.



THE

THE
NINTH BOOK
OF
LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet having ended the foregoing Book with the Death of Pompey, begins this with his Apotheosis; from thence, after a short Account of Cato's gathering up the Relicks of the Battel of Pharfalia, and transporting them to Cyrene in Africa, he goes on to describe Cornelia's Passion upon the Death of her Husband. Amongst other things, she informs his Son Sextus of his Father's last Commands, to continue the War in Defence of the Commonwealth. Sextus sets sail for Cato's Camp, where he meets his elder Brother Cn. Pompeius, and acquaints him with the Fate of their Father. Upon this Occasion the Poet describes the Rage of the elder Pompey, and the Disorders that happen'd in the Camp, both which Cato appeases. To prevent any future Inconvenience of this kind, he resolves to put them upon Action, and in order to that to join with Juba. After a Description of the Syrts, and their dangerous Passage by 'em, follows Cato's Speech to encourage the Soldiers to march thro' the Desarts of Libya; then an Account of Libya, the Desarts, and their March. In the middle of which is a beautiful Digression concerning the Temple of Jupiter-Ammon, with Labienus's Persuasion to Cato to enquire of the Oracle concerning the Event of the War, and Cato's famous Answer. From thence, after a warm Elogy upon Cato, the Author goes on to the Account of the Original of Serpents in Africk; and this, with the Description of their various Kinds, and the several Deaths of the Soldiers by 'em, is perhaps the most poetical Part of this whole Work. At Leptis he leaves Cato, and returns to Cæsar, whom he brings into Ægypt, after having shewn him the Ruins of Troy, and from thence taken an Occasion to speak well of Poetry in General, and himself in Particular. Cæsar, upon his Arrival on the Coast of Ægypt, is met by an Ambassador from Ptolemy with Pompey's Head. He receives the Present (according to Lucan) with a feign'd Abhorrence, and concludes the Book with Tears, and a seeming Grief for the Misfortune of so great a Man.



L U C A N's
P H A R S A L I A.

B O O K IX.



NOR in the dying Embers of its Pile
Slept the great Soul upon the Banks of
Nile,
Nor longer, by the Earthly Parts restrain'd,
Amidst its wretched Reliques was detain'd;
But active, and impatient of Delay, 5
Shot from the mould'ring Heap, and upward urg'd its way,
Far in those Azure Regions of the Air
Which border on the rowling starry Sphere,
Beyond our Orb, and nearer to that height,
Where *Cynthia* drives around her Silver Light; 10

Ver. 9. *Beyond our Orb.*] It was the Opinion of many
of the Ancients, especially the *Platonists*, that there was a
Place

Their happy Seats the Demy-Gods possess,
 Refin'd by Virtue and prepar'd for Bliss;
 Of Life unblam'd, a pure and pious Race,
 Worthy that lower Heav'n and Stars to grace,
 Divine, and equal to the glorious Place. }
 There *Pompey's* Soul, adorn'd with heav'nly Light, 16
 Soon shone among the rest, and as the rest was bright.
 New to the blest Abode, with Wonder fill'd,
 The Stars and moving Planets he beheld;
 Then looking down on the Sun's feeble Ray,
 Survey'd our dusky, faint, imperfect Day, }
 And under what a Cloud of Night we lay.
 But when he saw, how on the Shoar forlorn
 His headless Trunk was cast for publick Scorn;
 When he beheld, how envious Fortune, still, 25
 Took Pains to use a senseless Carcass ill,
 He smil'd at the vain Malice of his Foe,
 And pity'd impotent Mankind below.
 Then lightly passing o'er *Æmathia's* Plain,
 His flying Navy scatter'd on the Main, 30

Place of Happiness assign'd to good Men between the
 Moon and the Earth. This the Followers of *Plato* call'd
 the Confines between Life and Death. Whoever has the
 Curiosity to see their Opinions upon this Subject more at
 large, may find 'em in *Macrobius's* Comment upon *Scipio's*
Vision, especially in *Lib. 1. Cap. 11.*

And

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And cruel *Caesar's* Tents; he fix'd at last
 His Residence in *Brutus's* sacred Breast:
 There brooding o'er his Country's Wrongs he fate,
 The State's Avenger, and the Tyrant's Fate;
 There mournful *Rome* might still her *Pompey* find, 35
 There, and in *Cato's* free unconquer'd Mind.

He, while in deep suspense the World yet lay,
 Anxious and doubtful whom it should obey,
 Hatred avow'd to *Pompey's* self did bear,
 Tho' his Companion in the Common War. 40
 Tho', by the Senate's just Command, they stood
 Engag'd together for the Publick Good;
 But dread *Pharsalia* did all Doubts decide,
 And firmly fix'd him to the vanquish'd Side.

His helpless Country, like an Orphan left, 45
 Friendless and poor, of all Support bereft,
 He took and cherish'd with a Father's Care,
 He comforted, he bad her not to fear;
 And taught her feeble Hands, once more the Trade of War. }
 Nor lust of Empire did his Courage sway. 50
 Nor Hate, nor proud Repugnance to Obey:

Ver. 37. *He, while in deep.*] When *Pompey* follow'd *Caesar* into *Theffaly*, he left *Cato* with some Troops about *Dyrrachium*. With these Troops, and as many of those who fled from *Pharsalia* as he could gather up, *Cato* pass'd over from the Continent to the Island of *Corcyra*, near which Island *Pompey's* Navy then lay, in order to join *Pompey*.

Passions and private Int'rest he forgot ;
 Not for himself, but Liberty he fought.
 Streight to *Corcyra's* Port his way he bent,
 The swift advancing Victor to prevent; 55
 Who marching sudden on, to new Success,
 The scatter'd Legions might with Ease oppress ;
 There, with the Ruins of *Æmathia's* Field,
 The flying Host, a thousand Ships he fill'd.
 Who that from Land, with Wonder, had descry'd 60
 The passing Fleet, in all its Naval Pride,
 Stretch'd wide, and o'er the distant Ocean spread,
 Cou'd have believ'd those mighty Numbers fled?
Malea o'erpass, and the *Tanarian* Shore,
 With swelling Sails he for *Cythera* bore: 65
 Then *Crete* he saw, and with a Northern Wind
 Soon left the fam'd *Dictæan* Isle behind.
 Urg'd by the bold *Phycuntine's* churlish Pride,
 (Their Shores, their Haven, to his Fleet deny'd)
 The Chief reveng'd the Wrong, and as he pass'd, 70
 Laid their unhospitable City waste.

Ver. 64. *Malea,*] A Promontory on the Southern Part of the *Peloponesus* (*Morea*.) It is now call'd Cape *Malio*, or *St. Angelo*.

Cythera is an Island not far from *Malea*, now call'd *Cerigo*. It was famous among the Ancients for the Worship of *Venus*, hence call'd *Cytheræa*.

Ver. 67. *Dictæan Isle.*] *Crete*.

Ver. 68. *Phycuntines.*] *Phycus* was a Promontory, with a Town of the same Name, on the Coast of *Cyrene* in *Africa*.

Thence

Book IX. PHARSALIA. 187

Thence wafted forward, to the Coast he came
Which took of old from *Palinure* its Name.

(Nor *Italy* this Monument alone
Can boast, since *Libya's Palinure* has shown
Her peaceful Shores were to the *Trojan* known.)
From hence they soon descry with doubtful Pain,
Another Navy on the distant Main.

Anxious they stand, and now expect the Foe,
Now their Companions in the publick Woe:
The Victor's haste enclines 'em most to Fear;
Each Vessel seems a hostile Face to wear,
And ev'ry Sail they 'spy, they fancy *Cæsar* there.
But oh those Ships a diff'rent Burthen bore,
A mournful Freight they wafted to the Shore:
Sorrows, that might Tears, ev'n from *Cato*, gain,
And teach the rigid Stoick to complain.

When long the sad *Cornelia's* Pray'rs, in vain,
Had try'd the flying Navy to detain,
With *Sextus* long had strove, and long implor'd,
To wait the Relicks of her murder'd Lord;

Ver. 73. From *Palinure its Name.*] On the Coast of *Naples* is a Promontory still call'd *Cabo di Palinuro*, from *Palinurus*, *Æneas's* Pilot, who was drown'd, or rather murder'd by the People of the Country near that Place. As for the *Libyan Palinurus*, the Commentators assign it a Place as a Promontory likewise on the Coast of *Cyrene*, tho' I do not find it mention'd amongst the ancient Geographers. *Cellarius* has a Lake call'd *Palinurus*, and a River of the same Name in the Province of *Cyrene*.

The Waves, perchance, might the dear Pledge restore,
 And waft him bleeding from the faithless Shore:
 Still Grief and Love their various Hopes inspire,
 'Till she beholds her *Pompey's* fun'ral Fire, 95
 'Till on the Land she sees th' ignoble Flame
 Ascend, unequal to the Heroe's Name;
 Then into just Complaints at length she broke,
 And thus with pious Indignation spoke.

Oh Fortune! dost thou then disdain t' afford 100
 My Love's last Office to my dearest Lord?
 Am I one chaste, one last Embrace deny'd?
 Shall I not lay me by his Clay-cold Side,
 Nor Tears to bathe his gaping Wounds provide?
 Am I unworthy the sad Torch to bear, 105
 To light the Flame, and burn my flowing Hair?
 To gather from the Shore the noble Spoil,
 And place it decent on the fatal Pile?
 Shall not his Bones and sacred Dust be born,
 In this sad Bosom, to their peaceful Urn? 110
 Whate'er the last consuming Flame shall leave,
 Shall not this widow'd Hand by Right receive,
 And to the Gods the precious Relicks give?
 Perhaps, this last Respect which I should show,
 Some vile *Egyptian* Hand does now bestow,
 Injurious to the *Roman* Shade below.
 Happy, my *Crassus*, were thy Bones, which lay
 Expos'd to *Parthian* Birds and Beasts of Prey!

Here

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Here the last Rites the cruel Gods allow,
 And for a Curse my *Pompey's* Pile bestow. 120
 For ever will the same sad Fate return?
 Still an unburied Husband must I mourn,
 And weep my Sorrows o'er an empty Urn?
 But why should Tombs be built, or Urns be made?
 Does Grief like mine require their feeble Aid? 125
 Is he not lodg'd, thou Wretch! within thy Heart,
 And fix'd in ev'ry dearest vital Part?
 O'er Monuments surviving Wives may grieve,
 She ne'er will need 'em, who disdains to live.
 But oh! behold where you' malignant Flames 130
 Cast feebly forth their mean inglorious Beams:
 From my lov'd Lord, his dear Remains, they rise,
 And bring my *Pompey* to my weeping Eyes;
 And now they sink, the languid Lights decay,
 The cloudy Smoak all Eastward rolls away,
 And wafts my Heroe to the Rising Day. }
 Me too the Winds demand, with fresh'ning Gales, 137
 Envious they call, and stretch the swelling Sails.

Ver. 123. *O'er an empty Urn.*] The Ancients plac'd so much Religion in performing Funeral Rites for the Dead, that tho' the Body was not in their Power, they perform'd all the same Ceremonies to it in its Absence, and erected a Monument, which, as it contain'd nothing, was call'd *Cenotaphium*, or an empty Sepulcher.

No Land on Earth seems dear as *Egypt* now,
 No Land that Crowns and Triumphs did bestow,
 And with new Laurels bound my *Pompey's* Brow. }
 That happy *Pompey* to my Thoughts is lost,
 He that is left, lyes dead on yonder Coast;
 He, only he, is all I now demand,
 For him I linger near this cursed Land: 145
 Endear'd by Crimes, for Horrors lov'd the more,
 I cannot, will not, leave the *Pharian* Shore.
 Thou, *Sextus*, thou shalt prove the Chance of War, }
 And thro' the World thy Father's Ensigns bear,
 Then hear his last Command, entrusted to my Care. }
 " When e'er my last, my fatal Hour shall come, 151
 " Arm you, my Sons, for Liberty and *Rome*;
 " While one shall of our Free-born Race remain,
 " Let him prevent the Tyrant *Cesar's* Reign.
 " From each free City round, from ev'ry Land, 155
 " Their warlike Aid in *Pompey's* Name demand.
 " These are the Parties, these the Friends he leaves,
 " This Legacy your dying Father gives.
 " If for the Sea's wide Rule your Arms you bear, }
 " A *Pompey* ne'er can want a Navy there, }
 " Heirs of my Fame, my Sons, shall wage my War. }
 " Only be bold, unconquer'd in the Fight, 162
 " And, like your Father, still defend the Right.

" To

“ To *Cato*, if for Liberty he stand,
 “ Submit, and yield you to his ruling Hand,
 “ Brave, Just, and only worthy to command.
 At length to thee, my *Pompey*, I am Just,
 I have surviv’d, and well discharg’d my Trust;
 Thro’ Chaos now, and the dark Realms below,
 To follow thee a willing Shade I go:

170

If longer with a lingring Fate I strive,
 ’Tis but to prove the Pain of b’ing alive,
 ’Tis to be Curs’d for daring to survive.
 She, who could bear to see thy Wounds, and live,
 New Poofs of Love, and fatal Grief shall give.

175

Nor need she fly for Succour to the Sword,
 The steepy Precipice, and deadly Cord;
 She from her self shall find her own Relief,
 And scorn to die of any Death but Grief.

So said the Matron; and about her Head
 Her Veil she draws, her mournful Eyes to shade.
 Resolv’d to shroud in thickest Shades her Woe,
 She seeks the Ship’s deep darksom Hold below:
 There lonely left, at leisure to complain,
 She hugs her Sorrows, and enjoys her Pain;
 Still with fresh Tears the living Grief wou’d feed,
 And fondly loves it, in her Husband’s stead.
 In vain the beating Surges rage aloud,
 And swelling *Æurus* grumbles in the Shroud;

180

185

Her

Her, nor the Waves beneath, nor Winds above, 190
 Nor all the noisy Cries of Fear can move;
 In fullen Peace compos'd for Death she lyes,
 And waiting, longs to hear the Tempest rise;
 Then hopes the Seamens Vows shall all be crost,
 Prays for the Storm, and wishes to be lost. 195

Soon from the *Pharian* Coast the Navy bore,
 And fought thro' foamy Seas the *Cyprian* Shore;
 Soft Eastern Gales prevailing thence alone,
 To *Cato's* Camp and *Libya* waft 'em on.
 With mournful Looks from Land, (as oft, we know,
 A sad Prophetick Spirit waits on Woe,) 201
Pompey, his Brother and the Fleet beheld,
 Now near advancing o'er the Wat'ry Field:
 Straight to the Beach with headlong haste he flies:
 Where is our Father, *Sextus*, where? he cries: 205
 Do we yet Live? Stands yet the Sov'raign State?
 Or does the World, with *Pompey*, yield to Fate?
 Sink we at length before the Conqu'ring Foe?
 And is the Mighty Head of *Rome* laid low? 209
 He said; the mournful Brother thus reply'd;
 O happy thou! whom Lands and Seas divide
 From Woes, which did to these sad Eyes betide.
 These Eyes! which of their Horror still complain,
 Since they beheld our Godlike Father slain.

Ver. 202. *Pompey, his Brother.*] *Cn. Pompeius* the elder Brother, who was with *Cato*.

Nor did his Fate an equal Death afford, 215
 Nor suffer'd him to fall by *Cæsar's* Sword.
 Trusting in vain to hospitable Gods,
 He dy'd, oppress'd by vile *Egyptian* Odds:
 By the curs'd Monarch of *Nile's* slimy Wave
 He fell, a Victim to the Crown he gave. 220
 Yes, I beheld the dire, the bloody Deed;
 These Eyes beheld our valiant Father bleed:
 Amaz'd I look'd, and scarce believ'd my Fear,
 Nor thought th' *Egyptian* cou'd so greatly dare; }
 But still I look'd, and fancy'd *Cæsar* there.
 But oh! not all his Wounds so much did move, 225
 Pierc'd my sad Soul, and struck my Filial Love,
 As that his venerable Head they bear,
 Their wanton Trophy, fix'd upon a Spear;
 Thro' ev'ry Town 'tis shown, the Vulgar's Sport, 230
 And the lewd Laughter of the Tyrant's Court.
 'Tis said, that *Ptolemy* preserves this Prize,
 Proof of the Deed, to glut the Victor's Eyes.
 The Body, whether rent or born away,
 By foul *Egyptian* Dogs, and Birds of Prey; 235
 Whether within their greedy Maws entomb'd,
 Or by those wretched Flames, we saw, consum'd;
 Its Fate as yet we know not, but forgive:
 That Crime unpunish'd, to the Gods we leave, }
 'Tis for the Part preserv'd alone we grieve.

Scarce had he ended thus, when *Pompey*, warlike 241
 With noble Fury calls aloud to Arm;
 Nor seeks in Sighs and helpless Tears Relief,
 But thus in pious Rage express'd his Grief.

Hence all aboard, and haste to put to Sea, 245
 Urge on against the Winds our adverse Way;
 With me let ev'ry *Roman* Leader go,
 Since Civil Wars were ne'er so just as now.

Pompey's unbury'd Relicks ask your Aid,
 Call for due Rites and Honours to be paid. 250

Let *Egypt's* Tyrant pour a purple Flood,
 And sooth the Ghost with his inglorious Blood.

Not *Alexander* shall his Friefts defend,
 Forc'd from his Golden Shrine he shall descend:

In *Mareotis* deep I'll plunge him down, 255
 Deep in the sluggish Waves the Royal Carcass drown.

From his proud Pyramid *Amasis* torn,
 With his long Dynasties my Rage shall mourn,
 And floating down their muddy *Nile* be born. }

Ver. 255. *Mareotis*,] or *Mareia*, was a famous Lake not far from *Alexandria*. The Wine that grew in the neighbouring Country, and which took its Name from hence, was reckon'd excellent; tho' *Lucan*, in the Tenth Book, speaks despicably of it, in comparison of that which grows in the Island of *Meroë*.

Ver. 257. *Amasis*] Was a famous King of *Ægypt*, who succeeded *Apriex*, after having dethron'd him. His Story may be seen at large in the Second Book of *Herodotus*.

Ver. 258. *Long Dynasties*.] The Word *Dynasty* is Greek, and signifies Lordship or Government. It is most peculiarly apply'd to the *Ægyptian* Kings.

Each

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Each stately Tomb and Monumental Stone, 260
For thee, unburied *Pompey*, shall atone.
Isis, no more, shall draw the cheated Crowd,
Nor God *Osiris* in his Linnen Shrowd ;
Stript of their Shrines, with Scorn they shall be cast,
To be by ignominious Hands defac'd: 265
Their holy *Apis* of Diviner Breed,
To *Pompey's* Dust a Sacrifice shall bleed,
While burning Deities the Flame shall feed.
Waste shall the Land be laid, and never know
The Tiller's Care, nor feel the crooked Plow :
None shall be left for whom the *Nile* may flow :
'Till the Gods banish'd, and the People gone,
Egypt to *Pompey* shall be left alone.

He said; then hasty to Revenge he flew,
And Seaward out the ready Navy drew; 275
But cooler *Cato* did the Youth asswage,
And praising much, compr'est his filial Rage.

Mean time the Shores, the Seas, and Skies around,
With mournful Cries for *Pompey's* Death resound.
A rare Example have their Sorrows shown, 280
Yet in no Age beside, nor People known,
How falling Pow'r did with Compassion meet,
And Crouds deplor'd the Ruins of the Great.
But when the sad *Cornelia* first appear'd,
When on the Deck her mournful Head she rear'd, 285

Her Locks hung rudely o'er the Matron's Face,
 With all the Pomp of Grief's disorder'd Grace;
 When they beheld her, wasted quite with Woe,
 And spent with Tears that never ceas'd to flow,
 Again they feel their Loss, again complain, 290
 And Heaven and Earth ring with their Cries again.
 Soon as she landed on the friendly Strand,
 Her Lord's last Rites employ her pious Hand;
 To his dear Shade she builds a fun'ral Pile,
 And decks it proud with many a noble Spoil. 295
 There shon his Arms with Antick Gold inlaid,
 There the rich Robes which she her self had made,
 Robes to Imperial *Jove* in Triumph 'erst display'd:
 The Relicks of his past victorious Days,
 Now this his latest Trophy serve to raise,
 And in one common Flame together blaze. }
 Such was the weeping Matron's pious Care:
 The Soldiers, taught by her, their Fires prepare;
 To ev'ry valiant Friend a Pile they build,
 That fell for *Rome* in curs'd *Pharfalia's* Field: 305
 Stretch'd wide along the Shores, the Flames extend,
 And grateful to the wandring Shades, ascend.
 So when *Appulian* Hinds, with Art, renew
 The wintry Pastures to their verdant Hue,
 That Flow'rs may rise, and springing Grass return, 310
 With spreading Flames the wither'd Fields they burn,

Garganus then and lofty *Vultur* blaze,
 And draw the distant wondring Swains to gaze;
 Far are the glitt'ring Fires descry'd by Night,
 And gild the dusky Skies around with Light. 315

But oh! not all the Sorrows of the Crowd
 That spoke their free impatient Thoughts aloud,
 That tax'd the Gods, as Authors of their Wee,
 And charg'd 'em with Neglect of Things below;
 Not all the Marks of the wild People's Love, 320
 The Hero's Soul, like *Cato's* Praise, could move:
 Few were his Words, but from an honest Heart,
 Where Faction and where Favour had no Part,
 But Truth made up for Passion and for Art. }

We've lost a *Roman* Citizen (he said) 325
 One of the noblest of that Name is dead;
 Who, tho' not equal to our Fathers found,
 Nor by their strictest Rules of Justice bound,
 Yet from his Faults this Benefit we draw,
 He, for his Country's Good, transgress'd her Law,
 To keep a bold licentious Age in Awe. }

Rome held her Freedom still, tho' he was great; 332
 He sway'd the Senate, but they rul'd the State.
 When Crouds were willing to have worn his Chain,
 He chose his private Station to retain,
 That all might free, and equal all remain. }

Ver. 312. Garganus and *Vultur*,] Mountains in *Apulia*,
 the latter not far from *Venusia*, the Birth-place of *Horace*.

War's boundless Pow'r he never fought to use,
 Nor ask'd, but what the People might refuse: 338
 Much he possess'd, and wealthy was his Store,
 Yet still he gather'd but to give the more,
 And *Rome*, while he was rich, could ne'er be poor.
 He drew the Sword, but knew its Rage to charm,
 And lov'd Peace best, when he was forc'd to Arm;
 Unmov'd with all the glittering Pomp of Pow'r,
 He took with Joy, but laid it down with more: 345
 His chaster Household and his frugal Board,
 Nor Lewdness did, nor Luxury afford,
 Ev'n in the highest Fortunes of their Lord.
 His noble Name, his Country's Honour grown,
 Was venerably round the Nations known,
 And as *Rome's* fairest Light and brightest Glory shone.
 When betwixt *Marius* and fierce *Sylla* toft,
 The Commonwealth her ancient Freedom lost,
 Some Shadow yet was left, some Shew of Pow'r;
 Now ev'n the Name with *Pompey* is no more: 355
 Senate and People all at once are gone,
 Nor need the Tyrant blush to mount the Throne.
 Oh happy *Pompey*! happy in thy Fate,
 Happy by falling with the falling State,
 Thy Death a Benefit the Gods did grant, 360
 Thou might'st have liv'd those *Pharian* Swords to want.

Ver. 356. *Senate and People.*] All those Laws that serv'd for the Preservation of the Senate's just Authority, and the People's Liberty.

Freedom,

Freedom, at least, thou dost by dying gain,
 Nor liv'st to see thy *Julia's* Father reign;
 Free Death is Man's first Bliss, the next is to be slain.
 Such Mercy only, I from *Juba* crave, 365
 (If Fortune should ordain me *Juba's* Slave)
 To *Cæsar* let him shew, but shew me dead,
 And keep my Carcase, so he takes my Head.

He said, and pleas'd the noble Shade below,
 More than a thousand Orators could do; 370
 Tho' *Tully* too had lent his charming Tongue,
 And *Rome's* full *Forum* with his Praise had rung.

But Discord new infects the sullen Crowd,
 And now they tell their Discontents aloud:
 When *Tarchon* first his flying Ensigns bore, 375
 Call'd out to march, and hasten'd to the Shore;
 Him *Cato* thus, pursuing as he mov'd,
 Sternly bespoke, and justly thus reprov'd.

Ver. 364. *To be Slain.*] I don't think this is so clearly express'd as it ought to be. The Author's Meaning is, that next to dying when and how one pleases, is the Happiness of being compell'd to die by another.

Ver. 365. *I from Juba crave.*] To whom *Cato* then resolv'd to join himself.

Ver. 375. *When Tarchon.*] This *Tarchon* was a Prince of the *Cilicians*, or perhaps rather a Leader of some of the *Cilician* Pyrates, who had been formerly vanquish'd and pardon'd by *Pompey*, and in this Civil War came to his Assistance. I have follow'd the common Reading of *Tarchon*, tho' (according to the Opinion of *Grotius*) this Prince or General's Name was *Tarchondimotus*.

Oh restless Author of the roving War,
Dost thou again Piratick Arms prepare? 380

Pompey, thy Terror and thy Scourge, is gone,
And now thou hop'st to rule the Seas alone.

He said, and bent his Frown upon the rest,
Of whom one bolder thus the Chief address'd,
And thus their Weariness of War confess'd.

For *Pompey's* sake (nor thou disdain to hear) 386
The Civil War we wage, these Arms we bear;
Him we prefer'd to Peace: But (*Cato*) now,
That Cause, that Master of our Arms lyes low.

Let us no more our absent Country mourn, 390
But to our Homes and Household-Gods return;
To the chaste Arms from whose Embrace we fled,
And the dear Pledges of the Nuptial Bed.

For oh! what Period can the War attend,
Which nor *Pharsalia's* Field nor *Pompey's* Death can end?
The better Times of flying Life are past, 396
Let Death come gently on in Peace at last.

Let Age at length with providential Care
The necessary Pile and Urn prepare,
All Rites, the cruel Civil War denies, 400
Part ev'n of *Pompey* yet unbury'd lyes.

Tho' vanquish'd, yet by no Barbarian Hand,
We fear not Exile in a foreign Land,

Nor

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Nor are our Necks by Fortune now bespoke,
To bear the *Scythian* or *Armenian* Yoke; 405
The Victor still a Citizen we own,
And yield Obedience to the *Roman* Gown.
While *Pompey* liv'd, he bore the Sov'reign Sway;
Cæsar was next, and him we now obey;
With Reverence be the sacred Shade ador'd, 410
But War has giv'n us now another Lord:
To *Cæsar* and superior Chance we yield:
All was determin'd in *Emathia's* Field.
Nor shall our Arms on other Leaders wait,
Nor for uncertain Hopes molest the State, }
We follow'd *Pompey* once, but now we follow Fate. }
What Terms, what Safety can we hope for now,
But what the Victor's Mercy shall allow?
Once *Pompey's* Presence justify'd the Cause,
Then fought we for our Liberties and Laws; 420
With him the Honours of that Cause lye dead,
And all the Sanctity of War is fled.
If *Cato*, thou for *Rome* these Arms dost bear,
If still, thy Country only be thy Care,
Seek we the Legions where *Rome's* Ensigns fly 425
Where her proud Eagles wave their Wings on high:
No matter who to *Pompey's* Pow'r succeeds,
We follow where a *Roman* Consul leads.

This said, he leap'd aboard; the youthful Sort
 Join in his Flight, and haste to leave the Port; 430
 The senseless Crowd their Liberty disdain,
 And long to wear victorious *Caesar's* Chain.

Tyrannick Pow'r now sudden seem'd to threat
 The ancient Glories of *Rome's* free-born State,
 Till *Cato* spoke, and thus deferr'd her Fate. }

Did then your Vows and servile Pray'rs conspire 436
 Nought but a haughty Master to desire?

Did you, when eager for the Battle, come
 The Slaves of *Pompey*, not the Friends of *Rome*?
 Now, weary of the Toil, from War you fly, 440
 And idly lay your useless Armour by;

Your Hands neglect to wield the shining Sword,
 Nor can you fight but for a King and Lord.
 Some mighty Chief you want, for whom to sweat; }
 Your selves you know not, or at least forget,
 And fondly bleed, that others may be great : }
 Meanly you toil, to give your selves away;
 And die, to leave the World a Tyrant's Prey.

The Gods and Fortune do at length afford
 A Cause most worthy of a *Roman* Sword. 450

At length 'tis safe to conquer. *Pompey* now
 Cannot, by your Success, too potent grow;
 Yet now, ignobly, you with-hold your Hands,
 When nearer Liberty your Aid demands.

Book IX. *P H A R S A L I A.* 203

Of three who durst the Sovereign Pow'r invade, 455
Two by your Fortune's kinder Doom lye dead;
And shall the *Pharian* Sword and *Parthian* Bow
Dō more for Liberty and *Rome*, than you?
Base as ye are, in vile Subjection go,
And scorn what *Ptolemy* did ill bestow. 460
Ignobly Innocent, and meanly Good,
You durst not stain your hardy Hands in Blood;
Feebly a while you fought, but soon did yield,
And fled the first from dire *Pharsalia's* Field;
Go then secure, for *Cesar* will be good, 465
Will pardon those who are with Ease subdu'd;
The pitying Victor will in Mercy spare
The Wretch, who never durst provoke his War.
Go, sordid Slaves! one lordly Master gone,
Like Heirlooms go from Father to the Son. 470
Still to enhance your servile Merit more,
Bear sad *Cornelia* weeping from the Shore;
Meanly for Hire expose the Matron's Life,
Metellus' Daughter sell, and *Pompey's* Wife;
Take too his Sons : Let *Cesar* find in you 475
Wretches that may ev'n *Ptolemy* out-do.

Ver. 456. *Two by your.*] *Crassus* and *Pompey*, who, with *Cesar*, compos'd the first Triumvirate.

Ver. 474. *Metellus' Daughter.*] *Cornelia* was the Daughter of *Corn. Scipio Metellus*.

But

But let not my devoted Life be spar'd,
 The Tyrant greatly shall that Deed reward ;
 Such is the Price of *Cato's* hated Head,
 That all your former Wars shall well be paid ; 480
 Kill me, and in my Blood do *Casar* Right,
 'Tis mean to have no other Guilt but Flight.

He said, and stopp'd the flying Naval Pow'r ;
 Back they return'd, repenting, to the Shore.
 As when the Bees their waxen Town forsake, 485
 Careless in Air their wandring Way they take,
 No more in clustring Swarms condens'd they fly,
 But fleet uncertain thro' the various Sky ;
 No more from Flow'rs they suck the liquid Sweet,
 But all their Care and Industry forget : 490

Then if at length the tinkling Brass they hear,
 With swift Amaze their Flight they soon forbear ;
 Sudden their flow'ry Labours they renew,
 Hang on the Thyme, and sip the balmy Dew.
 Mean time, secure on *Hybla's* fragrant Plain, 495
 With Joy exults the happy Shepherd Swain ;
 Proud that his Art had thus preserv'd his Store,
 He scorns to think his homely Cottage poor.
 With such prevailing force did *Cato's* Care
 The fierce impatient Soldiers Minds prepare,
 To learn Obedience, and endure the War.

3
 And

And now their Minds, unknowing of Repose,
 With busie Toil to exercise he chose;
 Still with successive Labours are they ply'd,
 And oft in long and weary Marches try'd. 505
 Before *Cyrene's* Walls they now sit down;
 And here the Victor's Mercy well was shown,
 He takes no Vengeance of the Captive Town;
 Patient he spares, and bids the Vanquish'd live,
 Since *Cato*, who could conquer, could forgive. 510
 Hence, *Libyan Juba's* Realms they mean t' explore,
Juba, who borders on the swarthy *Moor*;
 But Nature's Boundaries the Journey stay,
 The *Syrts* are fix'd athwart the middle Way;
 Yet led by daring Virtue on they press, 515
 Scorn Opposition, and still hope Success.

When Nature's Hand the first Formation try'd,
 When Seas from Lands she did at first divide,
 The *Syrts*, nor quite of Sea nor Land bereft,
 A mingled Mass uncertain still she left; 520

Ver. 514. *The Syrts.*] The *Syrts* are two Gulfs upon the Coast of *Africa* in the *Mediterranean* Sea; the first (which is that here mention'd) called *Syrtis Major* (now *Golfo di Solocho*) lyes between *Cyrenaica* (now the Kingdom of *Barca*) and the River *Cinyps* or *Cinyphus*: The other, call'd *Syrtis Minor* (now *Golfo di Capes*) on the Coast of *Barbary*, between *Tunis* and *Tripoli*. They are both very dangerous, as being full of Shoals, Banks of Sand, and Rocks.

For nor the Land with Seas is quite o'er-spread,
 Nor sink the Waters deep their oozy Bed,
 Nor Earth defends its Shore, nor lifts aloft its Head.
 The Site with neither, and with each complies,
 Doubtful and inaccessible it lyes; 525
 Or 'tis a Sea with Shallows bank'd around,
 Or 'tis a broken Land with Waters drown'd;
 Here Shores advanc'd o'er Neptune's Rule we find,
 And there an inland Ocean lags behind. 529
 Thus Nature's Purpose by her self destroy'd,
 Is useles to her self and unemploy'd,
 And Part of her Creation still is void.
 Perhaps, when first the World and Time began,
 Here swelling Tides and plenteous Waters ran;
 But long confining on the burning Zone, 535
 The sinking Seas have felt the neighb'ring Sun:
 Still by degrees we see how they decay,
 And scarce resist the thirsty God of Day.
 Perhaps, in distant Ages, 'twill be found,
 When future Suns have run the burning Round,
 These Syrts shall all be dry and solid Ground:
 Small are the Depths their scanty Waves retain,
 And Earth grows daily on the yielding Main.
 And now the loaden Fleet with active Oars
 Divide the liquid Plain, and leave the Shores. 545

Ver. 544. *And now the loaden.*] *Plutarch* says, that *Cato* took



When cloudy Skies a gath'ring Storm prefage,
 And *Auster* from the South began to rage,
 Full from the Land the founding Tempest roars,
 Repels the swelling Surge, and sweeps the Shores;
 The Wind pursues, drives on the rolling Sand, 550
 And gives new Limits to the growing Land.
 'Spight of the Seaman's Toil the Storm prevails;
 In vain with skilful Strength he hands the Sails,
 In vain the cordy Cables bind 'em fast,
 At once it rips and rends 'em from the Mast; 555
 At once the Winds the fluttering Canvas tear,
 Then whirl and whisk it thro' the sportive Air.
 Some timely for the rising Rage prepar'd,
 Furl the loose Sheet, and lash it to the Yard:
 In vain their Care; sudden the furious Blast 560
 Snaps by the Board, and bears away the Mast;
 Of Tackling, Sails, and Mast, at once bereft,
 The Ship a naked helpless Hull is left.
 Forc'd round and round, she quits her purpos'd Way,
 And bounds uncertain o'er the swelling Sea. 565
 But happier some a steady Course maintain,
 Who stand far out, and keep the deeper Main.

took this Journey by Land, tho' our Author makes him
 go part by Sea, and the rest by Land. He brings him as
 far as the River *Triton* or *Tritonis* with the Fleet. This Ri-
 ver, with a Lake of the same Name, was famous for the
 Birth or first Appearance of *Pallas* upon Earth. She was
 from thence call'd *Tritonia*.

Their

Their Masts they cut, and driving with the Tide,
 Safe o'er the Surge beneath the Tempest ride:
 In vain did, from the Southern Coast, their Foe, 570
 All black with Clouds, old stormy *Auster* blow;
 Lowly secure amidst the Waves they lay,
 Old Ocean heav'd his Back, and roll'd 'em on their Way.
 Some on the Shallows strike, and doubtful stand,
 Part beat by Waves, part fix'd upon the Sand. 575
 Now pent amidst the Shoals the Billows roar,
 Dash on the Banks, and scorn the new-made Shore:
 Now by the Wind driv'n on in heaps they swell,
 The stedfast Banks both Winds and Waves repel: 579
 Still with united Force they rage in vain,
 The sandy Piles their Station fix'd maintain,
 And lift their Heads secure amidst the watry Plain. }
 There 'scap'd from Seas, upon the faithless Strand, }
 With weeping Eyes the shipwreck'd Seamen stand, }
 And cast ashore, look vainly out for Land. }
 Thus some were lost; but far the greater Part, 586
 Preserv'd from Danger by the Pilot's Art,
 Keep on their Course, a happier Fate partake,
 And reach in Safety the *Tritonian* Lake.
 These Waters to the tuneful God are dear, 590
 Whose vocal Shell the Sea-green *Nereids* hear;
 These *Pallas* loves, so tells reporting Fame,
 Here first from Heav'n to Earth the Goddess came,
 (Heav'n's

(Heav'n's Neighbourhood the warmer Clime betrays,
 And speaks the nearer *Sun's* immediate Rays) 595
 Here her first Footsteps on the Brink she staid,
 Here in the watry Glass her Form survey'd,
 And call'd her self, from hence, the chaste *Tritonian* Maid. }
 Here *Lethe's* Streams from secret Springs below, }
 Rise to the Light; here heavily, and flow, }
 The silent dull forgetful Waters flow. }
 Here, by the wakeful Dragon kept of old,
Hesperian Plants grew rich with living Gold;
 Long since, the Fruit was from the Branches torn,
 And now the Gardens their lost Honours mourn. 605
 Such was in ancient Times the Tale receiv'd,
 Such by our good Forefathers was believ'd;
 Nor let Enquirers the Tradition wrong,
 Or dare to question, now, the Poet's sacred Song.
 Then take it for a Truth, the wealthy Wood, 610
 Here under golden Boughs low bending stood;

Ver. 599. *Here Lethe's Streams.*] This is, according to *Cellarius*, a Mistake in Geography: He places both this River and the *Hesperian* Gardens in the Region of *Cyrene*, on the Eastern Side of the *Syrtis Major*. This River's taking its Rise from Hell is a known Fable. As common likewise is the Story of the *Hesperides*, and their Dragon, who watch'd the Golden Apples 'till their Orchard was robb'd by *Hercules*, and the Pippins carried to *Eurystheus*, by whom, at *Juno's* Command, he was put to so many Pieces of hard Service.

On some large Tree his Folds the Serpent wound,
 The fair *Hesperian* Virgins watch'd around,
 And join'd to guard the rich forbidden Ground.
 But great *Alcides* came to end their Care,
 Strip'd the gay Grove, and left the Branches bare;
 Then back returning fought the *Argive* Shore,
 And the bright Spoil to proud *Eurystheus* bore.

}

615

These famous Regions and the *Syrts* o'erpass,
 They reach'd the *Garamantian* Coast at last;
 Here, under *Pompey's* Care the Navy lyes,
 Beneath the gentlest Clime of *Libya's* Skies.

620

But *Cato's* Soul, by Dangers unrestrain'd,
 Ease and a dull unactive Life disdain'd.

His daring Virtue urges to go on,
 Thro' Desart Lands, and Nations yet unknown ;
 To march, and prove th' inhospitable Ground,
 To shun the *Syrts*, and lead the Soldier round.
 Since now tempestuous Seasons vex the Sea,
 And the declining Year forbids the watry Way;

625

630

Ver. 620. *The Garamantian Coast.*] This is another gross Fault in Geography; for the *Garamantes* were an Inland People of *Libya*, that join'd on the South to *Æthiopia*, This Tract of Land is now called by the *Arabians*, *Zaara*, or the Desart.

Ver. 628. *To shun the Syrts.*] These were the lesser *Syrts*, round which *Cato* march'd to *Syrtis Parva* in *Byzantium* or *Timis*.

He fees the cloudy drizzling Winter near,
 And hopes kind Rains may cool the sultry Air :
 So happ'ly may they journey on secure,
 Nor burning Heats, nor killing Frosts endure ; 634
 But while cool Winds the Winter's Breath supplies,
 With gentle Warmth the *Libyan* Sun may rise,
 And both may join and temper well the Skies. }

But e'er the toilsom March he undertook,
 The Heroe thus the listning Host bespoke:

Fellows in Arms! whose Blifs, whose chiefest Good 640
 Is *Rome's* Defence, and Freedom bought with Blood;
 You, who, to die with Liberty, from far
 Have follow'd *Cato* in this fatal War,
 Be now for Virtue's noblest Task prepar'd,
 For Labours many, perillous, and hard. 645

Think thro' what burning Climes, what Wilds we go, }
 No leafie Shades the naked Defarts know, }
 Nor Silver Streams thro' flowry Meadows flow. }
 But Horrors, there, and various Deaths abound,
 And Serpents guard th' unospitable Ground. 650

Hard is the Way ; but thus our Fate demands;
Rome and her Laws we seek amidst these Sands.
 Let those who, glowing with their Country's Love,
 Resolve with me these dreadful Plains to prove,
 Nor of Return nor Safety once debate, 655
 But only dare to go, and leave the rest to Fate.

Think

*Think not I mean the Dangers to disguise,
 Or hide 'em from the cheated Vulgar's Eyes:
 Those, only those, shall in my Fate partake,
 Who love the Daring for the Danger's sake; 660
 Those who can suffer all the worst can come,
 And think it what they owe themselves and *Rome*.
 If any yet shall doubt, or yet shall fear;
 If Life be, more than Liberty, his Care; 664
 Here, e'er we journey further, let him stay,
 Inglorious let him, like a Slave, obey,
 And seek a Master in some safer Way. }
 Foremost, behold, I lead you to the Toil,
 My Feet shall foremost print the dusty Soil:
 Strike me the first, thou flaming God of Day, 670
 First let me feel thy fierce, thy scorching Ray;
 Ye living Poisons all, ye snaky Train,
 Meet me the first upon the fatal Plain.
 In ev'ry Pain, which you my Warriors fear,
 Let me be first, and teach you how to bear. 675
 Who sees me pant for Drought, or fainting first,
 Let him upbraid me, and complain of Thirst.
 If e'er for Shelter to the Shades I fly,
 Me let him curse, me, for the sultry Sky. 679
 If while the weary Soldier marches on,
 Your Leader by distinguish'd Ease be known,
 Forsake my Cause, and leave me there alone. }

The

The Sands, the Serpents, Thirst, and burning Heat,
 Are dear to Patience, and to Virtue sweet;
 Virtue, that scorns on Cowards Terms to please, 685
 Or cheaply to be bought, or won with Ease;
 But then she joys, then smiles upon her State,
 Then fairest to her self, then most compleat,
 When glorious Danger makes her truly great.
 So *Libya's* Plains alone shall wipe away 690
 The foul Dishonours of *Pharsalia's* Day;
 So shall your Courage now, transcend that Fear:
 You fled with Glory there, to Conquer here.

He said; and hardy Love of Toil inspir'd;
 And ev'ry Breast with Godlike Ardor fir'd. 695
 Strait, careles of Return, without delay
 Thro' the wide Waste he took his pathles Way.
Libya, ordain'd to be his last Retreat,
 Receives the Heroe, fearless of his Fate; 699
 Here the good Gods his last of Labours doom,
 Here shall his Bones and sacred Dust find room,
 And his great Head be hid, within an humble Tomb.

If this large Globe be portion'd right by Fame,
 Then one third Part shall sandy *Libya* claim:

Ver. 703. *If this large Globe.*] The Ancients divided the World into three Parts, *Europe*, *Asia*, and *Africa* or *Libya*; for that whole Part is frequently call'd *Libya*; the other Division, which was sometimes us'd, and is here mention'd by *Lucan*, was into the Eastern and Western Parts.

But if we count, as Suns descend and rise, 705
 If we divide by East and West the Skies,
 Then with fair *Europe*, *Libya* shall combine,
 And both to make the Western Half shall join.
 Whilst wide-extended *Asia* fills the rest,
 Of all from *Tanais* to *Nile* possess't, }
 And reigns sole Empress of the dawning East. }
 Of all the *Libyan* Soil, the kindest found
 Far to the Western Seas extends its Bound;
 Where cooling Gales, where gentle *Zephyrs* fly,
 And setting Suns adorn the gaudy Sky: 715
 And yet ev'n here no liquid Fountain's Vein
 Wells thro' the Soil, and gurgles o'er the Plain;
 But from our Northern Clime, our gentler Heav'n,
 Refreshing Dews and fruitful Rains are driv'n;
 All bleak, the God, cold *Boreas*, spreads his Wing, 720
 And with our Winter, gives the *Libyan* Spring.
 No wicked Wealth infects the simple Soil,
 Nor golden Ores disclose their shining Spoil:
 Pure is the Glebe, 'tis Earth, and Earth alone,
 To guilty Pride and Avarice unknown: 725

Ver. 723. *No Golden Ores.*] That which we call the Gold Coast and *Guinea*, were very little, if at all known to the Ancients.

There

Book IX. *P H A R S A L I A.* 215

There Citron Groves, the Native Riches, grow,
There cool Retreats and fragrant Shades bestow,
And hospitably skreen their Guests below.
Safe by their Leafy Office, long they stood
A sacred, old, unviolated Wood, 730
'Till *Roman* Luxury to *Africk* past,
And Foreign Axes laid their Honours waste.
Thus utmost Lands are ranfack'd, to afford
The far-fetch'd Dainties, and the costly Board. 734
But rude and wasteful all those Regions lye
That border on the *Syrts*, and feel too nigh
Their sultry Summer Sun, and parching Sky.
No Harvest, there, the scatter'd Grain repays,
But withering dies, and e'er it shoots decays:
There never loves to spring the mantling Vine, 740
Nor wanton Ringlets round her Elm to twine:
The thirsty Dust prevents the swelling Fruit,
Drinks up the gen'rous Juice, and kills the Root;
Thro' secret Veins no temp'ring Moistures pass,
To bind with viscous Force the mould'ring Mass; 745
But Genial *Jove* averse, disdains to smile,
Forgets, and curses the neglected Soil.
Thence lazy Nature droops her idle Head,
As ev'ry vegetable Sense were dead ; 749

Ver. 726. *Citron Groves.*] See Note on *Book 1. Ver. 312.*

Thence

Thence the wide dreary Plains one Visage wear,
 Alike in Summer, Winter, Spring appear,
 Nor feel the Turns of the revolving Year.

}

Thin Herbage here (for some ev'n here is found)
 The *Nasamonian* Hinds collect around;

A naked Race, and barbarous of Mind,
 That live upon the Losses of Mankind:

755

The *Syrts* supply their Wants and Barren Soil,
 And strow th' unhospitalable Shores with Spoil.

Trade they have none, but ready still they stand,
 Rapacious, to invade the wealthy Strand,

}

And hold a Commerce, thus, with ev'ry distant Land.

Thro' this dire Country *Cato's* Journey lay,
 Here he pursu'd, while Virtue led the Way.

Here the bold Youth, led by his high Command,
 Fearless of Storms and raging Winds, by Land

765

Repeat the Dangers of the swelling Main,

And strive with Storms, and raging Winds again.

Here all at large, where nought restrains his Force,

Impetuous *Auster* runs his rapid Course;

Nor Mountains here, nor steadfast Rocks resist,

770

But free he sweeps along the spacious List.

No stable Groves of ancient Oaks arise,

To tire his Rage, and catch him as he flies;

Ver. 754. *Nasamonian Hinds.*] The *Nasamones* were a barbarous People that liv'd near the *Syrtis Major*.

But

But wide, around, the naked Plains appear,
 Here fierce he drives unbounded thro' the Air,
 Roars, and exerts his dreadful Empire here.

The whirling Dust, like Waves in Eddies wrought,
 Rising aloft, to the mid Heav'n is caught;
 There hangs a fullen Cloud; nor falls again,
 Nor breaks, like gentle Vapours, into Rain. 780

Gazing, the poor Inhabitant descries,
 Where high above his Land and Cottage flies;
 Bereft, he sees his lost Possessions there,
 From Earth transported, and now fix'd in Air. 784

Not rising Flames attempt a bolder Flight;
 Like Smoke by rising Flames uplifted, light
 The Sands ascend, and stain the Heav'ns with Night.

But now, his utmost Pow'r and Rage to boast,
 The stormy God invades the *Roman* Host;
 The Soldier yields, unequal to the Shock, 790
 And staggers at the Wind's stupendous Stroke.

Amaz'd he sees that Earth, which lowly lay,
 Forc'd from beneath his Feet, and torn away.
 Oh *Libya!* were thy pliant Surface bound,
 And form'd a solid, close compacted Ground; 795

Or hadst thou Rocks, whose Hollows deep below,
 Wou'd draw those ranging Winds that loosely blow;
 Their Fury, by thy firmer Mass oppos'd,
 Or in those dark infernal Caves inclos'd,

Thy certain Ruin wou'd at once compleat, 800
 Shake thy Foundations, and unfix thy Seat:
 But well thy fitting Plains have learn'd to yield;
 Thus, not contending, thou thy Place hast held,
 Unfix'd art fix'd, and flying keep'st the Field. }
 Helms, Spears and Shields, snatch'd from the warlike Host,
 Thro' Heav'n's wide Regions far away were tost; 806
 While distant Nations, with Religious Fear, }
 Beheld 'em, as some Prodigy in Air, }
 And thought the Gods by them denounc'd a War.
 Such hap'ly was the Chance, which first did raise 810
 The pious Tale, in Priestly *Numa's* Days:
 Such were those Shields, and thus they came from Heav'n,
 A sacred Charge to young Patricians giv'n;
 Perhaps, long since, to lawless Winds a Prey,
 From far Barbarians were they forc'd away; 815
 Thence thro' long airy Journies safe did come,
 To cheat the Crowd with Miracles at *Rome*.

Ver. 812. *Such were those Shields.*] In the Time of *Numa Pompilius* there was a Buckler found in *Rome*, such as the *Romans* called *Ancyle*, which was suppos'd to be dropp'd down from Heaven. The Augurs, who were consulted upon the Occasion, pronounc'd that where-ever that Shield should remain, the chief Command and Empire of the World should be fix'd. Upon this *Numa* gave Orders to a Workman called *Mamurra*, that he should make Eleven others exactly like that which came from Heaven, to prevent the true one from being stolen. These *Ancylia Sacra*, or Holy Bucklers, were committed to the Care of the *Salii*, who were Priests of *Mars*, and always chosen out of the Patricians, or *Roman* Nobility.

Thus,

Thus, wide o'er *Libya*, rag'd the stormy South,
 Thus ev'ry way assail'd the *Latian* Youth:
 Each sev'ral Method for Defence they try, 820
 Now wrap their Garments tight, now close they lye:
 Now sinking to the Earth, with Weight they prefs,
 Now clasp it to 'em with a strong Embrace,
 Scarce in that Posture safe; the driving Blast
 Bears hard, and almost heaves 'em off at last. 825
 Mean time a sandy Flood comes rolling on,
 And swelling Heaps the prostrate Legions drown;
 New to the sudden Danger, and dismay'd,
 The frighted Soldier hasty calls for Aid,
 Heaves at the Hill, and struggling rears his Head.
 Soon shoots the growing Pile, and rear'd on high,
 Lifts up its lofty Summit to the Sky:
 High sandy Walls, like Forts, their Passage stay,
 And rising Mountains intercept their Way: 834
 The certain Bounds which should their Journey guide,
 The moving Earth and dusty Deluge hide;
 So Landmarks sink beneath the flowing Tide.
 As thro' mid Seas uncertainly they move,
 Led only by *Jove's* sacred Lights above: 839
 Part ev'n of them the *Libyan* Clime denies,
 Forbids their native Northern Stars to rise,
 And shades the well-known Lustre from their Eyes.

Now near approaching to the burning Zone,
 To warmer, calmer Skies they journey'd on.

The slackning Storms the neighb'ring Sun confefs,
 The Heat strikes fiercer, and the Winds grow less,
 Whilst parching Thirst and fainting Sweats increase.

}
 }
 }

As forward on the weary Way they went,
 Panting with Drought, and all with Labour spent,
 Amidst the Desert, desolate and dry,

850

One chanc'd a little trickling Spring to spy:
 Proud of the Prize, he drain'd the scanty Store,
 And in his Helmet to the Chieftain bore.

Around, in Crowds, the thirsty Legions stood,
 Their Throats and clammy Jaws with Dust bestrew'd,
 And all with wishful Eyes the liquid Treasure view'd.

}
 }
 }

Around the Leader cast his careful Look,
 Sternly, the tempting envy'd Gift he took,
 Held it, and thus the Giver fierce bespoke:

}
 }
 }

And think'st thou then that I want Virtue most!

860

Am I the meanest of this *Roman* Host!

Am I the first soft Coward that complains!

That shrinks, unequal to these glorious Pains!

Am I in Ease and Infamy the first!

Rather be thou, Base as thou art, Accurs'd,

Thou that dar'st Drink, when all beside thee Thirst.

}
 }
 }

He said; and wrathful stretching forth his Hand,

867

Pour'd out the precious Draught upon the Sand.

Ver. 868. *Pour'd out the precious Draught.*] This Action
 of *Cato's* is not much unlike that of *David*, when he re-
 fus'd

Well did the Water thus for all provide,
 Envy'd by none, while thus to all deny'd,
 A little thus the gen'ral Want supply'd.



Now to the sacred Temple they draw near;
 Whose only Altars *Libyan* Lands revere;
 There, but unlike the *Jove* by *Rome* ador'd,
 A Form uncouth, stands Heav'n's Almighty Lord. 875
 No regal Ensigns grace his potent Hand,
 Nor shakes he there the Lightning's flaming Brand;
 But, ruder to behold, a Horned Ram
 Belies the God, and *Ammon* is his Name.
 There tho' he Reigns unrival'd and alone, 880
 O'er the rich Neighbours of the Torrid Zone;

fus'd to drink of the Water of the Well of *Bethlehem*, which Three Men had ventur'd their Lives to fetch. See *1 Chron. xi. 15.*

Ver. 872. *Now to the sacred Temple.*] *Lucan* has made no Scruple of committing here another great Fault in Geography, for the sake of bringing his great *Cato* to the Temple of *Jupiter Hammon*. This famous Oracle was certainly situate between the Less and the Greater *Catabismus*, to the West of *Ægypt*, in what is now called the Desert of *Barca*, a great way distant from the March *Cato* was then taking in the Kingdom of *Tunis*. The Description of the Place it self, except that (as I understand him) he places it under the *Æquator*, is agreeable to most other ancient Authors. It is pretty well known that *Jupiter* was worshipp'd in this Place under the Shape of a Ram, (at least the upper Part) and there are still to be found among the *Ægyptian* Idols in the Cabinets of the Curious, some with the Body of a Man and a Ram's Head.

Tho' swarthy *Æthiops* are to him confin'd,
 With *Araby* the blest, and wealthy *Inde* ;
 Yet no proud Domes are rais'd, no Gems are seen,
 To blaze upon his Shrines with costly Sheen ; 885
 But plain and poor, and unprophan'd he stood,
 Such as, to whom our great Fore-fathers bow'd :
 A God of pious Times, and Days of Old,
 That keeps his Temple safe from *Roman* Gold.
 Here, and here only, thro' wide *Libya's* Space, 890
 Tall Trees, the Land, and verdant Herbage grace ;
 Here the loose Sands by plenteous Springs are bound,
 Knit to a Mass, and moulded into Ground :
 Here smiling Nature wears a fertile Dress,
 And all Things here the present God confess. 895
 Yet here the Sun to neither Pole declines,
 But from his Zenith vertically shines :
 Hence, ev'n the Trees no friendly Shelter yield,
 Scarce their own Trunks the leafy Branches shield ;
 The Rays descend direct, all round embrace, 900
 And to a central Point the Shadow chace.
 Here equally the middle Line is found,
 To cut the Radiant Zodiack in its Round ;
 Here unoblique the *Bull* and *Scorpion* rise,
 Nor mount too swift, nor leave too soon the Skies ; 905

Ver. 904. Here unoblique.] Supposing it to lye under
 the *Æquinoctial* ; but of our Author's Astronomical Noti-
 ons I have taken notice in another Place.

Nor

Nor *Libra* do's too long the *Ram* attend,
 Nor bids the *Maid* the *fishy* Sign descend.
 The *Boys* and *Centaur* justly Time divide,
 And equally their sev'ral Seasons guide:
 Alike the *Crab* and wintry *Goat* return, 919
 Alike the *Lyon* and the flowing *Urn*.
 If any farther Nations yet are known,
 Beyond the *Libyan* Fires, and scorching Zone;
 Northward from them the Sun's bright Course is made,
 And to the Southward strikes the leaning Shade: 915
 There slow *Boötes*, with his lasie Wain
 Descending, seems to reach the wat'ry Main.
 Of all the Lights which high above they see,
 No Star whate'er from *Neptune's* Waves is free,
 The whirling Axle drives 'em round; and plunges in }
 the Sea. }

Before the Temple's Entrance, at the Gate, 921
 Attending Crowds of Eastern Pilgrims wait:
 These from the horned God expect Relief;
 But all give way before the *Latian* Chief.
 His Host, (as Crowds are Superstitious still) }
 Curious of Fate, of Future Good and Ill, }
 And fond to prove Prophetick *Ammon's* Skill, }

Ver. 919. *No Star whate'er.*] Those who live to the Southward of the *Æquator* see Stars towards the Southern Pole which never set, as well as we do who live to the Northward of it. But this is what the *Romans* in *Lucan's* Time had no Notion of.

Intreat their Leader to the God wou'd go,
 And from his Oracle *Rome's* Fortunes know:
 But *Labiennus* chief the Thought approv'd,
 And thus the common Suit to *Cato* mov'd.

930

Chance, and the Fortune of the Way, he said,
 Have brought *Jove's* sacred Counfels to our Aid:
 This Greatest of the Gods, this Mighty Chief,
 In each Distrefs shall be a sure Relief;
 Shall point the distant Dangers from afar,
 And teach the future Fortunes of the War.

935

To thee, Oh *Cato!* Pious! Wife! and Just!
 Their dark Decrees the cautious Gods shall trust;
 To thee their Fore-determin'd Will shall tell:

940

Their Will has been thy Law, and thou hast kept it well.
 Fate bids thee now the Noble Thought improve;
 Fate brings thee here, to meet and talk with *Jove*.

Inquire betimes, what various Chance shall come
 To Impious *Cesar*, and thy native *Rome*;
 Try to avert, at least thy Country's Doom.

}

Ask if these Arms our Freedom shall restore:
 Or else, if Laws and Right shall be no more.

Be thy great Breast with Sacred Knowledge fraught,
 To lead us in the wandring Maze of Thought:

950

Thou, that to Virtue ever wert inclin'd,
 Learn what it is, how certainly defin'd,

}

And leave some perfect Rule to guide Mankind.

Full

Book IX. PHARSALIA. 225

Full of the God that dwelt within his Breast,
The Hero thus his secret Mind exprefs'd, 955
And In-born Truths reveal'd; Truths which might well
Become ev'n Oracles themselves to tell.

Where wou'd thy fond, thy vain Enquiry go?
What Myftick Fate, what Secret wou'dft thou know?
Is it a Doubt if Death shou'd be my Doom,
Rather than live 'till Kings and Bondage come,
Rather than fee a Tyrant crown'd in Rome?
Or wou'dft thou know if, what we value here,
Life, be a Trifle hardly worth our Care?

What by Old Age and Length of Days we gain, 965
More than to lengthen out the Sense of Pain?

Or if this World, with all its Forces join'd,
The univerfal Malice of Mankind,
Can shake or hurt the brave and honeft Mind?

If ftable Virtue can her Ground maintain, 970
While Fortune feebly threats and frowns in vain?

If Truth and Justice with Uprightnefs dwell,
And Honesty confift in meaning well?

If Right be independent of Succels,
And Conqueft cannot make it more nor lefs? 975

Are thefe, my Friend, the Secrets thou wou'dft know,
Thofe Doubts for which to Oracles we go?

'Tis known, 'tis plain, 'tis all already told,
And horned *Ammon* can no more unfold.

From God deriv'd, to God by Nature join'd, 980
 We act the Dictates of his mighty Mind:
 And tho' the Priests are mute, and Temples still,
 God never wants a Voice to speak his Will.
 When first we from the teeming Womb were brought, }
 With in-born Precepts then our Souls were fraught, }
 And then the Maker his new Creatures taught. }
 Then when he form'd, and gave us to be Men,
 He gave us all our useful Knowledge, *Then.*
 Canst thou believe, the vast eternal Mind
 Was e'er to *Syrts* and *Libyan* Sands confin'd? 990
 That he would chuse this waste, this barren Ground, }
 To teach the thin Inhabitants around, }
 And leave his Truth in Wilds and Desarts drown'd? }
 Is there a Place that God would chuse to love }
 Beyond this Earth, the Seas, yon' Heav'n above, }
 And virtuous Minds, the noblest Throne for *Jove*? }

Ver. 989. *Canst thou believe?*] I cannot but observe here how finely our Author, in this Passage, reprehends the Folly of those who are fond of and believe in a local Sanctity, as if one Part of the World were holier than another, and the Ubiquity of the Divine Nature were confin'd to a particular Place: But, thank God, the Foppery of Pilgrimages is out of Fashion in *England*, or at least those who are weak enough to travel from one Country to another in search of Holiness, are wise enough not to own it amongst us.

Why seek we farther then? Behold around,
 How all thou see'st do's with the God abound,
Jove is alike in all, and always to be found.

Let those weak Minds, who live in Doubt and Fear, 1000
 To juggling Priests for Oracles repair;

One certain Hour of Death to each decreed,
 My fixt, my certain Soul from Doubt has freed.

The Coward, and the Brave, are doom'd to fall;
 And when *Jove* told this Truth, he told us all. 1005

So spoke the Hero; and to keep his Word,
 Nor *Ammon*, nor his Oracle explor'd;

But left the Crowd at freedom to believe,
 And take such Answers as the Priest shou'd give.

Foremost on foot he treads the burning Sand, 1010
 Bearing his Arms in his own patient Hand;
 Scorning another's weary Neck to press,
 Or in a lazy Chariot loll at Ease:

The panting Soldier to his Toil succeeds,
 Where no Command, but great Example leads. 1015

Sparing of Sleep, still for the rest he wakes,
 And at the Fountain, last, his Thirst he slakes;
 Whene'er by Chance some living Stream is found,
 He stands, and sees the cooling Draughts go round,
 Stays 'till the last and meanest Drudge be past, 1020

And 'till his Slaves have drunk, disdains to taste.
 If true good Men deserve immortal Fame,
 If Virtue, tho' distress'd, be still the same;

What-

Whate'er our Fathers greatly dar'd to do,
 Whate'er they bravely bore, and wisely knew,
 Their Virtues all are his, and all their Praise his due.
 Whoe'er, with Battels fortunately fought,
 Who'er, with *Roman* Blood, such Honours bought?
 This Triumph, this, on *Libya's* utmost Bound,
 With Death and Defolation compass'd round, 1030
 To all thy Glories, *Pompey*, I prefer,
 Thy Trophies, and thy third Triumphal Car,
 To *Marius'* mighty Name, and great *Jugurthine* War.
 His Country's Father here, O *Rome*, behold,
 Worthy thy Temples, Priests, and Shrines of Gold! 1035
 If e'er thou break thy lordly Master's Chain,
 If Liberty be e'er restor'd again,
 Him shalt thou place in thy divine Abodes,
 Swear by his holy Name, and rank him with thy Gods.

Now to those sultry Regions were they past,
 Which *Jove* to stop inquiring Mortals plac'd,
 And as their utmost, Southern, Limits cast.
 Thirsty, for Springs they search the Desert round,
 And only one, amidst the Sands, they found.

Ver. 1033. *Jugurthine War.*] See the Second Book, V. 107.

Ver. 1042. *As their utmost, Southern, Limits.*] The Hyperbole is very strong here; and one would think *Caeso* had penetrated into the very Depth and Middle of *Africk*, whereas in all appearance his March could never be very far from the *Mediterranean*.

Well

Well stor'd it was, but all Access was barr'd; 1045

The Stream ten thousand noxious Serpents guard:

Dry *Aspics* on the fatal Margin stood,

And *Dipsa's* thirsted in the middle Flood.

Back from the Stream the frighted Soldier flies,

Tho' parch'd, and languishing for Drink, he dies: 1050

The Chief beheld, and said, You fear in vain,

Vainly from safe and healthy Draughts abstain,

My Soldier, drink, and dread not Death or Pain.

When urg'd to rage, their Teeth the Serpents fix,

And Venom with our vital Juices mix; 1055

The Pest infus'd thro' ev'ry Vein runs round,

Infects the Mass, and Death is in the Wound.

Harmless and safe, no Poison here they shed:

He said; and first the doubtful Draught essay'd;

He, who thro' all their March, their Toil, their Thirst, 1060

Demanded, here alone, to drink the first.

Why, Plagues, like these, infest the *Libyan* Air,

Why Deaths unknown, in various Shapes, appear;

Why, fruitful to destroy the curst Land

Is temper'd thus, by Nature's secret Hand; 1065

Dark and obscure the hidden Cause remains,

And still deludes the vain Enquirer's Pains;

Unless a Tale for Truth may be believ'd,

And the good-natur'd World be willingly deceiv'd.

Where

Where Western Waves on farthest *Libya* beat,
Warm'd with the setting Sun's descending Heat,
Dreadful *Medusa* fix'd her horrid Seat.

}

No leafy Shade, with kind Protection, shields
The rough, the squallid, unfrequented Fields;
No mark of Shepherds, or the Plowman's Toil,
To tend the Flocks, or turn the mellow Soil:
But rude with Rocks, the Region all around
Its Mistress, and her Potent Visage own'd.

1075

'Twas from this Monster to afflict Mankind,
That Nature first produc'd the Snaky Kind:

1080

On her, at first, their forky Tongues appear'd;
From her their dreadful Hissings first were heard.
Some wreath'd in Folds upon her Temples hung;
Some backwards to her Waste depended long;
Some with their rising Crests her Forehead deck;
Some wanton play, and lash her swelling Neck:
And while her Hands the curling Vipers comb,
Poisons distill around, and Drops of livid Foam.

1085

None, who beheld the Fury, could complain;
So swift their Fate, preventing Death and Pain:
E'er they had Time to fear, the Change came on,
And Motion, Sense and Life were lost in Stone.

1090

Ver. 1077. *The Region all,*] Having been petrified by *Medusa*.

The

The Soul it self, from sudden Flight debarr'd,
Congealing, in the Body's Fortune shar'd.
The Dire *Emmenides* could Rage inspire, 1095
But could no more; the tuneful *Thracian* Lyre
Infernal *Cerberus* did soon asswage,
Lull'd him to Rest, and sooth'd his triple Rage;
Hydra's sev'n Heads the bold *Alcides* view'd,
Safely he saw, and what he saw, subdu'd: 1100
Of these in various Terrors each excell'd;
But all to this Superior Fury yield.
Phorcus and *Cæto*, next to *Neptune* he,
Immortal both, and Rulers of the Sea,
This Monster's Parents, did their Offspring dread; 1105
And from her Sight her Sister *Gorgons* fled,
Old Ocean's Waters, and the liquid Air,
The universal World her Pow'r might fear:
All Nature's beauteous Works she cou'd invade;
Thro' every Part a lazy Numbness shed, }
And over all a Stony Surface spread.
Birds in their Flight were stopt, and pond'rous grown,
Forgot their Pinions, and fell senseless down.
Beasts to the Rocks were fix'd, and all around
Were Tribes of Stone and Marble Nations found. 1115
No living Eyes so fell a Sight could bear;
Her Snakes themselves, all deadly tho' they were, }
Shot backward from her Face, and shrunk away for Fear. }

Ver. 1106. Her Sister *Gorgons*.] *Sthenio* and *Euryale*.
By

By her, a Rock *Titanian Atlas* grew,
 And Heav'n by her the Giants did subdue; 1120
 Hard was the Fight, and *Jove* was half dismay'd,
 'Till *Pallas* brought the *Gorgon* to his Aid:
 The heav'nly Nation laid aside their Fear,
 For soon she finish'd the prodigious War;
 To Mountains turn'd, the Monster Race remains 1125
 The Trophies of her Pow'r on the *Phlegraan* Plains.
 To seek this Monster, and her Fate to prove,
 The Son of *Danaë* and golden *Jove*,
 Attempts a Flight thro' airy Ways above.
 The Youth *Cyllenian Hermes*' Aid implor'd; 1130
 The God assisted with his Wings and Sword,
 His Sword, which late made watchful *Argus* bleed,
 And *Iö* from her cruel Keeper freed:
 Unwedded *Pallas* lent a Sister's Aid;
 But ask'd, for recompence, *Medusa*'s Head. 1135
 Eastward she warns her Brother bend his Flight,
 And from the *Gorgon* Realms avert his Sight;

Ver. 1119. *Titanian Atlas.*] *Atlas*, King of *Mauritania*, was of the Race of the Giants or *Titans*. See *Ovid. Metam. Lib. 4.*

Ver. 1128. *The Son of Danaë.*] *Perseus*.

Ver. 1130. *Cyllenian Hermes.*] *Mercury*, so call'd from *Cyllene*, a Mountain in *Arcadia*, where his Mother *Maia* brought him forth. Among the peculiar Goods and Properties which belong'd to *Mercury*, were the Wings at his Head and Feet, and the Falchion, or crooked Sword, call'd *Harpe*, which he is here said to lend his Brother *Perseus*. For the Story of *Argos* and *Iö* see *Ovid. Met. Lib. 1.*

Then

Book IX. *P H A R S A L I A.* 233

Then arms his Left with her refulgent Shield,
And shews how there the Foe might be beheld.
Deep Slumbers had the drowzy Fiend possess'd, 1140
Such as drew on, and well might seem, her last:
And yet she slept not whole; one half her Snakes
Watchful, to guard their horrid Mistrefs, wakes;
The rest dishevel'd, loosely, round her Head,
And o'er her drowzy Lids and Face were spread. 1145
Backward the Youth draws near, nor dares to look,
But blindly, at a venture, aims a Stroke:
His falt'ring Hand the Virgin Goddess guides,
And from the Monster's Neck her snaky Head divides.
But oh! what Art, what Numbers can express 1150
The Terrors of the dying *Gorgon's* Face!
What Clouds of Poison from her Lips arise!
What Death, what vast Destruction threaten'd in her Eyes!
'Twas somewhat that immortal Gods might fear,
More than the warlike Maid her self could bear. 1155
The victor *Perseus* still had been subdu'd,
Tho' wary still, with Eyes averse he stood;
Had not his heav'nly Sister's timely Care
Veil'd the dread Visage with the hissing Hair.
Seiz'd of his Prey, Heav'nwards, uplifted light, 1160
On *Hermes* nimble Wings, he took his Flight.
Now thoughtful of his Course, he hung in Air,
And meant thro' *Europe's* happy Clime to steer;

'Till

'Till pitying *Pallas* warn'd him not to blast
 Her fruitful Fields, nor lay her Cities waste. 1165
 For who would not have upwards cast their Sight,
 Curious to gaze at such a wond'rous Flight?
 Therefore by Gales of gentle *Zephyrs* born,
 To *Libya's* Coast the Heroe minds to turn.
 Beneath the ful'r'y Line, expos'd it lyes 1170
 To deadly Planets, and malignant Skies.
 Still with his fiery Steeds, the God of Day
 Drives thro' that Heav'n, and marks his burning Way.
 No Land more high erects its lofty Head,
 The silver Moon in dim Eclipse to shade; 1175
 If thro' the Summer Signs direct she run,
 Nor bends obliquely, North or South to shun
 The envious Earth that hides her from the Sun. }
 Yet cou'd this Soil accurst, this barren Field,
 Increase of Deaths, and pois'nous Harvests yield. 1180
 Where-e'er sublime in Air the Victor flew,
 The Monster's Head distill'd a deadly Dew; }
 The Earth receiv'd the Seed, and pregnant grew. }
 Still as the putrid Gore dropt on the Sand,
 'Twas temper'd up by Nature's forming hand; 1185

[Ver. 1174. *No Land more high.*] *Lucan* erroneously sup-
 poses this Part of the Earth to rise higher under the *Æqua-*
tor than in any other Part, and to project its Shade far-
 thest in Eclipses of the Moon.

[Ver. 1180. *Pois'nous Harvests yield.*] Tho' it could pro-
 duce nothing for the Good of Mankind, it brought forth
 Serpents.

The

Book IX. *P H A R S A L I A.* 235

The glowing Climate makes the Work compleat,
And broods upon the Mass, and lends it genial Heat.

First of those Plagues the drowzy *Asp* appear'd,
Then first her Crest and swelling Neck she rear'd;
A larger drop of black congealing Blood 1190
Distinguish'd her amidst the deadly Brood.

Of all the Serpent Race are none so fell,
None with so many Deaths, such plenteous Venom swell;
Chill in themselves, our colder Climes they shun,
And chuse to bask in *Africk's* warmer Sun; 1195
But *Nile* no more confines 'em now: What Bound
Can for insatiate Avarice be found!

Freighted with *Libyan* Deaths our Merchants come,
And pois'nous *Asps* are things of Price at *Rome*.

Her scaly Folds th' *Hæmorrhoids* unbends, 1200
And her vast length along the Sands extends;
Where-e'er she wounds, from ev'ry Part the Blood
Gushes resistless in a Crimson Flood.

Amphibious some do in the *Syrtis* abound,
And now on Land, in Waters now are found. 1205

Slimy *Chelyders* the parch'd Earth distain,
And trace a reeking Furrow on the Plain.

The spotted *Cænebris*, rich in various Dyes,
Shoots in a Line, and forth directly flies;
Not *Theban* Marbles are so gayly dress'd, 1210
Nor with such party-colour'd Beauties grac'd.

Safe

Safe in his earthly Hue and dusky Skin,
 Th' *Ammodytes* lurks in the Sands unseen:
 The *Swimmer* there the crystal Stream pollutes;
 And swift, thro' Air, the flying *Favelin* shoots. 1215
 The *Scytale*, e'er yet the Spring returns,
 There casts her Coat; and there the *Dipsas* burns;
 The *Amphisbana* doubly arm'd appears,
 At either End a threatening Head she rears.
 Rais'd on his active Tail the *Pareas* stands, 1220
 And as he passes, furrows up the Sands.
 The *Prestor* by his foaming Jaws is known;
 The *Seps* invades the Flesh and firmer Bone,
 Dissolves the Mass of Man, and melts his Fabrick down. }
 The *Basilisk*, with dreadful hissings heard, 1225
 And from afar by ev'ry Serpent fear'd,
 To distance drives the Vulgar, and remains
 The lonely Monarch of the desert Plains.
 And you, ye Dragons! of the scaly Race,
 Whom glittering Gold and shining Armours grace, 1230

Ver. 1214. *The Swimmer.*] The Latin Word is *Natrix*. I suppose this to be a kind of Water-Snake.

Ver. 1215. *The Favelin.*] In the Latin it is *Faculus*, a sort of Serpent which is said to lodge upon Trees, and from thence dart it self with great Violence and Swiftnesse at its Prey.

Ver. 1229. *And you, ye Dragons.*] The Ancients had a kind of religious Veneration for those kind of Serpents call'd Dragons. Under this Form was *Æsculapius* worship'd, and *Jupiter* convers'd with *Alexander's* Mother, and *Apol-*
lo.

In other Nations harmless are you found,
 Their guardian *Genii* and Protectors own'd;
 In *Afric* only are you fatal; there,
 On wide-expanded Wings, sublime you rear
 Your dreadful Forms, and drive the yielding Air.
 The lowing Kine in droves you chace, and cull
 Some Master of the Herd, some mighty Bull:
 Around his stubborn Sides your Tails you twist,
 By Force compress, and burst his brawny Chest.
 Not Elephants are by their larger Size
 Secure, but, with the rest, become your Prize.

1236

1240

to with *Augustus Caesar's*. They were reckon'd *'Αγαθοὶ δαίμονες* among the *Greeks*, and good *Genii* among the *Romans*. When *Æneas* sacrificed to his Father's Ghost in the Fifth Book of *Virgil's Æneid*, a Serpent of this kind appears.

*Dixerat hac; adytis cum lubricus Anguis ab imis,
 Septem ingens gyros, &c.*

Scarce had he finish'd, when with speckled Pride
 A Serpent from the Tomb began to glide:
 His huge Bulk on seven high Volumes roll'd,
 Blue was his Breadth of Back, and streak'd with scaly Gold.
 Thus riding on his Curls, he seem'd to pass
 A rowling Fire along, and singe the Grass.
 More various Colours through his Body run,
 Than Iris when her Bow imbibes the Sun:
 Betwixt the rising Altars, and around
 The sacred Monster shot along the Ground:
 With harmless Play amidst the Bowls he pass'd,
 And with his lolling Tongue assay'd the Taste:
 Thus fed with holy Food, the wondrous Guest
 Within the hollow Tomb retir'd to Rest.

[Mr. Dryden.]

Resistless

Resistless in your Might, you all invade,

And for Destruction need not Poison's Aid.

1243

Thus, thro' a thousand Plagues around 'em spread,
A weary March the hardy Soldiers tread,

Thro' Thirst, thro' Toil and Death, by *Cato* led.

Their Chief, with pious Grief and deep Regret,

Each moment mourns his Friends untimely Fate;

Wond'ring, he sees some small, some trivial Wound

Extend a valiant *Roman* on the Ground.

1250

Anlus, a noble Youth of *Tyrrhene* Blood,

Who bore the Standard, on a *Dipsas* trode;

Backward the wrathful Serpent bent her Head,

And, fell with Rage, th' unheeded Wrong repay'd.

Scarce did some little Mark of Hurt remain,

1255

And scarce he found some little Sense of Pain;

Nor cou'd he yet the Danger doubt, nor fear

That Death with all its Terrors, threaten'd there.

When lo! unseen, the secret Venom spreads,

And ev'ry nobler Part at once invades;

1260

Swift Flames consume the Marrow and the Brain,

And the scorch'd Entrails rage with burning Pain;

Upon his Heart the thirsty Poisons prey,

And drain the sacred Juice of Life away.

No kindly Floods of Moisture bathe his Tongue,

1265

But cleaving to the parched Roof it hung;

No trick'ling Drops distil, no dewy Sweat,

To ease his weary Limbs, and cool the raging Heat.

Nor



Nor cou'd he weep; ev'n Grief cou'd not supply
Streams for the mournful Office of his Eye,
The never-failing Source of Tears was dry.

Frantick he flies, and with a careless Hand
Hurls the neglected *Eagle* on the Sand;
Nor hears, nor minds, his pitying Chief's Command.

For Springs he seeks, he digs, he proves the Ground,
For Springs, in vain, explores the Desert round, 1276
For cooling Draughts, which might their Aid impart,
And quench the burning Venom in his Heart.

Plung'd in the *Tanais*, the *Rhône*, or *Po*,
Or *Nile*, whose wand'ring Streams o'er *Ægypt* flow,
Still wou'd he rage, still with the Fever glow.

The scorching Climate to his Fate conspires, 1282
And *Libya's* Sun assists the *Dipsa's* Fires.

Now ev'ry where for Drink, in vain he pries,
Now to the *Syrts* and briny Seas he flies;
The briny Seas delight, but seem not to suffice.
Nor yet he knows what secret Plague he nurs'd,
Nor found the Poison, but believ'd it Thirst.

Of Thirst, and Thirst alone, he still complains,
Raving for Thirst, he tears his swelling Veins; 1290
From ev'ry Vessel drains a Crimson Flood,
And quaffs in greedy Draughts his vital Blood.

This *Cato* saw, and straight, without delay,
Commands the Legions on to urge their Way;

Nor give the enquiring Soldier time to know 1295
 What deadly Deeds a fatal Thirst cou'd do.

But soon a Fate more sad, with new Surprise,
 From the first Object turns their wond'ring Eyes.
 Wretched *Sabellus* by a *Seps* was stung,
 Fix'd to his Leg, with deadly Teeth, it hung: 1300
 Sudden the Soldier shook it from the Wound,
 Transfix'd and nail'd it to the barren Ground.

Of all the dire destructive Serpent Race,
 None have so much of Death, tho' none are less. 1304
 For straight, around the Part, the Skin withdrew,
 The Flesh and shrinking Sinews backward flew, }
 And left the naked Bones expos'd to view.

The spreading Poisons all the Parts confound,
 And the whole Body sinks within the Wound.
 The brawny Thighs no more their Muscles boast, 1310
 But melting, all in liquid Filth are lost;

The well-knit Groin above, and Ham below,
 Mixt in one putrid Stream, together flow;
 The firm *Peritonæum* rent in twain, }
 No more the pressing Entrails cou'd sustain,
 It yields, and forth they fall, at once they gush again.

Small Reliques of the mould'ring Mass were left,
 At once of Substance, as of Form bereft;
 Dissolv'd the whole in liquid Poison ran,
 And to a nauseous Puddle shrunk the Man. 1320

Then

Then burst the rigid Nerves, the manly Breast,
 And all the Texture of the heaving Chest;
 Resistless way the conqu'ring Venom made,
 And secret Nature was at once display'd;
 Her sacred Privacies all open lye

1325

To each prophane, enquiring, vulgar Eye.

Then the broad Shoulders did the Pest invade,
 Then o'er the valiant Arms and Neck it spread;
 Last sunk, the Mind's imperial Seat, the Head.

3

So Snows dissolv'd by Southern Breezes run,
 So melts the Wax before the Noon-day Sun.

1330

Nor ends the Wonder here; tho' Flames are known

To waste the Flesh, yet still they spare the Bone:

Here none were left, no least Remains were seen;

No Marks to shew, that once the Man had been.

1335

Of all the Plagues which curse the *Libyan* Land,
 (If Death and Mischiefe may a Crown demand)

Serpent, the Palm is thine. Tho' others may

Boast of their Pow'r to force the Soul away,

Yet Soul and Body both become thy Prey.

3

A Fate of different kind *Nasidius* found,

1341

A burning *Prestor* gave the deadly Wound;

And straight a sudden Flame began to spread,

And paint his Visage with a glowing Red.

Ver. 1339. *To force the Soul away.*] That is, the Life.

With swift Expansion swells the bloated Skin,
 Nought but an undistinguish'd Mass is seen,
 While the fair human Form lies lost within.
 The puffy Poison spreads, and heaves around,
 'Till all the Man is in the Monster drown'd.

}

No more the steely Plate his Breast can stay,
 But yields, and gives the bursting Poison way.

1350

Not Waters so, when Fire the Rage supplies,
 Bubbling on heaps, in boiling Cauldrons rise.

Nor swells the stretching Canvas half so fast,

When the Sails gather all the driving Blast,

Strain the tough Yards, and bow the lofty Mast.

}

The various Parts no longer now are known,

One headless formless Heap remains alone;

The feather'd Kind avoid the fatal Feast,

And leave it deadly to some hungry Beast;

1360

With Horror seiz'd, his sad Companions too,

In haste from the unbury'd Carcass flew;

Look'd back, but fled again, for still the Monster grew.

}

But fertile *Libya* still new Plagues supplies,

And to more horrid Monsters turns their Eyes.

1365

Deeply the fierce *Hamorrhoids* imprest

Her fatal Teeth on *Tullus*' valiant Breast.

The noble Youth, with Virtue's Love inspir'd,

Her, in her *Cato*, follow'd and admir'd;

McV'd

Book IX. *PHARSALIA.* 243

Mov'd by his great Example, vow'd to share, 1370

With him, each Chance of that difalt'rous War.

And as when mighty *Rome's* Spectators meet

In the full Theatre's capacious Seat,

At once, by secret Pipes and Channels fed,

Rich Tinctures gush from ev'ry Antique Head; 1375

At once ten thousand saffron Currents flow,

And rain their Odours on the Crowd below:

So the warm Blood at once from ev'ry Part

Ran Purple Poison down, and drain'd the fainting Heart.

Blood falls for Tears, and o'er his mournful Face 1380

The ruddy Drops their tainted Passage trace:

Where-e'er the liquid Juices find a way,

There Streams of Blood, there crimson Rivers stray;

His Mouth and gushing Nostrils pour a Flood,

And ev'n the Pores ooze out the trickling Blood; 1385

In the red Deluge all the Parts lye drown'd,

And the whole Body seems one bleeding Wound.

Lavus, a colder *Aspick* bit, and strait

His Blood forgot to flow, his Heart to beat;

Ver. 1373. *In the full Theater's.*] The publick Shows at *Rome* were all exhibited at the Expence of the Publick, or some of the great Men. This was done with great Magnificence, of which this way of perfuming the whole Place, and the Spectators, is a pretty remarkable Instance. I know this Passage is render'd after a different manner, but I take this Sense of it to be most easy and most probable.

Thick Shades upon his Eye-lids seem'd to creep, 1390
 And lock him fast in Everlasting Sleep:
 No Sense of Pain, no Torment did he know,
 But sunk in Slumbers to the Shades below.

Not swifter Deaths attend the noxious Juice,
 Which dire *Sabean Aconites* produce. 1395

Well may their crafty Priests divine, and well
 The Fate which they themselves can cause, foretel.

Fierce from afar a darting *Favelin* shot,
 (For such, the Serpent's Name has *Africk* taught)
 And thro' unhappy *Paulus*' Temples flew; 1400
 Nor Poison, but a Wound, the Soldier flew.
 No Flight so swift, so rapid none we know,
 Stones from the sounding Sling, compar'd, are slow,
 And the Shaft loiters from the *Scythian* Bow. }

A *Basilisk* bold *Murrus* kill'd in vain, 1405
 And nail'd it dying to the sandy Plain;
 Along the Spear the sliding Venom ran,
 And sudden, from the Weapon, seiz'd the Man:
 His Hand first touch'd, e'er it his Arm invade,
 Soon he divides it with his shining Blade: 1410

Ver. 1394. *Not swifter Deaths.*] The literal Translation runs thus; *Nor are those Poisons more swift to destroy, which the Prophetick Sabæans compose of the Tree resembling Birch, of which last the Sabine (and Roman) Magistrates Rods were made.* I have taken very few Liberties of adding or leaving out any thing in this Translation: The last Circumstance, indeed, of this Passage I did not think material enough to be insisted on.

The

The Serpent's Force by sad Example taught,
With his lost Hand, his ransom'd Life he bought.

Who that the Scorpion's Insect Form surveys,
Wou'd think that ready Death his Call obeys?
Threat'ning, he rears his knotty Tail on high;
The vast *Orion* thus he doom'd to die,
And fix'd him, his proud Trophy, in the Sky.

1414

}

Or cou'd we the *Salpuga's* Anger dread,
Or fear upon her little Cell to tread?
Yet she the fatal Threads of Life commands,
And quickens oft the *Stygian* Sisters' Hands.

1420

Pursu'd by Dangers, thus they pass'd away
The restless Night, and thus the cheerless Day;
Ev'n Earth it self they fear'd, the common Bed,
Where each lay down to rest his weary Head:
There no kind Trees their leafy Couches strow,
The Sands no Turf nor mossy Beds bestow;
But tir'd, and fainting with the tedious Toil,
Expos'd they sleep upon the fatal Soil.

1425

Ver. 1416. *The vast Orion.*] Concerning this *Orion* there is a very ridiculous Fable: That he was ingender'd by *Jupiter*, *Neptune*, and *Mercury's* pissing in an Ox-hide. He was a Giant, and a very impudent one, for he would have ravish'd *Diana*: But a certain Scorpion took her Part, and stung him to Death. Afterwards the said Giant and Scorpion were both translated to the Skies, and made Constellations.

Ver. 1418. *Salpuga,*] A little sort of venomous Ant.

With vital Heat they brood upon the Ground, 1430

And breathe a kind attractive Vapour round.

While chill, with colder Night's ungentle Air,

To Man's warm Breast his snaky Foes repair,

And find, ungrateful Guests, a Shelter there.

Thence fresh Supplies of pois'nous Rage return, 1435

And fiercely with recruited Deaths they burn.

Restore, thus sadly oft the Soldier said,

Restore *Emathia's* Plains, from whence we fled;

This Grace, at least, ye cruel Gods afford,

That we may fall beneath the hostile Sword. 1440

The *Dipsa's* here in *Cesar's* Triumph share,

And fell *Ceraſta* wage his Civil War.

Or let us haste away, press farther on,

Urge our bold Passage to the Burning Zone,

And die by those Ætherial Flames alone. 1445

Africk, thy Defarts we accuse no more, 1446

Nor blame, oh Nature, thy creating Pow'r:

From Man thou wisely didst these Wilds divide,

And for thy Monsters here alone provide;

A Region waste, and void of all beside. 1450

Thy prudent Care forbade the barren Field, 1451

The yellow Harvest's ripe Increase to yield;

Man and his Labours well thou didst deny,

And badst him from the Land of Poisons fly.

Ver. 1442. *Ceraſta*,] A kind of horned Serpent.

We,

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We, Impious we, the bold Irruption made; 1455

We, this the Serpent's World, did first invade;

Take then our Lives a Forfeit for the Crime,

Whoe'er thou art, that rul'st this cursed Clime;

What God foe'er, that lonely lov'st to Reign,

And do'st the Commerce of Mankind disdain; 1465

Who, to secure thy horrid Empire's Bound,

Hast fix'd the *Syrts*, and Torrid Realms^s around;

Here the wild Waves, there the Flames scorching Breath,

And fill'd the dreadful middle Space with Death.

Behold, to thy Retreats our Arms we bear, 1465

And with *Rome's* Civil Rage prophane thee Here;

Ev'n to thy inmost Seats we strive to go,

And seek the Limits of the World to know.

Perhaps more dire Events attend us yet;

New Deaths, new Monsters, still we go to meet. 1470

Perhaps to those far Seas our Journey bends,

Where to the Waves the burning Sun descends;

Where, rushing headlong down Heav'n's Azure Steep,

All red he plunges in the hissing Deep.

Low sinks the Pole, declining from its Height, 1475

And seems to yield beneath the rapid Weight.

Nor farther Lands from Fame her self are known,

But *Mauritanian Fuba's* Realms alone.

Perhaps, while, rashly daring, on we pass,

Fate may discover some more dreadful Place; 1480

Till, late repenting, we may wish in vain
 To see these Serpents, and these Sands again.
 One Joy; at least, do these sad Regions give,
 Ev'n here we know 'tis possible to Live;
 That, by the native Plagues, we may perceive.
 Nor ask we now for *Asia's* gentler Day,
 Nor now for *European* Suns we pray;
 Thee, *Africk*, now, thy Absence we deplore,
 And sadly think we ne'er shall see thee more.
 Say, in what Part, what Climate art thou lost? 1486
 Where have we left *Cyrene's* happy Frost?
 Cold Skies we felt, and frosty Winter there,
 While more than Summer Suns are raging here,
 And break the Laws of the well-order'd Year. }
 Southward, beyond Earth's Limits, are we pass'd, 1495
 And *Rome*, at length, beneath our Feet is plac'd.
 Grant us, ye Gods, one Pleasure e'er we die,
 Add to our harder Fate this only Joy, }
 That *Cæsar* may pursue, and follow where we fly.
 Impatient, thus the Soldier oft complains, 1500
 And seems, by telling, to relieve his Pains.
 But most the Virtues of their matchless Chief
 Inspire new Strength, to bear with ev'ry Grief;
 All Night, with careful Thoughts and watchful Eyes,
 On the bare Sands expos'd the Hero lyes; 1505

Ver. 1485. *The native Plagues.*] The Serpents.

In

In ev'ry Place alike, in ev'ry Hour,
 Dares his ill Fortune, and defies her Pow'r.
 Unweary'd still, his common Care attends
 On ev'ry Fate, and cheers his dying Friends:
 With ready haste at each sad Call he flies, 1510
 And more than Health, or Life it self, supplies;
 With Virtue's noblest Precepts arms their Souls,
 And ev'n their Sorrows, like his own, controuls:
 Where-e'er he comes, no Signs of Grief are shown;
 Grief, an unmanly Weakness, they disown, }
 And scorn to sigh, or breathe one parting Groan. }
 Still urging on his Pious Cares, he strove
 The Sense of outward Evils to remove;
 And, by his Prefence, taught 'em to disdain
 The feeble Rage and Impotence of Pain. 1520

But now, so many Toils and Dangers past,
 Fortune grew kind, and brought Relief at last.
 Of all who scorching *Africk's* Sun endure,
 None like the swarthy *Pfyllians* are secure.
 Skill'd in the Lore of pow'rful Herbs and Charms, 1525
 Them, nor the Serpent's Tooth, nor Poison harms:

Ver. 1524. *Pfyllians.*] These People were Neighbours to the *Nasamones*, and were rather taken by *Cato* along with him when he began his March, than found out upon the Way.

Nor do they thus in Arts alone excel,
 But Nature too their Blood has temper'd well,
 And taught, with vital Force, the Venom to repel.
 With healing Gifts and Privileges grac'd, 1530
 Well in the Land of Serpents were they plac'd;
 Truce with the dreadful Tyrant, Death, they have,
 And border safely on his Realm, the Grave.
 Such is their Confidence in true-born Blood,
 That oft with Asps they prove their doubtful Brood;
 When wanton Wives their jealous Rage inflame, 1536
 The New-born Infant clears or damns the Dame:
 If subject to the wrathful Serpent's Wound,
 The Mother's Shame is by the Danger found;
 But if unhurt, the fearless Infant laugh; 1540
 The Wife is honest, and the Husband safe.
 So when *Jove's* Bird on some tall Cedar's Head,
 Has a new Race of gen'rous Eaglets bred,
 While yet unplum'd, within the Nest they lye,
 Wary she turns them to the Eastern Sky: 1545
 Then, if unequal to the God of Day,
 Abash'd they shrink, and shun the potent Ray,
 She spurns 'em forth, and casts 'em quite away:
 But if with daring Eyes unmov'd they gaze,
 Withstand the Light, and bear the Golden Blaze; 1550
 Tender she broods 'em, with a Parent's Love,
 The future Servants of her Master *Jove*.

Nor

Nor safe themselves, alone, the *Psyllians* are,
 But to their Guests extend their friendly Care.
 First, where the *Roman* Camp is mark'd, around
 Circling they pass, then Chanting, Charm the Ground,
 And chace the Serpents with the Mystick Sound.
 Beyond the farthest Tents rich Fires they build,
 That healthy Medicinal Odours yield;
 There foreign *Galbanum* dissolving fries, 1560
 And crackling Flames from humble *Wall-wort* rise;
 There *Tamarisk*, which no green Leaf adorns,
 And there the spicy *Syrian Costos* burns.
 There *Centory* supplies the wholesome Flame,
 That from *Thessalian Chiron* takes its Name; 1565
 The Gummy *Larch-Tree*, and the *Thapsos* there,
Wound-wort and *Maiden-weed*, perfume the Air.
 There the large Branches of the long-liv'd Hart,
 With *Southern-wood*, their Odours strong impart.
 The Monsters of the Land; the Serpents fell, 1570
 Fly far away, and shun the hostile Smell.
 Securely thus they pass the Nights away;
 And if they chance to meet a Wound by Day,
 The *Psyllian* Artists strait their Skill display.

Ver. 1560. *Foreign Galbanum*,] Foreign to *Africa*, as being found in the Mountain *Amanus* in *Syria*.

Ver. 1565. *That from Thessalian Chiron*.] The Virtues of the Herb *Centory* were found out by the Centaur *Chiron*, famous for his Skill in Physick, and took its Name from him.

Then

Then strives the *Leach* the Pow'r of Charms to show,
 And bravely combats with the deadly Foe: 1576
 With Spittle, first, he marks the Part around,
 And keeps the Poison Pris'ner in the Wound;
 Then sudden he begins the Magick Song,
 And rolls the Numbers hasty o'er his Tongue; 1580
 Swift he runs on; nor pauses once for Breath,
 To stop the Progress of approaching Death:
 He fears the Cure might suffer, by Delay,
 And Life be lost, but for a Moment's Stay.
 Thus oft, tho' deep within the Veins it lyes, 1585
 By Magick Numbers chac'd, the Mischief flies:
 But if it hear too slow, if still it stay,
 And scorn the Potent Charmer to obey;
 With forceful Lips he fastens on the Wound,
 Drains out, and spits the Venom to the Ground. 1590
 Thus by long Use and oft Experience taught,
 He knows from whence his Hurt the Patient got;
 He proves the Part thro' which the Poison past,
 And knows each various Serpent, by the Taste,
 The Warriors thus reliev'd, amidst their Pains, 1595
 Held on their Passage thro' the Desert Plains:
 And now the silver Empress of the Night
 Had lost, and twice regain'd her borrow'd Light,

Ver. 1598. *Had lost, and twice regain'd.*] That is, during the Space of two Months. The express Time of *Cato's*

While *Cato*, wandering o'er the wasteful Field,
Patient in all his Labours, she beheld. 1600

At length condens'd in Clods the Sands appear,
And shew a better Soil and Country near :
Now from afar thin Tufts of Trees arise,
And scattering Cottages delight their Eyes.

But when the Soldier once beheld again 1605

The raging Lion shake his horrid Mane,
What hopes of better Lands his Soul possest!
What Joys he felt, to view the dreadful Beast!

Leptis at last they reach'd, that nearest lay,
There free from Storms, and the Sun's parching Ray,
At Ease they pass'd the Wintry Year away. }

Cato's March is diversly related by *Plutarch*, *Strabo*, and *Lucan*; the first allowing but Seven Days for it, the second Thirty, and the last, as we see here, Two Months. This is of no great Consequence, since they might fix the Beginning of his Journey, and reckon his Departure, from several Places.

Ver. 1606. *The raging Lion.*] Some of the Commentators upon this Verse,

Qui primum fecerunt contra videre Leones,
fancy that it refers to a Custom which the Natives of this Country had to hang up the Lions, which they had caught or kill'd, upon Crosses, and that they were these crucified Lions which *Cato's* Soldiers were so glad to meet with: But I can see no Reason for such a far-fetch'd Interpretation; the Meaning seems to me to be, that by meeting with those Beasts, who usually prey upon tame Cattle, they found they were come into or near an inhabited Country.

Ver. 1609. *Leptis at last.*] *Leptis parva*, now *Lempta* in *Barbary*.
When

When fated with the Joys which Slaughters yield,
 Retiring *Caesar* left *Emathia's* Fields,
 His other Cares laid by, he sought alone
 To trace the Footsteps of his flying Son. 1615
 Led by the Guidance of reporting Fame,
 First to the *Thracian Hellepont* he came.
 Here young *Leander* perish'd in the Flood,
 And here the Tow'r of mournful *Hera* stood:
 Here, with a narrow Stream, the flowing Tide, 1620
Europe, from wealthy *Asia*, does divide.
 From hence the Curious Victor passing o'er,
 Admiring, sought the fam'd *Sigæan Shore*.
 There might he Tombs of *Græcian* Chiefs behold,
 Renown'd in Sacred Verse by Bards of Old. 1625
 There the long Ruins of the Walls appear'd,
 Once by great *Neptune*, and *Apollo*, rear'd:

Ver. 1617. *To the Thracian Hellepont.*] *Caesar* very naturally followed *Pompey* into *Asia*, where he had so great an Interest.

Ver. 1623. *Sigæan Shore.*] A Promontory now called *Cape Janissari* in *Asia Minor* on the *Archipelago*, over-against the Island of *Tenedos*, near the Ruins of the ancient *Troy*. Here were the Tombs of *Achilles* and *Patroclus*.

Rhætium, or *Rhoetium*, was a Town and Promontory likewise thereabouts, where was the Tomb of *Ajax* the Son of *Telamon*.

Ver. 1626. *Ruins of the Walls.*] *Neptune* and *Apollo* agreed with *Laomedon*, King of *Troy*, to build Walls round his City; which when they had perform'd, and the King refused to pay them according to Agreement, *Neptune* in Revenge

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There stood Old *Troy*, a venerable Name;
For ever Consecrate to Deathless Fame.
Now blasted mossy Trunks with Branches fear, 1630
Brambles and Weeds, a loathsome Forest rear;
Where once in Palaces of Regal State,
Old *Priam*, and the *Trojan* Princes, fate.
Where Temples once, on lofty Columns born,
Majestick did the wealthy Town adorn, 1635
All rude, all waste and desolate is lay'd,
And ev'n the ruin'd Ruins are decay'd.
Here *Cæsar* did each Story'd Place survey,
Here saw the Rock, where, *Neptune* to obey,
Hesione was bound the Monster's Prey, }
Here, in the Covert of a secret Grove, 1641
The blest *Anchises* clasp'd the Queen of Love:
Here fair *Oenone* play'd, Here stood the Cave
Where *Paris* once the fatal Judgment gave;
Here lovely *Ganymede* to Heav'n was born; 1645
Each Rock, and ev'ry Tree, recording Tales adorn.

venge sent a Sea-Monster amongst his People; to appease whom the *Trojans* were forced to expose their Daughters to be devour'd by him. Among the rest, *Hesione*, the King's Daughter, being tied to a Rock for this purpose, was deliver'd by *Hercules*, who kill'd the Monster.

Ver. 1642. *Anchises*,] The Father of *Æneas*.

Ver. 1643. *Oenone*,] The first Mistress of *Paris*, while he was a Shepherd, and had not seen *Helen*. See *Ovid's* Epistles. The Story of *Ganymede*, and indeed most of the rest here mention'd, are known Fables.

Here

Here all that does of *Xanthus*' Stream remain,
 Creeps a small Brook along the dusty Plain.
 Whilst careless and securely on they pass,
 The *Phrygian* Guide forbids to press the Grass; 1650
 This Place, he said, for ever sacred keep,
 For here the sacred Bones of *Hector* sleep.
 Then warns him to observe, where, rudely cast,
 Disjointed Stones lay broken and defac'd:
 Here his last Fate, he cries, did *Priam* prove; 1655
 Here, on this Altar of *Hercean* Fove.

O Poetic Divine! Oh sacred Song!
 To thee, bright Fame and Length of Days belong;
 Thou, Goddess! Thou Eternity can't give,
 And bid secure the Mortal Heroe live. 1660
 Nor, *Cesar*, thou disdain, that I rehearse
 Thee, and thy Wars, in no ignoble Verse;
 Since, if in ought the *Latian* Muse excel,
 My Name, and thine, Immortal I foretell;
 Eternity our Labours shall reward, 1665
 And *Lucan* flourish, like the *Grecian* Bard;
 My Numbers shall to latest Times convey
 The Tyrant *Cesar*, and *Pharsalia's* Day.

Ver. 1656. *Hercean Fove.*] This Altar of *Jupiter Herceanus* or *Penétralis*, was consecrated to that God as the Keeper of the House and Family. He is call'd *Herceanus* from the Greek Word $\epsilon\rho\kappa\omega$, which signifies an Inclosure, and his Altar was placed accordingly near the Wall.

When

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When long the Chief his wond'ring Eyes had cast,
 On ancient Monuments of Ages past; 1670
 Of living Turf an Altar strait he made,
 Then on the Fire rich Gums and Incense laid,
 And thus, successful in his Vows, he pray'd. }
 Ye Shades Divine! who keep this sacred Place,
 And thou, *Æneas*! Author of my Race, 1675
 Ye Pow'rs, whoe'er from burning *Troy* did come,
 Domestick Gods of *Alba*, and of *Rome*,
 Who still preserve your ruin'd Country's Name,
 And on your Altars guard the *Phrygian* Flame: 1679
 And thou, bright Maid, who art to Men deny'd;
Pallas, who do'st thy sacred Pledge confide }
 To *Rome*, and in her inmost Temple hide;
 Hear, and auspicious to my Vows incline,
 To me, the greatest of the *Fulian* Line:
 Prosper my future Ways; and lo! I vow 1687
 Your ancient State and Honours to bestow;
Ausonian Hands shall *Phrygian* Walls restore,
 And *Rome* repay, what *Troy* conferr'd before.

Ver. 1676. *Ye Pow'rs.*] This Invocation is address'd to those Gods whose Images *Æneas* brought with him from *Troy*, which were placed at *Alba* by his Son *Ascanius*, and afterwards remov'd to *Rome*.

Ver. 1679. *Phrygian Flame.*] The Fire of *Vesta*.

Ver. 1681. *Thy sacred Pledge.*] The *Palladium*.

Ver. 1687. *Phrygian Walls restore.*] I don't know whether *Lucan* does not hint in this Passage at the Design which

Nor frown disdainful on the proffer'd Spoil, 1739
 Because not dearly bought with Blood and Toil;
 But think, oh think, what sacred Ties were broke,
 How Friendship pleaded, and how Nature spoke;
 That *Pompey*, who restor'd *Auletes*' Crown,
 The Father's antient Guest, was murder'd by the Son. 1735
 Then judge thy self, or ask the World and Fame,
 If Services, like these, deserve a Name.
 If Gods and Men the daring Deed abhor,
 Think, for that Reason, *Cesar* owes the more;
 This Blood *for thee*, tho' not *by thee*, was spilt; 1740
 Thou hast the Benefit, and we the Guilt.

He said, and strait the horrid Gift unveil'd,
 And stedfast to the gazing Victor held.
 Chang'd was the Face, deform'd with Death all o'er,
 Pale, ghastly, wan, and stain'd with clotted Gore, }
 Unlike the *Pompey*, *Cesar* knew before.
 He, nor at first disdain'd the fatal Boon,
 Nor started from the dreadful Sight too soon.
 Awhile his Eyes the murd'rous Scene endure,
 Doubting they view; but shun it, when secure. 1750
 At length he stood convinc'd, the Deed was done;
 He saw 'twas safe to mourn his lifeless Son:

Ver. 1734. *Auletes*.] The Surname of young *Ptolemy's*
 Father.

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And strait the ready Tears, that stay'd 'till now,
Swift at Command with pious Semblance flow:
As if detesting, from the Sight he turns, 1755
And groaning, with a Heart triumphant mourns.
He fears his impious Thought should be descry'd,
And seeks in Tears the swelling Joy to hide.
Thus the curst *Pharian* Tyrant's Hopes were crost,
Thus all the Merit of his Gift was lost; 1760
Thus for the Murder *Cæsar's* Thanks were spar'd;
He chose to mourn it, rather than reward.
He who, relentless, thro' *Pharsalia* rode,
And on the Senate's mangled Fathers trode;
He who, without one pitying Sigh beheld 1765
The Blood and Slaughter of that woful Field;
Thee, murder'd *Pompey*, could not ruthless see,
But pay'd the Tribute of his Grief to thee.
Oh Mystery of Fortune, and of Fate!
Oh ill consoorted Piety and Hate! 1770
And can'st thou, *Cæsar*, then thy Tears afford,
To the dire Object of thy vengeful Sword?
Didst thou, for this, devote his Hostile Head,
Pursue him Living, to bewail him Dead?
Cou'd not the gentle Ties of Kindred move? 1775
Wert thou not touch'd with thy sad *Julia's* Love?
And weep'st thou now? Dost thou these Tears provide
To win the Friends of *Pompey* to thy Side?

Perhaps,

Perhaps, with secret Rage thou do'st repine,
 That he should dye by any Hand but thine: 1780
 Thence fall thy Tears, that *Ptolemy* has done
 A Murder, due to *Cesar's* Hand alone.
 What secret Springs so'er these Currents know,
 They ne'er, by Piety, were taught to flow.
 Or didst thou kindly, like a careful Friend, 1785
 Pursue him Flying, only to Defend?
 Well was his Fate deny'd to thy Command!
 Well was he snatch'd by Fortune from thy Hand!
 Fortune with-held this Glory from thy Name,
 Forbad thy Pow'r to Save, and spar'd the *Roman* Shame.
 Still he goes on to vent his Griefs aloud, 1791
 And artful, thus, deceives the easie Crowd.
 Hence from my Sight, nor let me see thee more;
 Haste, to thy King his fatal Gift restore.
 At *Cesar* have you aim'd the deadly Blow, 1795
 And wounded *Cesar* worse than *Pompey* now;
 The cruel Hands by which this Deed was done,
 Have torn away the Wreaths my Sword had won,
 That noblest Prize this Civil War cou'd give,
 The Victor's Right to bid the Vanquish'd live. 1800
 Then tell your King, his Gift should be repay'd;
 I would have sent him *Cleopatra's* Head;
 But that he wishes to behold her Dead.

How

How has he dar'd, this *Egypt's* petty Lord,
To join his Murders to the *Roman* Sword? 1805

Did I, for this, in heat of War, distain
With noblest Blood *Emathia's* purple Plain,
To licence *Ptolemy's* pernicious Reign? }

Did I with *Pompey* scorn the World to share?
And can I an *Egyptian* Partner bear? 1810

In vain the warlike Trumpet's dreadful Sound
Has rous'd the Universe to Arms around;
Vain was the Shock of Nations, if they own,
Now, any Pow'r on Earth but mine alone.

If hither to your Impious Shores I came, 1815

'Twas to assert, at once, my Power and Fame;
Left the pale Fury *Envy* should have said,
Your Crimes I damn'd not, or your Arms I fled.
Nor think to fawn before me, and deceive;

I know the Welcome you prepare to give. 1820

Theffalia's Field preserves me from your Hate,
And guards the Victor's Head from *Pompey's* Fate.

What Ruin, Gods! attended on my Arms,
What Dangers unforeseen! What waiting Harms!

Pompey, and *Rome*, and Exile, were my Fear;
See yet a Fourth, See *Ptolemy* appear! }

The Boy-King's Vengeance loiters in the Rear.
But we forgive his Youth, and bid him know
Pardon and Life's the most we can bestow.

For you, the meaner Herd, with Rites divine, 1830
 And pious Cares, the Warrior's Head inshrine:
 Atone with Penitence the injur'd Shade,
 And let his Ashes in their Urn be laid ;
 Pleas'd, let his Ghost lamenting *Cesar* know,
 And feel my Presence here, ev'n in the Reams below. 1835
 Oh, what a Day of Joy was lost to *Rome*,
 When hapless *Pompey* did to *Egypt* come!
 When, to a Father and a Friend unjust,
 He rather chose the *Pharian* Boy to trust.
 The wretched World that Loss of Peace shall rue, 1840
 Of Peace, which from our Friendship might ensue:
 But thus the Gods their hard Decrees have made;
 In vain, for Peace, and for Repose I pray'd ;
 In vain implor'd, that Wars and Rage might end,
 That, Suppliant-like, I might to *Pompey* bend, }
 Beg him to Live, and once more be my Friend. }
 Then had my Labours met their just Reward,
 And, *Pompey*, thou in all my Glories shar'd ;
 Then, Jars and Enmities all past and gone,
 In Pleasure had the peaceful Years roll'd on; 1850
 All should forgive, to make the Joy compleat ;
 Thou should'st thy harder Fate, and *Rome* my Wars forget.
 Fast falling still the Tears, thus spoke the Chief,
 But found no Partner in the specious Grief.

Oh!

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Oh! Glorious Liberty! when all shall dare 1855
A Face, unlike their mighty Lord, to wear!
Each in his Breast the rising Sorrow kept,
And thought it safe to laugh, tho' *Cæsar* wept.

Ver. 1855. *Oh! glorious Liberty!*] This is a very Satyrical Irony. He means, that the Standers-by durst not shew any Sign but that of Joy, since *Cæsar*, tho' outwardly he seem'd to grieve, was in his Heart pleas'd with that execrable Action. But this is an Instance of *Lucan's* Prejudice against *Cæsar*; a Fault of which I am sorry an Author, who seems to have been a Lover of his Country, should be so often guilty.





THE
TENTH BOOK
OF
LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

The ARGUMENT.

Cæsar, upon his Arrival in Ægypt, finds Ptolemy engag'd in a Quarrel with his Sister Cleopatra; whom, at the Instigation of Photinus, and his other evil Counsellors, he had depriv'd of her Share in the Kingdom, and imprison'd: She finds means to Escape, comes privately to Cæsar, and puts herself under his Protection. Cæsar interposes in the Quarrel, and reconciles them. They in return entertain him with great Magnificence and Luxury at the Royal Palace in Alexandria. At this Feast Cæsar, who at his first Arrival had visited the Tomb of Alexander the Great, and whatever else was Curious in that City, enquires of the Chief Priest Achoreus, and is by him inform'd of the Course of the Nile, its stated Increase and Decrease, with the several Causes that had been till that time assign'd for it. In the mean time Photinus writes privately to Achilles, to draw the Army to Alexandria, and surprize Cæsar; this he immediately performs, and besieges the Palace. But Cæsar, having set the City and many of the Ægyptian Ships on fire, escapes to the Island and Tower of Pharos, carrying the young King and Photinus, whom he still kept in his Power, with him; there having discover'd the Treachery of Photinus, he puts him to Death. At the same time Arsinoë, Ptolemy's youngest Sister, having by the Advice of her Tutor, the Eunuch Ganymedes, assum'd the Regal Authority, orders Achilles to be kill'd likewise, and renews the War against Cæsar. Upon the Mole between Pharos and Alexandria he is encompass'd by the Enemy, and very near being slain, but at length breaks thro', leaps into the Sea, and with his usual Courage and good Fortune swims in Safety to his own Fleet.



L U C A N's
P H A R S A L I A.

B O O K X.



SOON as the Victor reach'd the guilty Shore,
Yet red with Stains of murder'd *Pompey's*
Gore,
New Toils his still prevailing Fortune met:
By impious *Ægypt's* Genius hard beset. 4
The Strife was now, if this detested Land
Shou'd own Imperial *Rome's* Supreme Command, 3
Or *Cæsar* bleed beneath some *Pharian* Hand.
But thou, oh *Pompey!* thy Diviner Shade
Came timely to this cruel Father's Aid;
Thy Influence the deadly Sword withstood, 10
Nor suffer'd *Nile*, again, to blush with *Roman* Blood.

Safe in the Pledge of *Pompey*, slain so late,
 Proud *Caesar* enters *Alexandria's* Gate:
 Ensigns on high the long Procession lead;
 The Warrior and his armed Train succeed. 15
 Meanwhile, loud-murmuring, the moody Throng
 Behold his *Fasces* born in State along:
 Of Innovations fiercely they complain,
 And scornfully reject the *Roman* Reign.
 Soon saw the Chief th' untoward Bent they take, 20
 And found that *Pompey* fell not for his sake.
 Wisely, howe'er, he hid his secret Fear,
 And held his Way, with well-dissembled Chear.
 Careless, he runs their Gods and Temples o'er,
 The Monuments of *Macedonian* Pow'r; 25
 But neither God, nor Shrine, nor mystick Rite,
 Their City, nor her Walls, his Soul delight:
 Their Caves beneath his Fancy chiefly led,
 To search the gloomy Mansions of the Dead:
 Thither with secret Pleasure he descends, 30
 And to the Guide's recording Tale attends.
 There the vain Youth who made the World his Prize,
 That prosp'rous Robber, *Alexander*, lyes.

Ver. 25. *Macedonian Power.*] *Alexandria* was built by *Alexander* the Great.

Ver. 28. *Their Caves beneath.*] The *Egyptians* embalming their Dead, and burying them in these large Caves in great Numbers together, is very well known. They are what are now called *Catacombs*, and are so frequently visited by Travellers.

When

When pitying Death, at length, had freed Mankind,
 To sacred Rest his Bones were here consign'd: 35
 His Bones, that better had been toss'd and hurl'd,
 With just Contempt, around the injur'd World.
 But Fortune spar'd the Dead; and partial Fate,
 For Ages, fix'd his *Pharian* Empire's Date.
 If e'er our long-lost Liberty return, 40
 That Carcass is reserv'd for publick Scorn:
 Now, it remains a Monument confest,
 How one proud Man cou'd lord it o'er the rest.
 To *Macedon*, a Corner of the Earth,
 The vast ambitious Spoiler ow'd his Birth: 45
 There, soon, he scorn'd his Father's humbler Reign,
 And view'd his vanquish'd *Athens* with Disdain.
 Driv'n headlong on, by Fate's resistless Force,
 Thro' *Asia's* Realms he took his dreadful Course:
 His ruthless Sword lay'd Human Nature waste, 50
 And Desolation follow'd where he pass'd.
 Red *Ganges* blush'd, and fam'd *Euphrates'* Flood,
 With *Persian* this, and that with *Indian* Blood.
 Such is the Bolt which angry *Jove* employs,
 When, undistinguishing, his Wrath destroys: 55

Ver. 39. *For Ages fix'd.*] From the first *Ptolemy* who succeeded *Alexander*, to this worthless Prince, who murder'd *Pompey*, about 280 Years.

Ver. 47. *Vanquish'd Athens.*] Not only *Athens*, but a good Part of *Greece* had been subdued by his Father *Philip*, partly by Force, and partly by Fraud.

Such, to Mankind, portentous Meteors rise,
 Trouble the gazing Earth, and blast the Skies.
 Nor Flame, nor Flood, his restless Rage withstand,
 Nor *Syrts* unfaithful, nor the *Libyan* Sand:
 O'er Waves unknown he meditates his Way, 66
 And seeks the boundless Empire of the Sea;
 Ev'n to the utmost West he wou'd have gone,
 Where *Tethys*' Lap receives the setting Sun;
 Around each Pole his Circuit wou'd have made, }
 And drunk from secret *Nile*'s remotest Head, }
 When Nature's Hand his wild Ambition stay'd. }
 With him, that Pow'r his Pride had lov'd so well,
 His monstrous Universal Empire, fell: 68
 No Heir, no just Successor left behind, }
 Eternal Wars he to his Friends assign'd, }
 To tear the World, and scramble for Mankind. }
 Yet still he dy'd the Master of his Fame,
 And *Parthia* to the last rever'd his Name;
 The haughty East from *Greece* receiv'd her Doom,
 With lower Homage than she pays to *Rome*. 75
 Tho' from the frozen Pole our Empire run,
 Far as the Journeys of the Southern Sun;

Ver. 61. *Empire of the Sea.*] In this he hints at *Alexander's* Design of discovering the *Indian* Ocean, mention'd by *Q. Curtius*.

Ver. 72. *Master of his Fame.*] *Alexander* died in Possession of the Empire he had acquir'd, and *Parthia*, with the rest of the East, acknowledged his Power.

In Triumph tho' our conqu'ring Eagles fly,
 Where-e'er soft Zephyrs fan the Western Sky;
 Still to the haughty Parthian must we yield, 80
 And mourn the Loss of Carræ's dreadful Field:
 Still shall the Race untam'd their Pride avow,
 And lift those Heads aloft which Pella taught to bow.

From Casim now the beardless Monarch came,
 To quench the kindling Alexandrian's Flame. 85
 Th' unwarlike Rabble soon the Tumult cease,
 And he, their King, remains the Pledge of Peace ;
 When veil'd in Secresie, and dark Disguise,
 To mighty Casar, Cleopatra flies. 89
 Won by persuasive Gold, and rich Reward,
 Her Keeper's Hand her Prison Gates unbarr'd, 93
 And a light Galley for her Flight prepar'd.
 Oh fatal Form! thy Native ^{ib.} Ægypt's Shame!
 Thou lewd Perdition of the Latian Name!
 How wert thou doom'd our Furies to increase, 95
 And be what Helen was to Troy and Greece !

Ver. 83. Pella,] A City in Macedon where Alexander was born, from whence he is often call'd Pellaan.

Ver. 87. Their King remains the Pledge of Peace.] Casar had good Reason to doubt the Designs of the Alexandrians, and therefore kept their King within his Power.

Ver. 88. When veil'd in Secrecy.] Cleopatra having brib'd those Guards who had the Custody of her Person, was brought by Apollodorus, her Tutor, wrapt up in a kind of Quilt or Flock-Bed by Night to Casar.

When with an Host, from vile *Canopus* led,
 Thy Vengeance aim'd at great *Augustus*' Head;
 When thy shrill Timbrels Sound was heard from far,
 And *Rome* her self shook at the coming War; 100
 When doubtful Fortune, near *Leucadia's* Strand,
 Suspended long the World's supream Command,
 And almost gave it to a Woman's Hand. }
 Such daring Courage swells her wanton Heart,
 While *Roman* Lovers *Roman* Fires impart: 105
 Glowing alike with Greatness and Delight,
 She rose still bolder from each guilty Night.
 Then blame we hapless *Anthony* no more,
 Lost and undone by fatal Beauty's Pow'r;
 If *Cesar*, long inur'd to Rage and Arms, 110
 Submits his stubborn Heart to those soft Charms;
 If reeking from *Emathia's* dreadful Plain,
 And horrid with the Blood of thousands slain,
 He sinks lascivious in a lewd Embrace,
 While *Pompey's* ghastly Spectre haunts the Place. 115
 If *Julia's* chaste Name he can forget,
 And raise her, Brethren of a Bastard Set;

Ver. 97. *When with an Host.*] When she join'd with *M. Antony* against *Augustus*. The Loves of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, the Battel of *Actium*, and the Consequenees of it, are too well known to need any Explanation.

Canopus is a City of *Ægypt*, now called *Bochir*, with a Port at the Mouth of the West Arm of the *Nile* upon the *Mediterranean*. In this Place it is taken for *Ægypt* it self.

If indolently he permits, from far,
 Bold *Cato* to revive the fainting War;
 If he can give away the Fruits of Blood, 120
 And fight to make a Strumpet's Title good.

To him, disdaining or to feign a Tear,
 Or spread her artfully dishevell'd Hair,
 In comely Sorrow's decent Garb array'd,
 And trusting to her Beauty's certain Aid,
 In Words like these began the *Pharian* Maid,

If Royal Birth and the *Lagaan* Name,
 Thy fav'ring Pity, greatest *Cesar*, claim,
 Redress my Wrongs, thus humbly I implore,
 And to her State an injur'd Queen restore. 130

Here shed thy juster Influence, and rise
 A Star auspicious to *Ægyptian* Skies.
 Nor is it strange for *Pharos* to behold
 A Woman's Temples bound with Regal Gold:
 No Laws our softer Sex's Pow'rs restrain, 135

But undistinguish'd equally we Reign.
 Vouchsafe my Royal Father's Will to read,
 And learn what dying *Ptolemy* decreed:

Ver. 119. *Bold Cato to revive.*] While *Cesar* was in *Ægypt*, *Cato* and *Scipio* were drawing together the Remains of *Pompey's* Forces, and forming a new Army in *Africa*.

Ver. 122. *Disdaining or to feign.*] *Cleopatra* was so secure of the Power of her Beauty, that she took no Pains to set off her Affliction, or appear more sorrowful than she really was.

My just Pretensions stand recorded there,
 My Brother's Empire and his Bed to share. 140
 Nor wou'd the gentle Boy his Love refuse,
 Did curs'd *Pothinus* leave him free to chuse;
 But now in Vassalage he holds his Crown,
 And acts by Pow'r and Passions not his own.
 Nor is my Soul on Empire fondly set, 145
 But cou'd with Ease my Royal Rights forget;
 So thou the Throne from vile Dishonour save,
 Restore the Master, and depose the Slave.
 What Scorn, what Pride his haughty Bosom swell,
 Since, at his bidding, *Roman Pompey* fell! 150
 (Ev'n now, which oh! ye righteous Gods avert,
 His Sword is levell'd at thy noble Heart)
 Thou and Mankind are wrong'd, when he shall dare,
 Or in thy Prize, or in thy Crime to share.
 In vain her Words the Warrior's Ears assail'd, 155
 Had not her Face beyond her Tongue prevail'd;
 From thence resistless Eloquence she draws,
 And with the sweet Persuasion gains her Cause.
 His stubborn Heart dissolves in loose Delight,
 And grants her Suit, for one lascivious Night. 160
Ægypt and *Cæsar*, now, in Peace agreed,
 Riot and Feasting to the War succeed:

Ver. 161. *Ægypt and Cæsar.*] *Cæsar* had, to all outward Appearance, reconcil'd *Ptolemy* and his Sister.

Book X. *P H A R S A L I A.* 277

The wanton Queen displays her wealthy Store,
Excess unknown to frugal *Rome* before.

Rich, as some Fane by lavish Zealots rear'd, 165

For the proud Banquet, stood the Hall prepar'd:

Thick golden Plates the latent Beams infold,

And the high Roof was fretted o'er with Gold:

Of solid Marble all, the Walls were made,

And Onyx ev'n the meaner Floor inlay'd; 170

While Porphyry and Agat, round the Court,

In massy Columns, rose a proud Support.

Of solid Ebony each Post was wrought,

From swarthy *Meroë* profusely brought:

With Iv'ry was the Entrance crusted o'er, 175

And polish'd Tortoise hid each shining Door;

While on the cloudy Spots enchas'd was seen

The lively Em'ralsds never-fading Green.

Within, the Royal Beds and Couches shone,

Beamy and bright with many a costly Stone, 180

In glowing Purple rich the Cov'rings lye;

Twice had they drank the noblest *Tyrian* Dye:

Ver. 173. *Of solid Ebony.*] The Wood-work used only to be cover'd over with thin Pieces of Ebony: Here it was entirely made of that costly Tree.

Ver. 174. *From swarthy Meroë.*] An Island form'd by the Nile in *Æthiopia*, from whence Ebony was brought. Some Editions read *Ebenus Meroëtica* in this Place, but erroneously, for there is no Ebony grows near *Meroë* in *Ægypt*.

Others

Others, as *Pharian* Artists have the Skill
 To mix the party-colour'd Web at Will,
 With winding Trails of various Silks were made, 185
 Where branching Gold set off the rich Brocade.
 Around, of ev'ry Age, and choicer Form,
 Huge Crowds, whole Nations of Attendants swarm:
 Some wait in yellow Rings of golden Hair,
 The vanquish'd *Rhine* shew'd *Cesar* none so fair: 190
 Others were seen with swarthy Woolly Heads,
 Black as eternal Night's unchanging Shades.
 Here squealing Eunuchs, a dismember'd Train,
 Lament the Loss of genial Joys in vain:
 There Nature's noblest Work, a youthful Band, 195
 In the full Pride of blooming Manhood stand.
 All duteous on the *Pharian* Princes wait,
 The Princes round the Board recline in State,
 With mighty *Cesar*, more than Princes great. }
 On Iv'ry Feet the Citron Board was wrought, 200
 Richer than those with Captive *Juba* brought.
 With ev'ry Wile Ambitious Beauty tries
 To fix the daring *Roman's* Heart her Prize.

Ver. 201. *With Captive Juba.*] It should rather be *from*
vanquish'd Juba: The Original is

— *quales ad Caesaris ora,*
Nec capto venere Juba.

Tho' it is certain, that after *Juba* was vanquish'd he
 kill'd himself, and so was never *Cesar's* Prisoner.

Her

Book X. PHARSALIA. 279

Her Brother's meaner Bed and Crown she scorns,
And with fierce Hopes for nobler Empire burns; 205
Collects the Mischiefs of her wanton Eyes,
And her faint Checks with deeper Roses dies;
Amidst the Braidings of her flowing Hair,
The Spoils of orient Rocks and Shells appear;
Like midnight Stars, ten thousand Diamonds deck 210
The comely Rising of her graceful Neck:
Of wondrous Work, a thin transparent Lawn
O'er each soft Breast in Decency was drawn;
Where still by turns the parting Threads withdrew,
And all the panting Bosom rose to view. 215
Her Robe, her ev'ry Part, her Air, confess
The Pow'r of Female Skill exhausted in her Dress.
Fantastick Madness of unthinking Pride,
To boast that Wealth, which Prudence strives to hide!
In Civil Wars such Treasures to display, 220
And tempt a Soldier with the Hopes of Prey!
Had *Caesar* not been *Caesar*, impious, bold,
And ready to lay waste the World for Gold,
But just as all our frugal Names of old;
This Wealth cou'd *Curius* or *Fabricius* know, 225
Or ruder *Cincinnatus* from the Plow,

Ver. 226. *Ruder Cincinnatus.*] *Quinctius Cincinnatus* was saluted Dictator as he was following the Plow in his own Field.

As *Caesar*, they had seiz'd the mighty Spoil,
And to enrich their *Tiber* robb'd the *Nile*.

Now, by a Train of Slaves, the various Feast
In massy Gold magnificent was plac'd: 230

Whatever Earth, or Air, or Seas afford,
In vast Profusion crowns the lab'ring Board.

For Dainties, *Ægypt* ev'ry Land explores,
Nor spares those very Gods her Zeal adores.

The *Nile's* sweet Wave capacious Crystals pour, 235
And Gems of Price the Grapes delicious Store;

No Growth of *Mareotis'* marshy Fields,
But such as *Meroë* maturer yields;

Where the warm Sun the racy Juice refines,
And mellows into Age the Infant Wines. 240

With Wreaths of *Nard* the Guests their Temples bind,
And blooming Roses of immortal Kind;

Their dropping Locks with Oily Odours flow,
Recent from near *Arabia*, where they grow:

Ver. 234. *Nor spares those very Gods.*] The *Ægyptians* worshipp'd not only several Sorts of Beasts and Birds, but even Plants, as Leeks and Onyons.

Ver. 236. *And Gems of Price.*] Drinking Vessels made of Precious Stones. The *Spanish* Translator renders *Gemma Capaces* in this Place *Perlas*, Pearls; but that is stretching the *Ægyptian* Magnificence a little too far.

Ver. 241. *Nard.*] *Nardum* is an odoriferous Shrub bearing Leaves, and a kind of Ear call'd *Spica Nardi*. Hence comes our Word *Spikenard*.

Ver. 242. *Roses of immortal.*] Roses that were in Bloom all the Year.

Book IX. *PHARSALIA.* 281

The vig'rous Spices breathe their strong Perfume, 245
And the rich Vapour fills the spacious Room.

Here *Cæsar*, *Pompey's* Poverty disdain'd,
And learn'd to waste that World his Arms had gain'd.
He saw th' *Ægyptian* Wealth with greedy Eyes,
And wish'd some fair Pretence to seize the Prize. 250

Sated at length with the prodigious Feast,
Their weary Appetites from Riot ceas'd;
When *Cæsar*, curious of some new Delight,
In Conversation sought to wear the Night:
Then gently thus address the good old Priest, 255
Reclining decent in his Linnen Vest.

O wife *Achoreus!* venerable Secr!
Whose Age bespeaks thee Heav'n's peculiar Care,
Say from what Origin thy Nation sprung,
What Boundaries to *Ægypt's* Land belong? 260

What are thy Peoples Customs, and their Modes,
What Rites they teach, what Forms they give their Gods?
Each antient sacred Mystery explain,
Which monumental Sculptures yet retain.
Divinity disdains to be confin'd, 265

Fain wou'd be known, and rev'renc'd by Mankind.
'Tis said, thy holy Predecessors thought
Cecropian *Plato* worthy to be taught:

Ver. 264. *Monumental Sculptures.*] Hieroglyphicks carv'd
upon Pillars.

Ver. 268. *Cecropian.*] *Athenian*, from *Cecrops* King of
Athens.

Plato.]

And sure the Sages of your Schools have known
 No Soul more form'd for Science than my own. 270
 Fame of my Potent Rival's Flight, 'tis true,
 To this your *Pharian* Shore my Journey drew; }
 Yet know, the Love of Learning led me too. }
 In all the Hurries of tumultuous War,
 The Stars, the Gods, and Heav'ns were still my Care.
 Nor shall my Skill to fix the rowling Year 276
 Inferior to *Eudoxus*' Art appear.
 Long has my curious Soul, from early Youth,
 Toil'd in the noble Search of sacred Truth:
 Yet still no Views have urg'd my Ardor more, 280
 Than *Nile*'s remotest Fountain to explore.
 Then say what Source the famous Stream supplies,
 And bids it at revolving Periods rise;
 Shew me that Head from whence, since Time begun,
 The long Succession of his Waves has run; 285
 This let me know, and all my Toils shall cease,
 The Sword be sheath'd, and Earth be blest with Peace.

Plato.] This Philosopher was, according to *Strabo*, a considerable time in *Ægypt*, where he was instructed by the Priests in their most sacred Mysteries.

Ver. 276. *Nor shall my Skill.*] *Cæsar*'s Regulation of the Calendar, which we now call the *Fulian* Period, is well known.

Ver. 277. *Eudoxus.*] A Mathematician of *Cnidus* in *Cæria*. He was the first who regulated the Year according to the Revolutions of the Moon in *Greece*. He had been with *Plato* in *Ægypt*.

The Warrior spoke; and thus the Seer reply'd:
 Nor shalt thou, mighty *Casar*, be deny'd.
 Our Sires forbad all, but themselves, to know, 290
 And kept with Care profaner Laymen low:
 My Soul, I own, more gen'rously inclin'd,
 Wou'd let in Daylight to inform the Blind.
 Nor would I Truth in Mysteries restrain,
 But make the Gods, their Pow'r, and Precepts, plain; 295
 Wou'd teach their Miracles, wou'd spread their Praise,
 And well-taught Minds to just Devotion raise.
 Know then, to all those Stars, by Nature driv'n
 In Opposition to revolving Heav'n,
 Some one peculiar Influence was giv'n. }
 The Sun the Seasons of the Year supplies, 301
 And bids the Ev'ning and the Morning rise;
 Commands the Planets with superior Force,
 And keeps each wand'ring Light to his appointed Course.
 The silver Moon o'er briny Seas presides, 305
 And heaves huge Ocean with alternate Tides.

Ver. 298. *To all those Stars.*] The Planets, which according to the Astronomy of the *Romans* at that Time, were carried round in every 24 Hours by the Eighth Sphere, or *Primum Mobile*.

Ver. 304. *And keeps each wand'ring Light.*] That is, drives them back, and makes 'em become Retrograde when they come to their nearest Distance to the Sun. The other Offices which he gives to the rest of the Planets, were according to their Astronomy at that Time.

Saturn's cold Rays in Icy Climes prevail;
Mars rules the Winds, the Storm, and rattling Hail:
 Where *Jove* ascends, the Skies are still serene;
 And fruitful *Venus* is the genial Queen: 310
 While ev'ry limpid Spring, and falling Stream,
 Submits to radiant *Hermes'* reigning Beam.
 When in the *Crab* the humid Ruler shines,
 And to the sultry *Lion* near inclines,
 There fix'd immediate o'er *Nile's* latent Source, 315
 He strikes the watry Stores with pondrous Force;
 Nor can the Flood bright *Maius*' Son withstand,
 But heaves, like Ocean at the Moon's Command;
 His Waves ascend, obedient as the Seas,
 And reach their destin'd Height by just Degrees. 320
 Nor to its Bank returns th' Enormous Tide,
 Till *Libra's* equal Scales the Days and Nights divide.
 Antiquity, unknowing and deceiv'd,
 In Dreams of *Ethiopian* Snows believ'd:
 From Hills they taught, how melting Currents ran, 325
 When the first swelling of the Flood began.

Ver. 313. *When in the Crab.*] Upon this Occasion *Lucan* enumerates the several different Opinions that were then held concerning the Increase and Decrease of the *Nile*.

The first he gives is the Pressure of the Planet *Mercury* upon the Fountains of *Nile*, which he supposes to lye under the Sign of *Cancer*. The Fact is, that the River begins to swell after *Midsummer*, comes to its Height in *August*, and falls again about the Autumnal Equinox in *September*.

But

Book X. *P H A R S A L I A.* 285

But ah how vain the Thought! No *Boreas* there
In icy Bonds constrains the wintry Year,
But sultry Southern Winds eternal reign,
And scorching Suns the swarthy Natives stain. 330
Yet more, whatever Flood the Frost congeals,
Melts as the genial Spring's Return he feels;
While *Nile's* redundant Waters never rise,
'Till the hot *Dog* inflames the Summer Skies;
Nor to his Banks his shrinking Stream confines, 335
'Till high in Heav'n th' Autumnal Ballance shines.
Unlike his watry Brethren he presides,
And by new Laws his liquid Empire guides.
From dropping Seasons no Increase he knows,
Nor feels the fleecy Show'rs of melting Snows. 340
His River swells not idly, e'er the Land
The timely Office of his Waves demand;
But knows his Lot, by Providence assign'd,
To cool the Season, and refresh Mankind.
When-e'er the *Lion* sheds his Fires around, 345
And *Cancer* burns *Syene's* parching Ground;
Then, at the Pray'r of Nations, comes the *Nile*,
And kindly tempers up the mouldring Soil.
Nor from the Plains the cov'ring God retreats,
'Till the rude Fervour of the Skies abates; 350

Ver. 334. 'Till the hot *Dog*.] In July.

Ver. 346. *Syene's*.] See Notes on Book 2. Ver. 903.

'Till

'Till *Phœbus* into milder Autumn fades,
 And *Meroë* projects her length'ning Shades.
 Nor let inquiring Scepticks ask the Cause,
 'Tis *Jove's* Command, and these are Nature's Laws.

Others of old, as vainly too, have thought 355
 By Western Winds the spreading Deluge brought;
 While at fix'd Times, for many a Day, they last,
 Possess the Skies, and drive a constant Blast:
 Collected Clouds united *Zephyrs* bring,
 And shed huge Rains from many a dropping Wing,
 To heave the Flood, and swell th' abounding Spring. }
 Or when the airy Brethren's stedfast Force
 Resists the rushing Current's downward Course,
 Backward he rolls indignant, to his Head:
 While o'er the Plains his heapy Waves are spread. 365

Some have believ'd, that spacious Channels go
 Thro' the dark Entrails of the Earth below;
 Thro' these, by turns, revolving Rivers pass,
 And secretly pervade the mighty Mass;

Ver. 352. *Meroë projects.*] When the Sun is no longer Vertical over *Meroë*.

Ver. 355. *Others of old.*] This Opinion attributes the Cause to the Western Winds two Ways; either by their blowing constantly against the Stream for many Days together, and keeping it from running into the Sea as usual; or else by bringing a great Quantity of Rain from other Parts of the World towards the Source of the *Nile*, and so causing it to overflow.

Thro'

Book X. *P H A R S A L I A.* 287

Thro' these the Sun, when from the North he flies, 370

And cuts the glowing *Æthiopick* Skies,

From distant Streams attracts their Liquid Stores,

And thro' *Nile's* Spring th' assembled Waters pours:

'Till *Nile*, o'er-burthen'd, disembogues the Load,

And spews the foamy Deluge all abroad. 375

Sages there have been too, who long maintain'd,

That Ocean's Waves thro' porous Earth are drain'd;

'Tis thence their Saltness they no longer keep,

By slow degrees still freshning as they creep :

'Till, at a Period, *Nile* receives 'em all, 380

And pours 'em loosely spreading, as they fall.

The Stars, and Sun himself, as some have said,

By Exhalations from the Deep are fed;

And when the golden Ruler of the Day

Thro' *Cancer's* fiery Sign pursues his Way,

His Beams attract too largely from the Sea ;

The Refuse of his Draughts the Nights return,

And more than fill the *Nile's* capacious Urn.

Were I the Dictates of my Soul to tell,

And speak the Reasons of the war'ry Swell, 390

To Providence the Task I should assign,

And find the Cause in Workmanship Divine.

Less Streams we trace, unerring, to their Birth,

And know the Parent Earth which brought 'em forth:

While

While this, as early as the World begun, 395
 Ran thus, and must continue thus to run;
 And still, unfathom'd by our Search, shall own
 No Cause, but *Jove's* commanding Will alone.
 Nor, *Cæsar*, is thy Search of Knowledge strange;
 Well may thy boundless Soul desire to Range, 400
 Well may she strive *Nile's* Fountain to explore;
 Since mighty Kings have sought the same before;
 Each for the first Discov'rer wou'd be known,
 And hand, to future Times, the Secret down;
 But still their Pow'rs were exercis'd in vain, 405
 While latent Nature mock'd their fruitless Pain.
Philip's great Son, whom *Memphis* still records,
 The Chief of her Illustrious scepter'd Lords,
 Sent, of his own, a chosen Number forth,
 To trace the wondrous Stream's mysterious Birth. 410
 Thro' *Æthiopia's* Plains they journey'd on,
 'Till the hot Sun oppos'd the burning Zone:
 There, by the God's resistless Beams repell'd,
 An unbeginning Stream they still beheld.
 Fierce came *Sesostris* from the Eastern Dawn, 415
 On his proud Car by Captive Monarchs drawn;

Ver. 415. *Fierce came Sesostris.*] This Prince is said by
Tzetzes, and other ancient Historians, to have been King
 of *Assyria*, as well as *Ægypt*. He had his Chariot drawn
 by

His lawless Will, impatient of a Bound,
 Commanded Nile's hid Fountain to be found:
 But sooner much the Tyrant might have known
 Thy fam'd Hesperian Po, or Gallick Rhone. 420
 Cambyfes too, his daring Persians led,
 Where hoary Age makes white the Ethiop's Head;
 'Till sore distress'd and destitute of Food,
 He stain'd his hungry Jaws with human Blood;
 'Till half his Host the other half devour'd, 425
 And left the Nile behind 'em unexplor'd.

Of thy forbidden Head, Thou sacred Stream,
 Nor Fiction dares to speak, nor Poets dream.
 Thro' various Nations roll thy Waters down,
 By many seen, tho' still by all unknown;
 No Land presumes to claim thee for her own.
 For me, my humble Tale no more shall tell,
 Than what our just Records demonstrate well;

by Kings whom he had conquer'd. He likewise sent to discover the Head of Nile, but in vain.

Ver. 420. *Thy fam'd.*] Speaking to *Caesar*.

Ver. 421. *Cambyfes*] The Story of his Conquest of *Ægypt*, his Invasion of *Ethiopia*, and the Miseries that he and his Army underwent in that Expedition, by Famine, may be found at large in *Herodotus*. The *Ethiopians*, into whose Country he penetrated, were call'd *Μακρύβιοι*, or long-liv'd.

Than God, who bad thee thus mysterious flow,
Permits the narrow Mind of Man to know. 435

Far in the South the daring Waters rise,
As in Disdain of *Cancer's* burning Skies;
Thence, with a downward Course, they seek the Main,
Direct against the lasie Northern Wain ;
Unless when, partially, thy winding Tide 440
Turns to the *Libyan* or *Arabian* Side.

The distant *Seres* first behold thee flow ;
Nor yet thy Spring the distant *Seres* know.
'Midst footy *Ethiops*, next, thy Current roams ;
The footy *Ethiops* wonder whence it comes: 445
Nature conceals thy infant Stream with Care,
Nor lets thee, but in Majesty, appear.

Upon thy Banks astonish'd Nations stand,
Nor dare assign thy Rise, to one peculiar Land.
Exempt from vulgar Laws thy Waters run, 450
Nor take their various Seasons from the Sun :
Tho' high in Heav'n the fiery Solstice stand,
Obedient Winter comes, at thy Command.

Ver. 436. *Far in the South.*] After giving the Reasons that were then assign'd for the Swell of the Nile, the Poet goes on to give an Account of its Course, as far as was then known. The *Seres*, whom he mentions as the farthest People from whence this River can be traced, may be supposed to have been a Nation of *Ethiopia Inferior*, tho' I do not find them in *Cellarius*.

From

From Pole to Pole thy boundless Waves extend;
 One never knows thy Rise, nor one thy End. 455
 By *Meroë* thy Stream divided roves,
 And winds encircling round her Ebon Groves;
 Of fable Hue the costly Timbers stand,
 Dark as the swarthy Natives of the Land:
 Yet, tho' tall Woods in wide abundance spread, 460
 Their leafy Tops afford no friendly Shade;
 So vertically shine the solar Rays,
 And from the *Lyon* dart the downward Blaze.
 From thence, thro' Defarts dry, thou journey'ft on,
 Nor shrink'ft, diminish'd by the torrid Zone, }
 Strong in thy self, collected, full, and one.
 Anon, thy Streams are parcell'd o'er the Plain,
 Anon the scatter'd Currents meet again;
 Jointly they flow, where *Phila's* Gates divide
 Our fertile *Egypt* from *Arabia's* Side; 470

Ver. 455. *One never knows.*] That is, the Northern Part of the World knows not from whence it comes, nor the Southern whither it goes.

Ver. 469. *Where Philæ's Gates.*] The Original is thus,

*Quæ dirimunt, Arabum populis, Ægyptia rura
 Regni claustra Philæ.*

And I have translated it literally: Tho' *Phila*, which is an Island in the *Nile*, and at a good Distance from the *Red-Sea*,

Thence, with a peaceful, soft Descent, they creep,
 And seek, insensibly, the Distant deep;
 Till thro' sev'n Mouths the famous Flood is lost,
 On the last Limits of our *Pharian* Coast;
 Where *Gaza's* Isthmus rises, to restrain 475
 The *Erythraean* from the Midland Main.
 Who that beholds thee, *Nile!* thus gently flow,
 With scarce a Wrinkle on thy glassy Brow,
 Can guess thy Rage, when Rocks resist thy Force,
 And hurl thee headlong in thy downward Course; 480
 When spouting Cataracts thy Torrent pour,
 And Nations tremble at the deaf'ning Roar;
 When thy proud Waves with Indignation rise,
 And dash their foamy Fury to the Skies?
 These Wonders reedy *Abatos* can tell, 485
 And the tall Cliffs that first declare thy Swell;
 The Cliffs, with Ignorance of old believ'd
 Thy Parent Veins, and for thy Spring receiv'd.

Sea, or Gulf of *Arabia*, is much rather to be look'd upon as a Boundary between *Ægypt* and *Ethiopia*, than between *Ægypt* and *Arabia*. It lyes a little above the lesser Cataracts.

Ver. 485. *Abatos*.] This is a Rock, or little inaccessible Island, in the *Nile*, over-grown with Reeds and Bushes. It lyes between *Phila* and *Elephantine*, very near to the before-mention'd Cataracts.

From

Book X. PHARSALIA. 293

From thence huge Mountains Nature's Hand provides,
To bank thy too luxurious River's Sides; 490

As in a Vale thy Current she restrains,
Nor suffers thee to spread the *Libyan* Plains:
At *Memphis*, first, free Liberty she yields,
And lets thee loose to float the thirsty Fields.

In unsuspected Peace securely laid, 495
Thus waste they silent Night's declining Shade.

Mean while accustom'd Furies still infest, }
With usual Rage, *Pothinus*' horrid Breast; }
Nor can the Ruffian's Hand from Slaughter rest. }
Well may the Wretch, distain'd with *Pompeys*' Blood, 500
Think ev'ry other dreadful Action good.

Within him still the snaky Sisters dwell,
And urge his Soul with all the Pow'rs of Hell.
Can Fortune to such Hands such Mischief doom,
And let a Slave revenge the Wrongs of *Rome*! 505

Prevent th' Example, pre-ordain'd to stand
The great Renown of *Brutus*' righteous Hand!
Forbid it, Gods! that *Cesar*'s hallow'd Blood,
To Liberty by Fate a Victim vow'd,
Shou'd on a less Occasion e'er be spilt, 510

And prove a vile *Egyptian* Eunuch's Guilt.
Harden'd by Crimes, the bolder Villain, now,
Avows his Purpose with a daring Brow;

Scorns the mean Aids of Falshood and Surprize,
And openly the Victor Chief defies. 515

Vain in his Hopes, nor doubting to succeed,
He trusts that *Cæsar* must, like *Pompey*, bleed.

The feeble Boy to curs'd *Achillas*' Hand
Had, with his Army, giv'n his Crown's Command;
To him, by wicked Sympathy of Mind, 520
By Leagues and Brotherhood of Murder join'd,
To him, the first and fittest of his Friends,
Thus, by a trusty Slave, *Pothinus* sends.

While stretch'd at Ease the great *Achillas* lyes,
And Sleep 'sits heavy on his slothful Eyes, 525
The Bargain for our Native Land is made,
And the dishonest Price already paid.

The former Rule no longer now we own,
Usurping *Cleopatra* wears the Crown.
Dost thou alone withdraw thee from her State, 530
Nor on the Bridals of thy Mistress wait?
To Night at large she lavishes her Charms,
And riots in luxurious *Cæsar*'s Arms.

E'er long her Brother may the Wanton wed,
And reap the Refuse of the *Roman*'s Bed; 535

Ver. 528. *The former Rule.*] The King's Authority.

Ver. 530. *Dost thou alone.*] This is meant scornfully and ironically.

Doubly

Book X. P H A R S A L I A. 295

Doubly a Bride, then doubly shall she Reign,
While *Rome* and *Egypt* wear, by turns, her Chain.
Nor trust thou to thy Credit with the Boy,
When Arts and Eyes, like hers, their Pow'rs employ.
Mark with what Ease her fatal Charms can mould 540
The Heart of *Cesar*, ruthless, hard, and old?
Were the soft King his thoughtless Head to rest,
But for a Night, on her incestuous Breast;
His Crown and Friends he'd barter for the Bliss,
And give thy Head and mine for one lewd Kifs; 545
On Crosses, or in Flames, we shou'd deplore
Her Beauty's terrible resistless Pow'r.
On both, her Sentence is already pass'd,
She dooms us Dead, because we kept her Chast.
What potent Hand shall then Assistance bring? 550
Cesar's her Lover, and her Husband King.
Haste, I adjure thee by our common Guilt,
By that great Blood which we in vain have spilt,
Haste, and let War, let Death with thee return,
And the Funereal Torch for *Hymen's* burn. 555
Whate'er Embrace the Hostile Charmer hold,
Find, and transfix her in the luscious Fold.
Nor let the Fortune of this *Latian* Lord
Abash thy Courage, or restrain thy Sword;
In the same glorious guilty Paths we tread, 560
That rais'd him up; the World's imperious Head.

Like him, we seek Dominion for our Prize,
 And hope, like him, by *Pompey's* Fall to rise.
 Witness the Stains of yonder blushing Wave,
 Yon bloody Shore, and yon inglorious Grave. 565
 Why fear we then to bring our Wish to pass?
 This *Caesar* is not more than *Pompey* was.
 What tho' we boast nor Birth, nor noble Name,
 Nor Kindred with some purple Monarch claim?
 Conscious of Fate's Decree, such Aid we scorn, 570
 And know we were for mighty Mischief born.
 See, how kind Fortune, by this offer'd Prey,
 Finds Means to purge all past Offence away:
 With grateful Thanks *Rome* shall the Deed approve,
 And this last Merit the first Crime remove. 575
 Strip'd of his Titles, and the Pomp of Pow'r,
Caesar's a single Soldier, and no more.
 Think then how easily the Task were done,
 How soon we may an injur'd World atone;
 Finish all Wars, appease each *Roman* Shade, 580
 By Sacrificing one devoted Head.
 Fearless, ye dread united Legions, go;
 Rush all, undaunted, on your common Foe:
 This Right, ye *Romans!* to your Country do;
 Ye *Pharrians!* this your King expects from you. 585

Ver. 584. *This Right, ye Romans!*] The Army under
 the

Book X. P H A R S A L I A. 297

But chief, *Achillas!* may the Praise be thine;
Haste thou, and find him on his Bed supine,
Weary with toiling Lust, and gorg'd with Wine.
Then strike, and what their *Cato's* Pray'rs demand,
The Gods shall give to thy more favour'd Hand. 598

Nor fail'd the Message, fitted to persuade;
But, prone to Blood, the willing Chief obey'd.
No noise Trumpets sound the loud Alarm,
But silently the moving Legions arm;
All unperceiv'd, for Battle they prepare, 599
And bustle thro' the Night with busie Care.

The mingled Bands, who form'd this mungrel Host,
To the Disgrace of *Rome*, were *Romans* most;
A Herd, who, had they not been lost to Shame,
And long forgetful of their Country's Name, 600
Had blush'd to own ev'n *Ptolemy* their Head;
Yet now were by his meaner Vassal led.

Oh! Mercenary War, thou Slave of Gold!
How is thy faithless Courage bought and sold! 604
For base Reward thy hireling Hands obey;
Unknowing Right or Wrong, they fight for Pay,
And give their Country's great Revenge away.

the Command of *Achillas* was compos'd, as appears a little further, the greatest Part, of Renegado *Romans*, and the rest of *Aegyptians*.

Ver. 607. *And give their Country's.*] That is, they do not

Ah wretched *Rome!* for whom thy Fate prepares,
 In ev'ry Nation, new Domestick Wars;
 The Fury, that from pale *Thessalia* fled, 610
 Rears on the Banks of *Nile* her baleful Head.
 What cou'd protecting *Egypt* more have done,
 Had she receiv'd the haughty Victor's Son?
 But thus the Gods our sinking State confound,
 Thus tear our mangled Empire all around; 615
 In ev'ry Land fit Instruments employ,
 And suffer ruthless Slaughter to destroy.
 Thus ev'n *Egyptian* Parricides presume
 To meddle in the sacred Cause of *Rome*;
 Thus, had not Fate those Hands of Murder ty'd, 620
 Success had crown'd the vile *Achillas'* Side.
 Nor wanted fit Occasion for the Deed;
 Timely the Traytors to the Place succeed;
 While in Security the careless Guest,
 Lingring as yet, his Couch supinely prest: 625
 No Gates, no Guards forbad their open Way,
 But All dissolv'd in Sleep and Surfeits lay;
 With Ease the Victor at the Board had bled;
 And lost in Riot his defenceless Head.

not kill *Caesar* for the Wrongs he had done *Rome*, but at
 the Command of that *Egyptian* Master whom they obey
 and serve for Hire.

But

Book X. P H A R S A L I A. 299

But pious Caution now their Rage withstands, 630

And Care for *Ptolemy* with-holds their Hands:

With Rev'rence and Remorse, unknown before,

They dread to spill their Royal Master's Gore;

Left in the Tumult of the murd'rous Night,

Some erring Mischief on his Youth may light. 635

Sway'd by this Thought, nor doubting to succeed,

They hold it fitting to defer the Deed.

Gods! that such Wretches shou'd so proudly dare!

Can such a Life be theirs to take, or spare?

'Till Dawn of Day the Warrior stood repriev'd, 640

And *Cæsar* at *Achillas*' Bidding liv'd.

Now o'er aspiring *Casium*'s Eastern Head

The rosie Light by *Lucifer* was led;

Swift thro' the Land the piercing Beams were born,

And glowing *Egypt* felt the kindling Morn: 645

When from proud *Alexandria*'s Walls, afar,

The Citizens behold the coming War.

The dreadful Legions shine in just Array,

And firm, as to the Battle, hold their Way.

Conscious, mean-while, of his unequal Force, 650

Strait to the Palace *Cæsar* bends his Course:

Nor in the lofty Bulwarks dares confide,

Their ample Circuit stretching far too wide:

Ver. 639. Can such a Life,] As *Cæsar*'s.

Tho'

To one fix'd Part his little Band retreats, 654
 There mann's the Walls and Tow'rs, and bars the Gates.
 There Fear, there Wrath, by turns, his Bosom tears;
 He fears, but still with Indignation fears.
 His daring Soul restrain'd, more fiercely burns,
 And proudly the ignoble Refuge scorns.
 The Captive Lion thus, with gen'rous Rage, 660
 Reluctant foams, and roars, and bites his Cage.
 Thus, if some Pow'r cou'd *Mulciber* enslave,
 And bind him down in *Ætna's* smoaky Cave,
 With Fires more fierce th' imprison'd God would glow,
 And bellow in the dreadful Deeps below. 665
 He who so lately, with undaunted Pride,
 The Pow'r of mighty *Pompey's* Arms defy'd,
 With Justice and the Senate on his Side; }
 Who with a Cause, which Gods and Men must hate,
 Stood up, and struggled for Success with Fate; 670
 Now abject Foes and Slaves insulting fears,
 And shrinks beneath a Show'r of *Pharian* Spears.
 The Warrior who disdain'd to be confin'd
 By *Tyrian Gades*, or the Eastern *Inde*, 674

Ver. 674. *Eastern Inde.*] The River *Indus*.
Tyrian Gades.] The present Island and City of *Cadiz*.
 This is said to have been a Colony of the *Tyrians*.

Now

Now in a narrow House conceals that Head,
 From which the fiercest *Scythians* once had fled,
 And horrid *Moors* beheld with awful Dread.

}

From Room to Room irresolute he flies,
 And on some Guardian Bar, or Door relies.

So Boys and helpless Maids, when Towns are won, 680

To secret Corners for Protection run.

Still by his Side the beardless King he bears,

Ordain'd to share in ev'ry Ill he fears:

If he must die, he dooms the Boy to go,

Alike devoted to the Shades below ;

685

Resolves his Head a Victim first shall fall,

Hurl'd at his Slaves from off the lofty Wall.

So from *Æëtas* fierce *Medea* fled,

Her Sword still aim'd at young *Abfyrtes*' Head ;

Ver. 677. *And horrid Moors.*] The Original is,

Non Scytha, non fixo qui ludit in hospite Maurus ;

Alluding to a Piece of Cruelty practis'd among those Barbarians, to take Strangers and set 'em up for Marks to dart their Javelins at. I can't think the Omission of this Circumstance in the Translation of any great Consequence.

Ver. 688. *So from Æëtas.*] When *Medea*, after betraying the Golden Fleece to her Lover *Jason*, fled away with him, she is said to have carry'd her young Brother *Abfyrtes* with her, and killing him to have scatter'd his Limbs up and down, to retard the Pursuit and Revenge of her Father *Æëtas*.

When-

Whene'er she sees her vengeful Sire draw nigh, 690
 Ruthless she dooms the wretched Boy should die.
 Yet e'er these cruel last Extreams he proves,
 By gentler Steps of Peace the *Romans* moves:
 He sends an Envoy, in the Royal Name,
 To chide their Fury, and the War disclaim. 695
 But impious they, nor Gods nor Kings regard,
 Nor universal Laws, by all rever'd;
 No Right of sacred Characters they know,
 But tear the Olive from the hallow'd Brow;
 To Death the Messenger of Peace pursue, 700
 And in his Blood their horrid Hands embrew.

Such are the Palms which curs'd *Egyptians* claim,
 Such Prodigies exalt their Nation's Name.
 Nor purple *Thessaly's* destructive Shore,
 Nor dire *Pharnaces*, nor the *Libyan Moor*, 705
 Nor ev'ry barb'rous Land, in ev'ry Age,
 Equal a soft *Egyptian* Eunuch's Rage.

Incessant still the Roar of War prevails,
 While the wild Host the Royal Pile assails.

Ver. 703. *Such Prodigies,*] As the Murder of Ambassadors; whose Persons and Characters are sacred amongst the most barbarous Nations.

Ver. 705. *Nor dire Pharnaces,*] Alluding to the Wars which *Cesar* waged, after the Death of *Pompey*, with *Juba* in *Africk*, and with *Pharnaces*, the Son of *Mithridates*, in *Asia*.

Void

Book X. PHARSALIA. 303

Void of Device, no thund'ring Rams they bring, 710

Nor kindling Flames with spreading Mischief fling:

Bell'wing, around they run with fruitless Pain,

Heave at the Doors, and thrust and strive in vain:

More than a Wall, great *Caesar's* Fortune stands,

And mocks the Madness of their feeble Hands. 715

On one proud Side, the lofty Fabrick stood
Projected bold into th' adjoining Flood;

There, fill'd with armed Bands, their Barks draw near,

But find the same defending *Caesar* there:

To ev'ry Part the ready Warrior flies, 720

And with new Rage the fainting Fight supplies;

Headlong he drives 'em with his deadly Blade,

Nor seems to be invaded, but t' invade.

Against the Ships *Phalaric* Darts he aims;

Each Dart with Pitch and livid Sulphur flames. 725

The spreading Fire o'er-runs their unctuous Sides,

And, nimble mounting, on the Top-mast rides:

Planks, Yards, and Cordage feed the dreadful Blaze;

The drowning Vessel hisses in the Seas;

While floating Arms and Men, promiscuous strow'd, 730

Hide the whole Surface of the Azure Flood.

Nor dwells Destruction on their Fleet alone,

But, driv'n by Winds, invades the neighb'ring Town:

On rapid Wings the sheety Flames they bear,

In wavy Lengths, along the red'ning Air; 735

Nor

Not much unlike, the shooting Meteors fly,
In gleamy Trails, athwart the midnight Sky.

Soon as the Crowd behold their City burn,
Thither, all headlong, from the Siege they turn.

But *Cæsar*, prone to Vigilance and Haste, 740
To snatch the just Occasion e'er it pass'd,
Hid in the friendly Night's involving Shade,
A safe Retreat to *Pharos* timely made.

In elder Times of holy *Proteus*' Reign, 745
An Isle it stood, encompass'd by the Main:
Now by a mighty Mole the Town it joins,
And from wide Seas the safer Port confines.

Of high Importance to the Chief it lyes,
To him brings Aid, and to the Foe denies:
In Close Restraint the Captive Town is held, 750
While free behind he views the watry Field.

There safe, with curs'd *Pothinus* in his Pow'r,
Cæsar defers the Villain's Doom no more.

Ver. 738. *Their City burn.*] In this Fire was burnt the famous Library of *Ptolemy Philadelphus*.

Ver. 744. *Holy Proteus.*] This Prophetical Prince reign'd in *Ægypt* in the Time of the *Trojan War*.

Ver. 753. *Cæsar defers.*] *Cæsar*, as is observ'd before, kept not only the King, but *Pothinus* in his Power, and transported them into the Island of *Pharos*; where finding, by intercepting some Messengers of *Pothinus*, that he kept Correspondence with *Achillas*, and press'd him still to attack *Cæsar*, he put him to Death.

Yet

Book X. *P H A R S A L I A.* 305

Yet ah! by Means too gentle he expires;
No gashing Knives he feels, no scorching Fires; 755
Nor were his Limbs by grinning Tygers torn,
Nor pendent on the horrid Cross are born:
Beneath the Sword the Wretch resigns his Breath,
And dies too gloriously by *Pompey's* Death.

 Meanwhile, by wily *Ganymede* convey'd, 760
Arsinoë, the younger Royal Maid,
Fled to the Camp; and with a daring Hand
Assumes the Scepter of supreme Command:
And, for her feeble Brother was not there,
She calls her self the sole *Lagos* Heir. 765

Then, since he dares dispute her Right to reign,
She dooms the fierce *Achillas* to be slain.
With just Remorse, repenting Fortune paid
This second Victim to her *Pompey's* Shade.
But oh! nor this, nor *Ptolemy*, nor All 770
The Race of *Lagos* doom'd at once to fall,
Not Hecatombs of Tyrants shall suffice,
'Till *Brutus* strikes, and haughty *Cesar* dies.

Ver. 760. By wily *Ganymede*.] This was likewise an Eunuch, and Tutor to *Arsinoë*, *Ptolemy's* younger Sister, whom, in the Absence of *Ptolemy* and *Cleopatra*, he set up for Queen of *Ægypt*; and after he had kill'd *Achillas*, made himself General, and continued the Siege against *Cesar*.

Nor

Nor yet the Rage of War was hush'd in Peace,
 Nor wou'd that Storm, with him who rais'd it, cease.
 A second Eunuch to the Task succeeds, 776
 And *Ganymede* the Pow'r of *Egypt* leads:
 He cheers the drooping *Pharians* with Success,
 And urg'd the *Roman* Chief with new Distress.
 Such Dangers did one dreadful Day afford,
 As Annals might to latest Times record,
 And Consecrate to Fame the Warrior's Sword. }

While to their Barks his faithful Band descends,
Cesar the Mole's contracted Space defends.
 Part from the crowded Key aboard were pass'd, 785
 The careful Chief remain'd among the last;
 When sudden, *Egypt's* furious Pow'rs unite,
 And fix on him alone th' unequal Fight.
 By Land the num'rous Foot, by Sea the Fleet,
 At once surround him, and prevent Retreat. 790

Ver. 775. *With him who rais'd it.*] *Achilles*.

Ver. 783. *While to their Barks.*] This famous Action of *Cesar's* is not very clearly related. To me the Fact seems to have been thus; that while *Cesar* was imbarking those few Forces that were with him, in order probably to quit *Pharos*, and rejoin his own Fleet, the *Ægyptians*, under the Command of *Ganymede*, sally'd by the way of the *Mole*, and attack'd him with the Fury here mention'd.

Book X. *P H A R S A L I A.* 307

No means for Safety, or Escape, remain,
 To Fight, or Fly, were equally in vain:
 A vulgar Period on his Wars attends,
 And his ambitious Life obscurely ends.
 No Seas of Gore, no Mountains of the Slain, 795
 Renown the Fight on some distinguish'd Plain:
 But meanly in a Tumult must he die,
 And over-born by Crowds, inglorious lye:
 No Room was left to fall as *Cæsar* shou'd,
 So little were the Hopes, his Foes and Fate allow'd. 800
 At once the Place and Danger he surveys,
 The rising Mound, and the near neighb'ring Seas:
 Some fainting struggling Doubts as yet remain:
 Can he, perhaps, his Navy still regain? }
 Or shall he die, and end th' uncertain Pain? }
 At length, while madly thus perplex'd he burns, 806
 His own brave *Scæva* to his Thought returns;
Scæva, who in the Breach undaunted stood,
 And singly made the dreadful Battle good;
 Whose Arm advancing *Pompey's* Host repell'd, 810
 And, coop'd within a Wall, the Captive Leader held.

Ver. 807. *His own brave Scæva.*] See this Story in the Sixth Book.

Ver. 811. *And coop'd within a Wall.*] This is the last Line of the Translation; the Death of *Lucan* having left his Work thus abrupt and imperfect here. What follows to the End of this Book is a Supplement of my own, in which

Strong in his Soul the glorious Image rose,
 And taught him, sudden, to disdain his Foes;
 The Force oppos'd in equal Scales to weigh,
 Himself was *Caesar*, and *Egyptians* they; 815
 To trust that Fortune, and those Gods, once more,
 That never fail'd his daring Hopes before.
 Threat'ning, aloft his flaming Blade he shook,
 And thro' the Throng his Course resistless took:
 Hands, Arms, and helmed Heads before him fly, 820
 While mingling Screams and Groans ascend the Sky.
 So Winds, imprison'd, force their furious Way,
 Tear up the Earth, and drive the foamy Sea.
 Just on the Margin of the Mound he stay'd,
 And for a Moment, thence, the Flood survey'd: 825
 Fortune divine! be present now, he cry'd;
 And plung'd, undaunted, in the foamy Tide.
 Th' Obedient deep, at Fortune's high Command,
 Receiv'd the mighty Master of the Land;
 Her servile Waves officious *Tethys* spread, 830
 To raise with proud Support, his awful Head.
 And, for he scorn'd th' inglorious Race of *Nile*,
 Shou'd pride themselves in ought of *Caesar's* Spoil,

which I have only endeavour'd to finish the Relation of this
 very remarkable Action, with bringing *Caesar* in Safety to
 his own Fleet, with the Circumstances in which all Au-
 thors who have writ on this Subject agree.

Book X. PHARSALIA. 309

In his left Hand, above the Water's Pow'r,
Papers and Scrolls of high Import he bore; 835
Where his own Labours faithfully record
The Battles of Ambition's ruthless Sword:
Safe, in his Right, the deadly Steel he held,
And plow'd, with many a Stroke, the liquid Field;
While his fix'd Teeth tenaciously retain 840
His ample *Tyrian* Robe's Imperial Train:
Th' incumber'd Folds the curling Surface sweep,
Come slow behind, and drag along the Deep.
From the high Mole, from ev'ry *Pharian* Prow,
A thousand Hands a thousand Jav'lins throw; 845
The thrilling Points dip bloodless in the Waves,
While he their idle Wrath securely braves.
So when some mighty Serpent of the Main
Rolls his huge Length athwart the liquid Plain,
Whether he range voracious for the Prey, 850
Or to the funny Shore directs his Way,
Him if by Chance the Fishers view from far,
With flying Darts they wage a distant War:
But the fell Monster, unappall'd with Dread,
Above the Seas exerts his pois'nous Head; 855
He rears his livid Crest, and kindling Eyes,
And, terrible, the feeble Foe defies;
His swelling Breast a foamy Path divides,
And, careless, o'er the murm'ring Flood he glides.

Some

Some looser Muse, perhaps, who lightly treads 860
 The devious Paths where wanton Fancy leads,
 In Heav'n's high Court, wou'd feign the Queen of Love,
 Kneeling in Tears, before the Throne of *Jove*,
 Imploring, sad, th' Almighty Father's Grace,
 For the dear Offspring of her *Julian* Race. 865
 While to the Just recording *Romans* Eyes,
 Far other Forms, and other Gods arise;
 The Guardian Furies round him rear their Heads,
 And *Nemesis* the Shield of Safety spreads;
 Justice and Fate the floating Chief convey, 870
 And *Rome's* glad Genius wafts him on his Way;
 Freedom and Laws the *Pharian* Darts withstand,
 And save him for avenging *Brutus'* Hand.
 His Friends, unknowing what the Gods decree,
 With Joy receive him from the swelling Sea; 875
 In Peals on Peals their Shouts triumphant rise,
 Roll o'er the distant Flood, and thunder to the Skies.

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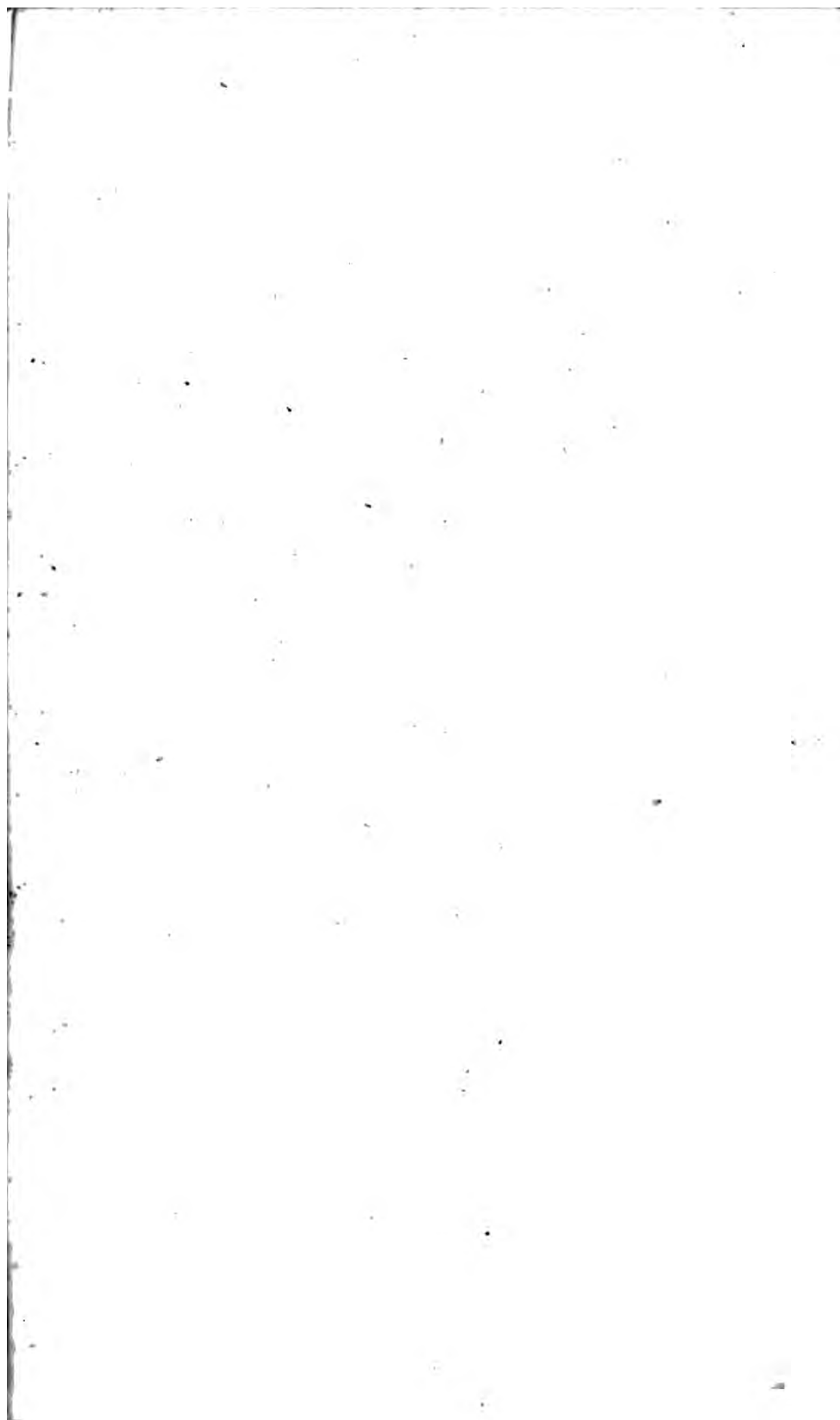
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